

# THE CASKET.

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## THE CASKET.

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THURSDAY, JULY 4.

R. R. McLeod complains because teachers do not "bring wild things into the school-room" and explain to the pupils all about them. We don't see the necessity. Teach the children to read, and if they want "wild things" to study, the daily papers are only two cents each, and almost any day at all they can read there a letter from R. R. McLeod. If the pupils are to be instructed about the "wild things" of nature, why not let the instruction be given by the wild men of science, and let the pupils take it for what it is worth.

Does it pay to be a Christian Scientist? is a question which many bereaved parents in the United States are now asking themselves when they see their beloved olive branches dead when skilled professional treatment might have saved them. It pays Mrs. Eddy very well, at any rate. She is the foundress of this crazy society which it would be desecration to call a religion. Her book, "Science and Health," is the Bible of her disciples. It costs her 47 cents a copy to get it printed, it is sold at from \$3 to \$6 a copy, and Mother Eddy, as she is affectionately called, has already received the tidy little sum of \$300,000 as her profits from the sale.

Our old friend R. R. McLeod thinks that teachers should "lead the little ones in wide-eyed wonder" to gaze on the "structure of flowers and plants, etc., etc." We have read of a little Scotch boy who, on April Fool's Day, led three of the wise men of his village down the glen to a spot where he said he had found a new and rare plant. They pondered, and wondered, and argued over it, and finally decided to transplant it. Digging it up, they found it to be a dead mouse, the tail of which only had appeared above the soil. They were not the first, nor the last, scientists whose rare finds turned into dead mice. Beware, Mr. McLeod, some of these "wide-eyed" wondering youngsters may play a trick upon you.

"McLeod of Dare" is a well-known book. We suggest a new title for a chapter in the history of education—"The dare of McLeod." Mr. R. R. McLeod has dared to openly criticize the Education Department of this Province, and he has sounded a true note, as he occasionally does. Our educational system needs much reforming. Truth to tell, we have heard many people profanely consign it to flames not just of the sort which Mr. McLeod believes would revolutionize it. And yet we do not wish to see a fire in the Education Office. Perhaps, indeed, a little cold water is more needed. Ice is used sometimes, we believe, as an application for overheated brains. Mr. McLeod's attack on the Education Office is not that of the true reformer. The trouble with our system is that it is already too much encumbered with fads, and if they are to be removed, the situation would not be improved by substituting the fads of R. R. McLeod or others. A change of humbugs is not what we want.

Many physicians have of late years argued in favour of the painless killing of sick people who cannot possibly recover from an illness attended by great physical agony. A member of a medical congress at Denver, Colorado, made another step in the same direction last week by proposing that the State should destroy the lives of imbecile children. A

respectable journal like the Montreal Star says mother-love will never consent to this. But there have been mothers who would gladly have been rid of their idiot children. Are we to understand that the thing would be justifiable in this case? The mere suggestion shows how serious is the recrudescence of paganism in the most highly-educated countries of the world, countries where civilization is often boastfully pointed to as the fruits of Protestantism. Outside of the Catholic Church the world has lost the idea of the supernatural, and even religious teachers by profession are appealing to merely natural motives to restrain men from murder, dishonesty and other things inconvenient to society. Catholic religious teachers are doing as they have ever done, warning men that these things must be avoided because God has forbidden them, no matter how strong the natural impulse to commit them.

Professor H. Morse Stephens, in a recent lecture on History, very aptly describes Froude's historical work as follows:

"Take lastly, as an instance of perverted powers, the historical work of James Anthony Froude; the author is one of the masters of modern English literary style, and the art of prose narration has never been more beautifully illustrated; but Mr. Froude did not belong to a school of writers that regarded impartiality or accuracy as of the slightest importance, and even if he had belonged to such a school he was affected by a curious and interesting disease which prevented him from stating the truth even when he perceived it. Many years ago one of the critics invented the word 'Froudacity' to describe the attitude of Froude and writers afflicted with his disease toward facts. Froudacity is quite different from mendacity; it is not so much a perversion of the truth as an absolute inability to state it. Such men as Froude rank among the glories of English literature; but their genius for literary expression has done great harm to the study of history; and it may surely be argued that when men afflicted with Froude's disease insist upon calling their books histories, the attention of innocent readers should be called to the fact that they are histories only in name, and, owing to the personality of the writers, are not to be classed with histories which endeavour to give accurate and impartial accounts of what happened in past ages."

There are people who readily put their hands and give away money not for the sake of relieving misery, but for the sake of relieving themselves of the painful impression which the sight of that misery makes on them. Keep the poor or wretched from before their eyes and they will never give a thought to the condition of their needy fellow-creatures. Out of sight is out of mind with them in this case. These people often get credit for kindness of heart when their actions are really prompted by selfishness. Such principles may have very serious consequences some time. Why does a surgeon lecturing to a class of young men justify the destruction of the life of an unborn child?—we were shocked to hear of a medical professor supposed to be a Catholic doing this not long ago. Simply because he has had cases before his eyes where he could see a poor mother in agony, and he could not see the child, who was the innocent cause of that agony. That child has as good a right to live as the mother,—if it were under his sight, if he could see the sweet helplessness of infancy, no doctor would say that its life should be sacrificed on any pretext whatsoever. But it is out of sight and out of mind; its mother is not.

Tyranny begets tyranny. The tyranny of Kings in the Old World gave birth to the tyranny of red revolution. The tyranny of trusts in the New World is the unnatural parent of the tyranny of trades-unions. When the silk mill operatives of Paterson, N. J., went on strike some months ago, Mary Jane McMahon refused to join them. She elected to remain at work, and, in admiration of her pluck, the mill-owners instead of closing down kept open that she might work alone. Day after day she was met at the gates and escorted home by a jeering, mud-slinging mob, who jostled her rudely and pinched her arms black and blue, the blue-coated guardians of the peace being satisfied with seeing that she received not serious bodily harm. Her courage won over adherents one by one, till at last there were seven-

ty-five working with her. This was only a small percentage of the total number of operatives, but enough to prevent the strike from being a perfect success. The insults to Miss McMahon therefore redoubled, with the result that the other day she was sent to an insane asylum, her nervous system a total wreck. And this has happened in "the land of the free," the land where the largest measure of individual liberty is enjoyed, the land where, we are often told, woman is treated with the most chivalrous attention by men of every grade of society.

President Eliot of Harvard, in a recently published essay, says that authority of all kinds, political, ecclesiastical, educational and domestic, has declined since the Reformation. It is not surprising that he should say so, for it is simply a fact. Our surprise arises from his manner of stating the fact, for he does it not regretfully, but joyfully. He seems to take especial delight in seeing the destruction of authority in the family, and this destruction justified by law. "In no field," he gleefully exclaims, "has the law more clearly recognized the new liberty than in the domestic relations." If he means that a husband and father should not have power of life and death over his wife and children, that he should not be permitted to treat them as mere goods and chattels, we can heartily agree with Dr. Eliot. But wives and children have enjoyed this liberty for nineteen centuries; it is as old as Christianity. The new liberty referred to is the liberty of men and women to mate, and separate as the rabbits do; the liberty of children to refuse to obey any parental command until they are persuaded that it is reasonable. This is the liberty which makes divorce laws; this is the liberty which inspires those educational faddists who tell us that the mother must show her little child the reason for every command she gives. This is the "new liberty in the domestic relations" which the President of Harvard speaks of. He calls it a child of the Reformation and is proud of it. He is welcome to his pride.

An eminent English statesman,—one of the Pitts, we believe,—once said that he got his knowledge of English history from Shakespeare's plays. We fancy Judge Chesley has done so also, at least that particular bit of knowledge which he imparted to the Methodist Conference at Lunenburg a couple of weeks ago, when he spoke of the diffusion of education "since the days of Jack Cade, when men were hanged for their ability to read." But we fear the learned judge has slightly misquoted. True it is that Shakespeare represents Cade as ordering the clerk of Chatham to be hanged with his pen and ink-horn about his neck, but we suspect that it is another passage that his Honour had in mind, that, namely, which describes the interview between Cade and Lord Say, wherein the former, addressing the latter, says: "Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar-school . . . Thou hast appointed justices of the peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live." The italics are ours. As we have said already, we really fear that it is this passage which Judge Chesley had a hazy, indistinct and incorrect recollection of when speaking at the Methodist Conference. Shakespeare never misrepresented the facts of English history to please Protestant prejudice, that was the work of smaller men of later times. But their work has been repeatedly undone by the modern scientific school of historians, Dean Maitland, John Richard Green, Bishop Stubbs, James Gairdner, Dr. Gasquet, and many others, who have shown us that the state of education in England on the eve of the Reformation was highly progressive and satisfactory.

President Eliot of Harvard makes a contemptuous reference to "the motive of personal salvation," as being "a motive essentially selfish, whether it relates

to this world or the next." He forgets that the great Teacher for whom he professes love and reverence in the highest degree, while refusing to acknowledge His divinity, spoke those words: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul. Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" He forgets, or willfully ignores, the fact that the man whom even he admires as the noblest types of humanity, from St. Paul in the early dawn of Christianity to "Sweet St. Francis of Assisi" in the Middle Ages, and Father Damien in the century just closed, were nerved to their heroic deeds of self-sacrifice, to that spending of themselves in the service of their fellow-men which made one long martyrdom of their lives, by a strong belief that so doing they would win their personal salvation, an eternal reward from Him who said "What you have done to the least of My brethren you have done to Me." Where shall we find heroes not impelled by the motives of personal salvation, to compare with these? Personal salvation a selfish motive, indeed! Even the irreligious world has time and again acknowledged that it is those who are most deeply influenced by this motive who are the most unselfish of men. This is an age of mutual help in an extraordinary degree, but it is the most selfish of all the ages the Christian era has seen. Men help one another to be helped by them, or because, with keen forethought, they see that the economic situation thereby created will sooner or later be an advantage to them. There is no more virtue, no more Christianity in this sort of mutual help, than there is in abstaining from unjust wars because of the paralysis to trade and commerce which war occasions.

### Book Notice.

"MOOTED POINTS OF HISTORY," by Humphrey J. Desmond (Boston: Marlier & Co., 75 cents).

This is a revised and enlarged edition of the book which the editor of the Milwaukee Catholic Citizen first published six years ago. "History perhaps can never become an exact science," he aptly remarks, "the human element will inevitably assert itself to some extent." But at the present day history has certainly made great progress towards exactness, by devoting more care to the examination of original documents. And when an estimate, based upon facts alleged to have been thus discovered, is found to be "borne out by the opinions of historians who are ranged, so far as the general issue goes, on the other side, then the facts and the conclusions may be regarded as reasonably certain." This is Mr. Desmond's method of procedure when he quotes Hallam and Carlyle, Froude and Maitland, Emerson and Goldwin Smith, in denial of the "darkness" of the Middle Ages; Lecky and the Encyclopedia Britannica in testimony to the value of monasticism; Guizot and Southey, Comte and Sismondi as paying tribute to the salutary influence of the Papal power in the Middle Ages; Schaff-Herzog and Sir James Stephen on the bad character of the Albigenses; Gibbon, Maculay and Bryce on the prosecuting character of the Reformers; and so on for 328 pages. If I were as rich as Andrew Carnegie I would present every Catholic student in America with a copy of "Mooted Points of History." DAVID CREEDEN.

Archbishop Ireland addressed the graduating class of St. Joseph's College, at St. Paul, on June 23, and said in part:

"One of the great evils of the present time is that women in so-called high society are coming to regard with more and more toleration breaches of moral and civic laws committed by members of their own sex. In our hurried modern life, when men are devoting themselves almost entirely to things material, women should preserve the moral and spiritual side of existence. If they do not the world may well fear."

The great fault of American education, the Archbishop said, was lack of seriousness. There was no depth of thought, no consistency of principles. An illustrated levity pervaded society. America, he thought, was decidedly inferior to other countries in intellectual culture.

President Eliot announced on June 26 that J. Pierpont Morgan had just given more than \$1,000,000 to Harvard Medical School.

### Closing Exercises at Mount St. Joseph's.

The music-rooms at the Sisters of Charity's Academy of Mount St. Joseph's at North Sydney were almost too small to accommodate the large number of parents and friends of the pupils, who together with many of the clergy, assembled there to witness the closing exercises on last Thursday afternoon. The floral decorations were very beautiful and tasteful, and prepared the audience to be pleased with the musical programme. The instrumental performances were of various degrees of excellence but all were very creditable to the pupils according to their different grades and ages. The singing was very good indeed, especially Dudley Buck's harmonisation of "Annie Laurie" and Mozart's "Prais Jehovah, all ye Nations," but the juvenile chorus, the flower drill, and the operetta "In the Time of Roses" were certainly the most enjoyable numbers of the programme. The programme was as follows:

- PART I.
- Instrumental duet . . . . . Hammerel
  - Misses M. Desmond, L. Gannon, J. Connell, G. Rose.
  - Chorus . . . . . Eberhardt
  - Instrumental duet . . . . . Gelbel
  - Misses C. Wheeler, E. Vineberg, N. Casey, B. Wilson.
  - Juvenile chorus . . . . . Oesterlie
  - Instrumental duet . . . . . Ellenburg
  - Misses N. Musgrave, A. Vineberg, C. H.
  - Chorus . . . . . Wheeler, C. Forbes.
  - Kindergarten Chorus and Lullaby . . . . . Mohring
  - Instrumental trio . . . . . Webb
  - Misses C. McPherson, B. Wilson, M. Steele, K. Gordon, E. Coppin, N. Dooley.
- PART II.
- Drill . . . . . Wiegand
  - Instrumental . . . . . J. Connell
  - Violins—Misses S. McKinnon, M. Desmond, J. Connell.
  - Piano—Miss C. Wheeler.
  - Organ—Miss N. Musgrave.
  - Instrumental trio . . . . . Behr
  - Misses J. Watson, C. Francis, R. Steele.
  - In the Time of Roses . . . . . Engleman
  - Instrumental duet . . . . . N. Casey
  - Misses C. Lebbetter, L. Angel, C. Wheeler, N. Casey.
  - Harmonized chorus . . . . . Dudley Buck
  - Instrumental duet . . . . . Holtmann
  - Misses M. Desmond, L. Gannon, J. Connell, G. Rose.
  - Sacred chorus . . . . . Mozart

The exercises concluded with the distribution of prizes to the following pupils:

- Prizes presented by Rev. D. A. Chisholm—1st Prize for Music, Miss Jennie Connell; 2nd Prize for Music, Miss Loretta Gannon; Prizes for Music, Miss Cecily Forbes, Bessie Wilcox, Etta Coppin, Mary E. Steele, Jean Watson, Rita Steele, Nellie Dooley, Mary Dooley, Corena Francis, Master James Connell.
  - Prize for Violin—Miss Sadie McKinnon.
  - Prize for Mandolin—Miss Nellie Casey.
  - Prizes presented by Rev. James Kiley, awarded for Christian Doctrine in Grade IX, to Miss Mary McIsaac.
  - Fancy Needlework—Miss Jennie Connell, Gertrude Rose, Ella Hartigan, Etta Coppin.
  - Prizes presented by Rev. D. V. Phalen, awarded for Geometry and Drawing to Miss Mary Cleophas Wheeler.
  - English—Miss Christie Campbell.
  - Department—Miss Mary McKinnon.
  - Encouragement—Miss Freda McKinnon.
- A number of pupils entered too late to compete for prizes.

