THE CASKET.

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THURSDAY, JUNE 28.

It is an encouraging sign of the reaction now setting in against the crying abuse of college athletics that a leading medical college should be among the first to discountenance the evil. The College of Physicians and Surgeons of Chicago has decided to give no official recognition hereafter to the athletic clubs among its students; finding, as the Dean of the Faculty says they have learned by experience, that "college athletics have a demoralizing and disturbing influence on the students, and interfere with the educational work of the college."

In dismissing Lieutenant-Governor McInnes of British Columbia the Government at Ottawa has discharged an obvious and imperative duty. It is a duty which, happily, the Governor-General-in-Council has very seldom had to perform; for it is an exceedingly rare thing for a Provincial Governor to display such utter contempt for the Constitution under which he holds office as to trample its basic principles under foot in the attempt to serve his personal ends and ambitions. Ex-Governor McInnes is a native of this Province, but his official record is not one that we down by the Atlantic can feel proud of. We trust his fate and that of his fellow-intriguer, Mr. Joseph Martin, the stormy petrel of Canadian politics—the self-confessed rank tyrant of Manitoba, whose record became a little too rank for his continuance in public life there—may prove a useful lesson to all political cabalists, tending to bring home to them the tardy conviction that, in the long run, honesty is the best politics.

"It is worth any cost in money; it is worth any cost in bloodshed, if we can make the millions of Chinese true and intelligent Christians. I would cut all the red tape in the world and break all the treaties ever made to place the armies of the United States in the fore next to Great Britain." These were the sentiments expressed by a Protestant Missionary Bishop in one of the western cities of the Union the other day. This is the doctrine of the end justifying the means, with a vengeance. Doubtless this zealous episcopal evangelist would include the entire Decalogue with the aforesaid treaties, and reduce all to fragments for the sake of converting the heathen Chinee. "To do a great right, do a little wrong," urged the importunate suitor of the Duke of Venice; but Bishop Cranston is prepared to make the wrong commensurate with the good to be accomplished. Many, however, Christians as well as non-Christians, will fail to perceive just what good would be achieved by the conversion of the Chinese or any other pagans to such Christianity as this. It is such Christians as this so-called bishop who cast discredit upon Christianity in the eyes of the naturally virtuous people who are so unfortunate as to regard them as its representatives. It is not surprising that Goldwin Smith, referring to this utterance, should remark that if this be the voice of the churches "the day may be not very far distant when people will spare themselves the expense of maintaining the clergy." "We may need learned and pious ministers," he adds, "to assist us in the worship of God; we can do our demon-worship for ourselves.'

General Thomas M. Anderson, who commanded the first military expedition from the United States to the Philippines, writes in the New York *Independent* on the difficulties in the way of the government of those islands by the Republic. He does not hesitate to declare that the chief of these arise from the conviction on the part of the natives that the United States Government is hostile to their religion, to which he assures his readers the people of the islands are as a whole devotedly attached. It is not surprising that this belief should obtain among the Filipinos. The plundering and desecration of their churches by the American soldiers would not unnaturally give rise to such an opinion. Then there was the asinine policy of the McKinley Administration in appointing a Commission composed exclusively of Protestants and infidels to settle all matters connected with the future government of this Catholic people. What else could the intelligent natives think of this procedure than that the United States Government's hostility to Catholicism was so intense as to deprive the men who constitute it of every vestige of common sense? The sooner a people so utterly lacking in the tact requisite for dealing with other peoples throws up all attempts at so dealing, the better for themselves and for the unfortune people with whom they have to deal.

We live in an age of shams, an age when shallowness makes bold assumption of competency in every walk of life. In few spheres, however, is this fact more evident than that of the publicist. The number of persons who undertake to enlighten the world through the medium of printer's ink on subjects of which they know almost nothing, is discouragingly large. We had an amusing illustration of it the other day, in a letter from a certain person whose name we quite frequently see appended to sketches in various periodicals, requesting us to supply him with information on a certain subject upon which he had undertaken to prepare an article and of which he knew, as he naively confessed, almost absolutely nothing. We had to express our regret that, never having made a special study of the subject, we were unable to enlighten him upon it; but we have had a haunting suspicion that the moral thereof was not sufficiently obvious for our correspondent. The writing fraternity, however, has not a monopoly of pretentiousness. Instances innumerable could be cited from other callings. We know of a school superintendent who has a *penchant* for having the teachers under him give instruction in the whole circle of the natural sciences, and who invariably meets the demurrer of the teacher who modestly objects that he knows nothing of this or that particular science, with the command: "Why, then, get a primer and study it up!" We have heard, too, of a lecturer who gave a profound discourse on one of the English poets from an acquaintance of a fortnight with his subject. It is an age of steam and electricity, and of course we must have a corresponding rapidity in the operations of the mind.

The growth of industrial enterprises in Canada will almost inevitably be accompanied by the struggle between capital and labour which has attended gigantic enterprises elsewhere. Of this Mr. Whitney and those associated with him in the establishment of the industries at Sydney were at all times fully aware. Ever since that sagacious captain of industry came into the Province he had in view the acquisition of an organ through which public opinion might be influenced in the interest of his undertakings. The opportunity for such an acquisition came some months ago, with the sale of the Halifax *Chronicle*, and it was duly embraced, the paper passing into the hands of two of the men most intimately connected with Mr. Whitney's enterprises. Since then, besides giving due attention to political affairs, and making an occasional incursion into the field of religion, with the laudable purpose of abolishing Hell, Mr. Whitney's organ has made itself useful in many ways in its more immediate sphere. An illustration of its usefulness was afforded the other day in connection with the strike at Belle Isle, where the men employed in mining iron ore for the Dominion Iron and Steel Company and those similarly engaged with the Nova Scotia Steel Company are demanding higher wages. The *Chronicle* informed its readers that the wages these men had been receiving was $1.20 a day. The other papers said, what we believe is the fact, that it was ten cents an hour, which is equivalent to $1 a day, of ten hours — the longest regular working-day. Doubtless many of the men get $1.20 a day, by working twelve hours for it. This little circumstance shows how wise Mr. Whitney and his associates were in securing an organ. It also shows how wise it will be on the part of the public to accept with reserve the statements of that organ where the corporation's interests are concerned.

The Ave Maria, which, with practically the entire Catholic press of the United States, feels quite free to criticise the action of its Government in making and carrying on war upon the natives of the Philippines, has the following as the latest of many pointed comments on the work which the United States is doing in those Islands:

> It can hardly be doubted, as the expansionists assert, that we shall receive back many fold every dollar that we have expended in subduing the Filipinos. The war has already cost our Government many millions of dollars, and it is not over yet: it may continue for years to come. But it will pay in the long run. That is the main consideration with the expansionists. However, at the next presidential election many voters will be influenced by other considerations. Up to date, over 4000 American soldiers have been killed, wounded or invalided. The official figures on the other side report 10,780 Filipinos killed, 2,104 wounded. Not every American citizen, thank God, is so worshipful of the Mighty Dollar as to be indifferent to a record like this, which represents so much suffering—so many broken hearts and ruined homes.

What is suffering, what are broken hearts and ruined homes, to the man who sees a prospect of making it all "pay"? He is the power behind the Government, which must respond to his pull upon the string. His hand is unseen by the multitude, who behold only the flag which he so dexterously uses to conceal his operations, while he diverts their attention by the incessant use of such magic words as "patriotism," "expansion," "manifest destiny," and the like. But at least the Catholic press of the United States, manfully resisting the temptation to win plaudits for its patriotism, insists upon exposing the deception. A blessing upon the love of freedom that makes this possible!

THE YOUTH WITH THE PARCHMENT.

This is the season of graduation exercises; and in the midst of it we cannot help asking ourselves sometimes: Where are the valiant champions of right and truth and justice and all things good who annually issue from our colleges armed with naked parchments to fight the evils of the world and to be the special protectors of their *alma matres*? As we read or listen to the glowing periods of their graduation essays we see in fancy so many veritable St. Georges vanquishing all manner of evil dragons and proving themselves ever the intrepid champions of justice and right; and we wonder if it be possible that these youthful soldiers thus loudly calling upon the world to witness the buckling on of their armour will ever become the mere commonplace men that those who preceded them by a few years have dwindled to,—if those ardent sentiments of devotion to their Alma Mater can ever grow cold, or their appreciation of all that she has done for them, now glowing in all the hues of flowery diction, ever fade.

We are no pessimists; we would not rob youth of a single one of its roseate dreams; ours would not be the hand to insert in its lexicon that sinister word "fail," which the poet has said is not found in its pages, and which indeed ought not to have place there. The loftier the aspirations of youth, the more hope is there for the achievements of manhood. We would not prematurely inform the aspiring young man that many of his bright ideals are destined to be "wrecked on the shores of the real." Rather would we have him cherish them fondly and strive with all his might to attain them. Ill will it be for him and for the world if he give them up.

And we should be far indeed from despising him for failing to reach all the heights of his youthful aspirations. Few there are who do. In this world we have reason to be thankful for every man who keeps himself in the state of grace and fulfils the duties of his station in life. We have, it is true, some right to expect that the young men who receive the best training that our institutions of learning can give should do something more than avoid sin and "stick close to their desks" like the belted hero in the opera. We might not unreasonably look for some special interest on their part in the higher and better things of life—in the social and moral well-being of their fellow-men. Of whom are we to expect these things if not of them?

Therefore, let their aspirations soar, the higher the better, so they themselves follow as high as they may. We find no fault with these assurances of the great deeds they propose to themselves. We should be sorry if they did otherwise. We but enter a plea for sincerity—a caveat against the assumption of sentiments that are not felt. When we know from past experience that the essayist who struggles to find words in which to express his gratitude and devotion to Alma Mater may within twenty-four hours have his devotion put to a slight test which it will not stand; when we reflect that the youth who descants upon the inestimable benefits—and inestimable they are to those who profit by them—of a religious education may, if he follows in the footsteps of his predecessors, soon be found fighting on the side of those who would crush out such education from our country—we sometimes have an uncomfortable sensation that we are listening to the "words, words, words" of the melancholy Dane. Gratitude and appreciation of benefits and lofty aspirations are all good and beautiful; but we would fain hope that they are never, never merely assumed—that they always express the real, heart-felt sentiments of those who express them. For all insincere playing of a part has a serious effect on the moral fibre of him who plays it. Our graduates should be made to realize that in every sentiment they utter, every assurance they express, they are giving hostages to the future, and that there is a reckoning one day for "every idle word that man shall speak."

THE SEAL OF THE CONFESSIONAL.

A couple of weeks ago a sacrilegious theft was committed in Montreal, a ciborium containing a number of consecrated Hosts being stolen from a church. A few days later a man presented himself to one of the priests attached to this Church and expressed a wish to go to confession. When the priest proceeded to hear his confession he explained that he knew the place where the stolen ciborium with its sacred contents was hidden, and would reveal the hiding place for five hundred dollars. The priest promptly went in search of a policeman, but before his return the pretended penitent had vanished. As this may possibly seem to some ill-instructed persons like a breach of the seal of the confessional, it may be well to say a few words on this subject.

A priest must not under any circumstances, not even to save his own life or the lives of others, reveal what he hears in *sacramental confession*. By sacramental confession is meant a confession which is made for the purpose of receiving absolution. But if the confession is not made for this purpose, it is not sacramental, the seal of the confession is not stamped upon it, and therefore the seal cannot be broken. The priest hears a great many secrets outside the confessional. In many cases it would be a grievous sin for him to reveal them, but it would not be breaking the seal of the confessional. But on the other hand there are some cases wherein it would be a grievous sin for him not to reveal such secrets, whereas he must never on any account reveal what he hears under the seal of confession. But a confession which is evidently a mock confession, a mere pretence, not made with any desire to receive absolution, but simply for the sake of sealing the priest's lips has no sacramental character whatever, and such was the confession made by this sacrilegious thief, or accomplice of a thief, in Montreal. So far from being bound not to reveal what he heard from this thief, the priest would have committed a grievous sin if he had not revealed it.

To illustrate still better the difference between a mock confession and a genuine one, we may refer to two novels in which the seal of the confessional plays a very important part. One is "Idols, or the Secret of the Rue Chaussee d'Anten" by the French lady, recently deceased, who wrote under the name of Raoul de Navery. An English translation of this story, by Anna T. Sadlier, was published in the Antigonish *Aurora*. In this story, a young priest is called to hear a sick man's confession. Arriving at the house the man says, in substance, "I have just killed your father, I am not sorry for it, I don't desire absolution, I merely tell you this in order so shut your mouth lest you might suspect me." The priest's brother is arrested for the murder and convicted, and the priest stands by, knowing the real criminal, but unable to use his knowledge to save his brother, being bound, says the novelist, by the seal of the confessional. This merely shows Raoul de Navery's ignorance, for in such a case there was no sacramental confessional and therefore no seal. The only thing to keep the priest's lips sealed was the fear of giving scandal to them who would suppose that he had violated the seal. But this scandal he might have prevented, as the priest in Montreal has prevented it, by making a public declaration of the circumstances of the case. Not only was de Navery's priest free to point out the murderer of his father, he was bound in conscience to do it, in order to save the life of an innocent man.

The other novel referred is "A Victim to the Seal of the Confessional," by the Rev. Joseph Spillmann, S. J. This is founded upon a real occurrence, which caused an innocent Belgian priest to be sentenced to penal servitude for life on a charge of murder, the truth coming out when his sacristan made a public death-bed confession of the crime. In the story, the sacristian, having committed the murders is conscience-stricken; he goes to the priest and confesses the crime and desires absolution. The priest asks him to confess his other sins, for he has been an irreligious man for many years, but he refuses to confess anything else. The priest sees then that the confession is sacrilegious, he cannot give this man absolution. But, though sacrilegious the confession is sacramental, since the man has made it with a view to receiving absolution. He sends the man away unabsolved, but the seal of the confessional is on his lips, and when he finds himself charged with the murder, he cannot clear himself by making known the real criminal. More than this, if he would merely mention the fact that the sacristian had come to his room at such an hour, he would put the officers of the law upon the track, but the seal of the confessional does not even allow him to do that. For the man comes to the priest's room at that hour simply and solely for the purpose of making a sacramental confession, and if the priest were to mention that he had seen him at that time, it would lead others to suspect the nature of his confession, and this would be breaking the seal. So the poor confessor has to suffer himself to be convicted of murder, and sent to the New Hebrides, till the public confession of the real criminal.

This ought to make clear to any reader of THE CASKET what the seal of the confessional is not and what it is.

Catholic Notes.

A prominent Brahmin of one of the oldest Indian families was lately received into the Church at Mysore. He is Mr. C. Meenacshaya, who retired last year from a judgeship in the High Court of Mysore. He is said to be an eminent scholar and thinker, and to have given much thought and study to the subject of religion. His family have been connected with the government for generations, his grandfather having been the first interpreter of the Supreme Court of Madras. The conversion of a Brahmin of such standing is an extremely rare occurrence, and it is believed that Mr. Meenacshaya's example, by reason of his high reputation, will have a good effect.

