

The Amenities of Life.

The amenities of life are such trifles that we think them too much trouble to cultivate, forgetting that life is made up of trifles.

A gentle manner is worth having, from every point of view. It is not only an assistant to that interior grace we all desire in ourselves, but a person who is habitually polite and amiable can be depended upon to influence a very large number of persons to better things in the course of his lifetime.

To nobody is conscientious respect for the amenities more important than to the woman who is engaged in any kind of semi-public work. It is astonishing the number of honest, earnest, hardworking women engaged in the most laudable works for the public good who have such disagreeable manners that people grow to hate both advocates and causes.

A serene way of looking at things with a desire to be as helpful and pleasant as circumstances will allow, and an absence of the disposition to find fault with everything under the sun, would make things go along much more smoothly in most large workshops.

It's a great pity altogether, but after all, the home is most important. It is possible for a person who has had no home training to acquire good manners, but it is easier to learn them unconsciously as one grows up.

Some people, in the earnest striving to live out to its full measure the serious side of life, neglect the beautiful side. They forget that Dame Nature, who is serious

and even terrible when the occasion demands, is never sparing in her amenities. Her most useful fields and woods are embroidered in hues whose beauty defies the artist.

Discontent.

A thoughtful writer in a current magazine tells us that the keynote of the present age is discontent. At the same time he says the world is freer, more prosperous and successful now than at any time of its previous history.

I was thinking over this when a girl came in to visit me whose name I always associate with cheerfulness. But this time she was serious, and there was a discontented curve to her usually smiling lips.

"O, I'm just tired of every thing," she said. "Here I am working day after day, the same old round, and I do get so tired of it. The girls who work in offices, factories or stores are much better off. They have their own time evenings and holidays, while I—"

She is the kind of girl that sees no meat for a bright, cozy kitchen, and any kitchen that she had anything to do with would be bright and cozy. She manages the housework perfectly in the family with whom she has lived since leaving her own home.

"But you have a real talent for house-keeping," I said to her. Surely it is pleasanter to do what you are fitted for than to enter a new field that you have no experience of."

"I shall be more independent, and I won't be a servant," she said. It did not take many minutes to show her that in leaving the homelike privacy of her present situation she would not lift herself in the social scale in the very least.

"Only your work," they exclaimed together, and I smiled. "My dear girls, how many trials and disappointments a writer has to bear can never be told," I said, but they would not be convinced.

"Of course, it is not every one who can write," one of them said. "You mean that there are a few who realize that they cannot," I returned. "Well there is a little verse I learned some years ago that just applies to this matter."

"The world will never adjust itself To suit your whims to the letter; Some things must go wrong your whole life long. And the sooner you know it the better."

"The last two lines hold all the lesson," said the little housekeeper; and her lips wore her accustomed smile, and her eyes were very bright.

With the Compliments of the Colleges.

Many of those who were prominent in the recent war have received high degrees from the leading colleges and universities, and some of them have been doubly blessed in the distribution of favours.

It sounds well. It shows that the colleges and universities are not too great to see the merits of the men of action, that they are not too elevated to miss the chance of profiting from the fame they so solemnly recognize.

And the mere scholar who is not a hero ought not to complain that the mere hero who is not a scholar gets laurels which scholarship claims as its own. Scholarship should be broad; it should share glories. It is all right for a female college to make the President of the United States a Doctor of Law, and it may be all right for a certain agricultural institution in the south to confer the degree of Doctor of Divinity; and certainly if the largest colleges give their highest honors to fighters, the scholar ought to be thankful that anything at all is left for him and his quiet work.

Then, too, wars are so rare nowadays that the heroes of them are entitled to their honours when they do come around.

A Minister's Brave Words.

We are pleased to see in pamphlet form the much-discussed sermon of the Rev. Henry C. Simmons, of Minneapolis, on "Our Philippine Missionary Work." This discourse can not be too widely circulated; it is the kind of reading that our people need, especially the imperialists and expansionists.