The four-masted British barque Falkland, Capt. Gracie, from Tacoma, Wash., for Queenstown, in attempting to clear the rock of Scilly, Ireland, to-day, struck on the Bishop rock, her mainyard actually striking the lighthouse. She turned over and sank in a few minutes. Two lifeboats put out from the coastguard station. One rescued 20 members of the crew and the captain's wife and child. The captain, mate, steward and three seamen were lost.

A crisis seems to be threatening on the Mediterranean. Russia, France, Italy and even Austria have been increasing their naval strength to such an extent that the British supremacy in these waters has entirely disappeared. The British Government is already preparing to meet this change by large reinforcements of its fleet. The British public has been alarmed to learn, from the newspapers and from Lord Charles Beresford, second in command of the Mediterranean fleet, that Britain is not at all prepared for war in these waters. All the other ships have smokeless powder. Britain's alone have none.

The royal proclamation announcing that the coronation of King Edward is to take place in June next, the exact day not yet being determined upon, was read on June 28 at St. James' Palace, Temple Bar and the Royal Exchange, with all the quaint, medieval scenes which marked the occasion of the proclaiming of the accession of the King.

After a long debate and considerable disorder, the British House of Commons in committee adopted the coal tax by a majority of 26 at 2 a. m. on June 28.

More Witness Platitudes.

In noticing some statements of the Presbyterian Witness we do not wish Father Chisholm to think that we are encroaching on his preserve. We are only doing a little desultory "sniping," as the Boer burgher might express it. We leave to him the business of the general encounter, while we select a weak spot here and there along the line which the enemy, owing to bad generalship, thinks invulnerable. Here are a few of them:

Presbyterian Witness—"A perfect rule of faith may be applied blunderingly and erringly. This cannot be helped while we are human and fallible."

If these two propositions be true, it follows as a necessary consequence that no man can ever be certain with a certainty that would justify a reasonable act of faith, and consequently a reasonable act of faith is impossible. For there must always remain in his mind the faith-destroying doubt, whether he has or has not applied the rule blunderingly and erringly; and as long as this doubt remains faith is impossible. And yet the Son of God has declared that "he that believeth shall not be condemned"—Mark 16:16. And St. Paul, who, the Witness tells us, wrote his letters "to be read, studied and believed," informs us in one of those letters that "without faith it is impossible to please God"—Hebrews 11:6.

Hence the Witness' position leaves man the sole alternative of believing that God is so unjust as to require an impossibility of us, or that its "perfect rule" (of faith) is only a counterfeit of the perfect rule.

The Witness will admit—in its humility—that Our Lord knew just as well as it does that man is human and fallible. It will admit also that He would not require faith as a condition of salvation, and then leave many without the means of acquiring that necessary faith. It must then grant that He left a rule by which that faith could be with certainty acquired. The Witness' "perfect rule" is not such a rule, for, being subject to blundering and erringly applied, it cannot with certainty lead to that kind of faith which our Lord requires of us as a condition of salvation. It is therefore an imperfect rule, and for that reason not the one left by our Lord to lead man to saving faith. There must therefore be some other rule besides that of the Bible and private judgment.

Presbyterian Witness—"This (the use of the rule blunderingly and erringly) cannot be helped while we are human and fallible. God endows us with reason and judgment and conscience. He gives the light of His Holy Spirit. He bestows these priceless gifts and expects us to use them rightly."

But how can He expect us to use the rule rightly, even with the additions you make to it, when you tell us that a blundering and erring use of the rule "cannot be helped while we are human and fallible?" How can a just God expect man to use the rule rightly since he cannot help using it wrongly as long as he is human and fallible? How can He expect man not to do what you assure us he cannot help doing? This is the attitude your "perfect rule" places the infinitely just God. Is not this enough evidence of its radical and essential imperfection? If more proof were needed of its imperfection and tendency to lead to error, we might point to the thousand and more Protestant sects—all following your "perfect rule"—and all wrangling with each other about the meaning of the Word of God. The Unitarian, following your perfect rule, will tell you that the Word of God does not teach the divinity of Christ. The Universalist, following your rule, will tell you that the Word of God does not teach the existence of hell. You, as a Presbyterian, following your rule, will tell them that the Word of God teaches both those doctrines. How can such a rule be of any use in the search after revealed truth?

But you may say the Unitarian and the Universalist have not used the rule rightly; that they have used it blunderingly and erringly. And they will return the compliment and tell you that you have not used it rightly, that you have used it blunderingly, erringly, blindly and stumblingly; and, in their indignation, may add, ignorantly.

They will go further and tell you that you have no monopoly of the Protestant rule of faith, or of the right use of it, or of the gifts of reason, judgment, conscience and the light of the Spirit. All these they claim to have as well as you; and all these, they will tell you, teach them that you have used your common rule of faith wrongly. And you, with perfect propriety, can hurl their reproaches back at them and reproduce the comedy of the pot and the kettle, or the "you're another" of the school boys. If you call a rule perfect that opens this theological Pandora's box, what description would you give of an imperfect rule? The fact that your rule makes you and your Protestant brethren cut such pigeon-wing antics before high heaven and in sight of outside barbarians ought to be enough to make you suspect that there must be something radically wrong about it.

Presbyterian Witness—"Every man must give an account to God; every man must bear his own burden."

Right. And therefore you and your brethren must give an account to God for adopting and using a rule of faith that has caused so much confusion in the religious world, and loss of faith, infidelity and evangelical agnosticism. The burden is a heavy one, but you must bear it.

Presbyterian Witness—"Our correspondent refers to the divisions of Protestantism. While these are to be regretted, let us bear in mind that they are not the fault of the Rule of Faith, but of the application of the rule by fallible and blundering men."

The only conceivable use and purpose of a rule of faith is to prevent fallible and blundering men who follow it from failing and blundering on the subject of revealed truth. It was their fallibility and propensity to blunder that made a rule of faith necessary; and any rule that does not meet this necessity fails to meet the object and purpose of its existence. Your rule does not enable those who follow it to avoid failing and blundering. What better is it, then, than no rule? What worse could men do than fail and blunder if they had no rule at all? Your rule is, then, no more efficient to prevent blundering and failing than no rule. And if not better than no rule, why should it exist?

Presbyterian Witness—"Liberty has its risks."

But you, as a Presbyterian, are immune from those risks, since you are not free. As a condition of membership you are bound by the Westminster Confession; and though you call it craven to do so, you have shifted the burden of your responsibility on ecclesiastics as errant as yourself, namely, the Westminster divines.

But the liberty you speak of has no existence in the divine economy of the Christian dispensation. The Founder of Christianity put an end once and for all to the liberty of private judgment when he said of a private judgment interpreter, "If he will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican."—Matt. 18:17.

From this text it is evident that a man is not free to judge for himself and at the same time be a member of the Church of Christ. He must submit his judgment to the judgment of that Church or take his place among the heathen and the publicans, and call himself a Christian no longer. He may think it hard, but it is a divinely established condition of membership.—New York Freeman's Journal.

Weighty Words from Archbishop Ireland.

At the conferring of the pallium on Archbishop Keane of Dubuque, on the 17th of April last, the eloquent Archbishop of St. Paul preached a sermon from which the following passages are taken. They deserve to be deeply reflected upon:

How limitless the works that await the zeal of American Catholics! There is the work of higher education. Our youths are too generally content with a common school education; too few of them are pupils of colleges or universities. Indeed the number that do seek a higher education is lamentably small. Parents do not understand the importance of such education for their children; priests do not understand the importance of it for their people and for the Church. Intelligence is power; intelligence means influence; it means victory. If Catholics are to rise to positions of distinction, if they are to be in the country something more than herds of voters, if they are to elevate themselves and to honor their Church, they must be educated. Heretofore the cry has been—and a blessed one it is, to which, as time goes by, our lips must not be closed—Catholic schools; but henceforth must go also this other cry—and be it even louder—Catholic schools and a Catholic university! And since the people will rise only as their leaders rise, be there still this other cry—and the loudest of all—seminaries for our levites, the best and highest that thought and money can bestow!

There is the work of the religious education of the people. Without this, mere secular education will not avail; rather will it be a peril and a menace. We shall multiply Catholic schools and colleges. This is not enough. I ask, is due care taken to instruct in religion the legions of children who, for one reason or another, do not attend and will not attend Catholic schools and colleges? The neglect of such children will be a terrible misfortune for the Church. And, I further ask, is the religious instruction usually given in Sunday classes and in schools as deep, as extensive, as dogmatic, as the needs of the times demand? The letter of the Catechism, pious legends, devotional practices will never enable our youth to encounter the cold winds of unbelief passing over the land; will never fit them to be, before non-Catholics, defenders and expounders of the faith. The need of the hour is solid instruction in the great dogmas and moral principles of the Catholic religion. We are taken up too much with little things, the mere frills and flourishes of piety; we forget the vital elements which produce and nurture that virile religion, for which alone men to-day have the time and taste, and which alone will defy all storms.

Is there sufficient religious instruction for the Catholic body at large? How many there are who rarely listen to a sermon! Is the sermon of itself all-sufficient? Are proper means taken to supplement the sermon by the reading of Catholic books? If I were to seek to-day a discouraging sign I would find it in the absence from Catholic homes of Catholic periodicals and Catholic books. In their patronage of Catholic literature the Catholics of to-day have gone backward. There were more Catholic books in one log shanty of an Iowa pioneer of forty or fifty years ago than in a half dozen pretentious mansions of Catholics of the present time. The chief Catholic literature sent out to-day by Catholic publication houses in America are prayer books and catechisms.

Are we doing enough to reach all classes of people? What are we doing in the slums of cities? What are we doing to recover lukewarm Catholics who because of social isolation or spiritual apathy are holding aloof from mass and sacraments, and whom, however, a kindly effort would stay in their receding march? What are we doing for unfortunate Catholics, inmates of state institutions, who cannot come to us, who remain without instruction or sacraments unless we seek them out and pursue them with the charity of Christ?

I might ask, do we take of our young men that very special care, which the perils of their surroundings, as, also, the importance of this element of our population to the Church, would warrant? More than in other classes of her children, must the Church repose her future in the hands of her young men; and, I fear much, that sufficient attention is not given to this fact. A crying need everywhere, but particularly in cities, is that of organizations for young men, in which, through provisions made for their social and material interests, their spiritual welfare may also be guarded. More necessary for the future of religion are organizations of this kind than costly church structures; more profitably spent, in the interests of souls, is money put into such organizations, than much of that which goes to works of pure charity, which I would not, indeed, eliminate from our lists, but which at least I would supplement by what is sure to bring a hundred-fold more in substantial returns.

Let us not forget that our Catholic people are a part of the American nation, dividing with their fellow-citizens the responsibilities of the public weal, and that they are at the bar of public opinion, judged more by their citizenship and outward life than by what happens in their homes or in their churches. Without the good will and the esteem of their fellow-citizens, Catholics may not hope that many will come to the knowledge of the true faith, or that the Church will be in the enjoyment of the public respect and outward dignity to which for Christ's sake she should aspire.

Let no effort be spared that the spiritual life dispensed from the sanctuaries of our temples flow in abundant rivulets into the outward life of our people. Let us emphasize for Catholics the importance of the great social virtues of truthfulness, temperance, honesty in business, purity of morals, observance of laws. Let Catholics take deepest interest in the public affairs of the city, state and nation; be most vigilant guardians of the public weal, the most loyal to its purposes in their use of the electoral ballot.

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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. Picnics will find it to their advantage to get quotations from me.

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Carriages!

Expected daily another carload of the RELIABLE McLAUGHLIN CARRIAGES.

Our last carload was disposed of quicker than we anticipated, hence we were obliged to repeat our order, which will be received to-day. These are superior carriages, strong, stylish and reliable.

Also just received a carload of the FAMOUS MASSEY-HARRIS MOWING MACHINES AND RAKES

Latest Improvements. Every Machine tested before it leaves the factory. None better for strength, durability and capacity for work. Call and examine the above goods.

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And All Points in United States.

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HALIFAX to BOSTON, S. S. "OLYMPIA" Tuesdays 2 P. M., S. S. "YARMOUTH" Thursdays 7 A. M., and S. S. "HALIFAX" Saturdays 11 P. M. HAWKESBURY to BOSTON via Halifax, Mondays and Fridays 6 P. M. SYDNEY to BOSTON via Halifax, Tuesdays 6 P. M. HALIFAX to SYDNEY Mondays 7 A. M. HALIFAX to HAWKESBURY and CHAR. LOTTETOWN Wednesdays 8 P. M. From BOSTON Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at Noon.

Through tickets for sale, and baggage checked by Agents Intercolonial Railway. For all information apply to Plant Line Agents, Halifax, Hawkesbury, Charlottetown, Sydney and North Sydney.