Mr. Edward Downes, who was United States Consul at Amsterdam, Holland, during President Cleveland's last term, and who entered upon his studies for the priesthood at the expiration of his term, was ordained priest in Rome a few days ago.

Father Edgar de Sadeleer, a Jesuit priest of Calcutta, has died in that city of cholera, which he contracted in ministering to the victims of that dread disease. He was thirty-seven years of age and a native of Flanders.

Town Council Meeting.

A meeting of the Town Council was held on Friday evening, 8th inst. The Mayor reported two tenders were received for running the watering cart, and the lowest, that of R. L. McLean, $1.40 per day, was accepted.

Coun. Sears reported that two persons from the town, one insane and one poor, had been placed in Asylum this week.

The following accounts were ordered to be paid: Work on streets, $44.50; Electric Light Co., lighting streets, 3 mos., $125; M. L. Cunningham, coal for poor persons, $3.45; T. J. Bonner, plank $11.14; R. J. Lovell Co., Toronto, printing and books, $18.25; Alex. McGillivray, mason, work, $1.00.

Daniel. Hulbert, jr., and Joseph Landry were appointed firemen.

J. J. McPherson was appointed assessor in place of R. O'Donoghue, deceased.

The police committee were authorized to purchase a new pair of handcuffs for the policeman.

The water rates for the Queen Hotel and Merrimac Hotel were fixed at $20 each a year.

Mrs. Rupert Cunningham was granted the water for use in stable at $1.50 a year.

The clerk was instructed to charge Milk Condensing Co. for actual time water was used.

Letters were read from Mrs. Borden and Mrs. Henry, mothers of Antigonish boys in South Africa, thanking the Council for contributions to cost of life insurance on their respective sons.

Children and Wheels.

It is a curious fact that of all sportsmen bicyclers seem to be the most sensitive to criticism from a hygienic point of view. This is possible because they get so much of such criticism, and certainly with the air so full of warning and admonition, adults may now be left mostly to their own discretion. And yet, in the face of the scorcher's condemnation, we must summon our courage and in the interest of the very young assert that the present recklessness, if not checked, will result in a harvest of shortened lives.

While bicycling in moderation is one of the forms of exercise for many adults, particularty the gouty and those who lead sedentary indoor lives, indulgence in it by the young should be hedged about with many precautions. When not overdone, it is probably as beneficial to children as to their elders, but it is less needful, since the young, especially boys, seldom suffer for want of exercise, their outdoor games give them, as a rule, all they need. But aside from this, there is danger in the wheel, arising from the proneness of children to compete with adults—to ride too long, too fast, and too far. Wheeling resembles stair-climbing in its nature and effects. No mother would allow her child to run up the steps of the Washington monument two or three times a day, yet she will let him take a bicycle and race over country roads for miles, his little heart pumping one hundred and fifty or two hundred times a minute, and fondly thinks it is doing him good. It is just here that the danger lies—the heart is strained, overstrained; it is dilated and then enlarged; it works continuously to its full strength, drawing on all its reserve force, and by the time the child has become a man the heart is permanently tired and may possibly stop short some day without warning.

Children may not be forbidden the use of the bicycles, but parents should see that they have properly constructed saddles and that they do not scorch, climb steep hills, ride against high winds, or ride at all more than a few miles at a stretch. Unfortunately it is these very feats that they are often incited by their elders to perform. There are few more piteous sights, to one who has seen the consequences than that of a tiny child on a tiny wheel struggling up a hill after a six foot father and a seasoned mother.—*Exchange.*

Portraits of the Sun.

Photographic observations of the recent total eclipse of the sun will certainly prove more satisfactory and valuable than any hitherto obtained. On no previous occasion has the scientific outfit for picture-making been anything like so complete, and publication of prints from the negatives secured by the Smithsonian Institution with the aid of its gigantic camera, set up at Wadesboro, North Carolina, in the track of the moon's shadow is awaited with eagerness by astronomers. This camera—the largest ever constructed—was provided with a telescope lens having a focal length of 135 feet, the dry plate, twenty inches square, being that distance away from the lens!

If it had been desired merely to take a picture of the sun on an ordinary day, an exposure of about four one-thousandths of a second would have sufficed. As it was, the face of the luminary being covered by the moon, exposures of four to five seconds were made to photograph the red flames which are seen leaping from the photosphere at the moment of totality. To catch the fainter, but even more interesting, "corona," which extends its filmy and mysterious network millions of miles into outer space, exposures of ten to fifteen seconds were required.

Inasmuch as totality lasted only a minute and a half, it was important that the smallest possibility of mistake in the management of the instrument should be eliminated, and repeated drills with the camera were practiced preliminarily, under the supervision of Mr. Smillie, of the National Museum, who, at the conclusion of the performance, carried the exposed plates back to Washington for development. How carefully they were handled may well be imagined.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Throwing White-Hot Bolts.

The passing of white-hot bolts from section to section of the new Continental Building, in course of erection at the corner of Baltimore and Calvert streets, Baltimore, is one of the spectacles in connection with the setting of the steel for the structure which help entertain the great numbers who day after day congregate about this busy vicinity. The bolts and rivets necessary in joining the great steel girders are heated in portable forges, which, with the attendant, are placed high in the air on strong enough, but what look from the street like very frail, platforms of boards. All about the forge the setters are at work placing the bolts, and as each is riveted another is placed in position. It is the method by which the blazing bolts get from the forge to the riveter that supplies the spectacle—a fascinating and at times an alarming one. The bolt is caught securely in pincers and by a deft twist of the wrist is sent spinning through the air in the direction of the men at work on the structure from five to ten feet away, and sometimes farther. There is a swift, brilliant flash through the air, and then a shower of sparks as the bolt reaches its destination—the bottom of a bucket held by one of the workmen. There is play for dexterity both in throwing and in catching the blazing metal, and while misses rarely, if ever, occur, still there is a chance, and this chance gives zest to the interest of the watchers on the sidewalk. The bolts in their comet-like flights ordinarily pass from girder to girder, with open way through the skelton structure below them, so that a miss means that the hot metal will come earthward at an alarming rate of speed, and with probable dire results to one or more of the scores of men at work between the sky line and terra firma. The men, however, who do this little turn have done it before a few times, and they and the hundreds below them have confidence in their ability.—*Baltimore American.*

Cronje and the Phonograph.

Capt. J. W. Webster, who will pass into history as the man who took General Cronje to St. Helena, tells some interesting things about his distinguished prisoner. "I was rather nonplused to know what to do for the old gentleman's diversion. He and his wife would sit silent, side by side, for hours, holding each others hands, and occasionly he would read a little in the Bible, but I was anxious to brighten him up a bit.

"Luckily I happened to think of a phonograph I had purchased during my last visit to New Orleans. I rigged it up in my cabin, put in a Sousa's Band cylinder playing the 'President's March' and then sent an invitation to General and Mrs. Cronje and one of the Boer officers who was also accompanied by his wife. They came in, and, while making a pretext of exhibiting some photographs, I started the machine to going. At the first notes the whole party looked intensely amazed, but of course they soon located the source of the sound. 'I heard you had a talking box that talked like a man,' said Cronje, through an interpreter. 'Is that it?' 'Yes, General,' I replied, and when the cylinder stopped I slipped on another containing Moody and Sankey's hymn, 'The Ninety and nine,' which I had been told they sang in their own language. The effect was startling. They recognized the tune at once and Mrs. Cronje burst suddenly into tears, while the other woman lifted a quavering voice and began to sing the words in Boer Dutch. Her husband turned away and wiped his eyes, and I could see by the spasmodic clasping and unclasping of his hands that General Cronje himself was deeply affected.

"To relieve the tension I put in a record with a lively banjo solo, and in a moment the old gentleman began to smile and beat time with his feet and head, his gray beard wagging to the melody. It was funny to see him. When the music had ceased a black Kaffir boy, a body servant, who had followed the party in, said awesomely that there was a devil in the box. Cronje frowned down the suggestion, but asked if it wasn't done by some trick, like ventriloquism, making an impressive gesture to his lips. To satisfy him I took the machine apart and explained the mechanism in detail. He grasped the principle very quickly and seemed deeply interested. I left the instrument at St. Helena."—*Exchange.*

Your Doctor's Advice.—Has not always been according to his conscience because for years he's been schooled in prejudices which dub every proprietary remedy as "quackery"—to-day he knows better and practices better, and such worthy remedies as Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are among the constant prescriptions in his daily practice because he has proved them so potent in stomach toubles—60 in a box, 35 cents. Sold by Foster Bros.

Oran Cumah

Do Dhonnochadh Domhnullach, Mac, Leodhos, ann an Maryvale, a chaochail sa bhladhna 1894.

'S tric mi tionndadh am leabaidh,
'S beag mo shunnd ris a mhaduinn;
Se so 'bhiladhna chuir gasadh am shlainte.
'S tric mi, etc.

Gaoir a bhroin ann am thalla,
Chaidh mo storas fón talamh
'S chaneil dochas bho chadal a bhas dhuinn
Gaoir, etc.

Tha mo chridhe air a leireadh,
Thainig doille air mo leirsinn;
Thainig moille nam cheum mar mach b'abhaist.
Thajmo chriche.

Thainig naigheachd fo'n Iar oirnn,
Mar an otag air iurrunn,
A chuir saighead am chliabh gu la bhratha.
Thainig, etc.

M' aon mhac bhi ga dhunadh,
Ann an ciste nam diu-bhord,
Far nach faic mi le 'm shuilean gu brath e M' aon, etc.

'S iomadh sgaradh a fhuair mi,
Anns an t-saeghal neo-bhuan so,
So a' ni is truaighe rinn m'fhagal.
'S iomadh, etc.

Mo chultaice, mo dhidean,
Mo lamh deas air mo dhibreadh,
Fear nach faiceadh leam fhein ann an cas mi.
Mo chultaic, etc.,

Coinneal-sholais mo thaighe,
Cha bhi bron air a laidhe,
B'e do chomrnadh cuis aighear do chairdean.
Coinneal-sholais, Etc.

Oig'ear aganntaich bhriatha
Fonnair, fearail gun ghlamhan
'S cha be doirre no crionntachd fo'n d'fhas thu.
Oigear, etc

Sileau mulaich Chlann Donuill,
Mach fo fhearann na Morair:
Fir nach fagadh an cota san aire,
Silean, etc.

'Nam a chlu bhi ga chosnadh,
Bhiodh Clann-Dughaill air tholseach
A toirt dulan a' broilleach an namhaid.
'Nam, etc.

'S beag a shaoil mi a Dhonnachaidh,
'S mi co tric ort ag lomradh
Gun deannainn do thiomna cho tra bhuinn.
'S beag, etc.,

Ciod e feum dho bhi g osnaich,
Cha'n 'eil leigh dha mo lotsa
Tha mo chreicean air fosgladh fom airnean,
Ciod e, etc.

'S mor na dh-fheumas sinn gleachd ris,
Tha chrois fhein air gach peacair,
Ach tha Dia cumail taic rinn le ghrasan.
'S mor, etc.

'S bh'on a ghairm E thu dhachaidh,
Go rioghachd na flathain.
Guidheam sith dhut fo fhasagh na Pharais.

As to Hell.

What has become of Hell? This somewhat startling question heads an article by the Rev. G. W. Shinn, in the June number of the *North American Review.* Dr. Shinn does not attempt to answer his own question, specifically. And yet it presents no new difficulty to the Christian inquirer. Hell is precisely where it was when spoken of by the prophets of God, and later by God Himself. It must be now what it was then. It has undergone no change of position or character. This much is absolutely certain. But Dr. Shinn asserts that "Hell has been practically obliterated from the preaching and teaching of 'the Church.'" "The Church," in his vocabulary, means Protestantism, and to that extent his statement is correct. Nevertheless, the doctrine distinctly taught and preached from the beginning of Christianity, is still inculcated and proclaimed by the Catholic Church, and is still held and believed by a majority of Christians of the world.

This statement indicates the vast gulf separating authoratative tenets of genuine Christianity from the unstable teachings of a man-made system, even though the latter seriously represents itself as a "branch" of the parent stem, from which it voluntarily cut itself off a few centuries back. No principle enunciated by Christ is more explicitly or lucidly set forth than that touching eternal reprobation. The Apostles believed firmly in a place of future punishment for unrepented sin. They preached Hell unequivocally. The Church of Christ and of the Apostles, safeguarded from error by the express promise of the Omnipotence, has never ceased to teach and preach identically the same doctrine, down to the present day. This teaching and preaching is as positive and strenuous now as it ever was in the past. Acceptance is exacted upon the same authority, and with equal assent of reason granted to any other dogma of Catholic faith.

Whatever may be said concerning the elimination of Hell from the Protestant code, and its rejection by those who nominally adhere to any of the various and conflicting creeds of that system, has nothing to do with the attitude of Christianity toward the doctrine itself. Abandonment of an article of belief, in behalf of the peace of mind of those who have the greatest cause to object to it, manifestly does not proceed from any "new light." Protestantism does not even pretend to have had a special revelation on the subject. Its position is simply a "concession" to those who arbitrarily refuse to accept as of faith, that which they find it uncomfortable or inconvenient to "believe."

That sort of thing cannot possibly affect the authenticity of the doctrine of Hell, much less change the fact of its existence. The repudiation by our separated brethren of the doctrine is an altogether ostrich-like proceeding, which reflects no particular credit on the sagacity which attempts, in this fashion, to get rid of an unwelcome article of belief.—*San Francisco Monitor.*

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To a Son of the Soil.

Without the man with the seed
Who would do the sowing?
Without the man with the hoe
Who would do the hoeing?
Without the man with the scythe
Who would do the mowing?
God is the God of us all—
Blessings well bestowing.

Son of the son of the soil—
Earth our fost'ring mother,
Without the rich and the poor
Who would help the other?
Without the call to do good
Each one to another,
Sad were the world. Here's a hand,
Brother.—O my brother.

—*Charles Warren Stoddard, in Ave Maria.*

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THE VEIL WITHDRAWN.

(Translated from the French of Madame Craven.)

(Chapter XLV Continued).

No preparation, no acceptation of anticipated misfortune, no effort at submission or courage, was now able to preserve me from a shock similar to the one I have related the effects of at the beginning of this story. As on that occasion, I lost all consciousness, and Ottavia carried me senseless to my chamber. As then, likewise, I was for several days the prey to a burning fever, which was followed by a weakness and prostration that rendered my thoughts confused and incoherent for some time. And finally, as when I was but fifteen years old, it was also a strong, sudden emotion that help restored my physical strength and the complete use of my senses and reason.

The most profound silence reigned in the chamber where I lay, but I felt I was surrounded by the tenderest care. At length I vaguely began to recognize voices around me; first, that of Ottavia, which made me shed my first tears — tears of emotion, caused by a return to the days of my childhood. I thought myself there again. I forgot everything that had happened since. But this partial relief restored lucidness to my mind, and with it a clear consciousness of the misfortune that had befallen me. Then I uttered a cry — a cry that alarmed my faithful nurse. But I had the strength to reassure her at once.

"Let me weep, Ottavia," said I in a low tone — "I know. . . . . I recollect. Do not be alarmed; I am better, Ottavia. God be blessed, I can pray!"