Like other representative Americans, Mr. Simmons considers our war with the Filipinos anything but a "war of humanity;" and he is of opinion that we ought to have a better reason for continuing in a wrong course than that of having begun it. Many others of the clergy—professional followers of the Prince of Peace, but ardent advocates of war—would seem to argue in this way: We annexed Hawaii when the opportunity presented itself; therefore we should hold on to the Philippines so as not to be inconsistent.

Mr. Simmons can be caustic when he likes. Let us quote his reference to the future missionaries that will flock to the Philippines as soon as the engines of war have prepared the way for the Gospel of peace:

They will teach in the name of Jesus that His words, "Blessed are the merciful," and His command to do unto others as we would have others do unto us, are infallible words from Heaven itself. I hope the Filipinos may in time accept this teaching, and may "forgive" us for having smitten them with such slaughter.

Catarrrh Starts

With the Simple Cold in the Head—No Sneezing and the Seeds of this Euthetic Robber of Health and Happiness are Sown—Prevent the Seed Sowing by a Speedy Application of Japanese Catarrh Cure—Cures the Head Cold in a Minute.

SOLD BY FOSTER BROS.

rageously denied; and that the ministers at home, amid their doctrinal and denominational teaching, will give that Gospel an occasional sermon. I ardently hope that the genuine religion of Jesus Christ will in time fill all heathendom, as the waters fill the sea; and that it may yet come to be acceptable in Christendom also, heard from every pulpit and believed in every pew.

It is an admitted fact that war distorts the moral vision and confounds the distinctions of right and wrong. It seems to be equally true also that men who call themselves ministers of the Gospel are as much disposed as most other men to lose sight of its teachings.

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N. B. Picnic's will find it to their advantage to get quotations from me. J. H. STEWART, Agent Francis Drake, New Glasgow, N. S.

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PLANT LINE.

COMMENCING JULY 1st. Bi-Weekly Services. LA GRANDE DUCHESSE, the largest and most magnificent coastwise passenger steamer ever built in the United States, over 400 feet long, 5000 tons, will sail from Halifax every Tuesday at 8 p. m. and from Halifax for Boston, every Wednesday at 4 p. m.

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for Spring is now complete with PRICES LOWER THAN EVER. I feel in a position to solicit orders from all who want PERFECT FITTING CLOTHES at reasonable prices.

THOMAS SOMERS.

March 21, 1899.

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GRANT & CO.

THE VEIL WITHDRAWN.

(Translated from the French of Madame Craven.)

(Continued.)

CHAPTER IV. Continued.

"Mario, you have no heart, or soul, or mercy! Go away. It was not your place to tell her about this misfortune."

But Mario, excited as usual by contradiction, continued without any circumlocution, and even more violently than before.

"No, no. It is better for Ginevra to learn the truth from my lips; for I am the only person that dares tell her the real state of the case. And I will do it without any disguise, for it may cure her. She shall listen to what I have to say. It will do her good. And I shall conceal nothing."

I will not repeat the words that fell from his lips like a torrent of fire. . . . Besides, I can only recall their import. All I can remember is that they met the very evening of that fatal day—where and how I do not recollect. Flavio was talking to several other young men, and without observing Mario's presence, insolently mentioned my name. My brother snatched the carnation from his button-hole. The next day the encounter took place. . . .

I felt ready to drop with fright and horror. "Oh!" I said in a stifled voice, "can it be that my brother has killed Flavio Aldini with his own hand? O my God! my God! My punishment is greater than I deserve!"

"No, no," he eagerly replied, "it was not I who . . ." He stopped, . . . and then continued in a calmer tone, but somewhat bitterly:

"Compose yourself dear sister; it was my blood alone that was shed in this encounter."

"May God forgive me!" I shudderingly exclaimed with the fervent, sincere piety I always manifested with the simplicity of childhood. "And may he forgive you, too, Mario; for you likewise have committed a deed forbidden by God."

A faint smile hovered on Mario's lips, but it immediately gave way to a graver expression; for notwithstanding his defects, he was by no means disposed to be impious.