H. L. CHIPMAN, Manager.

TO LET

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

FOR SALE

THE DWELLING HOUSE and Farm on the South River Road belonging to the late Charles Murdoch Estate, also the House and Shop at Addington. For particulars apply to C. C. GREGORY, Barrister, Antigonish, April 29, 1901.

WANTED!

Every Monday and Friday... GOOD LAMBS, To weigh 50 lbs. or over. Cash paid for same. F. R. TROTTER

West-End Grocery AND Provision Store. Now in Stock BEST AMERICAN OIL. CHOICE PORTO RICO MOLASSES. GOOD FAMILY and PASTRY FLOUR. ROLLED OATS AND CORNMEAL. KILN-DRIED CORN-MEAL. CHOP FEED, MIDDINGS and BRAN. C. B. WHIDDEN & SON, ANTIGONISH.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

1901 A. No. 36. IN THE SUPREME COURT: Between: WILKIE G. THOMPSON, Plaintiff AND SIMEON WILKIE, GEORGE WILKIE AND MARY THOMPSON, Defendants.

TO BE SOLD at Public Auction by the Sheriff of the County of Antigonish, at his Deputy's, at the Court House in Antigonish on Friday, the 26th day of July, A. D. 1901.

At 11 o'clock in the forenoon, Pursuant to an order for foreclosure and sale made herein by his Honour Mr. Justice A. MacIsaac, Master of the Supreme Court and Judge of the County Court for the District No. 5, dated the 26th day of June, A. D. 1901, unless before the said day of sale the amount due on the mortgage herein, for principal, interest and costs be paid to the plaintiff or his solicitor, All the estate, right, title, interest and equity of redemption of the above named defendant and any of them, and of all persons claiming through or under them, or any of them, or through or under any of the original mortgagors herein (Thomas F. Wilkie, Winlow C. Wilkie, Simeon Wilkie and George Wilkie), at any time since the recording of the said mortgage, shall or to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of

LAND

at West River, near the Town of Antigonish, in the County of Antigonish, and formerly in the Glen Road, on the east by lands in possession of William Chisholm, on the south by lands of Michael McMillan, and on the west by lands of Angus Smith and lands of Hugh McCallister, containing two hundred and more acres, more or less, together with all and singular the easements, tenements and hereditaments to the same in, along, or in anywise appertaining. TERMS: Ten per cent. deposit at time of sale, remainder on delivery of deed. DUNCAN D. CHISHOLM, Sheriff of Antigonish County. JOSEPH A. WALL, Solicitor of Plaintiff. Sheriff's Office, Antigonish, June 26th, 1901.

"Certain good is better than uncertain hope." Certain value, up to the Makers' price, stamped on the sole, \$3.50, \$5.00, is pledged in every pair of "The Slater Shoe" Goodyear Welted. N. K. CUNNINGHAM, Sole Local Agent.

THE MAN AT THE LONELY STATION.

(Continued from last issue.)

Pulver sprang back and stood teetering unweavily on the balls of his feet. No thought of the signal that should be turned against the wild ore train reached his mind. He had killed a man! The lights, the walls of the room, the store, the most familiar things, looked strange. He turned about with heaving bosom and involuntarily ran into the office. As he crossed the threshold, the door leading into the big freight room opened suddenly and two men met him face to face. As with the first intruder, these two were masked with black face cloths, and each wore a long coat. They were large men, and the excited glitter of their eyes in the holes of their masks was something gruesome and inhuman. Each held a pistol before him.

Unconsciously Pulver crouched down and backwards, his hand quivering before his face, his lips opened with a cry.

"Hand me y'er keys!" demanded the taller of the two men; "shell 'em out quick!" He advanced on Pulver with gleaming eyes and pistol presented.

Had the men been habited in every-day dress, with uncovered faces, it is possible Pulver would have submitted. Appearing monstrous, evil and strange, as they did, he instinctively felt that frenzied impulse to destroy them which one sometimes has when confronted by a poisonous reptile. From his cowering, crouching posture he leaped straight at the man's head. The leveled pistol exploded, but Pulver felt nothing; evidently the weapon was deflected by his swift movement, but the robber's hat and mask came off in Pulver's clutch and his dark beard came forward, nearly to the floor. To save himself from falling forward, and Pulver struck madly at the exposed back of his neck as he passed, but missed his aim. Instantly the man righted himself and cocked the pistol, but his companion was pushing in, hoarsely crying: "Don't shoot! Hold y'r fire, Bill! Some of the town folks'll be in here first thing ye know!" In the same breath he clasped Pulver about the body, pinioning the big youth's arms underneath, but with a quick surge the young fellow burst the man's hold and flung him backward against the wall and struck at his eyes with all his might. His fist fell on the intruder's chest like a descending maul and sent a gasping grunt from his lips, but the taller blow had rendered the blow abortive. Catching Pulver about the ankles in the moment of his forward swing, he had jerked the youth's feet back, and Pulver, spinning around, crashed upon the floor. In a twinkling the two men leaped upon him, fairly crushing out his breath.

"Don't kill him, Bill; get the gag in his mouth!" panted the shorter man.

Pulver, dazed and stunned, was trying to struggle. He felt something crushed into his mouth, stifling, terrible. All the blood of his veins seemed boiling up and booming inside his skull. Strangely, in that moment of mental dimness and agony he thought of his mother, hastening toward him on the imperilled express; of the ore "wild" which must soon pass the station going southward to crash into her train; of the dispatcher's order to hold the "wild" until the express should arrive.

In the terror of the thought, in the maddening vision of wreck that swept through his mind, he got up with the two men hanging to him. Together they crashed back and forth across the little room, crushing the chairs, jostling against the stove, hurtling against the walls, with Pulver trying insanely to get to the signal lever. He could not speak for the choking thing tied in place with a knot at the back of his neck that filled his mouth; each of the robbers had him gripped fast by a wrist; he felt his heart would break.

By times he carried his assailants nearly to the signal lever; his arms seemed being torn from their sockets. If he could but breathe freely! If he could only tell them! As he plunged and struggled the taller man snatched one of the revolvers from the floor. "Don't kill him Bill; he got's to open the safe!" gulped the other between laboring breaths. "Look out!" Pulver had wrenched his right hand loose and had caught the taller man by the throat, bearing him backward toward the lever, but the pistol butt suddenly came down upon the young fellow's head, sickening, deadly. Involuntarily they let go of him, and he staggered back and fell in pitiful fashion near the inner partition.

For a moment he lay quivering, his eyes upturned and twitching, then suddenly he grew still and looked straight at the men. The pupils of his eyes were dilated, and, though he stared hard at them, he seemed gazing at something far away. An instant later he bounded up like a steel spring released, and sprang through the door into the freight room. He went over the boxes and barrels like a flying deer, and burst out upon the platform through the half open door at the

south end of the great room. His dumb-founded assailants plunged after him, but he fled down the track like a melting shadow. In his semi-lullam of mind he recognized and heeded but one thing; up from the south, a dozen miles away, he seemed to see the express rushing toward him like a burning star. He was to meet and stop it.

As he flew along the track he tore the stifling gag from his mouth, and the bitter air came into his throat like ice. At the south end of the switches, an eighth of a mile from the station, he came upon a hand car standing on the rails. With a cry he stopped abruptly. From somewhere back in the gray darkness came the sound of running feet. He gave the car a push, sprang upon it, and threw his weight upon the handle bar. The wheels began to burr and hum; the dull blur in his brain faded away, and in its stead came a keen, painful burning activity of mind, abnormal and strange, for by nature he was big and slow.

This car was the means by which the robbers had come to Langly, he told himself, and the means by which they had hoped to escape. They had stolen it from the section house, probably at Sutton. Some of the sectionmen's tools were still on the car; he felt them under his feet. Suddenly he threw back his head with a cry of joy. The switch and ice-house down at the marge of Sutton lake! He had remarked them as he came up on the mail. If he could but gain the switch and throw it! With something like madness he poured all his great strength into the wheels, and the car went humming the long, sinuous grade, through the echoing grooves of the canon.

Up near Langly station his two pursuers had stopped. Pattingly the shorter one looked up toward the sky. Throbbing up the northern heaven and pulsing into the incomparable dome flowed the filmy, ghostly streamers of the aurora. By times these burned red through all their gauzy webs, again died away pale and flickering, then gushed upward, radiant, indescribable.

"Look at that, Bill!" whispered the one who first saw the vision. The other looked, and ended the stare with an oath. "It's nothing but northern lights," he growled, but his bravado had in it a note of awe. "Let's get the ticket money and skip," he said. "Where do yeh s'pose Jim is? Heard 'im shoot, but seen nothin' of 'im since."

"Don't know. Listen! There's a train comin' from the north! Let's get out of this, Bill!" They ran across the tracks, and entering a road that bordered the ridges, disappeared in the bloom.

Truly a train was coming. Down the main defile, roaring through the silence of the night, came the ore "wild." Inside the station a poor soul was making life's last effort—a supreme struggle to do a deed worthy of man. Inch by inch, foot by foot, the tramp operator was dragging himself toward the signal lever. He had heard the dispatcher's order to Pulver, and now the roar of the approaching train came to his dulling ears. "Brace up and be a man, that's what he said," whispered the crawling figure. A red trail marked his progress. He was almost to the signal when the train burst across the switches, but gripped with mortal injury he tried in vain to lift himself to the lever. Again and again his trembling hands crept up the wall as he lay upon the floor, but each time slipped quivering down, and the "wild" went by, battering and pounding through a billow of clamorous sounds. To the man on the floor its roar was faint and far off, like the dreamy noise of falling waters. "Brace up—and—be—a man," he breathed, trying to get his stiffening hands above the baseboard of the room; then closing his fingers as if clutching the lever, he sighed and trembled and fell eternally sick.

The engineer of the "wild" pushed back the frosted window of the cab and looked up at the signal as they flew by. The green light was on; the windows of the station were white with frost. He opened the throttle a notch wider, making for the meeting point with the express at Sutton. He had feared he would find the end light turned against him; but now it was all right; they would reach home and wife and child the quicker at the distant division station! Thus with its crew ignorant of the tragedy and impending catastrophe the night held, the train went pouring down Langly canon after Pulver.

Poor fellow! As hard as ever man strove Pulver strove. Above him raced a glimmering storm of stars tangled with waving ribbons of the aurora; by him flashed the whirling walls of the canon—here snow-covered, bulging masses of stone, there streaked with black torrents of spruce and pine. He heard nothing save the noise of the car and the turmoil of his breath and blood in their labor, but he felt the ore train behind him. How soon would it overtake him? How soon would he be crushed between the trains? The questions were like spurring flames in his brain. He must now be half way to the switch; it was five miles from Langly.

His breath came hoarse and panting; he was dizzy with the swift rise and fall of his head above the working bar; his throat was dry, and the icy air burned in it like fire. But onward and onward he flew, a disheveled figure, in his breast a tempest of haste.

He did not know surely just where the switch was, and he feared he might pass it, for things glimmered about him; but it must be ahead, and he still drove down and lifted up the working-bar with all his power, praying God for help. Would the curves and windings of the track never cease? Was there no end? Ah, here it was—the long, black bulk of the ice-house stretching along the shore, and the broad steel-gray mirror of the frozen lake with the reflected aurora dabbling it as with fire! He set foot hard on the brake, and reversed his push and pull on the bar. As the car stopped he leaped off, and catching it by the hand-grips, threw the machine around and clear of the rails, then half insane and laboring for breath, he rushed to the switch.

In a moment he was on his knees in the snow, tearing wildly at the lock. How could he get it unfastened? He had no key! From southward came the dull roar of the express, following the long curve of the shore, and down Langly Canon came the muffled thunder of the hastening ore train. They would crash together before his eyes! From his lips burst a wild prayer, mingling the names of mother and God.

He glanced around at the impassive world imploringly, but the cold stars, the frozen lake, the black torrents of pines on the mountain sides offered him nothing. Help came from within, or did that thought drop down from beyond the stars? With a cry he bounded over to the half-inverted car, and, raking his fingers through the snow, found a track wrench. Springing back to the switch he thrust the handle of the wrench into the clutch of the lock and tore the mechanism to pieces. Wrenching the shattered parts away, he pulled the pin and threw his shoulder against the lever. But it would not yield!

Then arrived the moment when he was as one who had ceased to be of mortal strength. A kind of insanity of power came upon him. The siding was covered with snow, the sides of the switch were clogged with frost, yet little by little he drove the lever around, hearing his tendons tear, his joints grind and crack, and seeing all the air grow full of rolling disks of red, while nearer and nearer swept the clamor of steam and wheels from the south, and down Langly gorge rolled an increasing thunder.

Wildly crushing his breast and shoulders against the lever he heaved and strained, and struck it great blows with the full weight of his body, crying out gaspingly to his Maker. The express seemed not fifty feet away when the lever came around to the pinhole, and he thrust the iron in. Terrible and mighty the engine burst upon him, whirling the string of lighted coaches along the rail. With a deafening crunch of frost, a roar of the whistle for brakes, and the clang and tearing of reversed drivers, the train swept curving and rocking, upon the siding. There would be no cars there for loading until June; the ice was thirty inches thick; on the morrow men would begin cutting. It was delightful destiny.

Out the train went crashing and thundering over the end of the empty siding and swept upon the field of ice. From the wheels spurted a showering sheet of white; a cloud of steam burst up about the engine from the fire-box; then the train stopped a hundred feet from the shore, but as secure as if standing upon a floor of armor plate.

Passengers and crew swarmed down upon the solid blue field, and there was shouting and dismay. No man could understand it, but a glimmer of the night's tragedy dawned upon the conductor and others when they turned back to the switch and found a young fellow, battered and bleeding, lying insensible at the base of the target. Five hundred feet southward stood the ore "wild."

"Who is he, anyway?" cried the conductor. "Great Scott, what a close call for us?" He was kneeling in the snow and had Pulver's battered head on his breast.

"Let me get to the signal! Throw the red light for the 'wild!'" suddenly shouted Pulver, leaping to his feet.