I said no more, and closed my eyes. But a little while after I reopened them, and eagerly raised my head. What did I hear? Mme. de Kergy and Diana were there. I recognized their voices, and now distinguished their faces. But whose voice was that which had just struck my ear? Whose sweet face was that so close to mine? Whose hand was that I felt the pressure of?

"O my Stella!" I cried, "is it a dream, or are you really here?" . . .

. . . . . .

CHAPTER XLVI.

No, it was not a dream. It was really Stella, who had torn herself from her retreat, her solitude and her grief, and hastened to me as soon as she heard of the fresh blow that had befallen me. She had not ceased to interest herself in all that concerned my new life, and the distant radiance of my happiness had been the only joy of her wounded heart. Now this happiness was suddenly destroyed. . . . I was far away; I was in trouble; I was alone; the state of affairs, which became more and more serious, detained my brother in Sicily; but she was free — free, alas! from every tie, from every duty, and she came to me as fast as the most rapid travelling could bring her. But when she arrived, I was unable to recognize her, and, when I now embraced her, she had watched more than a week at my bedside!

This was the sweetest consolation — the greatest human assistance heaven could send me, and it was a benefit to both of us. For each it was beneficial to have the other to think of.

My health now began to improve, and my soul recovered its serenity. I felt a solemn, profound peace, which could not be taken from me, and which continually increased; but this did not prevent me from feeling and saying with sincerity that everything in this world was at an end for me.

Yes, everything was at an end; but I resigned myself to my lot, and when, after this new affliction, I found myself before the altar where I prayed that evening with so many gloomy forebodings, I fell prostrate, as, after some severe combat or long journey, a child falls exhausted on the threshold of his father's house, to which he returns never to leave it again!

If I had then obeyed my natural impulse, I should have sought some place of profound seclusion, where I could live, absorbed and lost in the thought continually present to my mind since the great day of grace which enabled me to comprehend the words: *God loves me!* and to which I could henceforth add: And whom alone I now love!

But it is seldom the case one's natural inclinations can be obeyed, especially when they incline one to a life of inaction and retirement. There is but little repose on earth, and the more we love God, the less it is permitted to sigh after it. I was forced to think of others at this time, and, above all, of the dear, faithful friend who had come so far to console me.

It did not require a long time for Mme. de Kergy to discern the heroic greatness of Stella's character, and still less for her maternal heart, that had received so many blows, to sympathize with the broken heart of Angiolina's mother. The affection she at once conceived for Stella was so strong that I might have been almost jealous, had it not exactly realized one of my strongest desires, and had not Mme. de Kergy been one of those persons whose affection is the emanation or a higher love which is bestowed on all, without allowing that which is given to the latest comer to diminish in the least the part of the others.

She at once perceived the remedy that would be efficacious to her wounded heart, and what would be a beneficial effort for mine, and she threw us both, If I may so express myself, into that ocean of charity where all personal sufferings, trials, and considerations are forgotten, and where peace is restored to the soul by means of the very woes one encounters and succeeds in relieving.

No fatigue, no fear of contagion, the sight of no misery, affected Stella's courage; no labour wearied her patience, no application or effort was beyond her ability and perseverance. For souls thus constituted it is a genuine pleasure to exercise their noble faculties and be able to satisfy the thirst for doing good that devours them. Her eyes, therefore, soon began to brighten, her face to grow animated, and from time to time, like a reflection of the past, her lips to expand with the charming smile of former days.

There is a real enjoyment, little suspected by those who have not experienced it, in these long fatiguing rounds, the endless staircases ascended and descended, in all these duties at once distressing and consoling, and it can be truly affirmed that there is more certainty of cheerfulness awaiting those who return home from these sad visits than the happiest of those who come from some gay, brilliant assembly. It is to the former the words of S. Francis de Sales may be addressed: "Consider the sweetest, liveliest pl asures that ever delighted your heart, and say if there is one worth the joy you now taste. . . ."

Thus peace and a certain joy returned by degrees, seconded by the sweetest, tenderest, most beneficial sympathy. Notwithstanding the solitude in which we lived, and the mourning I never intended to lay aside, and which Stella continued to wear, we spent an hour every evening at Mme. de Kergy's, leaving when it was time for her usual circle to assemble. This hour was a pleasant one, and she depended on seeing us, for she began to cling to our company. Diana, far from being jealous, declared we added to the happiness of their life; and one day, in one of her outbursts of caressing affection, she exclaimed that the good God had restored to her mother the two daughters she had mourned for so long.

At these words Mme. de Kergy's eyes filled with tears, which she hastily wiped away, and, far from contradicting her daughter, she extended her arms and held us both in a solemn, tender, maternal embrace!

CHAPTER XLVII.

What Stella felt at that moment I cannot say. As for me, my feelings were rather painful than pleasant. I comprehended only too well the sadness that clouded the dear, venerable brow of Gilbert's mother, and his prolonged absence weighed on my heart like remorse. Of course I did not consider myself the direct cause. But I could not forget that he merely left his country for a few weeks, and it was only after his sojourn at Naples he had taken the sudden resolution to make almost the tour of the world—that is, a journey whose duration was prolonged from weeks into months, and from months into years. I felt that no joy could spring up on the hearth he had forsaken till the day he should return, and it seemed to me I should not dare till that day arrived enjoy the peace that had been restored to my soul.

Months passed away, however, autumn came for the second time since Stella's arrival, and the time fixed for her departure was approaching. I had made up my mind to accompany her, and pass some time at Naples with her, in order to be near my sister; but various unforeseen events modified her plans as well as mine.

I went one day to the Hotel de Kergy at a different hour from that I was in the habit of going. Diana and her mother had gone out. I was told they would return in an hour. I decided, therefore, to wait, and, as the weather was fine, I selected a book from one of the tables of the drawing-room and took a seat in the garden.

While I was looking over the books, my attention was attracted to several letters that lay on the table awaiting Mme. de Kergy's return, and, to my great joy, I recognized Gilbert's writing on one of them. His long absence had this time been rendered more painful by the infrequency and irregularity of his letters. Whole months often elapsed without the arrival of any. I hoped this one had brought his mother the long-wished-for promise of his return, and cheered by this thought, I opened my book, which soon absorbed me so completely that I forgot my anxiety, and hope, and everything else. . . .

The book I held in my hand was the *Confessions of St. Augustine*, and, opening it at hazard, the passage on which my eyes fell, was this:

"What I know, not with doubt, but with certainty; what I know, O my God! is that I love thee. Thy word penetrated my heart and suddenly caused it to love thee. The heavens and the earth, and all they contain, do they not cry without ceasing that all men should love thee? But he on whom it pleaseth thee to have mercy alone can comprehend this language."

O words, ancient but ever new, like the beauty itself that inspired them! What a flight my soul took as I read them again here in this solitude and silence. Though centuries had passed since the day they were written, how exactly they expressed, how faithfully they portrayed, the feelings of my heart! How profound was the conviction I felt, in my turn, that without the mercy and compassion of God, I should never have been able to understand their meaning!

I was deeply, deeply plunged in these reflections, I was lost in a world, not of fancy, but of reality more delightful than a poet's dreams, when an unusual noise brought me suddenly to myself. First I heard the rattling of a carriage which I supposed to be Mme de Kergy's. But I instantly saw two or three servants rush into the court, as if some unexpected event had occurred. Then the old gardener, at work in the parterre before me suddenly threw down his watering-pot and uttered a cry of surprise and joy:

"O goodness of God!" exclaimed he in a trembling voice, "there is Monsieur le Comte!"

"Monsieur le Comte?" cried I, hastily rising. . . .

But I had not time to finish my question. It was really he—Gilbert. He was there before me, on the upper step of the flight that led to the drawing-room. I sprang towards him with a joy I did not think of repressing or concealing, and, extending both hands, I exclaimed:

"Oh! God be blessed a thousand times. It is you! You have returned! What a joyful surprise for your mother! For Diana! For me also, I assure you! . . ."

I know not what else I was on the point of adding when, seeing him stand motionless, and gaze at me as if incapable of answering a word, a faint blush rose to my face. Was he surprised at such a greeting, or too much agitated? Perchance he was deceived as to its signification. This doubt caused a sudden embarrassment, and checked the words I was about to utter.

(To be continued.)

Good Out of Evil.

It would be about the strongest case in history of good coming out of evil if improvement in fire arms were to put an end to war. M. Bloch is sanguine enough to think that such will be the result, though he finds another reason for his hopeful forecast in the vastness of the expense, direct and indirect, which he thinks is such as no country will be able long to bear. The fire of the new weapons, especially the rifle, will, if his awful calculations are right, make it impossible for two armies to approach each other without mutal annihilation. We can hardly accept his theory in its full extent, considering that two armies with the new weapons have been daily approaching each other in South Africa. But there is no doubt that a momentous change is taking place and has revealed itself in this war. The magazine rifle, with the immense range and its lower trajectory, has made the defence incalculably superior to the attack, and enabled a handful of resolute men who were good shots to hold their own against a vastly superior force. Not only so, but it has enabled the undrilled man, if he is a good marksman, to compete on far more equal terms than before with the drilled soldier, thus reducing, for defensive purposes, the value of standing armies, invasion, even if the country invaded has not a large standing army, henceforth will apparently be difficult. It looks as if peace had really scored a gain. It is a question whether instead of incurring the expenditure into which we are evidently being drawn for the conversion of the Canadian militia into the Canadian army, as Gen. Hutton called it, and for the increase of "fuss and feathers," we should not content ourselves with putting a good rifle into the hands of each of our farmers. A man with steady nerves soon becomes a sufficiently good shot.

The soldier's trade will lose some of its charm from the disappearance of the pride, pomp and circumstances of war. A battle will no longer be the splendid though terrible spectacle that it has been. Brilliant uniforms will have to be discarded, as they offer a remark for the rifle. Flags are no longer taken into the field. On the other hand, there is pride of markmanship but this can hardly counterbalance the loss of all the brilliancy of parade and war.—*Goldwin Smith in Toronto Sun.*

"Some devil is inside of me, tickling my throat with a feather," said a good deacon with a sad cough. "Well, this is the holy water that will cast the devil out," said his wife, as she produced a bottle of Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam. 25c. all druggists.

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One day, a traveller for the house of Dr. Ed. Morin & Co., of Quebec, called at my house and gave me a pretty little pamphlet treating of Dr. Ed. Morin's different preparations.

The conversation turned on my case. I told him about my sickness and he advised me to take Broma without delay. I repeated that I was not disposed to use that remedy, but still he advised me to try it. My old mother, who was visiting me, joined the traveller in pressing me to try Broma. Finally I yielded and sent for a bottle. From the first day's use, I felt that it was doing me extraordinary good. I thought I was dreaming, so sudden and marked was the change. I continued to use this preparation with courage, having faith now in its virtues. My nerves became calm and stronger; my digestion was better, and my sleep most restful. No more of those childish fears, those dark thoughts, those inexpressible anxieties.

I was able to resume the care of my household, my sewing with the sewing machine and other domestic work.

In the gratitude for the good done me by Broma, I warmly recommend it in my turn to all sufferers from diseases of the blood and nerves.

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

THURSDAY, JUNE 28.

The Calendar.

JUNE-JULY.

DATE.	FEAST.
29 Frid.	SS. Peter and Paul.
30 Sat.	Commemoration of S. Paul.
1 Sun.	The Precious Blood of our Lord.
2 Mon.	Visitation of our Lady.
3 Tues.	S. Paul I, Pope and Confessor.
4 Wed.	S. Irenaeus Bishop and Martyr.
5 Thur.	S. Antony Zaccaria, Martyr.

Leaves From the Diary of a Pilgrim.

SATURDAY, June 2.

We leave Montreal in a great downpour of rain—a perfect deluge. In spite of the rain there are many gathered on the pier to see us off. There is mutual waving of handkerchiefs and exchange of farewells. The rain descends in torrents, type and token of God's manifold blessings, so at least we pilgrims are fain to look upon it. As our ship frees herself from her moorings and glides into the stream, one fond pilgrim is overheard remarking that Montreal is weeping over our departure. And such copious tears as they are, too!

* * *

Last evening at eight we all met at the Cathedral, St. James's, to assist at Pontifical Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The great church, modelled on St. Peter's at Rome—one-half its length and one-eighth its cubic contents—was thronged. The Archbishop gave the Benediction, and afterwards from his throne addressed the pilgrims in French. He looked every inch of him a Bishop, and spoke with great dignity and sweetness, in a rich, clear voice. He seems well-fitted to rule the Church of God in Mary's City—the great Catholic city of Montreal, which, with its grand churches, its splendid educational and charitable institutions, makes the pilgrim prouder of his Faith and of his Country.

* * *

We reached Quebec at 7 p. m. Carriages—cabs, caleches, and vehicles of all sorts—are in readiness to convey the pilgrim party to the Chapel of the Ursulines. Here for the first time in Canada Mass was offered in honour of the Sacred Heart. The Ursulines of Quebec were founded by the Blessed Mary of the Incarnation—the first religious foundation in Canada. They are a cloistered Order. From behind their gratings the nuns sing in their sweet voices the Benediction Service, which is preceded by a stirring address in French to the pilgrims. At nine we are back on board. There are ringing cheers from the shore, and hearty cries of *bon voyage*. On the ship many of the pilgrims join in singing a French *chanson*, with its lively chorus, *Bon soir, mes amis, bon soir!* Scarcely has the last note died away, when the ship's bugler breaks out in the familiar strains of Auld Lang Syne. We slip our moorings and are off.

* * *

Down the river we glide swiftly in the stillness of the night. On either bank is a fine stretch of fertile land, studded with picturesque villages and dotted with the houses of *les habitants*. Now it lies as if asleep, wrapped in the mantle of night. We see but in shadowy outline the Laurentian hills rising out of the darkness. What a majestic river is this St. Lawrence! There is nothing like it in America—in all the wide world. The scenery on the Hudson is very picturesque in places and somewhat more varied, perhaps. But one misses there the fine expanse of open country with its setting of mountains, and the river itself lacks the breadth and grandeur of the St. Lawrence.

* * *

PENTECOST SUNDAY, June 3.

Nine or ten pilgrims have joined us at Quebec. We are now ninety-two in all, including twenty-three priests. There is also another priest on board, who is not a prilgrim. It is the feast of Pentecost, and all the priests say Mass. There are Masses all the morning at two altars—such altars as men hastily improvise on board ship—from 4:30 till 10. The space between decks, forward of the saloon, has been turned into a chapel. Around about most of the pilgrims have their state-rooms. At the seven o'clock Mass, celebrated by Father Pichen, S. J., director of the French section of the pilgrimage, the *Veni Creator* is sung with fine effect. Some of these French-Canadian priests and several of the lay pilgrims, too, have splendid voices, trained in the music of the Church.