"Forbidden by God! That is true, Ginevra; but it is I would hope, a deed he sometimes excuses, especially when the person insulted gets the worst of the encounter."

As he said this, he put his hand to his breast, as if suffering from pain. I was again struck with his extreme paleness, as well as other traces of illness in his altered appearance, and was penetrated with shame and remorse. A feeling more akin to affection than I had ever felt for him sprang up in my heart, and I said to him humbly:

"Mario, you have done right to be plain with me, and I thank you. What you have said will, I trust, effect my entire cure. At any rate you have done your duty."

He had never known me to yield to him before. I had always revolved against his ill-humour and harshness, whether just or not, and sometimes replied with an impertinence that justified his resentment. He was touched at seeing me in this new attitude, and for the first time in his life, clasped me in his arms and kissed me with real affection. He then left the room making a sign for Livia to follow him. She did so, but returned in a few minutes. Tears were in her eyes, and her lips were slightly tremulous—a sure indication in her of some sudden and profound emotion.

Mario had not told me everything. His anger had died away, and he left it for kinder lips than his to communicate the rest.

CHAPTER V.

The affliction and repentance that so speedily followed the brief moment when I saw Flavio Aldini for the last time seemed to have effaced the transient impression produced at our only meeting, as a stream, suddenly swelled by a storm, washes away every trace left on the sand. I should have met him again with indifference, and perhaps even with aversion; for he would have been always associated with the first misfortune and first remorse of my life. Nevertheless, when Livia, after considerable hesitation, uttered the words, "Flavio Aldini is dead," a cry almost of despair escaped from my lips; and the horrible thought at once occurred to me that Mario had deceived me—that he was the murderer, and that this flower, a thousand times abhorred, had cost the life of him who had obtained it through my vanity and thoughtlessness!

The terrible lesson I had already received was not, however, to be carried to such an extent; but it was some minutes before I could be convinced of it. Livia herself had some difficulty in clearly relating the account she was charged with. At length I comprehended that Flavio, while pursuing a successful career of pleasure, was no less careful to improve every opportunity of repairing the inroads made on his fortune. Among these was the pro-

posal to marry a wealthy heiress, which he acceded to without any scruple. But though he thus triumphed over a large number of suitors by means of his good looks and captivating manners, it was, in his eyes, only a lucky bargain and another light vow. He had been engaged only a few days, and the marriage was about to be publicly announced when he met me at the ball. The sight of a new young face, and especially the naive inexperience of a girl it would be easy to dazzle, inspired the wish to try his power once more. But he had been followed to the ball-room, and watched, by one of the unsuccessful suitors of the beautiful heiress. His encounter with Mario a few days after confirmed his rival's suspicions, and afforded him a pretext for gratifying his hatred and jealousy. Consequently, when Flavio, after leaving Mario wounded on the field, returned to the villa he occupied at a short distance from Messina, he found a new opponent to bring him to an account for his faithfulness to his betrothed, on the plea of a distant relationship that gave him the right to declare himself her champion. In this second duel, fortune was adverse to Flavio. He lived several weeks, however, and had only died that very morning from the effects of his wounds. . . . The news had just arrived. . . . And this was what Livia had been commissioned to tell me of. . . .

If it is true that our souls are like precious stones, that only reveal all their brilliancy after much cutting and polishing, it is certain that for both the first blow must be the most trying. . . . My soul, over which my mother had watched, and which she said was dearer to her than her own life, or even than mine, was now undergoing this painful process; or rather had undergone it. But during the last hour, it was no longer the knife, but fire, that had been applied to my bleeding heart!

Though I had no direct cause for self-reproach concerning this new catastrophe, as I at first feared, I did not feel myself wholly irresponsible. This was sufficient to deepen the solemn gravity of my reflections, in which I remained absorbed so long—motionless and silent—that poor Livia was seriously alarmed.