Despite the strong hands that were upon him he stripped himself loose. Then he stopped and looked around curiously—a wounded, pitiful figure. He saw the passenger train, lighted and glowing, standing out on the aurora-tinted mirror of ice, he heard the ore "wild" backing up to give assistance, then suddenly a little woman came from the crowd and put her arms about him with a tender cry and gazing down upon her face he said "Mother!" and burst into laughing tears. —Alva Milton Kerr, in the Saturday Evening Post.

Tommy—Pa, what is a 'social function'?

Pa—A social function, Tommy, is a party to which your mother is invited and the ladies living next door aren't.

Worked Like a Charm.

'Simplest thing in the world,' declared the man who has married his third wife and lives in the second block from Woodward on a fine cross street. 'It's this way. Give a woman the last word, keep still, look disappointed without looking defiant and she'll be merciful to you nine times out of ten. Now you want me for a little stag poker party?'

'Yes. You'll just fill out the number.' 'Well, sir, just drop in this evening and see how I'll get my wife's permission. Work's like a charm, I tell you. There'll be more or less of a squall, but don't you care. Just keep a close eye on me at the finish.'

The caller 'dropped in' at 8. There were ten minutes devoted to the weather and other current topics, when the caller asked his host to attend the party mentioned.

'Let me see,' rubbing his chin. 'I guess I can come all right enough. We have no engagement that night, have we, my dear?'

'We have,' and the brows of 'my dear' were knotted.

'Why, I don't recall it. Where were we going?'

'We were going to remain at home; right here, where you belong at night. I'm opposed to gambling and I'm opposed to night-hawking. You have a very binding engagement, and I won't thank any one for urging you to break it, either,' and the caller felt like throwing his hands into the air.

'Now, now, dear,' from the husband, in soft bass tones, and after a long pause, 'never mind. You'll excuse me this time, Jones. I couldn't think of leaving my wife when she wants me here. Find some one else, old man.'

Well, of course,' she laughed cheerfully. 'I wouldn't like to spoil the party, and I do like to have John enjoy himself. He works so hard, you know, Mr. Jones. But you mustn't meet too often or play too high. I insist on you going, John. I was too selfish.'

Then John insisted just as hard that he wouldn't think of going against her will; she ordered him to go, he walked down to the corner with Jones, and when the policeman passed them he judged from their hilarity that they were not getting home a minute too soon.—Detroit Free Press.

O'Connell's Last Speech.

Disraeli himself has given in his "Life of Lord George Bentinck," a touching description of the last appearance of Daniel O'Connell in Parliament. It was in April, 1846, when, shattered in health, he had abandoned all hope of ever obtaining the repeal of the union, for which he had fought so strenuously. "His appearance," says Disraeli, "was of great debility, and the tones of his voice were very still. His words, indeed, only reached those who were immediately around him, and the Ministers sitting on the other side of the green table, and listening with that interest and respectful

attention which became the occasion was a strange and touching spectacle those who remembered the form of a real energy and the clear and thrilling tones that had once startled, disturbed and controlled senates. To the House, generally, it was a performance in dumb show; but respect for the great Parliamentary personage kept all as orderly as if the fortunes of a party hung upon his rhetoric; and though not an accent reached the gallery, means were taken that next morning the country should not lose the last, and not the least interesting, of the speeches of one who had so long occupied and agitated the mind of nations.—Exchange.

He—I see that a French physician says that yawning is beneficial to the health.

She—Indeed! I've wondered a number of times why I have been so unusually well since you took to coming here to spend the evenings.

EXAMINATION paper, good pens and good ink at C. J. Macdonald's bookstore.—adv.

'For a man who doesn't work,' said the housekeeper. 'You have a pretty good appetite.'

'Yes ma'am,' replied Hungry Higgins. 'Dat's why I don't work if I did, dey wouldn't be no satisfyin me.'

Kills the Bugs Feeds the Plant



Pat. in Canada Nov. 2, 1897, and Jan. 25, 1900.

NON-POISONOUS. PREVENTS BLIGHT.

Bug Death Kills Potatoe, Squash and Cucumber bugs; Currant and Tomatoe Worms; and all bugs and worms that destroy the leaves of Plants.

Bug Death keeps the plant green and growing. It produces a large crop and better quality.

Bug Death is in the form of a powder which can be sifted or shaken on to the plants, or it can be mixed with water and put on with a spray.

Bug Death is sold in one, three, five and twelve and one-half pound packages.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.

BUG DEATH CHEMICAL CO. Sole Proprietors for Canada, St. Stephen, N. B., Canada.

We name them thus because we believe them to be

KING OF All Shoes. KING QUALITY



Perfect harmony accounts for the PERFECTION OF THE KING QUALITY SHOE. The Material, Workmanship, FIT, FINISH and All equal. Nothing is slighted. We want every woman to buy them, because if she buys one pair she will keep on buying as long as she lives.

TRY THEM AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELF.



A SHOE OF BEAUTY IS A JOY WHILE IT LASTS.



Our Shoes and Oxfords

Are acknowledged to be models of beauty and the ideal perfection of woman's footwear. They by far outstrip all other makes in beauty, style, wear and comfort, as they do also in number of pairs sold. They are simply a revelation in the art of shoe-making, and their great sale is the wonder of competition.

PRICES FOR RICH AND POOR ALIKE. Beware of Imitations.

The Palace Clothing Company, Sole Agents, Antigonish.

ESTABLISHED, 1852.

THE CASKET,

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

M. DONOVAN, Manager

Terms: \$1.00 per Year in Advance

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

THURSDAY, JULY 4.

The Calendar.

JULY.	
DATE.	FEAST.
5 Frid'y	St. Anthony Zaccaria, Confessor.
6 Sat'd'y	Octave of St. Peter and Paul.
7 Sund'y	Feast of the Precious Blood.
8 Mon'y	Blessed Eugenius III., Pope & Confar.
9 Tued'y	The Prodiges of the B. V. M.
10 Wed'y	The Seven Brethren and their Companions.
11 Thrs'y	St. Pius I., Pope and Martyr.

CONCERNING TRUTHSPEAKERS.

The London *Spectator* recently published a "defense of lying" which has been widely commented upon, by some jocosely, by others seriously. The jocos ones seem to be half serious, however, and some of their remarks are calculated to lower truthspeakng from the high position which it occupies in the eyes of men. The methods used to depreciate it are similar to those used so frequently in religious controversy, of the dishonorable sort, namely, the caricature of other people's opinions with a view to making them ridiculous while at the same time preserving sufficiently the resemblance to the original to make the caricature pass for a portrait. For instance, one journal represents a child coming to a man with something scrawled upon a paper, and saying "see the booful 'tittle dirl I drawed," and the rigid truthspeakng sternly answering "It looks as though a hen had dipped her feet in the ink and crawled over the paper," and sending the poor child away in tears. Again a lady asks a gentleman how he liked her singing, and he, being a rigid truthspeakng, answers: "It reminds me of nothing so much as a screech owl." Such a caricature of truthspeakng is grossly unfair. True it is that there are people—of vinegary disposition, like Miss Cayenne, whose tart remarks are syndicated every week,—who excuse themselves for saying disagreeable things on the pretext that they are only speaking the truth. But they are not to be taken as genuine specimens of the truthspeakng. The man who inspects the child's rude drawing and says in a hearty tone, "that's a very good piece of work for a little girl like you," does not need any "defense of lying" to be set up on his behalf, for he is not lying. He is telling the truth, and though there is a meaning in his words which the child cannot perceive he is not deceiving her; she is not old enough to understand art criticism, but she is old enough to look for and desire sympathy, and the kindly man gives it without any sacrifice of truth. In the other case when grown-up people ask you how you like their performances they expect one of two things. If you have really been pleased they expect you to say so in an unmistakable fashion, or in a discriminating manner, which show what particular feature of the performance it was that pleased you most. If you have not been pleased they expect you to utter some common place compliment in a cold way, or if you are more effusive in a manner which is evidently assumed. If they derive any pleasure from the latter form of compliment, it is because they are grateful to you for not having rudely expressed what they believe to be your real sentiments. The man who answers the question "How did you like my song?" with a cool, but courteous "Very much indeed" which the enquirer readily recognizes as a mere matter of form, is not a liar. He has no intention of deceiving, nor are his words and his manner calculated to deceive. In such cases as these, again, a kindly disposition will find little difficulty. A kindly man can say he enjoys a poorly sung song because he does enjoy it, not in itself, but in the effort which has been made to please him. So there is a variety of reasons why a kind-hearted man may be able to pay a hearty compliment with sincerity, when a sour-minded man would justify a harsh speech which wounds the feelings, on the ground of truthspeakng.

The non-Catholic world professes a great dislike for evasion and equivocation, but the result is that they are driven into making a plea in defense of lying. They tell us that lying is always a sin, and then they say that there are occasions when as a man of honor, as a gentleman, one is in duty bound to commit this sin, and to tell a lie. This is not merely the teaching of the half-humorous article in the *Spectator*, but of such grave moralists as William Paley and Jeremy Taylor, John Milton and Samuel Johnson. Catholic moralists

on the other hand say that a lie is always sinful and that therefore no one should ever tell a lie. But in such extreme cases as the instances given by Paley and the others, our moralists justify equivocation. Now what is equivocation. As the etymology of the word indicates, it is a double meaning expression. Perhaps the best known examples of it is the expression "Not at home." This has two well understood meanings, the literal and the figurative. A gentleman on hearing from a servant that her mistress is "not at home," is left to choose either meaning or neither. The lady may be really absent, or she may simply be intimating in a courteous way that she does not wish to receive visitors, or at least this particular visitor. If the latter is deceived by her reply it is his fault not hers. "Not at home" is generally classed among the "lies of courtesy." As a matter of fact, when well understood it is not a lie at all. And so with all those equivocations whose use in given cases, limited in number and clearly defined, is justified by Catholic moralists. Those who take a more rigid view are unreasonable. Miss Mary Johnson in her popular romance "Prisoners of Hope" puts her hero in the unpleasant predicament of being asked by the woman whom he loves and whose good opinion he is anxious to gain, to say whether or not he would take part in a rebellion intended to destroy the power of her father and his friends. Godfrey Landless is at the moment the ringleader of the proposed rebellion. To screen his fellow-conspirators, and keep Patricia Verney's good opinion, he resorts to equivocation and replies: "I trust, madam, that I will do naught that may misbecome a gentleman." She takes this answer as the denial which she desires, and therefore the author calls it "the inevitable lie that was none the less a lie that it was also the truth." Later on Patricia accuses Godfrey of having lied to her and he acknowledges it, but justifies himself on the ground that he could not betray those who had trusted him. This is bad morality. The evasion in question was not a lie, and only Patricia's own fatuity could have allowed her to be deceived by it. Landless equivocated and he was justified in doing so under the circumstances. No one dreams of calling a lie the plea of "Not Guilty" offered by a prisoner to a judge, even when he is afterwards proved to have committed the crime with which he is charged. It is an equivocation well understood to mean either of two things, "I am innocent," or "I will not acknowledge my guilt, you must prove it." It is as well understood as "Not at home," and the common consent of mankind justifies the use of it.

The great mistake made by non-Catholic writers on this subject is that they assume that there is no middle ground between rigid truth telling and deceiving, in such cases. But we know that there is such a middle ground. Suppose a man asks us an awkward question and we answer him in a foreign language which he does not understand. We neither give him the information which he desires nor do we deceive him. We simply leave him as wise as he was before—no wiser. We may do just the same thing with a well understood equivocation. Suppose a man asks us if we have written a certain letter. We have written it in fact, but there are weighty reasons why we do not wish to acknowledge the authorship. If we refuse to answer the question this will be taken for a tacit acknowledgment and may do us as much harm as a straightforward acknowledgment would do. Torture is no longer resorted to in civilized communities to extort information, but the tongue of an unscrupulous newspaper reporter may be just as mercilessly effective. What are we to do? We resort to equivocation and say "No, I am not the author of that letter,—but if I were, I would deny it just the same." The reporter goes away, not deceived—we have no wish to deceive him,—but at a loss to know which meaning to put upon our words, and that is precisely the condition in which we wish to leave him. We are not now appealing to Catholic moralists. The suppositious case we are citing is purely of our own invention. We are not sure that the moralists would uphold us in using this particular form of words. Nevertheless, though we have a strong love of truth and a horror of falsehood, we would have no hesitation, if driven into a corner, in using this peculiar sort of equivocation, and would do so perfectly convinced that we had not thereby committed the sin of lying.

Another thing which is often forgotten in considering the subject of truthspeakng is this: A great deal of what we call truth is not absolutely but only relatively true. A man answers certain questions about his neighbours in such a way as injures their good name. He excuses himself by saying "I was asked whether I knew such and such facts, and I had to say I did." But did he know them? He had heard certain reports made, but was he sure those reports were true? If it were an indifferent matter, one in which no one's good name was concerned, he

might speak of these hear-say things as though he knew them, and he would not be speaking untruthfully. But in a serious matter, when the reputation of a neighbour was at stake, he was in duty bound either to say he did not know, which would be literally true, or to explain that he had nothing but hearsay reports of doubtful credit to go by. Very much of what is called plain blunt truth, speaking, is simply the overflow of bad temper or malevolence. We have heard of a case which illustrates this. Two friends had a quarrel and one of them said some very bitter things to the other. Regretting them an hour or so later, he went to apologize. The other met him in this fashion: "You must have had that opinion of me before you spoke." The apologist, who prided himself on scrupulously telling the truth, acknowledged that he had held that opinion before speaking it. "Then," replied the other, "I cannot be friends with one who thinks so badly of me. I cannot receive your apology." The apologist went away, feeling himself a very much ill-used person. But after a time he began to reflect on the matter, and to ask himself whether he had really entertained such a bad opinion of his former friend. On rigid examination he discovered that this bad opinion came into his mind in fits of bad temper, but had no place there at any other time. In answering the crucial question he had spoken what was relatively true; if he had spoken the absolute truth, his explanation would have been perfectly satisfactory, and a serious estrangement would have been averted. As it was, a gap was opened in a friendship of years, simply because a self-righteous young man had said to himself with smug self-complacency, "However much it hurts his feelings, I cannot tell a lie."