* * *

As some of us sit at a late breakfast, one of the stewards announces that there will be Divine Service in the saloon at eleven. We can scarce keep from laughing in his face, so solemn are the look and tone in which the announcement is made. Divine Service, quotha! For the twenty-fourth time that morning was there offered up to God the sacrifice foretold by Malachy—the same that ever since the Day of Penecost has been offered in the Catholic Church from the rising to the setting of the sun. And now comes along this fellow to tell us that there is to be DIVINE SERVICE—to tell it in a tone which says as plainly as words that this is *the* service of the day and that there is none other. Divine Service, forsooth! It was that Anglican Service the very thought of which used to make Newman shiver, in the days that followed his escape from "the city of confusion." Subjectively, let it be granted divine, as every service may be spoken of as divine which is offered to God in good faith. But objectively and in itself, there could scarce have been fashioned anything more barren of divinity than the Anglican Service. What there is of divine about it has been stolen from the liturgy of the Catholic Church. The rest is human.

* * *

In the afternoon we assemble in our chapel to sing the vespers of the day. Several of the lay pilgrims, men and women, lend their voices, and the ship resounds with the strains of the divine psalmody, the Veni Creator, Spiritus and the Magnificat. What fine voices these French-Canadians have, and how well they know the chant of the Church! Even the lay pilgrims sing the psalms and hymns in Latin, recite with us the Litany of Loretto in Latin, and seem to understand every word of what they sing or say. For the greater number of the pilgrims are French.

* * *

In the evening at eight there is service in English. We sing two hymns, Nearer My God to Thee, and Come Holy Ghost. Many of the French priests and lay pilgrims, join us in singing. Father Kavanagh, S. J., director of the English-speaking pilgrims gives an instruction on the mission and work of the Holy Ghost. This is followed by the Rosary in English and night prayers in French. Every day we say the Rosary together, in French at 3.30 p. m. and in English at 8.30. Every day, too, hymns are sang to our Blessed Lady, the *Ave Maris Stella* and her own canticle of the Magnificat being our favourites.

* * *

All day long we steam down the St. Lawrence, hugging the southern bank. Early in the afternoon the mountains of St. Anne are seen in the distance. They rise to a height of from two to three thousand feet, back of the hills that border on the river. Their summits and shoulders are white with snow. It forms a pleasing contrast with the blue of the river and the green of the fields that lie at their feet. By this time all trace of tears has been wiped away from the face of the June sky, which smiles benignantly upon us. It is glorious weather.

MONDAY, June 4.

We have passed Gaspe and are in the Gulf. To the south Bird Rock is dimly seen. Our passenger list—already a long one—has received an addition during the night. Two birds, the smaller a sparrow, boarded the ship, most likely ere we were yet fairly away from the land. They are objects of much interest to their fellow-passengers. The larger bird, which the sailors take to be "a howl" (as one of them expresses it), proves, on closer and more careful scrutiny, to be a hawk. Jack-tar is not an ornithologist. His acquaintance with the feathery tribe seems to be confined to a few aquatic birds such as sea-gulls and Mother Carey's chickens. As for land birds, it is probable that he doesn't even "know a hawk from a hand-saw," much less from "a howl."

* * *

The presence of the birds on board gives rise to not a little speculation. Why has the sparrow left its cosy nest and the hawk its home on the dry land to roam over this waste of waters? Some say that the birds are stealing a free passage to Newfoundland. Others, sagely taking into account how ill-assorted the pair is, reach a more likely solution of the puzzling problem. The hawk, they say, sallied forth in the early dawn to find itself a breakfast. The sparrow was already abroad on similar mission bent. Chased by the pirate of the air, and having a natural dislike to become food for its hungry pursuer instead of getting something to appease its own hunger, it sought refuge on the passing ship, closely followed by its foe. As we near the coast of Nfld. the birds leave us and fly landward. But whether the smaller was inside the larger bird when land was reached, is still matter for speculation to the other passengers of the Vancouver.

* * *

By 10.30 a. m. we are abreast of Cape Ray. As we steam by Channel, otherwise known as Port Basque, we descry the massive hulk of the Elder-Dempster liner, Montpelier, wrecked here some weeks ago. Even the good ship Vancouver might be cast away on these cruel rocks, as was her sister ship, the Chicago, on the rocks of Kinsale. This is the thought that comes to one's mind as one gazes on the stranded ship. But the smiling June sky, radiant with sunshine, chases it quickly away, and we breathe a prayer to the heart of Him who rules the wind and the waves.

* * *

We are now fairly at sea, and our ship has made her first bow to the Atlantic rollers. This token of homage old Neptune claims, nay commands and compels, from every ship that presses upon his bosom and feels the throbbing of his mighty heart. And full many a one of those who go down to the sea in ships is, in like manner, made to pay tribute, and never a one but grudges the payment. But the theme is too painful to dwell upon.

TUESDAY, June 5.

A little before noon Cape Race is on our larboard quarter, and in an hour or two more we catch our last glimpse of the rock-bound coast of Terra Nova. The weather is still fine and the sea comparatively smooth. At 9 p. m. a large number of the passengers gather in the saloon to hear a lecture on the causes that led to the war in South Africa. The lecture is by the Rev. Mr. Philips, an Anglican minister who has spent seven years as missionary among the blacks and half-breeds of the Transvaal. He arraigns the Boer Government severely for its treatment of the natives. The truth of what he says is confirmed by Father Kavanagh, in seconding the motion for a vote of thanks at the close of the lecture. He remembers quite well when a boy at Stonyhurst hearing the Jesuit Fathers returned from South Africa recount what they saw and heard of the oppression of subject races by the Boers. "The tale they then told," he says, "has been retold here to-night." Precisely at 11 o'clock the sound of the whistle warns us that we have at last run into the inevitable fog. The dismal tooting is kept up at intervals of one or two minutes during the rest of the night.

WEDNESDAY, June 6.

A good deal of motion in the ship; fewer passengers at the breakfast table. Still Masses are celebrated from 5.30 to 8, and several of the priests and lay pilgrims receive Holy Communion. In the afternoon fogs again steal upon us. They gather round our ship, these mists of the mighty Atlantic, and envelope her as with a shroud. They come and go at intervals during the afternoon, forcing us to slow down, and at times come to a standstill, so great is the danger of collision with an iceberg or an incoming ship. There is nothing for it but to wait for the fog to lift, with such patience as one can command. We pace the deck, or withdraw to our staterooms and there listen idly to the murmur of the waves as they beat against the ship, or brood over the mystery of the sobbing sea.

THURSDAY, June 7.

From noon yesterday till noon to-day we have covered 316 nautical miles, and are now a little more than half-way across from Quebec to Liverpool. The log reads at noon:

Day.	Lat.	Long.	Dist. run.
	30.06 N.	38.36 W.	316

Remarks: Moderate winds, choppy sea.

The reader will please bear in mind that this is from a ship's log, and that the "remarks" are to be understood in a strictly nautical sense. These "moderate" winds of ours would pass on shore for something between a very stiff breeze and a moderate gale. And as for "choppy" seas, well, the Atlantic is not exactly a pond, though sometimes irreverently described as such by the fellow who has never crossed it, and this choppy sea makes our big ship reel and tumble about like a man slightly more than "half seas over." There is a deal of sickness in consequence. Some are unable to leave their beds. Others manage to crawl on deck, but only to lie there in chairs, silent and sullen, or mope about with a most woe-begone appearance. Even your genial rover of the seas, who has been across a score of times, and assures you that he is not the leas bit sick, is not one-half so gay and talkative as he was yesterday and the day before. You see there are degrees and stages of sea-sickness, and one passes through a great variety of less or more painful experiences before the last stage is reached. Over that final act of the nautical drama (which to the heartless onlooker is too often comedy, but to the chief actor, or rather sufferer, is in the last degree tragic) we willingly let the curtain fall. Many drink sea-water, glass after glass of it, and believe that it relieves them, or keeps them from falling sick, as the case may be. I fancy I can hear someone say as he reads this that the remedy is worse than the disease. But I am quite sure that the one who says so has never been sea-sick—perhaps never been to sea—in his life.

FRIDAY, June 8.

This morning, in spite of the rolling of the ship, Masses were said and several of the pilgrims received Holy Communion. There are but few English pilgrims; including cleric and lay, not more than a dozen out of the ninety-two. I say English rather than English-speaking and in contradistinction to French, as many of the French pilgrims speak English fluently.

* * *

There is little to break the monotony of a sea voyage. One day is just like another. You wake in the morning, rise, go through the same little round of actions, turn in again at night. Each day you seem to be just where you were the day before. The same voices call out to you "from the vasty deep." The same sea-waves lift their crested heads, shake their flowing manes, and snort and gambol in all the wild abandon of their unbridled freedom. And your vision is ever bounded by the same narrow horizon. Anything is welcome that breaks this sameness, the passing ship or even the sea-gull that wings its way over the waters. We have met few ships. The smoke of a steamer—of two of them, indeed—was descried yesterday morning, and about sundown a big ship under shortened sail was seen beating her way to the windward.

SATURDAY, June 9.

One pilgrim who has been well enough up till now, is so squeamish to-day that he dare not write even half a dozen lines for fear of consequences. This "leaf" therefore, is all but blank.

TRINITY SUNDAY, June 10.

The sea still runs "choppy." It has been our worst night since we came on board—"rocked in the cradle of the deep," but with no gentle hand. The rocking continues this morning, and Mass is said by Father Pichon and one or two other priests under considerable difficulties. In the afternoon vespers are sung in the saloon, and in the evening, after the Rosary, there is a sermon in English by the Rev. Father Sloan, pastor of Fallowfield, in the diocese of Ottawa. This is a very distressing day to many of the passengers. There is longing for the repose of smooth waters, and from four in the afternoon eager eyes are scanning the distant horizon in front of us for a sight of land. At six it is sighted—a vast rock in the form of a cathedral, known as the "Skelling;" and by ten we are steering straight for the Fastnet Light, which flashes its welcome rays upon us at intervals of a few seconds. The anger of ocean is fast subsiding, the stars are out, and the Irish moon looks down upon us from a cloudless sky. It is the feast of the Most Holy Trinity, and to-night as in all the nights since His creative hand hung those orbs in space, "the heavens proclaim His glory, and the firmament of heaven shows forth the work of His hands."

MONDAY, June 11

I have spoken of Masses said under difficulties. There are difficulties and difficulties. While I was serving Father Kavanagh's Mass at 8 o'clock this morning, voices pitched in a high key came from a stateroom hard by. This is what the voices

(Continued on fifth page.)

FOR HEADACHE

—TAKE—

Perfect Headache Powder

25 CENTS PER BOX.

Sent by Mail on Receipt of Price.

C. M. HENRY, Chemist and Druggist,

ANTIGONISH, N. S.

A. KIRK & CO.

Beg to announce still further additions to their already large and varied stock.

In our Dress Department will be found a practically unlimited field of choice as regards styles combined with a high standard of quality and a moderate range of price. We call particular attention to the

NEW PASTEL TINTS, in CHEVIOTS, BROADCLOTHS,
NEW FAST DYE, ALL WOOL NAVY BLUE SERGES.
NEW PLAIN COLORED COSTUME CLOTHS, in all the new colo
NEW BLACK and WHITE CHECKED DRESS GOODS, in all sizes of che
NEW KHAKI SUITINGS.
LINEN and PIQUE SUITINGS, in white and colors.
ALL-WOOL CASHMERES, in usual colors.
FIGURED LUSTRES and CREPONNES.

Ready-to-Wear Skirts.

Rainy day skirts as well as every-day skirts, in Linen, Piqu Denim and other fabrics, all marked at lowest prices.

Mantle Department.

Everything new and decidedly fashionable is represented here Ladies' Mantles and Jackets. High-class goods at speciall low prices.

Our Clothing Department.

Don't make the mistake of passing us when you need anything the Clothing line, as we can easily save you 15 to 20 per cent. o your purchase. We are showing the largest range in town, mad up in all the most attractive styles for 1900, which in addition our special low prices of high-class goods in cloth, make-up an finish, makes this department unusually interesting.

Shirt Waists.

We are showing a large, varied and exceedingly well-selected range of Ladies' Shirt Waists, in white and nearly every color of the rainbow, and at prices that place them within the reach of all.

White Wear.

This department is full to overflowing in everything that is new and up-to-date in Ladies', Misses' and Children's White Wear of every description.

DAINTY NECKWEAR.

Stock large, and gathered to please and score another record for us. Cannot be described—will have to be seen. Stock Collars, in White, Cardinal, Mavve and Heliotrope, all the new styles. Dainty Lace Ties, Patriotic Neckwear—something altogether new and very attractive in Bows and Ties. The nattiest and prettiest patterns.

MEN'S HATS.

Fine quality Fedora Hats, silk ribbon band and edges, in Brown Pearl and Black. Men's fine Fur Felt Hats, Derby shape, this spring's styles, lined and unlined, silk band and edge,

Window Curtains.

Lace Curtains, Ruffled Novelty Sash, Colored Frilled, Curtain Material and Furniture Covering in great variety of design and coloring.

Window Shades.

In Opaque Shade Cloth and Scotch Holland, with laces and fringes to match.

FURNITURE.

Our stock of Household Furniture is very complete, and includes Parlor Suites, Bedroom Suites, Dining Tables, Centre Tables, Fancy Tables, Jardinier Stands, Fancy Chairs, Easy Chairs, Lounges, Sideboards, Hall Racks, Iron and Brass Bedsteads, Wire, Wool Top and Excelsior Mattrasses.

HOSIERY.

Boys' Bicycle Hose, assorted colored tops, all sides and prices. Ladies' Black Cashmere Hose, large selection and good values.

BOOTS and SHOES.

We have no space to particularize, but we wish to say most emphatically that anyone requiring Boots, Shoes or Slippers, fine or coarse, Ladies', Gentlemen's, Misses' or Children's, will find ours the most complete stock to select from and at a saving of at least ten per cent.

A. KIRK & CO.,

KIRK'S BLOCK, - - ANTIGONISH

General News.

The Canadian Government's exhibits of timber at the Paris exposition have been awarded first prize.

Colonel Richard Tyrwhitt, M. P., South Simcoe, died at his home at Bradford, Ont., last Friday night.

The fortnightly steamship service between Halifax and St. John and the West Indies will begin on July 7.

Two children were burned to death last Thursday by the exploding of a lamp at a summer resort near Montreal.

Big Fish Island, in St. Margaret's Bay, has been purchased by Mrs. Dewey, wife of Admiral Dewey. She intends to build a summer residence on it.

The oil tank steamer Maverick, recently raised from Bedford Basin, left Halifax on Wednesday of last week for Bath, Me., where she will be repaired.

The House of Lords last Friday passed the Colonial Marriage Bill, which legalizes marriage with a deceased wife's sister. The Bill was introduced by Lord Strathcona.

The steamer Roger sailed from Halifax on Wednesday of last week for Havre and Bordeaux with 19,358 packages of canned lobsters, valued at nearly a quarter of a million dollars.

A young German girl in New York has been left a fortune of $3,000,000, in Berlin by a wealthy man whom she nursed in a hospital there. She sailed for Hamburg last week to look after her interests.

The Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Muravieff, died suddenly at St. Petersburg, last Thursday morning, while at breakfast. Death was caused by apoplexy. He was about fifty-five years of age.