"Be truthful, even if you occasionally get killed, or make people you come in contact with feel that this world is a place of woe," says one of the would-be funny commentators on the *Spectator's* article. This is not a matter for jesting, and the proper advice to give would be: Be kindly. Cultivate a disposition of good will towards your fellowmen and a desire to make them happy. Do it from a lofty motive, because it is the law of Christ. Then you will never need to use what are called the "lies of courtesy," because from your heart, in all sincerity, you will speak the pleasant things which other people utter from the lips with a painful effort. St. Alphonsus Liguori, whose name is so malodorous to non-Catholics because of his casuistical treatment of the subject of equivocation, abandoned the profession of law because he discovered that he slightly misrepresented a case which he had cited, though he did so in good faith. Such was the standard of truthfulness which he set for himself. But we cannot imagine him wounding the feelings of man, woman or child who appealed to him for encouragement and sympathy, on the ground that truthspeakng required him to do so. The world has no need of a "cheerful liar" but it has abundant need of cheerful truthspeakng.

Fatal Accident.

Michael Martin, aged twenty-one years and five months, son of Michael Martin, a highly-respected citizen of Lourdes, Pictou County, was caught in the shaft of a wheel connected with an engine of which he was driver at Albion Mines on Thursday, June 20, and whirled round with the shaft until the engine was stopped, receiving such injuries that he died on the following Saturday. The bereaved parents, who are widely known in Nova Scotia, have the sincere sympathy of all their acquaintances in the early death of their beloved son. The *New Glasgow Chronicle* says:

"Mike" was the life of a large family of boys, and the kind, generous and dutiful son of his parents. He was a favorite in the community, especially among the younger folk; no social gathering or party was considered complete without his presence, and he was always full of life and good humor, and looked on the bright side of things. His funeral was held Monday afternoon, and was one of the largest and most impressive ever seen in this place. The C. M. B. A., Branch 270, Lourdes, of which he was an estimable member had charge and were present in a body; as were also the C. M. B. A. lodges of Westville and New Glasgow. These lodges, headed by the St. Joseph's Society of Young Men, of which he was a member, preceded the hearse, in the procession, to the church. After services were over, these lodges formed in a line again as before, and headed by the church choir who sang the "Dies Irae," wended their way to the burying ground, followed by an immense concourse of people. The floral offerings were many and beautiful. On Sunday morning, Rev. W. B. McDonald, pastor of Our Lady of Lourdes Church, spoke very feelingly of the good life and tragic death of this young man.

Major Wood, of the Yukon Mounted Police, arrived at Skagway on June 26. He says the Klondike output this year will be \$25,000,000, five millions more than last year. The latest excitement there is the discovery of a new ledge of very rich copper.

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The Grand Prize at the Paris Exposition, 1900, was awarded to the Massey Harris Mowing Machine.

The Best Machine in use.

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All-Wool Tweeds in pretty patterns and made up in the latest styles, double and single breasted, \$3.00, 6.50, 7.20, 8.25, 8.75, 9.00; 10.50 and 12.00  
Fancy English Worsteds, fine cloth, makes a nice dressy suit.

A complete range of Boys' Suits, in serge and tweeds from 1.75 to 3.50

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If you want anything in the way of

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to call and see our stock before purchasing elsewhere. We have no shoddy or bankrupt stock to dispose of although our prices might lead you to think so.

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KIRK'S BLOCK, ANTIGONISH

General News.

Andrew Allan, head of the Allan steamship line in Canada, died in Montreal on June 27, aged 79.

The first shipment of Boer prisoners arrived at Bermuda on June 28. There is said to be much sickness among them.

At a baseball game in Monroe Centre, Illinois, on June 27, the first baseman was struck by lightning and killed and several others stunned.

The French Senate passed the Associations Bill, amended on June 22, by a vote of 173 to 99. On June 28 the Chamber of Deputies adopted the Senate amendments.

On June 27, at New London, Conn., Yale won the university boat race from Harvard by less than a length in the last hundred yards of a four mile race.

Rev. Joseph Cook, a Congregational minister, and at one time an exceedingly popular preacher and lecturer in Boston and other cities, died at Ticonderoga, N. Y., on June 25.

Hon. Sydney A. Fisher, Canadian Minister of Agriculture, speaking at Liverpool, Eng., on June 25, said that 17,000 persons had emigrated from the Western States to Canada in 1900.

There was rioting in various districts in Spain last week because of the efforts made by the anti-clericals to interfere with processions of people making their Jubilee visits to the churches.

W. C. Whitney, brother of the President of the Dominion Coal Co., has bought the two-year-old Nasturtium for \$50,000, the largest price ever paid for a horse in training, and he will probably be sent to England for next year's Derby.

The worst storm for years struck the Province of Quebec on June 27. Thousands of dollars' damage was done by flood and lightning to railway and mill property. A man was struck and killed by lightning at St. Raymond and another at Levis.

Several persons were struck by lightning near Pittsburg on June 26. One woman was killed and the recovery of others is doubtful. A 50,000-gallon tank of oil owned by the Standard Oil Co. at Preble, Indiana, was struck by lightning on June 25 and two men fatally and many others seriously burned by the oil.

The steamer Lusitania, from Liverpool for Montreal, with 440 passengers, mostly immigrants, went ashore twenty miles north of Cape Race on June 26. The passengers were panic stricken and the crew had a hard struggle to control them. All the baggage was lost. No lives were lost, but if the weather had been rough not a soul would have been saved.

A small body of Boers has revisited Jamestown and proclaimed that village the capital of the Orange Free State. Complaints having been made in the House of Commons about the condition of Boer prisoners at Ahmednagar, in India, Lord George Hamilton, Indian Secretary, replied that it is one of the healthiest districts in India and that the prisoners were well off there.

During the debate on the army re-organization bill in the House of Lords on June 28, Lord Wolseley, the former Commander-in-Chief of the forces, declared that the United States army was the finest of its size in the world. He said its superiority was due to good wages. Great Britain must face the alternative, conscription or L. S. D. (pounds, shillings and pence) to secure results.

Last Thursday, June 27, was an exceedingly hot day. It was 98 in the shade in New York and 95 in Ottawa, 100 in Brockton, Mass., and 104 in Waltham. There were many people overcome with heat in Boston, New York and other cities, and one man died of sunstroke at Portland, Maine. Street works had to be stopped in Waltham; a toothpick factory closed in Portland; a court adjourned in St. Stephen, N. B.

Provincial News.

The Hamburg line steamer Assyrian landed 300 more Galician emigrants at Halifax on June 26.

Henry Mamy, a Syrian peddler, was robbed and beaten almost to death by five men on June 27, near Dalhousie, fifteen miles from Bridgetown, Annapolis Co.

The Guffey-Jennings Co.'s gold mine at Caribou, Halifax Co., has been bought for \$300,000 by an American company. The present workings are 540 feet deep.

The thunder storm of June 27 was very severe in New Brunswick. In Fredericton a house was struck. At McDougall's Settlement a house was struck. At Melanson Settlement a barn was burned and two horses killed. At Point de Chene the royal mast of a ship was shattered. A man named Robichaud at Coesgne while out in his boat was stunned, but will recover.

Cape Breton News.

The contract for the new Court House at Sydney has been awarded to Rhodes, Currv & Co. at \$63,000.

The Nova Scotia Steel Co. has been re-organized as the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Co., with a capital of \$9,500,000.

The steamer Erik, Capt. Farquhar, arrived at North Sydney on June 28. She will remain there fitting out till July 15, when she will sail for the Arctic in search of Lieut. Peary.

North Sydney awoke last Saturday morning to find its streets alive with foreigners, mostly Russian Jews, the 440 passengers of the wrecked Lusitania having come from Newfoundland by the Bruce that morning.

J. Cyrus Doull was sentenced to five years in Dorchester by Judge Townsend at Sydney on June 28 for the abduction of 14-year-old Maud Lowther last October. The girl was found in a Halifax house of ill fame, where Doull had left her. Two Italians got two years each the same day for assault on a third Italian.

In the perjury cases against Cummings, ex-Scott Act Inspector of Sydney, the grand jury found no bill. Judge Townsend said they should have done so and may advise a change of venue to another county, as he fears the Cape Breton jury was likely to be influenced by temperance sentiment. In the bribery case a true bill was found, but Cummings escaped on Lawyer Harrington's plea that he had not been legally appointed inspector and that, therefore, it was not really a case of the bribery of a public official.

The negotiations between the Nova Scotia Steel Co. and its employees regarding an increase of wages were closed at the meeting of the Conciliation Committee, representing both sides, and the Dominion Government on June 26. It was agreed to advance the pay of engineers running the main engine, not to debar a steady workman from sharing in the bonus for working full time, if he was prevented by accident or sickness, and to leave other questions of wages to the new manager, T. J. Brown, taking charge on July 1.

The first coal in the mammoth shaft at Dominion No. 2, Glace Bay, was reached on June 27 at ten o'clock a. m. and was the occasion of rejoicing. Men have been engaged at work for nearly two years. This is the largest single shaft in Canada, opening to the Phalen seam of coal running out and under the Atlantic. The coal was struck at 840 feet, under the management of Thomas J. Brown, a young Cape Bretonian, who has risen from pit boy to the proud distinction of one of the foremost mining engineers in the country. The men presented Mrs. Brown with the first lump of coal mined in a large silver dish. Mr. Brown received complimentary addresses from every department, several souvenir meerschaum pipes, gold head canes, etc. He leaves immediately to take charge of the Nova Scotia Steel Co.'s mines. Dominion No. 2, when equipped, will ship 4,000 tons of coal per day, employing two thousand men.

DAN. McDONALD, brother of the Klondike king, left last night by the steamer Danube. He first went into the Klondike in 1898 and took a "lay" on one of his brother's claims on the Eldorado. In 15 months his share amounted to \$32,000.—Vancouver World.

Resolution of Condolence

At a regular meeting of Branch No. 279, Lourdes, N. S., held on Saturday, June 29, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas,—It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to call from our midst, our worthy and esteemed brother, Michael Martin, son of our Financial Secretary;

Resolved,—That while bowing in humble submission to the will of an all-wise Providence, we, the members of St. Bernard's Branch, desire to express our sincere sorrow for the sudden death of our late brother, and tender to his parents and brothers our heartfelt sympathy in this, their sad bereavement; and pray that our dear Lord in His mercy will comfort them, and by His grace enable them to bear with Christian resignation the cross He has seen fit to inflict on them;

By the death of Brother Martin, our Branch for the first time experiences a severance of congenial ties and friendly associations; the C. M. B. A. loses a most worthy member; the community, a most respected citizen; and his family, a kind son and loving brother;

Resolved,—That as a visible testimony of our loss, our charter shall be draped in mourning for three months; this shall serve to remind us also to beg of God,

mercy and forgiveness for our departed brother;

Resolved further,—That copies of these resolutions be sent to his parents, and to The Canadian, and THE CASKET for publication, and also placed on the minutes of the meeting.

DEATHS

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

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

At Caledonia Mills, on June 20th, CASSIE MARGARET, aged 4 years and 4 months, daughter of ALEXANDER and MARGARET McPHERSON.

At New Glasgow, on June 24th, after an illness of five weeks, JOHN DAN, aged 9 months, beloved child of Mr. and Mrs. JOHN CHISHOLM, and a grandchild of the late Angus McGillivray. He was buried at Lismore cemetery on Tuesday 25th ult.

At South West Mabou, June 28, suddenly of heart disease, in the 64th year of his age, ALEXANDER KILLOP. Deceased was a man of many sterling qualities and a model Christian. He leaves a sorrowing widow, two sons and five daughters to mourn their loss. R. I. P. (Boston papers please copy).

At Broad Cove Mines, Inverness Co., on the 6th of June, an excellent young man named JOHN JOSEPH McLEOD, son of Donald McLeod of that place. The deceased was much liked in the community and regret for his death is coupled with much sympathy for the father and family. He died suddenly of heart failure. R. I. P.

Acknowledgments.

- Councillor Johnston, East Tracadie, \$1 00
Wm. Chisholm, Lower South River, 1 00
Henry Davidson, Afton, 1 00
Mrs. Mary McDougall, Fairmont, 1 50
Allan McDonald (Ridge), Up. South River, 1 00
Alex. Beaton, Monk's Head, 1 00
Mrs. Patrick Sullivan, Canso, 1 00
Michael McNeil, 1 00
James Meagher, 1 00
Hubert Berrigan, 1 00
William Kelley, 1 00
James Sullivan, 1 00
Angus Cameron, 1 00
Thomas Fanning, 1 00
Joseph Hanlon, 1 00
John Grady, 1 00
Edward Kelley, 1 00
William Walsh, 1 00
Albert Williams, 1 00
Mrs. James Rhyppald, Dover, 1 00
James Keefe, 1 00
Duffield Boudreau, 1 00
Matilda Harriot, 1 00
Fred Gurney, 1 00
Mrs. Lizzie Gurney, 1 00
Abner Boudreau, 1 00
John Boudreau, 1 00
Angus McDonald (Mason), Doctors Brook, 2 00
Donald McDonald, Birch Hill, Arisaig, 1 00
Dougal B. McDonald, Malignant Cove, 1 00
Stephen McNeil, 1 00
D. J. Chisholm, Mer, 1 00
John J. McGillivray, 1 00
Mary McDonald, 1 00
Joseph A. Chisholm, 1 00
Hugh J. McPherson, Georgeville, 1 00
Rory McPherson, 2 00
Rev. A. R. McDonald, P. P., 1 00
John J. Gillis, 3 00
Angus McInnis, 1 00
Dan Fraser, 1 00
Alex. McIsaac, Rear, 1 00
John Beaton, Livingstone's Cove, 1 00
Charles McKinnon, Greendale, 1 00
Colin Ross, Maryvale, 1 00
John D. McGillivray, Sydney, C. B., 1 00
Ronald McDonald, Alex. son, Arisaig, 2 00
John McDonald, Ronald son, Doctors Brook, 1 00
John Hatternan, Giebe Road, 1 00
Alex. D. McDonald, Maryvale, 1 00
Angus McDonald, Mason, Rear Drs Brook, 1 00
Rev. Sr. M. Aquinas, North Sydney, 1 00
Hon. Senator McDonald, Glace Bay, 1 00
Matthew Nolan, 1 00
Michael Nolan, 1 00
J. K. McNeil, 1 00
John McNeil (watchmaker), 1 00
N. J. Gillis, M. P. P., 2 00
J. R. McIsaac, D. C. C. R., 1 00
Mrs. M. Sullivan, 1 00
A. Gannon, 1 00
Albert White, Caledonia Mines, 1 00
John M. Harletha, 1 00
John T. McInnis, 1 00
Mark Bates, 1 00
Michael McNeil, B. H., 2 00
Alex. McInnis, 1 00
A. D. McLellan, 1 00
Mrs. Daniel Hardy, 1 00
Neil McKenzie, 2 00
John J. McNeil, 1 00
John C. McNeil (No. 4), 1 00
Michael Steele, 1 00
Wm. Roberts, 1 00
Angus R. McInnis, Cross Roads, Ohio, 1 00
John Gillen, Wine Harbour, 25
Matthew Scanlan, Sherbrooke, 25
Mrs. Edward Brown, 25
Mrs. A. Butler, 25
P. McQuillan, Charlottetown, 50
John Angus McDonald, Glace Bay, 30
Eugene McDonald, West Somerville, 1 00

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Waterproof Coats from \$2.75 to 10.50,

An exceptionally good Black Waterproof Coat for \$5.50. Space forbids further details. I can only say that I carry a large stock of MEN'S TOP SHIRTS in styles and patterns to suit any one. Any thing you want in Underwear, Umbrellas, Neckties, Collar Buttons, Etc., Etc. Men's Overalls and Jumpers, from 50c. up.

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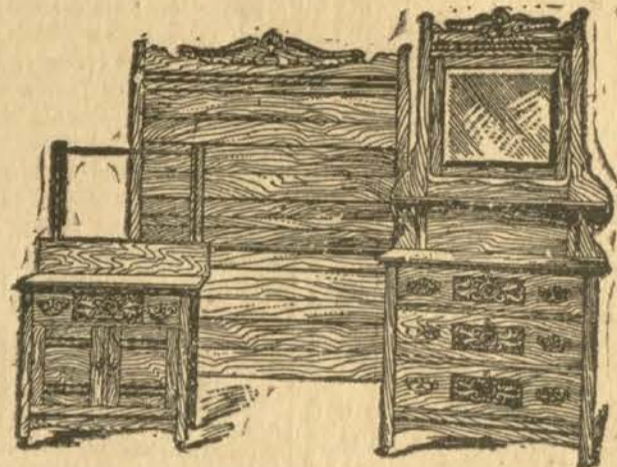
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Five-piece parlour suite, mahogany finished frames, elaborately carved, and highly polished, upholstered in velours. Suite consists of sofa, arm chairs, arm rocker and two reception chairs, 27.50
Five-piece parlour suite, upholstered all over in heavy figured velours, with fringe to match, 35.00



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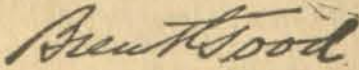


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GATES' Acadian Liniment THE WORLD'S GREATEST PAIN EXTERMINATOR.

HALL'S HARBOUR, May 31, 1900.

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THE FACTS AS GIVEN BY A LEADING DRUGGIST.

Mr. Watkinson, a bricklayer with Vancouver Coal Co., states: Clarke's Kola Compound is the only preparation that ever gave him any permanent relief from asthma. Before taking this remedy he lost one month's work through asthma, and since he has not lost a day during the past year. He says, "I consider it a God-send to the asthmatic." A well-known cigar maker, who used to be a great sufferer, and could not do any travelling outside this city, told me the other day he makes his trips to Union and other places regularly, and has not had a single attack of asthma for over a year. "Thank to Clarke's Kola Compound." He said no amount of money could estimate its value to him. Mr. J. C. Wilson, a carpenter here, was almost a hopeless case, and it now completely free from asthma. He took but four bottles. Mr. Alex. Dixon, a well-known contractor here, who was the first case of asthma cured, says he has spent hundreds of dollars during ten years in search of a cure, but has at last found it in Clarke's Kola Compound. He took in all about six bottles, and it completely cured. He has sent several fellow-sufferers to my store for it. Signed, F. C. Stearns, Pharm., Chemist, Nanaimo, B. C. Clarke's Kola Compound will permanently cure any case of asthma or chronic bronchitis. Sold by chemists everywhere. Send for Dr. Clarke's Book on Asthma, free. Address The G. and M. Co., Limited, 121 Church street, Toronto. Sold by Foster Bros., Antigonish, N. S.

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Remember the place, opp. A Kirk & Co.

Some Aspects of Christian Education.

In the presence of a large number of clergy and laity, the Hon. Bourke Cookran was invested by Archbishop Corrigan last Tuesday afternoon, May 15, with the Laetare medal, which is given every year by the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, to the person who it decides is the most distinguished Catholic layman of the year in America. This custom was inaugurated eighteen years ago by the university, the first recipient of the honor Dr. John G. Shea. The late Augustin Daly received it another year. Mr. Cookran is the youngest layman upon whom the honor has ever yet been conferred.

The medal has been called the Laetare medal because the custom corresponds in this country to that followed by the Pope each year of giving on Laetare Sunday in Lent a golden rose to the most distinguished Catholic woman in Europe.

Through the kindness of the Notre Dame Scholastic, we give the address which was in reply to Father Morrissey, President of the University:

Most Rev. Archbishop, Right Rev. Bishops, Rev. Clergy, Gentlemen: To be selected for special commendation by a Catholic institution of learning is the highest honor that can be achieved by a Catholic layman. As I listened to Father Morrissey's description of what the Laetare medal, represents, the high praise which it conveys, the lofty ideals it expresses, and as I realize the noble source from which it proceeds, the association which it creates, the sense of my own unworthiness would make its bestowal on me a source of embarrassment—almost of regret—if I did not interpret it as a shining proof of the inexhaustible tenderness with which the Church through all its agencies treats the least meritorious of her children—which makes her as eager to praise and as generous to regard as she is slow to censure and reluctant to condemn.

Father Morrissey describes in flattering terms the confidence of the great University over which he presides in my loyalty to the Church. It is not for me to undertake a definition of a Catholic's spiritual duty. That is not a subject of human speculation, but a matter of divine revelation. But while matters of belief are not to be debated upon platforms, but must be expounded from Catholic pulpits whence no error ever has been or ever can be preached, it is permissible and fitting for laymen to inquire what lessons of civic patriotism are conveyed by Catholic faith. How does loyalty to the Church affect loyalty to the State? What influence on citizenship has the divine law of which the Catholic Church is the depository and the infallible exponent?

I have always believed, and I have never hesitated to say, nor repeat at every opportunity, that in my judgment the Christian revelation is the very fountain and origin of republican government. Where can we find a justification for the vital principle of democratic institutions:—that man if clothed with extensive political powers is capable of sufficient virtue to exercise them for his own protection without perverting them to the oppression of his neighbor—except in that Christian doctrine which teaches the perfectibility of man through the saving influence of divine grace? Democracy is indeed the inevitable fruit of Christianity. The general acceptance of the one must lead to the general establishment of the other. The divine truth that all men are equal in the eye of God could not prevail throughout the world without leading to a recognition of the political principle that all men are equal in the eye of the law. Equality in the eye of God does not mean that all men are of equal merit and therefore entitled to the same reward, but it means that all men have equal power to exercise the free will with which each man is endowed; and by equality before the law we do not mean that all men are equal in patriotism, in ability, in possession, or in consequence, but that all men have an equal chance to achieve success under government which stands impartial between them. Spiritual equality—the very essence of Catholic faith—is the fountain of political equality and political equality is the vital principle of constitutional freedom, the very cornerstone on which this American government rests. Since Catholic doctrine is the root from which republicanism sprang, it must also be the most effective force to maintain republican government. The preservation of Catholic faith is therefore not merely the main object of religious loyalty, but it should be the supreme duty of civic patriotism.

By the preservation of the faith we mean not a mere nominal attendance at Catholic worship with mental reservations or hesitations about any feature of Catholic doctrine, but a royal acceptance of every line by which the divine revelation was conveyed to man, and full recognition of the authority of the Church to interpret every word of it. This may

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seem easy in our day when freedom of conscience is almost universally acknowledged; but in every age the most valuable of our possessions is the most difficult to guard. If there is no longer reason to apprehend attempts to drive men from the faith by furious persecution there is reason to guard against insidious attempts to seduce them from it by appeals to their self-love and to prevent flattery from proving a most dangerous weapon than fear.

We are told, for instance, that the world has outgrown the ancient faith; that intelligent Catholics should modify their belief to meet what some are pleased to consider the spirit of the age; in fine, that a man should exercise his limited and fallible judgment to review the word of the omniscient and omnipotent God. And these assaults upon the very basis of our faith are oftentimes all the more formidable because they are disguised under the attractive name of liberalism. In one sense I hope every one of us is liberal. Indeed, if we be good Catholics we must be liberal in the broadest significance which we can attach to that word. He who is liberal with what belongs to him is generous; he who undertakes to be liberal with what does not belong to him is dishonest. The faith of Catholics is not founded on any act or agreement of men, but on the revelation of God. No human agency can change or modify the truth. If error can be admitted in the Scriptures, if one word be unfounded or superfluous, the whole ceases to be a divine revelation; and if it be not revelation it is imposture. Neither Church nor Pope can be liberal with the faith of which they are the custodians. Their sole duty is to guard and protect it as a precious deposit for the salvation of men. But while Catholics cannot be liberal in matters of faith, they can be liberal in their attitude to those who differ with them. The Church cannot compromise with error, nor tolerate it; but for those who reject the truth as she expounds it she has nothing but charity and prayers.

One important agency for the defense of faith and morals the Church maintains under exceptional difficulties, but with dauntless vigour, inexhaustible forbearance and unswerving patriotism. The State recognizes now its obligation to prepare youth for the responsibilities of citizenship; but the intellectual training which it provides does not embrace moral instruction, and its attempts to make education non-sectarian has resulted in making it purely material. The Church, believing that any system of education which excludes moral training is incomplete, inadequate to the preservation of morality and therefore to the security of the State, following the whole lesson of her history, has undertaken to supply from her own resources these safeguards of society which the State has been unable to provide. This issue between Christian and purely material education, though surrounded by difficulties, is not hopeless or even discouraging. I cannot doubt that it will be settled on the broad lines of justice, patriotism and morality, because the history of the world shows that no enterprise which the Church has held essential to the welfare of society and the progress of civilization, has disappeared from the face of the earth, but all of them are today in vigorous operation, and most of them supported by the whole power of the State.

The history of civil institutions for nineteen centuries is the record of a gradual but constant assumption by the State of enterprises originally assumed by the Church as works of religion. The relief of the sick and the care of the needy, which the Church assumed in rude ages when the man who was unable to bear arms sank beneath the range of human sympathy, and was abandoned to die on the roadside in misery and suffering, the State now acknowledges as an obligation of civil society; and everywhere the support of hospitals and almshouses is imposed on the community through the power of taxation. During the warlike and violent period, when physical prowess was the sole method of attaining distinction, when learning was held in contempt and distrust, when knowledge of grammar, or

"grammartye"—as we find it described in mediæval literature—exposed its possessor to the suspicion of witchcraft, the Church maintained as part of her religious establishment schools which saved the light of learning from being extinguished under the feet of barbarous warring tribes; to-day the State recognizes the education of youth as a precaution essential to its own safety, and everywhere schools are maintained at public expense to prepare youth for the duties of manhood. The Church, believing the education furnished by the State to be inadequate and insufficient, has established at her own expense schools in which moral instruction is added to intellectual training. She does not believe that Catholics should be taxed twice for educational purposes—once by the law of the State for the support of the public schools, and again by their own sense of duty for the support of Christian schools; but while refraining on the one hand from encouraging what she regards as injustice by approval or acquiescence, and on the other from seeking justice through disloyalty or disorder, she pursues her work of morality, civilization and patriotism, relying upon time, circumstances, and, above all, on truth, to convince a highly intelligent people that the education which embraces moral and secular instruction is a powerful influence for the maintenance of order and law, and therefore a force to be encouraged by every supporter of republican government.

(To be continued).

Sneezing an Offence.

In the time of William IV., the then Duke of Norfolk was referred to as "something of a boor," and only for sneezing violently at a State banquet when the King was present.

Sir F. Hastings Doyle, in his autobiography, relates how, even in the fifties, Lord Halifax was walking with Lord Dundas, when the latter suddenly began to make hideous faces to such a degree that Lord Halifax became seriously alarmed and gasped out: "Shall I run for a doctor?"

Lord Dundas gave a peremptory "No," as far as he was able. When he had recovered from his paroxysm he said:

"I was only in the agonies of trying not to sneeze. The awful Court etiquette in regard to the matter has made me really ill many a time. Nowadays I cannot, from long habit, really sneeze, but the sensation that brings about sneezing simply agonizes me."

The late Czar of Russia, the father of the present ruler, once hazarded the opinion that a certain distinguished Englishman was "much wanting in polish and good manners" because he, poor man, sneezed at a Russian Court reception.—From Stray Stories.

Pruning.

There are several objects in pruning trees, the principal being the production of well coloured fruit of good size, in paying quantities, and the maintaining of a symmetrical top and well balanced tree to bear this fruit. Trees will bear fruit without pruning, but it is small in size and not so attractive. Unpruned trees, also, are likely to bear heavily one year and have no crop the next. Pruning lessens the number of apples produced and the tree not being so much exhausted at one time is likely to bear more regularly. It does not exhaust a tree as much to bear a good crop of fine fruit as it does to produce a heavy crop of small fruit, as the exhaustion of the tree is in proportion to the number of seeds matured, and not to the size of the fruit.