The transport Thomas sailed from San Francisco last week with 369 recruits for the Philippines. fifteen hundred more are to sail on Nov. 1, next, to take the place of enlisted men whose term of service expires at the end of the present year.

Abbas Himli, the Khedive of Egypt is in England on his first official visit. Among those accompanying him is General Wingate, Commander of the Anglo-Egyptian forces. The Khedive upon his arrival was found to be quite ill, and showed, it is said, symptoms of diphtheria.

Arthur Waddill, a boy of eight years of age, is in jail at Richmond, Va., for the murder of a three-year-old girl, whom he enticed into the woods, and beat to death. The youthful murderer has already committed several criminal acts, among them the stealing of a horse and the burning of a barn.

A sad drowning accident happened on Lake Matapedia, Que., on Wednesday of last week. A boat, in which a party of six persons were out fishing, was upset by a squall and all hands perished. Among the unfortunate ones was James King, a well known lumber merchant of Quebec and ex-M. P. P. for Mergantic.

A passenger train on the Macon branch of the Southern Railway ran into a washout near McDonough, Ga., last Saturday night, and, according to latest despatches forty-one persons were killed. There was a gang of section men aboard, and all of them were killed. Their exact number is not known.

Evangeliste Joly, who stole $7,000 from the Dominion Express Co., at Joliette, Que., some time ago, was sentenced last Thursday at Montreal to nine years in the penitentiary. Another criminal, Roach, who robbed a store, and threatened to shoot the proprietor, was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment. Roach was implicated in the Napanee Bank robbery.

The statement of banking affairs for May, issued by the Government, shows that the circulation increased during the month $4,000,000, and was $10,000,000 in excess of what it was a year ago. The banks hold $1,500,000 more in Dominion currency than they did in April. Deposits on demand have increased by $3,000,000, and those on notice by $1,000,000 during the month.

Very meagre reports have come from South Africa during the past nine or ten days, and the few that have been received relate to affairs of minor importance. In many places the Boers are giving up their arms. Lord Roberts is said, however, to have refused to allow any of his men to leave for China. The situation in the latter country is growing more serious. Nothing definite has been heard of the Pekin relief force for over a week, and the Chinese have been committing murder and burning dwellings at Tien Tsin. Another strong column has been sent to the relief of Admiral Seymour.

Lieut. Governor McInnes, of British Columbia, has been removed from office for his conduct in dismissing his advisers, who had the confidence of the people, as shown by the result of the elections. Sir Henri Joly, Minister of Inland Revenue, has been appointed in his stead. M. E. Bernier, M. P., St. Hyacinthe, succeeds Sir Henri as Minister of Inland Revenue, and writs for the election in St. Hyacinthe have been issued. Nomination July 4, polling on the 11th. Governor McInnes has had four Governments in two years. He dismissed one of these while it had still a majority, and refused to allow another to meet the Legislature to know how it stood, and, though the Legislature voted against the selection of Mr. Martin, the latter was called on to form a Cabinet.

(Continued from fourth page.)

said, needless to say the owners were neither pilgrims nor of the household of the faith:

Male Voice: "Open your port-hole."

Female Voice, from an adjoining stateroom, shrill as it in anger: "Do you command? Are you 'boss'?" [The bed-room steward alone may open the port-hole].

Male Voice: "Mine is open."

Female Voice (sarcastically): "Don't fall through?"

* * *

We are now in St. George's Channel. On our right, but not in view, is the coast of England. On our left, the coast of Ireland is plainly visible. With a pair of glasses we can see cottages, churches, and the green, green fields of Erin. We shall be in Liverpool about ten o'clock to-night. There I will mail this batch of "leaves," which have at least the merit of continuity. Others to follow will necessarily be scattered and disconnected—stray leaves blown about by every wind of travel.

Hon. Hugh John McDonald, Premier of Manitoba, has, according to despatches replied to the memorial of the Catholics of that Province asking relief in the matter of education saying that he can do nothing for them, and reminding them that Premiers Laurier and Greenway had announced that the question was settled. The minority will now, it is announced, make another appeal to the Dominion Government for a remedial order.

Personals.

Mrs. Geo. A. Wootten, of Halifax, is in Town.

Miss May McGillivray, of Church street, has returned home from Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. J. H. McDougall, teacher at the Blind Asylum, Halifax, arrived home on Monday for the vacation.

Alex M. Beaton, for the past thirty years a resident of Montreal, is visiting his brothers at Monk's Head in this county.

His Lordship Bishop Cameron went to Halifax on Monday to pay his respects to the Delegate of the Holy Father. He returned yesterday.

DEAR SIR:—I beg to acknowledge receipt of a check of the New York Life Insurance Company, through your agent, at Port Morien, Hector McDonald, for $1000, in settlement of the death claim on the life of my late son, Alex. W. McCuish. He took the insurance on the last of January, and was killed on the 15th day of March, on the S. & L. R. I wish to thank the Company for the promptness and courtesy with which this loss was settled upon the presentation of the proper death certificates. I wish to recommend the New York Life Insurance Company, not alone to all my friends but also to any person desiring insurance with a high class Company. I feel satisfied that the policy which controls the administration of your Company is one that stands for liberality, promptness and courteous treatment at all times.

Yours very truly,
NEIL MCCUISH.

Pic-nic of the Maritime Provincial Club.

The Maritime Provincial Club held a meeting last evening, (21st inst.,) at United Fellowship hall, 26 Union Park St., Pres. A. C. Chisholm presiding. Final arrangements are being made by the general and sub-committees having in charge the annual picnic of the club, which is to be held July 4, at Apollo Gardens, Roxbury.

Committee—A. C. Chisholm, chairman; Joseph Fortune, John A. Gillis, John C. Druhan, Charles McEacheren, A. H. Howlett, Charles Floyd, John Chisholm, A. Chisholm, Angus Boyle and A. G. McDonald.

For over two months the members of the committee have laboured diligently in making preparations and securing attractions to make this gathering the most successful one given in the eight years' history of the club.

One of the principal and most interesting features of the day's programme will be a balloon ascension and parachute descension at 4.30 by Professor Flowers, America's greatest baloonist.

The Maritime Provincial Club works solely in behalf of charity and no set or clique has any place in the direction of the club. It is an organization for the assistance of needy members to cultivate fond recollections of the land of the members birth, and for social, mental and physical improvement.

Vice-President Joseph Fortune emphasized the necessity of "hustle" on the part of every member, and especially those on various committees. He said that they were preparing a list of twenty different games for the day, and good prizes would be given.

In connection with the picnic a beautiful illustrated souvenir with scenes of the most picturesque rivers, lakes, mountains and towns of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, will be distributed free to all who attend the picnic. Dancing will be continued in the evening until 11 o'clock.

The following were initiated: John G. McLeod, Leo E. Campbell, D. A. McDonald, Michael Keenan, Lawyer McKnight. The Nudeur sisters gave some beautiful selections and Spanish dances.

A. C. CHISHOLM, Pres.
Boston, June 22, 1900.

Resolution of Condolence.

At a regular meeting of Branch 279, C. M. B. A., held at Lourdes, N. S., 23rd June, 1900, the following resolution of condolence was unanimously adopted:

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God in his infinite wisdom to remove by death Mr. Martin Martin, father of our esteemed brother Treasurer, Michael Martin, and grandfather of our esteemed brothers, D. Martin, A. Martin and M. Martin;

Resolved, that we sincerely condole with the family of the deceased on the bereavement with which it has pleased Divine Providence to afflict them; and commend them for consolation to Him who orders all things for the best, and whose chastisements are sent in mercy;

Further Resolved, That this testimonial of our sympathy and sorrow be recorded on the minutes of our meeting, a copy sent to our bereaved brothers, and to THE CASKET and *Canadian* for publication.

JAMES MAHONEY, RODRICK CAMPBELL, } Committee.

MARRIED.

CHISHOLM-CHISHOLM.—At St. Andrews, on the 26th inst., by Rev. James Fraser, P. P., Alexander Chisholm, of Beauly, to Christina Ann Chisholm, of Pompquet River.

MCGILLIVRAY-FORBES.—On the same day, by the same, Andrew McGillivray, of Boston, formerly of Fraser's Mills, to Mary E. Forbes, of Marydale.

DIED.

CAMERON.—At Arthur, Ont., June 24, Hugh Cameron, formerly of James River, Ant. Co., aged 78 years.

MCPHERSON.—At Knoydart, on the 18th inst., Sarah McPherson, aged 68 years. The deceased who was well and favourably known in the community, was the eldest daughter of the late John McPherson, Moydart. Fortified by the last rites of the Church she peacefully passed away. May her soul rest in peace.

PIC-NICS . .

Will soon begin!

I am prepared to supply them with my usual Large Stock.

POP, seven kinds — Ginger Ale, Lemon Soda, Orange Phosphate, Etc. Being agent for these Goods, I sell them at Factory Prices.

FRUIT SYRUPS—Raspberry, Strawberry, Etc., Etc.

CONFECTIONERY — Mixtures and Penny Goods, a very Large Assortment.

CIGARS, from 90 cents per box upwards.

FRUITS, PICKLES, SAUCES, HAMS, BACON, Etc.

All Goods at Lowest Wholesale Prices. And any left over in good order can be returned.

We solicit orders from Cape Breton.
Satisfactory freight rates made.

T. J. BONNER

McCURDY & CO.,

West End Warehouse.

We want to reduce our stock of Summer Capes, and in order to do so we will offer for a short time some of the biggest bargains in Ladies' Summ Capes ever offered in Antigonish. All goods colors for summer wear and nicely made.

LADIES' CAPE, former price $1.65, now 75c.
LADIES' CAPE, former price $1.75, now 95c.
LADIES' CAPE, former price $2.50, now $1.25.
LADIES' CAPE, former price $2.75, now $1.50.
LADIES' CAPE, former price $2.90, now $1.45.
LADIES' CAPE, former price $3.75, now $1.95
LADIES' CAPE, former price $4.50, now $2.25.
LADIES' CAPE, former price $4.75, now $2.40.
LADIES' CAPE, former price $5.75, now $2.90.
LADIES' CAPE, former price $6.25, now $3.25.
LADIES' CAPE, former price $5.00, now $2.50.
LADIES' CAPE, former price $6.50, now $3.50.
LADIES' CAPE, former price $8.25, now $4.75.
LADIES' CAPE, former price $9.75, now $4.90.

Dress-making - - Department.

Ladies' Dresses, Spring Jackets, Capes and Tailor-made Costumes made at short notice, and everything is guaranteed superior in

Style, Fit and Finish.

A personal visit to our Dressmaking Department is the most satisfactory, but if measures are taken according to the instructions we give, you will be pleased with every garment we turn out.

A NICE LINE OF GOODS FOR EVENING WEAR.

We are showing an elegant line of

Muslins,
Serges
and Silks

in cream and nunsveiling for evening wear.

LADIES' SPRING JACKETS.

The new Spring Jacket is a very stylish garment. Styles have changed considerably since last spring. The correct styles this year are very much shorter, and are shown in all the leading colors. Light greys, fawns and blues take the lead.

Ladies' jackets, in cheviot cloth, navy, light and medium grey, special value at $3.25

Ladies' jackets, made of covert coating, colors fawn, navy, brown and black, fly fancy stitched braiding, lined throughout with silkaline, $4.25 and $4.50

Ladies' jackets, fine box cloth, stylish make, with pearl buttons, in navy, light fawn, dark fawn and black, silk lined, at $7.25 and $7.50

Ladies' jacket, fine box cloth, in fawn color, at $8.50

A handsome line of shawl rugs, in fancy plaids and tartan checks, $3.50

Ladies' golf capes, in handsome plaids, in all the newest shades, fringed.

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PLANT •• •• LINE.

DIRECT ROUTE TO BOSTON.
AND ALL POINTS IN UNITED STATES.

SUMMER SAILINGS, COMMENCING JUNE 26.

FROM HALIFAX:
SS. Florida - - - - Tuesday, 11 p. m. SS. LaGrande Duchesse, Thursday, 3 p. m. SS. Halifax, - - - - - - Saturdays, 11 p. m.

FROM HAWKESBURY:
SS. La Grande Duchesse, Wed.'s 6 p. m. SS. Halifax, Frdy's 9 p m

FROM SYDNEY:
SS. Florida, Mondays, 6 p. m.

From Boston, Tuesdays and Saturdays for Halifax, Hawkesbury and Charlottetown, and Fridays for Sydney.

From Halifax to Hawkesbury and Charlottetown, SS. Halifax, Wednesdays, at 9 p. m.

Cheap through tickets for sale, and baggage checked by agents Intercolonial Railway.

For all information apply to Plant Line Agents, Boston, Halifax, Hawkesbury, Charlottetown, Sydney and North Sydney.

H. L. CHIPMAN, Manager.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's

Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.
Price 25 Cents | Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

New Custom Tailoring Shop.

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

MAIN and COLLEGE SST.,

next door to the Antigonish Bookstore.

Our long experience in selecting and making-up

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

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

Particular attention given to Clergymen's Soutannes.

GRANT & CO.

INDIGESTION Can be Cured.

Open Letter from a Prominent Clergyman.

MIDDLETON, N. S.

C. GATES, SON & CO.

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

Invigorating Syrup.

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

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

Sold everywhere at 50 cts. per bottle.

HARNESS.

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

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Satisfaction Guaranteed.
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LARGE CLEAN BEDROOMS.

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Antigonish, June 8, 98.

Great Famines of India.

Some statistics from Indian Government reports give an idea of the tremendous loss of life that has taken place from starvation since the date when Great Britain established her rule in India, and of the enormous sums of money expended in relief works without, as yet, providing any safeguard against the recurring calamity.

In the year 1770 Bengal was visited by a famine. The crop of 1769 being a total failure, it is computed that within nine months, out of a population of 30,000,000, one-third, or 10,000,000, perished from starvation and disease. In order to obtain food, parents sold their children into slavery until no buyers could be found. For a time thousands subsisted upon leaves of trees and grass until even that source of nourishment failing, the living actually fed upon the bodies of the dead. As if fate were determined to revel in irony, it is recorded that while the rainy season of 1770 brought an abundant harvest, in the meantime millions of starving wretches crawled despairingly from one deserted village to another in a vain search for food, dying in multitudes through inability to live through the few weeks that separated them from their harvest.

The effects of this famine were felt for two generations. The children and young people having almost all succumbed, there was no rising generation to till the fields. So jungles grew up where there had once been flourishing farms and villages, and tigers and elephants multiplied to such an extent that the population lay at the mercy of beasts.

In 1836 the Northwest Provinces were ravaged by a famine of which it is recorded that in two cities the inhabitants died at the rate of 1,200 a day, and in the rural districts human beings perished by villages.

By the three great famines of 1860, 1866 and 1869 in the Northwest Provinces, Orissa and Radjputana, three millions of people are said to have been swept away; in that of 1866 the famished wretches again resorted to cannibalism.

Bengal was again visited by a famine in 1873, when 3,000,000 people received daily relief at a cost to the Government of $32,500,000, and to private charity of $1,140,000. On this occasion the previous opening up of the country roads and railways, as well as the relief efforts, were successful in holding the grim scourge at bay, so that few actually perished.