Trees should be pruned regularly, beginning when they are young. If much pruning is done at one time it would be likely to injure the tree. When the trees begin to grow thriftily many new branches will be formed, and it is the work of the pruner to remove all those which are not necessary and to cut back others. The top of the tree should be kept open, to admit air and sunlight, but pruning should be so carefully done that there will be no bare limbs. All branches which are growing across and through the top should be cut out. If two branches touch one another, one of them should be removed. If a branch on one side of the tree has outgrown the other, it should be headed back so as to make the tree symmetrical, cutting it off just above a bud which is on the side that it is desired to have the new growth. If, when the trees are young, they are treated in this way every year, comparatively little work will have to be done at one time. The best time to prune is between the middle of May and the middle of June when the trees are growing thriftily, as the wounds will heal over quicker if done at that time, but as this is a very busy season of the year the customary practice is to prune during the month of March, when quite satisfactory results are obtained. By pinching off young growth, which is not required, in summer, labour will be saved in pruning. It is much better to prune at any time of the year than to neglect it altogether, as it is not a matter of great consequence what month it is done in. The tools used should be a sharp pruning knife and a fine saw; the branch should be cut off close to the limb or trunk from which it is removed and the cut should be as clean and smooth as possible.

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

No better time than the present to begin a course at MACK COLLEGE, Thorough instruction given in BOOK-KEEPING, SHORTHAND, TYPEWRITING, Penmanship, Arithmetic, and all allied subjects. For further information address MACK COLLEGE, Truro, N. S. or Moncton, N. B.

The Baby Should be Fat and rosy—but many little ones are thin, and puny, and fretful from impaired nutrition. Give them PUTTNER'S EMULSION, which contains just what is needed to supply nourishment and aid the vital forces. It is a mild and soothing food, better than drugs. It soon builds up the little form, puts color into the cheeks and brightness into the eyes. And they like it, too! Be sure you get PUTTNER'S the original and best Emulsion. Of all druggists and dealers.

Intercolonial Railway On and after Monday June 19, 1901, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: LEAVE ANTIGONISH. Accommodation for N. Glasgow and Truro, Express for Halifax, Express for Sydney, Express for Halifax, Express for Sydney, Accommodation for Mulgrave. All trains run by Eastern Standard Time. Twenty-four hour notation. D. POTTINGER, General Manager. Moncton, N. B. June 6, 1901.

The Love Romance of James J. Hill.

It is common for biographers of the great railroad president to slide over that romance lightly, revealing only a glimpse of it, thinking mayhap it will not have a good sound in that high life which mankind assumes all rich Americans aspire to enter.

Jim Hill's love tale is exactly the sort of story that touches and vibrates the chord of romance which lives forever in the hearts of all—old boys and girls as well as young.

Conceal that story? Rather exalt it. Linger with loving touch on this romance and lesson in one. It is a credit to Mr. Hill's moral nature, and it shows no less than his long-headed railroad schemes do his sagacity in building for the future.

Hill was "mud clerk" on the St. Paul levee. The mud clerk, in steamboat lingo, is the young man who stands at the landings in all weathers and checks off freight passing to and from steamers.

He came to the States because Canada was not large enough to hold him. In 1856 he settled as mud clerk in St. Paul. He settled, but did not settle down.

Young Hill was powerfully attracted to the girl. But he knew already that he was to be a millionaire and a great man, although he was only a little past twenty and a mud clerk.

She came out of the convent a gracious, accomplished woman, one who could hold her own socially with the best.

While she was at school Hill was not wasting his time. A learned man one day went into a bookstore in St. Paul and saw upon the counter a pile of heavy, scientific volumes being wrapped up for delivery.

The young people began housekeeping modestly at first. As Hill's ideas materialized, the style of living was broadened to suit. To-day Mary Meghan is mistress of what George W. Childs called the finest private residence in America.

Nine fine children—three boys and six girls—were born to the pair. These Mrs. Hill reared in her own faith, her husband, Presbyterian still, not objecting.

"If a woman finds herself fitted to do a certain kind of work as well as a man, I don't see why a man should call it his work."—Buffalo Times.

The Passion Play in British Columbia.

Four thousand Indians were gathered on the Squah Reservation, on the banks of the Fraser River, last week. They performed the Passion Play under the patronage of Bishop Dometville and the direction of the Rev. Father Chiroux.

The religious ceremonial lasted three days, and was almost a continuous performance, culminating in a representation of the stations of the Cross. On the first day the Indians paid their homage to Bishop Dometville, prostrating themselves before his Lordship, and kissing the relic ring.

The assembled thousands then formed in procession and, with seven bands playing, marched to the cemetery, where mass was said for the repose of the soul of a former missionary leader, Bishop Durieu.

This ceremony lasted far into the night, but the effect on the Indians was to prepare them for the great Passion Play of the morrow. The day set apart for the final performance of the religious ceremonial was an ideal one.

The scene of the play was a wide, level, open ground, surrounded by Indian cottages and hundreds of white tents. At intervals between the cottages were great altars erected to the saints and handsomely decorated by the Indians.

The great space in the centre of the village was still clear, but soon from a big tent 150 Indians of the Sachelt tribe, noted on the coast for their intelligence and physical strength, scurried into the open, dressed in home-made costumes representing religious characters of Biblical times.

All took their places with the greatest system, for they had been well trained by the missionaries, and before one could count a hundred they had posed in tableaux representing the stations of the Cross.

These performers held their positions for one hour and a half without moving—a feat which would be impossible for a white man to perform. Then the chanting multitude moved nearer, and had almost arrived at the first station of the Cross when a score of photographers rushed into the open and pushed their cameras into the very faces of the posing Indians.

But soon the cameras are forgotten as the chanting Indians passed on either side of the station and reached the foot of the Cross. The figure of Christ crucified was raised on an eminence, and the great multitude were kneeling beneath. A solemn hush fell upon the kneeling thousands.

At 3 in the afternoon the church bell was rung and the multitude who had been praying upon their knees silently for thirty minutes at their own tents rose from their knees and slowly walked across the open space. A venerable Indian carried the Cross on high and the procession was started.

First the Sisters of Charity, then the neatly dressed children of the mission schools, then a medley of redmen, great grandmothers and great grandfathers, mothers with their papoosees strapped to their backs and their husbands by their sides and rounded-limbed maidens and wiry, slim young bucks.

The lame, the halt, the blind, all were there. Scarcely had the procession started when the priests raised their arms and chanted a recessional. "The Way to the Cross," and those in marching order took up the refrain. At last the great procession was in full swing. All chanted the same weird religious melody, but in many different tongues.

The head of the procession reached nearly to the point where they had started before the last stragglers were hurried into line, while the twenty priests, with the purple-robed bishop, brought up the rear. The circle of chanting Indians around the village was a mile in circumference.

The effect of the weird, low murmurings, sliding into high strains of thrilling religious music, sung by the moving circle, was remarkable. First the impressive harmony was heard close by, then far away, then echoed in a hundred places

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from the surrounding hills. Then there was a great thundering in the nearby mountains, as of heavy guns being fired.

The kneeling Indians were still silent when a priest rose among them, and, with a quiet, soothing voice, told them in the Chinook language—the trade language of the coast—the story of Christ's life, and the refrain all through the discourse, which appealed to the wandering tribes before him, was "And Christ had nowhere to lay His head."

What the "Passion Play" lacked was more than made up by the deep sincerity and religious fervour of the participants, and in the language of Bishop Dometville, "The play, under the circumstances, could not have passed off better, and it was certainly a most effective object lesson for the simple-minded redman, 90 per cent. of whom cannot read or write any language."

The stations of the Cross represented were as follows: In the Garden, Treason of Judas, Christ Condemned to Death, Scourging at the Pillar, Crowning with Thorns, Ecce Homo, Christ Falls Under the Cross, Meeting of Jesus and His Mother, Veronica Wiping the Face of Jesus, Christ Exhorting the Daughters of Jerusalem, Jesus Stripped of His Garments, Jesus Nailed to the Cross, His Death on the Cross.—Philadelphia North American.

NEW TIN SHOP.

HAVING opened a Tinshop in the rear of DUNCAN CHISHOLM'S SHOP, Opposite old Queen Hotel,

I am prepared to supply the trade with all kinds of Tinware.

CREAMERS, MILK PAILS, ETC.,

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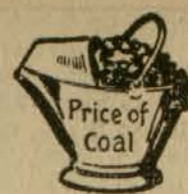
Sunlight Soap

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But it is quality and quality alone, that makes people use SUNLIGHT SOAP continuously and always.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, Soap Manufacturers, TORONTO.



Need of a "Sunshine" Furnace.

When the price of coal goes this high the need of an economical furnace is felt.

The "SUNSHINE" is the result of half a century of furnace-study, and embodies every fuel-saving device that long experience and modern ingenuity can think out.

Every square-inch from bottom of firepot to top of dome is a direct radiating surface.

Made in three sizes.

Burns coal, coke or wood.

Our local agent or nearest house will send descriptive pamphlets free to any address.



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ANTIGONISH SASH and DOOR FACTORY.

Always on hand or made to order at short notice.

Doors, Sashes, Sash and Door Frames, Mouldings, all Kinds, Spruce Flooring and Sheathing,

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AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE.

The Large Stock of Seeds that we advertised in the past two issues have all been sold, and we had to replenish several times. We now have some very nice, stylish

CARRIAGES,

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The Nova Scotia Carriage Company and the Canada Carriage Company are noted for turning up the most substantial work. The Works of the Nova Scotia Carriage Company are situated at Kentville, and their output is yearly increasing to such an extent that they have difficulty in filling their orders.

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The undersigned offers for sale the well-known farm on which she resides at Cross Roads Country Harbour, containing 300 acres more or less. The land is well wooded and watered, consists of considerable intervals, and the buildings are in excellent condition.

For further particulars apply to MRS. D. McDONALD, Cross Roads Country Harbour, Guy. Co., N. S. OR TO: C. F. McISAAC, Barrister, Antigonish.

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The "SUNSHINE" is the result of half a century of furnace-study, and embodies every fuel-saving device that long experience and modern ingenuity can think out.

Every square-inch from bottom of firepot to top of dome is a direct radiating surface.

Made in three sizes.

Burns coal, coke or wood.

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TO LET.

The House and Property on Sydney street last occupied by the late Angus Dunn. Apply to DR. CAMERON.

Fine Monumental Work

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

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BRILLIANT.

THIS HANDSOME STALLION is seven years old, weighs 1550 pounds, and is of a beautiful steel colour, is a splendid animal in every respect for a general purpose horse. Will stand the season of 1901 as follows: Every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoons at Captain McFarlane's stables, St. Mary street, Antigonish; remainder of the time at Owner's barn. Terms reasonable.

DAN. A. CAMPBELL, Owner, Gulf Road.

FRASER'S MEAT MARKET

Always in Stock

BEST QUALITY of FRESH BEEF

Several Barrels of First-Class

Salt Beef, Choice Pieces,

For Sale Low, to make Room for Cold Storage. Also Salt Pork.

JOHN FRASER, Manager.

Farm For Sale

The Subscriber offers for sale her Farm at Glen Road, consisting of 125 Acres more or less of Land in a Good state of Cultivation, with plenty of wood and water thereon, and Good Dwelling House and Barn. Will be sold on Easy Terms.

Apply to KATE McDONALD, RONALD MCGILLIVRAY, P. M., Glen Road

QUEEN HOTEL, ANTIGONISH.

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

GOOD DINING-ROOM FIRST-CLASS CUISINE. LARGE CLEAN BEDROOMS. Restaurant in Conjunction.

Good stabling on the premises. JAMES BROADFOOT, Prop. Antigonish, June 8, 98.

**NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.**  
 Auction—Alan McDonnell.  
 House for sale or to let—David Somers.  
 Mowers and Rakes—F. R. Trotter.  
 Mowing Machines—D. McIsaac.  
 Logs for sale—S. O'Donoghue.

**Local Items.**

CASH PAID for oats at J. S. O'Brien's.—adv.

WALDREN'S PHOTO STUDIO will be open from 2nd to 6th July.—adv. it.

MANY ACKNOWLEDGMENTS, correspondence, and other matter crowded out.

JUST RECEIVED, a carload of carriages. D. McIsaac.—adv.

FOR SALE.—One set single carriage harness; one Charter Oak range. M. L. Cunningham.—adv.

HAY.—A fine stalk of timothy, measuring 4 feet 2 inches, was taken from Mr. James Somers's farm at Briley's Brook on the 29th of June.

REV. S. J. MACPHERSON leaves the College to-day for Baddeck, to become first resident pastor of that growing and promising parish.

THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF ANTIGONISH is contemplating running an excursion to Port Hood in conjunction with the picnic at that place on the 25th inst.

MISS AMY MURRAY, who gave such a delightful entertainment in her "Evening of Scottish Songs" a few weeks ago, will appear in McDonald's Hall, Tuesday evening, July 16th.

THE COUNTY ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS commenced yesterday and will continue to-day, instead of being held on the 8th and 9th July, as was announced in the April number of the Journal of Education.

MR. GEORGE MCGREGOR, of the Upper South River, was kicked by a horse on Tuesday in Thomas Somers' free stable, Town, and sustained a fracture of the arm.

ONE HUNDRED and fourteen candidates have reported for the high school examinations to be held at Antigonish Station, next week. The number comprises 12 A's, 27 B's, 31 C's and 44 D's. The examinations will be conducted in suitable rooms in the College.

THE PICNIC at Brook Village, C. B., on next Tuesday and Wednesday will attract a large number of the people in the vicinity. All the amusements and attractions to ensure a thoroughly enjoyable day to patrons are arranged for.

A GRAND PICNIC in aid of the Church will be held at Georgeville on Wednesday and Thursday, 17th and 18th July, by the parishioners. The thorough arrangements for a first-class picnic and the beautiful situation of the grounds, near the seashore, should induce many to attend.

JUDGE McISAAC, who has been quite ill, and a great sufferer for some two weeks, is much better. A successful operation, performed by Doctors McDonald, relieved his pain at once. We are glad that his complete recovery now is only a question of a few weeks, when he will be able to attend to the duties of his office as usual.