From 1876 to 1878 the Provinces of Bombay, Madras and Mysore were swept by famine and pestilence that almost equalled the disaster of a century before. At a cost to the Government of $35,000,000, 1,500,000 people were temporarily relieved, but that this sufficed little is demonstrated by the fact that in one district of 2,129,000 people 570,000 are supposed to have perished.

From the subsequent epidemic of cholera the deaths were returned at 357,000 for Madras, 58,000 for Mysore and 57,000 for Bombay. In all, during this period, the Famine Commissioners reported that in the provinces under British administration, out of a population of 190,000,000, 5,250,000 deaths took place in excess of what might have been looked for during the same period in ordinary seasons.

In the year 1897 famine once more raised its head in the Northwest Provinces, threatening a population of 80,000,000. By October, 1897, the total cost of relief had reached $50,000,000, but yet many hundreds of thousands perished. The disaster was quickly followed by the plague, which had a death roll in the Province of Bombay of 100,000, to be in turn succeeded by the present famine.

It is computed that from the year 1770 until 1879 India has been visited in different parts by no less than thirty-one famines, with a loss to human life directly and indirectly of 27,000,000. A glance at the map of India will show the enormous extent of territory subject to these visitations. With the exception of the strip of coast beneath the mountains from Bombay to Cape Cormorin, the greater part of the Provinces of Assam and Burmah, together with the deltaic districts at the head of the Bay of Bengal, the rest of the peninsula is liable to drought and consequent famine, with 40,000,000 people at all times on the verge of starvation.

In spite of the vast sums expended upon irrigation works, and the general development of the country under British auspices, the hopelessness of the situation was expressed by an eminent Anglo-Indian authority, who said that no compensating influences can prevent these recurring periods of continuous drought with which large provinces of India are afflicted. Waterworks on a scale adequate to guarantee the whole of India from drought not only exceed the possibilities of finance, but are beyond the reach of engineering skill.—*New York Sun.*

It Is Incomparable in its effects.

Morin's Wine "Creso-Phates" act wonderfully well in the most stubborn cases of bronchits, cough, cold, whooping cough, asthma, grippe.

St. F. X. College.

Following is a list of the prize-winners at the Commencement Exercises at St. F. X. College:

FRESHMAN YEAR.

First prize, a book donated by Rev. D. V. Phalen, for highest average in all the subjects of the year — A. McFarlane.

Latin — First prize, a two-dollar gold piece, donated by Rev. J. W. McIsaac, Sydney; equally merited by W. B. Gillis and A. McK Fraser—drawn by Fraser.

French—First prize, $2.50, donated by Rev. H. P. McPherson, L'Ardoise — A. McK Fraser.

Chemistry—First prize, silver medal, donated by Rev. D. M. Macadam—W. B. Gillis.

Mathematics—First prize, a five-dollar gold piece, donated by Rev. James Fraser for highest average in mathematical subjects of year—W. B. Gillis.

Bookkeeping—First prize donated by Rev. H. P. McPherson—W. B. Gillis.

SOPHMORE YEAR.

English—Special prize awarded to J. B. McDonald. First prize, a two-dollar gold piece donated by Fr. Phalen—M. F. McIsaac.

Latin — First prize, donated by Rev. Neil McDonald—P. Carter.

French—First prize, donated by Rev. Alex McPherson, Bay St. Lawrence—C. Morse.

Greek—First prize, donated by Rev. J. M. McIsaac—C. Finn.

History—First prize, donated by F. N. Phalen, awarded to A. D. McIntosh for highest average in year's work.

Christian doctrine—First prize, donated by Fr. Phalen—F. M. McIsaac.

Mathematics—First prize, $2.50 in gold donated by Rev. Fr. Kiely, Glace Bay, for highest aggregate — R. J. Rankin. Second prize, $2 in gold, donated by Rev. John McLeod, New Glasgow — P. Carter.

Physics—First prize, donated by John Gillis, Sydney—A. D. McIntosh.

JUNIOR YEAR.

Latin—First prize, donated by Rev. J. W. McIsaac—A. B. McMillan.

Methaphysics—First prize, gold medal, donated by Senator McDonald, equally merited by A. B. McMillan and D. J. McDonald—Drawn by D. J. McDonald.

English—Prize donated by Rev. M. A. McAdam—D. J. McDonald.

Christian doctrine — Prize donated by Rev. Dr. A. McDonald—D. J. McDonald.

Physics—First prize, a gold piece donated by Rev. Dr. Thompson — H. B. Gillis.

Trigonometery—Prize $2 in gold—C. P. Finn.

SENIOR YEAR.

Latin—Prize $5 gold piece—H. Y. McDonald.

Philosophy—Prize silver medal—H. Y. McDonald.

English—Prize gold medal, donated by C. F. McIsaac, M. P.—H. Y. McDonald.

French—Prize $5 in gold—H. Y. McDonald.

Christian doctrine — Prize donated by Rev. Dr. A. McDonald—H. Y. McDonald.

THE CLASS LISTS.

The following is the class standing of students arranged in order of merit:

FRESHMAN YEAR.

English — 2, D. H. McDonald, W. B. Gillis; 3, R. J. McDonald, A. McK Fraser, A. McFarlane. Passed—J. H. McDonald, M. H. McCormick, H. B. Brown, A. J. Loiser, A. McNeil, A. McIntosh, H. Mullins, D. D. Chisholm.

Latin—1, W. B. Gillis, A. McK. Fraser, J. H. McDonald; 2, R. McDonald; 3, A. McNeil.

Passed—Mullins, McKindy, Losier, McIntosh, A. V. Chisholm, McGee, McCormick, Poirier, LeBrun, H. A. Brown, Rankin.

French — 2, A. McK. Fraser; 3, H. Mullins, R. McDonald, A. McFarlane, W. B. Gillis.

Passed—Loiser, A. McNeil, D. H. McDonald, J. H. McDonald, LeBrun, D. D. Chisholm, Joyce, McCormick, Dorant.

History—2, W. B. Gillis, R. McDonald; 3, Loiser, J. H. McDonald.

Passed—McFarlane, A. McK. Fraser, McKindy, LeBrun, D. D. Chisholm, Mullins, A. V. Chisholm, H. A. Brown.

Chemistry—1, W. B. Gillis, 2, A. McK. Fraser; 3, A. McFarlane, A. McNeil.

Passed—McCormick, D. H. McDonald, Dorant, A. McIntosh, J. H. McDonald, A. V. Chisholm, Joyce, Loiser, H. Brown, LeBrun, Mullins, Bray, B. McDonald, Babin, Steele.

Algebra—1, W. B. Gillis, McCormick, A. V. Chisholm; 2, Mullins, McFarlane, D. D. Chisholm, D. H. McDonald; 3, H. Babin, A. McIntosh, A. McNeil, R. McDonald, Steele, A. Fraser.

Geometry—1, W. B. Gillis, A. McIntosh; 2, D. H. McDonald; 3, A. V. Chisholm.

Passed — A. McKay Fraser, Mullins, Loiser, R. McDonald, H. A. Brown, D. D. Chisholm, A. A. McNeil.

Arithmetie—1, W. B. Gillis; 3, D. H. McDonald, A. McKay Fraser, J. H. McDonald, H. A. Brown.

Passed—A. V. Chisholm, D. D. Chisholm, McKindy, Mullins, McFarlane, LeBrun, R. McDonald, H. McGillivray.

Bookkeeping—1, W. B. Gillis, D. H. McDonald; 1, H. Brown; 3, A. McKay Fraser, E. A. Dorant, LeBrun.

Passed—McFarlane, W. B. McIsaac, D. D. Chisholm, A. V. Chisholm, McIntosh, J. H. McDonald, R. McDonald, Steele, Mullins, Joyce, Bray.

Geography—1, A. McKay Fraser; 2, W. B. Gillis; A. J. Loiser, McFarlane, D. H. McDonald.

Passed—D. D. Chisholm, A. V. Chisholm, Mullins, H. A. Brown, McKindy, Dorant, A. McIntosh, J. H. McDonald, Steele, R. McDonald, Bray.

SOPHOMORE.

English—(1) M. F. McIsaac; (2) W. J. Ryan, A. D. McIntosh, P. Carter; (3) E. Parnell Power; R. J. Rankin.

Passed—John McNeil, C. Morse, R. C. McLellan, W. P. Rawley, E. R. Milledge, W. W. Harrington, F. McIntosh.

Latin—2, P. Carter, A. D. McIntosh, M. F. McIsaac, John McNeil.

Passed—Thomas Kenny, W. W. Harrington, W. J. Ryan, C. Morse, W. P. Rawley, W. J. Chisholm, R. C. McLellan.

French—(3) C. Morse, A. D. McIntosh, John McNeil.

Passed—P. Carter, E. P. Power, R. J. Rankin, A. Porrier, R. C. McLellan.

Greek—Passed—Clarence Finn, M. F. McIsaac, Thomas Kenny.

German—(3) John McNeil.

History—(1) C. Morse; (2) John McNeil; (3) E. P. Power, McIntyre.

Passed—McIsaac, McIntosh, Carter, Chisholm, Ryan, Rawley, Harrington, McLellan.

Christian doctrine—(1) A. D. McIntosh, M. F. McIsaac; (2) R. J. Rankin, Power, Rawley, W. J. Ryan, Kenny, John McNeil; (3) W. J. Chisholm, McLellan.

Physiology—(2) P. Carter; (3) Rankin, McIntosh, W. Chisholm, R. C. McLellan,

Passed—Rawley, McNeil, Kenny, Porrier, W. Ryan.

Geometery—(1) A. D McIntosh, Ronald Rankin; (3) Peter Carter.

Passed—Porrier, W. J. Chisholm, McIsaac, Ryan, McLellan, C. Morse.

Algebra—(3) Rankin, M. F. McIsaac.

Passed—Carter, W. Morse, J. Power, McLellan, A. McIntosh.

Practical Mathematics—(1) Rankin, Carter.

Passed—C. Morse, J. Power, McIsaac, W. Morse, Millidge, A. McIntosh, Ryan, McLellan.

Physics—(1)A. D. McIntosh; (2) Rankin, John McNeil, Harrington, W. Chisholm, E. P. Power, P. Carter; (3) Millidge, Ryan, Rawley.

Passed—R. C. McLellan, McIntyre, A. Porrier, Kenny, C. Morse.

JUNIOR YEAR.

Latin—(1) A. B. McMillan, M. F. Power.

Passed—H. B. Gillis, D. J. McDonald, H. A. Gillis, W. Morse, J. R. Power, D. C. Beaton, Smyth Campbell.

Metaphysics—(1) A. B. McMillan, D. J. McDonald; (2) M. F. Power, Wm. Morse, D. Beaton, H. A. Gillies, (3) J. R. Power, Wm. Brown, S. Campbell.

Passed—H. B. Gillies, McKenzie.

English—(3) D. J. McDonald, M. F. Power, Wm. Morse.

Passed—H. B. Gillies.

Greek—(3) A. B. McMillan, M. F. Power.

Passed—H. A. Gillies.

French—(3) A. B. McMillan.

Passed—H. B. Gillies, M. F. Power, Daniel C. Beaton.

Cristian Doctrine—(1) D. J. McDonald, A. B. McMillan, 2, Wm. Brown, M. F. Power, H. B. Gillies, Alexander McKenzie, H. A. Gillies, 3, Smyth Campbell, D. Beaton, J. R. Power, C. Finn.

Chemistry—1, D. J. McDonald; 2, J. R. Power; 3, A. McKenzie.

Physics—2, H. B. Gillis, M. F. Power.

Passed.—Smyth Campbell.

Algebra—Passed—Clarence Finn, H. B. Gillies.

Geometry—2, C. P. Finn; 3, H. B. Gillies.

Trigonometry—1, C. P. Finn, A. B. McMillan; 2, D. Beaton, H. B. Gillies.

Passed—D. J. McDonald, Smyth Campbell, H. A. Gillies.

Zoology—1, J. R. Power; 2, Wm. Morse.

SENIOR YEAR.

Philosophy—1, H. Y. McDonald, H. A. Chisholm; 2, J. P. McNeil, T. J. Barry; 3, J. E. Wentworth.

Latin—H. Y. McDonald; 2, H. A. Chisholm; 3, J. E. Wentworth, J. P. McNeil, T. J. Barry.

English—1, H. Y. McDonald; 2, H. A. Chisholm.

Passed—Barry, McNeil, J. E. Wentworth.

French—2, H. Y. McDonald, Chisholm; 3, D. J. McNeil.

Passed—Barry, Wentworth.

Chemistry—3, Chisholm, Barry.

Christian Doctrine—1 McDonald, Barry, Chisholm; 2, McNeil.

Passed—J. Wentworth.

German—Passed—J. E. Wentworth.

Greek—Passed—McNeil.

Zoology—1, J. P. McNeil, J. E. Wentworth.

Among Young Girls.

Dr. Ed. Morin's Cardinal Pills are a radical cure for paleness, debility, tuberculous. 50 cents per box or $2 50 for six.

Population of American Cities.

Washington, June 17.—This is a summary of the census work to date: The figures were furnished by three thousand different people in all parts of the United States. The general result of the work shows this table:

	P. C. Gain.	1900.
Greater New York.	. . .	3,654,594
New York.	.33	2,007,241
Chicago.	.68	1,843,67
Brooklyn.	.57	1,267,18
Philadelphia.	.15	1,200,00
St. Louis.	.52	687,95
Baltimore.	.38	600,000
Boston.	.24	55,057
Cincinnati.	.35	40,000
Buffalo, N. Y.	.57	00,000
Cleveland.	.49	90,000
San Francisco.	.14	340,000
Pittsburg, Pa.	.34	325,000
Detroit, Mich.	.52	315,000
New Orleans.	.24	300,000
Washington.	.28	294,674
Milwaukee, Wis.	.43	292,000
Newark, N. J.	.5	275,000
Louisville, Ky.	.5	232,000
Minneapolis, Minn.	.2	200,000
Jersey City, N. J.	.23	200,000
Denver, Col.	.78	190,000
Rochester, N. Y.	.35	180,000
Indianapolis.	.69	180,000

In numerical order the five leading states are New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio and Missouri, the last showing the most marked gain in population.—*Exchange.*

Of all the Existing Tonics.

BROMA is unquestionably the only one which cures diseases of the blood and nerves.

Take it courageously and give it to your children and your aged parents.

Sold everywhere and briskly. Try it and you will be well satisfied.

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OFFIE: GREG[...]
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Wm. F[...]
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We recommende[...] ber to one b[...] have [...]

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Hotel Pr[...]
The Hotel at He[...] is a well-finished [...] a barn and lot of [...] for business, bein[g] [...] from the Station, [...] the door. Heather [...] parts. Apply to J[...] or to [...]

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This well-know[n] [...] will stand the se[ason] [...] lately Cunningha[m] [...] Saturdays, and ev[...] the owner's barn, [...] Ow[ner]

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I have a numbe[r] [...] in fair condition, [...] and examine if yo[u] [...]

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Moncton, N. B., [...]

The Reaction against Mr. Kipling.

In the sunset of his life John Ruskin exercised but little influence over the artistic and literary life of England. The message of beauty that he delivered to the world in what has been called the most felicitous prose of the century, lost much of its significance in the light of the material advancement of the Anglo-Saxon races; the ideals that he cherished and fought for so valiantly were, to some extent, meaningless in an age of steam and machinery. With the growth of the modern and robust school of art and letters, Ruskin became more of a name than an actuality; and one by one his books were relegated to the top shelves.

Ruskin's death, however, has not only awakened a new interest in the man, but it has caused a curious alteration in the attitude of the English people toward the gospel that he preached. It would be going too far, of course, to claim that his death has been the cause of a renaissance of all the ideals for which the name of Ruskin once stood; yet it must be clear, even to the superficial observer of current events, that his passing has had a marked effect upon the tendencies of his countrymen as regards the æsthetics of life. Impelled at first more by curiosity than reverence, they found in his pages a grateful relief from much of the materialism that has soddened modern literature, a refreshing change from the music-hall ditties and the chauvinistic coster ballads that have had a mushroomlike existence since the guns belched forth the challenge of war at Belmont. Wearied of battles and rumours of battles, nauseated by the excessive use of garish colours in the letters of newspaper correspondents, there was quiet and beauty in Ruskin's prose. This revulsion of feeling has had a gradual growth, but it has been none the less sure; and to-day the newspapers, first of all to feel the change in the drift of public opinion, are printing something besides whole pages of war news, and editorials bristling with the criticisms and fault-findings of amateur strategists. Literature, art, and the ordinary affairs of life are receiving their share of space in the columns, and publishers no longer refuse a book because it happens to do with some subject other than war.

It was inevitable that there should be a reaction from the material and military feeling that swept over England in the kindergarten stage of the war; but one of the interesting and curious features of this swing from one extreme to the other is the attitude of certain magazines and newspapers toward Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who is justly recognized as the poet-laureate of militant England. Some very papers, which only a few weeks ago were hysterical in their praise of The Absent-minded Beggar, and reprinted his Barrack-room Ballads in scare-head type, now take him to task for his jingoistic tendencies.

Mr. Robert Buchanan started the ball rolling by his comparison of Kipling's verse with the voice of the Hooligan, and his prophecy of Kipling's extinguishment as a literary light; and now there is a small army of followers who nod wisely to each other, with an "I-told-you-so" expression in their eyes. "He has passed the perihelion of his popularity," says a critic; "he has posed as the mouthpiece of the British Empire; but in reality he has but voiced the sentiment of the minority. English patriotism is based upon a foundation firmer than the patriotism of those who give it expression in vulgar verse and boastful prose." Another writer comments upon the comparatively low prices brought by Kipling first editions at a recent sale, as significant of Kipling's waning influence.—*John N. Hilliard, in Saturday Evening Post.*

Discussing the French Government's plans for the defence of the colonies, in the Chamber of Deputies last week, the ex-Minister of Marine said that France was aiming too much at large size, instead of greater speed, in the construction of her armoured vessels. He said that the only way to compete with the English was to secure faster armourclad vessels.

"Remember, Deborah," said Mrs. Gumwell, "when dinner is ready you must come to the parlor door and say 'dinner is served.' That is the way they do in good society."

Half an hour later Deborah appeared at the parlor door and called out in a shrill, far-reaching voice:

"Dinner is served. That's the way they in good society."

A Card.

the undersigned, do hereby agree to re- the money on a twenty-five cent bottle . Wills' English Pills, if, after using forths of contents of bottle, they do lieve Constipation and Headache. I warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Wills English Pills are used.

C. M. HENRY, DRUGGIST.
Antigonish, N. S.

U. S. Wheat Crop.

There probably never before was such a striking variation in crop conditions in the United States as there is this year. In some States the yield of winter wheat is phenomenal; in others there is almost a famine. A correspondent of Country Gentleman, writing from Miami Valley, in Ohio, says that wheat in his section this year is a total failure. Such a thing, he says, never happened in the sixty years he had lived in the Valley. The severity of the blow will be understood when it is stated that many farmers there raised as much as 1,000 bushels of wheat in a season. Ohio is, however, one of the four States in which the fall wheat has suffered very serious damage this season. The other three are Michigan, Indiana, and Illinois. In these four States the area in winter wheat harvested last year was, according to the American Agriculturists, 8,780,000 acres. The amount left in crop now in these same States is, according to the same authority, 6,588,000. In Ohio alone the reduction in the area of the fall wheat crop, as compared with last year, is over a million acres and even last year the area of the crop harvested in the four States named was below the average.

In other States the only difficulty experienced is in getting hands enough to handle the crop. It is now believed that 25,000 men will be needed from outside to assist in harvesting the enormous wheat crop of Kansas, and in order to meet the demand the railways have made a rate of one-third for harvest hands. So short is the supply of farm hands in this State that students from the Fairmont College have agreed to run binders. Young women as well as young men (from the College) have volunteered for this work. The yield in Kansas is estimated at well on to 100,000,000 bushels, more than double the yield of '99. In Nebraska it is much the same. Never before was such difficulty experienced in securing labourers for the harvest in that State, and men are receiving a dollar a day more than any previous time. The yield of Nebraska is placed according to a despatch from the New York *Sun*, at 75,000,000 bushels — well over treble the yield of last year. During the week ending June 10th self-binders were running almost day and night in Oklahoma territory. Even on Sunday hundreds of machines were at work. The women and small children attending church while the men and boys rushed the harvest. Oklahoma will, it is said, harvest thirty million bushels nearly double last year's production. Wheat men say that no such crop was ever raised in the West as is this year being harvested in Oklahoma.

Quickly and Well Served.

Our store is modernized in every department that properly pertains to the drug business. Our patrons are quickly and well served, and go away satisfied that we are worthy of their confidence.

As in the past, Paine's Celery Compound still ranks as our leading family medicine. Its marvellous curing record is sufficient to recommend it to every ailing and sick man or woman. A full supply of the genuine Paine's Celery Compound always in stock.

C. M. HENRY, Druggist.
Antigonish, N. S.

The Cuban Teachers.

The plans for the trip of the Cuban teachers to Harvard are virtually completed. Of the 1,450 teachers going, 800 are women and 650 men. They are composed of such school principals of each municipality as desired to go and as many others as were necessary to make forty per cent. of the teachers of the municipality. Except in the case of principals the teachers of each municipality elected those who should go on the trip, by ballot. Many others besides those selected would gladly go and have made applications to do so. About one-fourth of those going are experienced teachers. The others come largely from families made poor by the war. In selecting the teachers, the color line was not drawn, and about twenty-five of those going are either negroes or mulattoes. There will be one interpreter for every eight teachers. The interpreters themselves are practically all teachers, either of the public or of private schools. The women teachers will divide themselves into groups and be accompanied by chaperons, selected either from among themselves or from the outside and approved by superintendent Frye. Five Cuban physicians, one for each transport, will accompany the teachers to Boston and remain with them during the summer, giving free medical advice and attendance. The teachers will be paid their salaries for June before leaving and receive their salaries for July while at Harvard. Two ladies who will represent the university arrived in Havana this week to begin making themselves acquainted with the teachers.

It is reported hear that arrangements have been made to have a Mass said each Sunday in Cambridge which the teachers may attend. Evidently having in mind the protests made from Catholic sources to the proposition made to provide special Protestant services for the teachers, in a recent letter to Superindent Frye President Eliot writes as follows: "I cannot conceive it possible that any teacher or other employee of the University should make the smallest effort to influence the religious opinions of the Cuban visitors. Nothing could possibly be more offensive to me than such an effort. I am glad to hear that you have informed the bishop of Havana of the care which the Catholic churches and officials here propose to take of their co-religionists coming hither from Cuba. I am receiving various offers of assistance in entertaining your teachers while they are here. The Catholic societies of Boston propose to take a hand in caring for them. These societies will have Philip Brooks' house for the men, and Harvard Hall for the women, and will keep representatives of the societies always at the rooms."

The teachers will go North on five transports, leaving Cuba about June 25 and arriving at Boston about July 1. The "Crook" will sail from Havana and Matanzas with 325 men. The "McPherson" will carry 275 men end women from Cardenas, Sagua, Cabarien and Fuevitas. The "Sedgewick" will carry 475 women from Havana, Matanzas, and Sagua. The "McClellan" will take 245 men and women from Marizanillo, Santiago, Guantanamo, Baraco and Gibara. The "Burnside" will carry 130 men and women which it will collect at Cienfuegos, Consilda and Tunas.

Superintendent Frye has been informed that sixty thousand of the seventy thousand dollars guaranteed by Harvard to cover the expenses of the trip have already been raised by private subscription. Superintendent Fyre will go with the teachers, remain with them during the entire period in Cambridge, will be with them on the general excursion, and return to Cuba with them. — *Havana Correspondence, Sacred Heart Review.*

WOMAN'S WELFARE.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

Gives and Maintains a Perfect Condition of Bodily Health.

The great susceptibility of women to nervousness and worry is heightened by the fact that, in the majority of cases they lead confined and monotonons lives, narrowed down to the four walls of home the greater part of the day.

Paine's Celery Compound is just what such nervous and depressed women need to restore their nerves to energy and to lift them out of their constipated, dyspeptic habit of body.

No other remedy known to medical men is so rich in flesh-forming and energy-producing constituents for women as Paine's Celery Compound. It is also a true and unfailing regulator, keeps the blood pure and rich and maintains an even condition of good health that makes a woman contented and happy. Mrs. Wilcox, of Creemore, Ont., writes as follows:

"For years I have suffered from constant sick headache and nervousness. At times I have been so bad that I have been unable to sleep two hours a night for weeks. I have tried many medicines and doctored a great deal, but never received a hundredth part of the value from them that I obtained from Paine's celery Compound. After using three bottles I can sleep well, my headaches have ceased, and I feel healthier and fresher than I have been for years.

Food For Thought.

There are in the National House of the United States Congress 355 Representatives and 88 Senators. Of all this number there are amongst the representatives 24 Catholics, and in the Senate two Cathelics. Judging from the public reports that come to us from Washington, there is but one man in the whole National Congress that deserves to be recognized as a Catholic on account of his labours. Of recent dates we hear his voice protesting against the culpable neglect to formally receive the statue of Marquette, donated to the National Gallery of the Capitol by the State of Wisconsin. He causes a military officer to be reprimanded for his indignity to a priest in the discharge of his duty towards a dying soldier. He appeals to the President in behalf of the Catholic sailors and soldiers of our army and navy, for the appointment of more Catholic chaplains. He remonstrates, almost alone, against the unjust treatment of the Catholic Indians on the reservations in the far West. He introduced a bill to undo the iniquitous marriage regulations promulgated by the non-Catholic Governor of Catholic Cuba.

What we would like to know is this. Why are there so few Catholics in Congress? And of those who are there, why is it that there is only one of them to be heard raising his voice in defense of the interests of twelve million Catholic citizens?

We suggest that the interests of the inhabitants in our newly acquired possessions, the interests of our Catholic Indians, the interests of our children all over the land, the defense of the home and the family in the sacredness of the marriage bond, the care of our criminal and pauper classes, the recognition of our equal rights and privileges, with all other citizens, demands Catholic organization and Catholic unity.—"*Our Parish Calendar,*" *Lawrence, Mass.*

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25C. E. W. Grove's signature on each box.

HAND-MADE CARRIAGES FOR SALE.

The subscriber has now on hand several riding waggons, both new and second-hand, and also buckboards. These carriages are all hand-made and can be relied upon for durability, in fact experience has shown that there is nothing like the old reliable hand-made carriage to stand the wear and tear of the roads of this County.

Call and inspect them before purchasing elsewhere.

R. CHISHOLM,
May 30, 1900. St. Ninian Street.

BICYCLES,

SUPPLIES and REPAIRS.

Parts made from Sample a Specialty.

If you are in need of any of the above it will pay you to write us.

Acme Bicycle Agency,

P. O. Box 284. 'Phone 140.
NEW GLASGOW, - N. S.

SEEDS. SEEDS

Just arrived:

1 CAR CHOICE WHITE RUSSIAN WHEAT.

SELECT TIMOTHY and CLOVER SEED.

WHITE RUSSIAN, WHITE FIFE, RED FIFE and BEARDED WHEAT.

AMERICAN BANNER and ONTARIO WHITE OATS.

PEAS, BARLEY, CORN, Etc.

C. B. WHIDDEN & SON,

CARRIAGES AND FARM . . . . IMPLEMENTS.

Just arrived a Carload of Carriages from the reliable McLaughlin Carriage Co. They are all of the latest and most stylish designs, and combine strength and durability with beauty and comfort.

I solicit an inspection of them.

ALSO

FARM IMPLEMENTS Of all Descriptions, manufactured by the famous Massey-Harris Co., including the well-known

Bain Waggon.

D. McISAAC

Agent for the above Companies.

SALESMEN WANTED

TO SELL

Fruit and Ornamental Shrubs, Roses, etc.

The finest range of goods in Canada.

STEADY EMPLOYMENT. GOOD PAY.

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

PELHAM NURSERY CO.,
Toronto, Ont.

FIRST-CLASS TONSORIAL WORK.

Opposite Presbyterian Church.

Robert Murray.

Fine Monumental Work.

J. H. McDougall,

Dealer in

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

Main Street, Antigonish.

We have now on hand a large and varied stock of

Patent Medicines, Pills, Ointments, Combs, Brushes and Toilet Articles, Soap, Perfumes, Maltine Preparations, Sponges, Emulsions, Pipes, Tobaccos, Cigars, Cigarettes, etc

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

Night Bell on Door.

FOSTER BROS.

Druggists, Antigonish.

Remember the place, opp. A Kirk & Co

Drs. W. H. and W. Huntly Macdonald

will remove in November next to the building lately occupied by McGILLIVRAY & McINTOSH.

ISRAEL.

This famous and well-known Trotting Stallion, The

RACE RECORD, 2.19¼.
WEIGHT, 1050 pounds.

Will stand the season of 1900 at the stables of F. H. Randall.

Terms, $5.00 and $8.00.

HOWARD McNAIR, Groom.
F. H. RANDALL, Owner.

Antigonish, April 24, 1900.

Farm for Sale.

The subscribers offer for sale the Farm lately owned by Alexander Chisholm (Archy), deceased, at Summerside, in the County of Antigonish. It contains 127 acres, and is conveniently situated, being about 1 mile from the school, church and railway station. Terms easy. For further particulars apply to

W. C. CHISHOLM, / Executors.
LEWIS McDONALD, \ Heatherton
Or
McISAAC & CHISHOLM, Barristers, Antigonish

Change in Business.

HAVING sold my cloth and yarn business to D. G. Whidden & Co., I am obliged to make immediate collection of all accounts on my books. Parties indebted to me will find me at the old stand until June 30th and are requested to make immediate settlement, as after that date all accounts then unpaid will be handed to a collector who will take action at once for their collection. All carding and cloth for finishing left with the Antigonish Woollen Mill previous to Jan. 1, 1900, is in my hands and the owners must take delivery and settle charges, otherwise they will be dealt with the same as those having open accounts.