DR. PYTHICK, of Charlottetown, and Mr. Shaw, of Berwick, N.S., are in the County to study the cause of the cattle disease. The latest theory is that the trouble is due to the prevalence of the weed popularly known as "Willie" in the hay mow. It permeates the hay when stored. Animals fed on this poisoned hay are affected in the liver.

A PICNIC will be held on the grounds of St. John the Baptist Church, New Glasgow, on Wednesday, 10th inst. The entertainment of visitors will be amply provided for. A return passage from Antigonish to the picnic will cost only one fare, provided ten or more persons go. They will leave by the accommodation train at 8.35 a. m. and return by special train in the evening.

THE COAL AREAS at Chimney Corner, Inv., extending several miles, have been sold to an English company. The property was owned by several persons mostly resident at Halifax. J. D. Copeland, of Antigonish, also had indirect interest in it. The price, \$300,000, reported to have been paid for the areas is, we are informed, incorrect; probably not one-third of that amount was paid. Cheticamp is to be the shipping port, and it is intended to have railway connections.

FATAALLY INJURED.—Mr. Hector McKinnon, of Eureka, California, writes: John McIsaac, Eureka, was fatally injured while at work in a log chute in Scotia, California, on the 4th of June, and died the same day. He was fifty years of age, a native of Mabou Bridge, Inverness, in which County he was a stage driver some thirty years ago. He was a policeman in this city for a number of years, was an upright citizen, and a devout Catholic. He leaves a widow. (See Miss McDonald of St. Andrews parish, Antigonish) and an adopted daughter. His funeral took place on the 6th ult. from St. Bernard's Church, Eureka. May he rest in peace!

THE SECTIONS at Big Mountain, Ant., where considerable prospecting for coal has been done were inspected last week by Mr. Patrick Neville, Inspector of Coal Mines for Cape Breton County. He is of opinion that there is no coal there. He, however, thinks the shale which the prospectors have found in good quantity may be valuable in producing coal oil, and has taken some samples for analysis at the assaying office of the Dominion Coal Company at Glace Bay. He states there is a quantity of iron ore of good quality at the Mountain. Mr. Neville also visited the workings at the Big Marsh coal areas, and expressed a desire to see them properly prospected.

THE BOSTON PAPERS of last week contain sensationally written stories of the disappearance from his boarding house at Malden, Mass., on June 1st, of Charles Matheson, a native of Addington Forks, Ant., and for many years a resident of this Town, where he worked as a tailor. The stories are complete in detail, and are strong in the mysterious. They show how Mr. Matheson left his companions at his boarding house door to retire, how his bed was unoccupied that night, how \$25 wages due him remains uncollected, how the constant efforts of the police and friends were unable to find any trace of him, etc. Now Mr. Wilmot writes to the press stating Mr. Matheson is at work in Portland, Maine.

THE NORMAL SCHOOL CLOSING EXERCISES took place at Truro on June 27th.

**LOGS FOR SALE.**

About three thousand spruce logs for sale in lengths from eight to thirty-four feet, from six to ten inches in diameter at top. Apply to S. O'DONOGHUE, Antigonish.

**On Hand AND To Arrive**  
 A larger number of  
**MOWERS and RAKES**

than ever. Roller and Ball-bearing on every mower.  
 From best manufacturers in United States and Canada.  
 Full ad. next week.

**F. R. TROTTER.**

**AUCTION SALE.**

TO BE SOLD at Public Auction at the premises of the subscriber at Beaver Meadow, on **TUESDAY, JULY 9TH,** At 10 o'clock.

The following stock:  
 4 Milch Cows. 1 Pair of Steers, 3 years old.  
 3 Two-year-old Steers, 3 Yearlings. 3 Calves.  
 3 Pigs. 17 Sheep and Lambs.  
 1 Riding Wagon and Sleigh.  
 1 Set Riding Harness. 1 Set Working Harness.  
 1 Set Bob Sieds and Chains. 1 Set Cart Harness.  
 1 Plough. 1 Harrow. 1 Horse Rake.  
 A Lot of Household Furniture consisting of Beds and Bedding, Chairs, Tables, Stoves, and a lot of other articles.  
 Terms: Fifteen months on approved notes.  
 MRS. ALEX. McDONALD.  
 Beaver Meadow, June 22, 1901.

**BRANDON, No. 5329.**

The imported Norman-French Stallion Brandon, will make the Season of 1901 in the Town of Antigonish.

Brandon is a coal black with star. Weight 1620 lbs. Sound and kind, has the best disposition a horse can have, a quality generally transmitted to the colt.

This is the best bred Stallion ever brought into Antigonish County. Is a son of Brilliant, 1270 (75) which took more first prizes in France and America than any other horse in the world.

The highest priced horse sold in Antigonish this year was a Percheron.

JAS. GRANT, Groom. F. R. TROTTER, Owner

**THE McCORMICK MOWER.**

Best in the world. Attained highest honours at the Paris Exposition.

**THE McCORMICK STEEL RAKE.**

Is the king of hay rakes. These machines make haymaking easy. Call and see them and you will buy no other.

For sale by

**Peter McDonald, EAST END.**

Sole Agent for Antigonish Co.

**Farm For Sale.**

The subscriber offers for sale his valuable farm at N. S. Cape George, containing 200 acres of land, with abundance of wood and fencing and good dwelling house and two new barns thereon. Convenient to church, school, post office, breakwater, &c.

For further particulars apply to PETER MCINNIS, Revelstoke Station, B. Columbia

Among those qualified for Academic Diploma after one year of successful teaching appears the name of James P. McNeil, B. A., Antigonish. Among those qualified for First Rank Diploma are David D. Boyd, River Bourgeois; Peter Carter, Antigonish; Moses M. Coady, Margaree Forks; John McAmis, Antigonish; Miss Agnes Benoit, N. E. Margaree; Miss Nellie Connolly, New Glasgow. Among those qualified for First Class diploma after one year successful teaching are Alfred Renault, West Arichat, and Miss Helen McNeil, River Bourgeois. Among those qualified for Second Rank after one year of successful teaching are Joseph N. McLennan and Miss Mary E. McLennan of Dunvegan. Among those awarded a diploma the Third Rank are Moses J. Coady of N. E. Margaree and Miss Marcella McGilivray of Antigonish, and among those advanced from Second Rank to First are Colin F. McKinnon of Antigonish.

IN THE DOMINION DAY races at North Sydney, first money in the 2.25 class was taken by Cassamira, owned by A. Lamphier, of Halifax, and driven by A. L. Slipp, of Sydney; second money by R. T. M., owned and driven by H. C. Lydiard; third money by Joe Youngheart, owned and driven by Norman McDonald, of Sydney. Best time, R. T. M., 2.25 1/2. In the free-for-all, first money was taken by Walter K., owned and driven by E. LeRoi Willis, of Sydney; second money by Arc-light, owned by J. A. Johnston, of Halifax, and driven by A. L. Slipp; third money by Ben F., owned by J. Hart, of Sydney. Best time, Walter K., 2.19 1/2. The three mile bicycle race for the Canada Cycle Motor Co.'s cup was won by Stanley Copeland, of Antigonish, in 8 min. 44.35 sec., and the mile race by the same in 2 min. 41 1/2 seconds. In the three-mile race Hugh Gillis, of Pitcher's Farm, Ant., was a good second till he met with a mishap which put him out of the race altogether. In the mile race Gillis took second place. The 16-pound shot throwing was won by Michael McCormack, student of St. F. X. College, 42 feet, beating the record of 41 feet 8 inches made by Alex. McDonald, of New Glasgow; his brother J. B. McCormack was second with 37 1/2 feet.

HYMENEAU.—At St. Peter's Church, Somerville, Mass., on June 12th, Rev. Father Farwell united in holy wedlock Joseph Kiely of Cambridge and Miss Bridie Broderick of Somerville, Mass. The happy couple were attended during the ceremony by Miss Mary J. McKenna of Somerville and Mr. W. W. Dunn of Boston. A numerous gathering of friends were entertained at the new home of Mr. and Mrs. Kiely, 7 Elliot Street, Somerville, and a pleasant evening was spent. A large number of valuable presents were received. The groom, who is a highly-respected and a well-known young man, is a native of South River, Antigonish, and a brother of the Revs. W. F. and James Kiely of this diocese.

William V. Chisholm, a patrolman at Station 10, Roxbury, Mass., formerly of Glassburn, this County, and Miss Lillian Chisholm, of Lower South River, Ant., were united in marriage in St. Joseph's Catholic Church, Roxbury, on the 20th of June by Rev. David Barry. The groom was supported by A. A. Chisholm and Miss Anna B. Chisholm, cousin of the bride, was bridesmaid. Mr. and Mrs. Chisholm left on a trip to Buffalo. They will reside at 18 Linwood street. The presents were numerous and valuable.

The Church of St. Mary Immaculate, Lismore, Pictou Co., was on Tuesday last the scene of a happy event, when Lismore's most popular young lady, Miss Annie McIntosh, daughter of Duncan McIntosh, was led to the altar by Mr. John C. Chisholm, of Pomquet River, Antigonish. The Rev. Dr. McGregor, after a nuptial mass, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Chisholm,—both cousins of the bride,—performed the marriage ceremony. Miss Mary Ann McDonald, of Bailey's Brook, acted as bridesmaid and Mr. Christopher Chisholm, of Antigonish, supported the groom. The ceremony over, a large number of neighbours and friends spent an enjoyable afternoon at the home of the bride, after which the happy couple left for their future home, followed by the best wishes of the bride's acquaintances. Upon the previous evening a few of Miss McIntosh's friends presented her with an address and bank cheque for thirty dollars. The presentation was an acknowledgment of her valued services as Church organist and leading singer of the choir the past twelve years, during which time she was never absent from her duties, and also as a testimony of the generally high regard entertained for an estimable young lady. A most fitting reply was made by the recipient.

**Personals.**

Professor Connolly of the Normal School, Truro, is in Town.

Christina McDonald, Roxbury, is visiting friends at North Grant.

Mr. Alex. Chisholm, of East Bay, C. B., is visiting friends in the County.

Mr. R. D. McIsaac and Miss Mary McIsaac, of Giant Lake, are visiting friends at Blooming Point, P. E. I.

L. C. Archibald, Dr. Cameron, C. E. Gregory, Barrister, and E. L. Girroir, Barrister, went to Halifax on Monday to attend the banquet Tuesday evening to Mr. Borden, leader of the Conservative party in the Dominion.

**AUCTION.**

To be sold at Public Auction at the store of S. Arscott & Co., Main St., opposite post office Antigonish, on

**MONDAY, THE 8th JULY INST.,** At 2 o'clock p. m.

Household furniture, consisting of Centre Tables, Small Tables, What-not, Easy Chairs, Parlor and Kitchen Chairs, Bed and other Lounges, Music Rack, Looking Glasses, Pictures in Frames, Wash stands, Bed Stands and Bedding, Crockery and Glassware, Cooking Stove and Parlor stove, and many other articles.

Sale Positive. Terms Cash. ALLAN McDONNELL, Auctioneer. Antigonish, July 4th, 1901.

**Prepare For Haying!**  
 —x—CALL AT—x—  
**D. G. KIRK'S HARDWARE EMPORIUM**  
 And get a complete outfit  
**BEST SCYTHES, RAKES, FORKS, MOWING MACHINE SECTIONS, OIL, &c., &c.**  
 While there buy a  
**CHURN**  
 that will give satisfaction,  
 Also Creamers and Other Tinware.  
 If you intend painting this year make enquiry about  
**SHERWIN WILLIAMS PAINTS,**  
 They are the best and we keep them because they are.

**D. G. KIRK.**  
**NOW IS THE TIME . . .**  
 Getting ready and making room for our Spring Stock we have bargains to offer,  
**SLIGHTLY USED UPRIGHT PIANOS, SLIGHTLY USED CABINET ORGANS,**  
 Sold very Low for Cash or on our Easy Payment System, also a Full Line of  
**SEWING MACHINES, NEEDLES, OIL, FITTINGS OF ALL KINDS.**  
 Send for our catalogue. You can buy much cheaper abroad than at home. Mail orders a specialty. Try us.  
**Miller Bros. & McDonald,**  
 45 Barrington Street, Halifax, N. S.

**An acknowledged fact.**  
 'Tis acknowledged by all who patronize the Exclusive Shoe Store that it is the only place  
**TO OBTAIN VALUES IN SHOES.**  
 The exclusive dealer always makes it a point to handle best makes and buys at least ten per cent. cheaper than the general dealer.  
**HE THEREFORE UNDERSELLS.**  
 Our space being small we cannot quote prices. Call and see for yourselves. We can only assure you that our stock and prices will be satisfactory.  
**N. K. CUNNINGHAM,**  
 Antigonish Exclusive Shoe Store.

**Saw Mill Machinery Outfits.**  
**Engines and Boilers,** IN PORTABLE, SEMI-PORTABLE —OR— STATIONARY STYLES  
**Turbine Water Wheels, Rotary Saw Mills.**  
 GANG EDGERS, BAND SAW MILL — — — MACHINERY, — — —  
 Complete list of BAND SAWING MACHINES, HEADING ROUNDERS, SHINGLE MACHINES, LATH MACHINES, SAWS, BELTING, ETC., ETC.  
**Lloyd Mfg. Co., Kentville, N. S.**

**ISRAEL.** The famous and well-known trotting stallion  
**ISRAEL**  
**RACE RECORD 2.19 1/4**  
 will stand for the season of 1901 at the stables of F. H. Randall.  
 Terms made known on application.  
 ADAM MAHONEY, Groom. F. H. RANDALL, Owner.

**HACKNEY HORSES.**  
 Colton Swell, No. 6693, E. H. H. B. Stralhcona, No. 412, A. H. H. B.  
 These two pure bred Hackney Stallions imported by the Government of Nova Scotia for the purpose of improving the Hackney Horses in this Province, will remain during the season of 1901 at the subscriber's stables at Kentville, Antigonish.  
 Terms on application. R. D. KIRK