H. K. BRINE.

Antigonish, May 16th, 1900.

NOTICE.

We would like once more to remind the friends of THE CASKET not to forget to patronize our friend, J. A. Currie, Tailor, Glace Bay. We feel sure he is the best tailor at that place from what we have seen of his work. We wish that our friends would call on him before ordering their summer suits.

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

Wanted !

Hides, Calfskins, Wool, Woolskins, Tallow, Etc., Etc.,

For which Cash will be Paid.

S. ARSCOTT & CO.,

Opposite Post Office,

ANTIGONISH, N. S.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Notice—Andrew McDonald.
Temperance Drinks—J. H. Stewart.
Photo Studio—Waldren.

Local Items.

THE EXAMINATION for Entrance to the Academy will be held in the Convent on Monday and Tuesday, July 2nd and 3rd.

DR. GEO. H. COX, of New Glasgow, Specialist in Eye, Ear and Throat disease, will be at the Merrimac, Antigonish, Monday afternon and evening of next week.

BADLY SCALDED.—Rimmer Haley, a two-and-a-half year old child of J. R. Haley, jr., Town, fell backward into a pot of hot water yesterday, and was very badly scalded.

PIC-NIC.—The parishioners of Brook Village Church will hold a pic-nic at that place on the 18th and 19th of next month. Arrangements are being made to entertain a large number, and a pleasant gathering is assured.

THE HORSE RACES at Sydney and North Sydney on the 2nd and 4th of July are receiving the attention of horsemen generally. Mr. Aubrey Kirk, of Antigonish, has entered his horse Mollie Belle, and Mr. Adam McLane, of Sherbrooke, Simon W.

IN ACKOWLEDGING, last week, the contributions to the College Museum, the name of Hon. A. Macgillivray, Antigonish, was inadvertently omitted. His contribution, consisting of a number of books relating to geological features of Nova Scotia, is hereby gratefully acknowledged.

BASEBALL.—A very close and interesting game of ball was played at Port Hood between "our boys" and the home team. The score was 19 to 15 in favour of the Antigonish boys. Our boys are unanimous in their praise of the kind treatment accorded to them by the good people of Port Hood. They hope ere long to have the pleasure of meeting their team again on the campus.

BELLE ISLE STRIKE.—Mr. Morine, general freight and passenger agent of the Newfoundland Railway, who was in Halifax last week, speaking of the situation at Belle Isle, said that the strikers were an orderly, good class of men, who would do nothing more than hold out for the best pay they could get, and that it was the general opinion at St. John's that the men were not sufficiently paid for their work.

A SUCCESSFUL HUNTER.—Mr. Patrick Torey, of Old Salmon River Road, is the Nimrod of Guysboro County, having killed or trapped more fur-bearing animals than any man in Eastern Nova Scotia; viz: 150 wild cats, 50 moose, 505 foxes, 12 otters, 12 raccoons, 300 minks, 600 muskrats, 20 martins. Some of the cats were seven feet in length and weighed over 100 pounds. They were all killed in Guysboro County. Mr. Torey stands 6 feet 4 inches in his stockings, and weighs 204 lbs. He is as active yet as a man of 40, although in his 71st year.—COM.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.—Mr. Duncan C. Fraser, of this Town, who lost both arms in a railway accident in Massachussetts a few years ago, has had the celebrated manufacturer of artificial limbs, A. A. Marks, of New York, to construct for him a pair of artificial arms. The manufacturer considered it necessary to have his own physician make the required measurements, diagrams, and castings, and for that purpose wished Mr. Fraser to visit New York. Dr. J. J. Cameron, of this Town, however, undertook the difficult task, and has evidently performed his work most successfully. The arms have now been worn by Mr. Fraser a few weeks, and are giving him great satisfaction.

DROWNED IN THE TOBIQUE RIVER, N B.—Last week the sad news was brought to Mrs. Mary McDonald, Lismore, Pictou Co., widow of the late Donald McDonald, of Ardness, that her youngest son, Lewis McDonald, was drowned in the Tobique River while employed on a drive of timber. The unfortunate event happened on the 16th of May last, two days after the young man's 31st birthday. The deceased, who left home 13 years ago, five of which were spent in lumbering, was a young man of spelndid physique, and the youngest of six sons, one of whom, A. D. McDonald, the eldest, who died a few years ago, may well be remebered as a prominent athlete in this Province and the United States in the seventies. Mr. McDonald's remains have not been recovered up to this writing. Much sympathy is felt for his widowed mother, his surviving brothers and sisters in their sorrow over his untimely end. May his soul rest in peace.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Ronald McIsaac, of South Side Harbour, Ant., a man of about 40 years, was the victim of a frightfully shocking accident on last Thursday night. His body w s found on Friday morning lying across the rails just below the station at Antigonish. It had been cut almost wholly in two, at the abdomen, and presented a most pitiable sight. He was a man of weak mind, and unfortunately was also in liquor at the time of the accident. About twelve o'clock in the night he started from Town with the stated intention of going to the North River, but must have changed his mind, and wandered on to the track, evidently in an endeavour to go to his home. Whether he laid down on the rails or was knocked down by a train which passed about 1 o'clock is not known. An inquest was held on Friday, the jury returned a verdict exonerating the railway officials from blame.

KNIGHTS OF LABOUR lodges of Nova Scotia evidently have made a good selection in their representative to the general assembly of the organization, which was held at Washington last week. Monday's *Boston Post* has the following tribute to the N. S. delegate:

Mr. A. B. McGillivray of Glace Bay, Cape Breton, arrived here from Washington, D. C., Saturday night, where he was attending a special meeting of the general assembly of the Knights of Labor. General Master Workman Parsons of New York city was deposed and expelled from the order for a serious violation of the constitution. By virtue of the constitution, I. D. Chamberlain, the next in office, succeeded to the chair of the general master workman, and Mr. McGillivray was the unanimous choice of the convention for the office of general worthy foreman. This is considered quite a tribute to the ability and energy of Mr. McGillivray, and its recognition by his associates in this country must be highly satisfactory to himself and his friends.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE DELEGATE APOSTOLIC arrives by the 5.27 train to-day from Halifax, where he has been since Saturday last, and where he has been given a very enthusiastic welcome. He comes at the invitation of His Lordship Bishop Cameron, to visit him, as he visited Halifax on the invitation of His Grace Archbishop O'Brien. The Catholics and people of Antigonish generally will give him a welcome befitting so exalted a guest. It is arranged that His Excellency, who will be accompanied by his secretary, Father Fisher, shall be met at the station by the Town Council, with the citizens as a guard of honour. The latter will line both sides of the street from the station toward the town, falling in with the procession as it passes. His Excellency will be conveyed to the Cathedral in a carriage, preceded by the Citizen's Band and the members of the C. M. B. A., followed by carriages containing, in order, the clergy and the members of the Town Council, after which will walk the boys of St. Ninian Street school, and then the citizens. Arrived at the Cathedral, Mgr. Falconio will give the Benediction and will receive an address from the Bishop, clergy and laity of the diocese, and one from the Mayor and Council representing the people of the town. His Excellency remains until Tuesday morning. On Friday evening a reception will be given in his honour in the College Hall, which has been beautifully decorated for the occasion by the ladies of the Cathedral congregation. On Sunday he will assist at Pontifical High Mass in the Cathedral, celebrated by his Lordship the Bishop.

THE BOSTON LYCEUM COMPANY'S presentation of "The Merchant of Venice" in the College Hall on Thursday evening was decidedly an intellectual treat. It was, we believe, the first time a play of Shakespeare had been put on the stage in Antigonish, and it has awakened the hope that similar occurrences may be frequent in future. The acting of Mr. Edouard D'Oize as Shylock was good throughout, and in some of the scenes of a high order indeed. It was perfectly natural, without a trace of affectation or mannerism. Some thought his make-up might be more distinctively Jewish, while others considered he made the character less repellant than Shakespeare drew it; but he certainly depicted it as he conceived it with great ability. Miss Hext as Portia was very pleasing and acted her difficult and trying part with spirit and sympathy. To personate the magnificent character of Portia in such manner as to satisfy even fairly well an audience in a collegiate town is no small achievement, and we thnik that Miss Hext's audience was very well satisfied with her performance. All the women of the company were, in fact, very good. Miss Lorimer's Nerissa was delightfully natural, and Miss Hamilton as Jessica was so good that the omission of several scenes in which she figured was a disappointment. Like Portia, she had poor support in her lover; for both Elmer Buffham as Bassanio and Harry Keefer as Lorenzo were weak. Joseph Selman as Antonio made a stately Merchant. Launcelot and Old Gobbo, by William Colvin and W. H. Bokee respectively, were each excellent, while Messrs. Warfield and Jarvis as Solanio and Salarino were very lifeless. Altogether, the presentation of the play was a highly satisfactory one, and will, we venture to say, ensure the same company a good house should they again visit this town. They had a very fair one this time, and it would without much doubt have been a more profitable one had prices not been so much above the ordinary.

HYMENEAL.—On Monday morning June 25 a pretty wedding took place at St. Joseph's Church, when John C. McDonald led to the altar Cassie Ann, daughter of James McDonald, ex-Station Master, James River. The bride was attended by Cassie McDonald of St. Joseph's while Ronald McGillivray did the honours for the groom. A nupital Mass was celebrated by the pastor, Rev. J. C. Chisholm. Mrs. McGillivray presided at the organ accompanying Miss O'Brien of Antigonish who sang some soul-thrilling solos in her usual brilliant style. After Mass the wedding party drove to the residence of the bride's father, where a sumptuous wedding breakfast was disposed of. The day was spent in dancing and other innocent amusememts. Toward evening they drove to their future home at St. Joseph's where the bride and her friends were welcomed with the genial cordiality characteristic of Mrs. McDonald. The evening was spent with dancing, instrumental music, singing and recitation. Long may the young couple live to realize the bright anticipations which crown the morning of their life.—Com.

On June 26 another pretty wedding took place at St. Joseph's, the contracting parties being C. C. Munroe, General Manager of the Standard Metal Extraction Co. Boston, and Miss Annie Bell, daughter of the late Donald McLean, of Pinkietown, and niece of Senator Miller, Ottawa. The bride was attended by her sister Miss Lizzie McLean and Miss Susie Munroe, looked charming. The bridegroom was supported by Mr. Dan D. McDonald and Master Charlie Joseph McGillivray. After the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. J. C. Chisholm, P. P., the bridal party drove to the residence of the bride's mother, where they did ample justice to the table prepared. After dinner the guests danced to some lively violin music played by Mr. William McDonald, of Ohio, accompanied on the banjo by Mr. Carter, of Boston. The young couple intend taking a tour through the Western Counties. All their friends join in wishing them a prosperous and happy life. —Com.

NOTICE.

All persons having legal demands against the Estate of Mary McDonald, late of Campbellton, Ant. Co., deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to the said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to ANDREW McDONALD, Executor.

Dated Campbellton, June 26, 1900.

Photo Studio,

Open all day

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4TH.
THURSDAY, - JULY 5TH.
FRIDAY, - - JULY 6TH.
SATURDAY UNTIL 11 A. M.

WALDREN,

GREGORY'S BUILDING,

Antigonish.

PIC-NIC!

Don't fail to attend the Church Pic-nic to be held at

BROOK VILLAGE,

Inverness County,

—ON—

TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY,

17th and 18th July,

All the usual amusements provided.

A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend the only church pic nic in the county for the season.

By order of committee.

WANTED.

200 MEN to work on the Midland Railway. Apply to

M. J. O'BRIEN,
Windsor, N. S

FOR SALE.

1,000 Bushels of good Oats at a low price for cash.

McCURDY & Co.

J. H. STEWART,

ANTIGONISH, N. S.,

—AGENT FOR—

Francis Drake's Beverages,

which will be supplied at Factory Prices.

Ginger Ale,
Lemonade,
Cream Soda,
Klub Soda,
Champagne Cider,
Orange Phosphate
Sarsaparilla,
Lemon Sour,
Orange Cider,
Ironbrew,
Fruit Syrups,
Lime Juice,
Vino, Etc., Etc.

N. B. Picnic's will find it to their advantage to get quotations from me.

J. H. STEWART,
Agent Francis Drake,
New Glasgow, N. S.

KING QUALITY

We nar
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OF—

All

Perfect harmony accounts for the PERFE
KING QUALITY SHOE. The Materia
FIT, FINISH and All equal. Nothing
want every Woman to buy them, because
pair, she will keep on buying as long as sl
Try them and judge for yourself.

A SHOE
Of Beauty is
A Joy
while it lasts.

OUR SHOES and O

are acknowledged to be models of beauty an
women's footwear. They by far outstrip all othe
wear and comfort, as they do also in number o
simply a revelation in the art of shoe-making, a
wonder of competition.

Prices for Rich and P

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

The Palace Clot

SOLE AGENTS, ANTI

FOR ALL THI

PRESCRIBED SCHOOL BOOKS,
SCHOOL REQUISITES, COMMERC
DEVOTIONAL and OTHER BOOKS
DAILY PAPERS, WEEKLY PAPER

In fact for anything you may requ
found in a First-Class Book and Stati

MISS C. J. McD

MAIN STREET, ANT

Do You Want

Big, honest savings are the clinching a
into customers. There is no such thing as c
prices like ours. Goods of

N. K. CUNNI

are like the water of Antigonish—always good.

BOOTS, SHOES and F

at prices that are simply below anything e

Intercolonial Railway.

Dominion Day Excursion.

EXCURSION Return Tickets at first-class one way fare will be issued as follows:—To points on the Intercolonial and Prince Edward Island Railways, points west of St. John and east of Montreal and points on the Dominion Atlantic Railway, from

June 29 to July 2 Inclusive,

good to return up to and including July 4. Tickets not good for starting journey after date of issue.

To Detroit, Port Huron, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., and points in Canada east thereof and west of Montreal, tickets will be issued from JUNE 30 to JULY 2, INCLUSIVE, good to return up to and including July 3. Tickets not good for starting journey afer July 2.

Tickets are good for continuous passage only.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Moncton, N. B., June 21, 1900.

A

To be sold
the subscr
Coll

MONDA

the followin
8 GOOD
3 SETS O
1 SET DO
2 SETS D
3 SINGLE
2 DOUBL
2 DOUBL
with
2 TRUCK
8 COLLA
TERMS:—
notes.

Antigonish,

TOO MUCH CREDIT

Does the Cash Customer not deserve
the one who Buys on

Our business experience for the past
proved very clearly to us that the long-cred
great deal of injury to business generally.

It is well known that the merchant wh
on long credit must of necessity charge hig
for a proportion of bad debts, etc.

Now, we propose giving this extra pr
are prepared to pay cash for their goods.

On June 1st we intend making this
adopting the "Ready-pay System," when w
make a comparison of our prices. They
the saving to be made in buying for Cash o
running an account and paying once a year

In consequence of this change, we res
whose accounts are past due to make paym

McCUR

Antigonish, N. S., May 24, 1900.