"Speak to me, Gini, I implore you. Oh! why, tell me why, *carina*, you have kept all this secret from your poor sister? Who could have dreamed you loved this unfortunate man; that you loved any one unbeknown to us all? Could we imagine such a thing possible? You know, dear child, I have never found fault with you, and I will not now. So tell me if it is true that you eluded the vigilance of your mother and Ottavia, in order to meet Flavio in the garden? Was it there you gave him the flower you wore in your hair? And it is true that more than once . . ."

Excessive surprise completely roused me from my stupor, and I eagerly interrupted her with a face as red as fire:

"Never! never! never! . . ." I exclaimed in a tone that would have convinced the most incredulous, for it had the indubitable accent of truth. "I did not love Flavio Aldini, and I never meet him alone in my life."

Livia, in her turn, looked at me with astonishment. "Did not love him? Never met him alone? Never gave him a bouquet or a single flower?"

"I will tell you the truth, Livia: once, and then I did not speak to him, I threw him from a distance the carnation I wore in my hair."

"Once? From a distance? Ah! then tell me when and where you did it?"

I made no reply. A thousand thoughts flashed across my mind with the rapidity of lightning. . . . It was evident that, by some wonderful chance, no one knew exactly what had taken place. A vague story had been circulated, founded on Flavio's exaggerated boasts. My father, brother, and sister had accepted this version—so far from the truth—without understanding the real extent of that which had been alleged against me. I felt that they considered me guiltier than I really was. And yet I would not have undervalued them for anything in the world. They judged me more severely than I deserved, but of what consequence was it? Was I not sufficiently culpable to accept this injustice with humility? Was it not enough, without complaining of anything else, to be at last assured that my secret was safe with my mother in heaven? Ought I not rather to bear all their reproaches without a murmur? There was only one that would have overwhelmed me, and that I was spared. All others were easy to bear, and moreover, were merited by what they were ignorant of, if not by what they supposed true.

Livia patiently waited for me to break my long silence.

"You know that I am incapable of telling you an untruth," I said to her at last.

"Yes, and therefore I always believe you."

"Well, then, I implore you to believe me now, Livia, without asking me anything more. And, moreover," I added in a supplicating tone, "do not repeat what I

have just told you, and make no effort to justify me to any one."

My good sister looked at me attentively for a moment, and then gently drew my head against her shoulder.

"Poor Gini!" she said. "It shall be as you wish. I believe everything you say, and love you too well to annoy you with any more questions."

Livia knew me thoroughly; for, notwithstanding her apparent simplicity, she had an eye that could read one's soul. She saw the sincerity and repentance of mine, and read in my pale face and distressed look the extent of my sufferings, and her kind heart melted. . . . I was, indeed, very young to experience such a variety of emotions, and was still too weak to endure them. The habit of duelling, so unfortunately prevalent in Sicily, had, of course, accustomed me more than would have been the case anywhere else to occurrences similar to what I had just heard about. But to have my name connected with so fatal an affair; to feel that I was the cause of the blood shed in one of these encounters, and that the other had resulted in the tragical end of one who had flashed for an instant across my path, like one of those meteors that are the ominous forerunners of misfortune and death, . . . was more than my young heart and feeble frame could endure. Livia perceived it.

"Come, *carina*," she said, "lean against me. You need rest."

I attempted to make my way to an old sofa, covered with red damask, at the other end of the vast and scantily-furnished room; but I had no sooner risen than my strength failed me, and I was obliged to lean against a table to keep myself from falling. Livia hastened to procure some cold water, with which she sprinkled my face. I soon recovered, but was still pale and agitated when Ottavia came in. She had left me quite well an hour before, and, finding me now in such a state, she exclaimed with mingled impatience and alarm as she advanced: "Good heavens! what has happened to her? She was so well this morning." . . . And giving Livia a furtive, distrustful glance, she extended the index and little finger of her hand, closing all the others; turning around as she made this gesture, the meaning of which is only too well known in our country. This was done so quickly that I hoped I was the only one to perceive it.

"How foolish!" I angrily exclaimed to Ottavia, seizing her hand and covering it with mine. "Are you going to treat me always as if I were an invalid or an old woman? Thanks to Livia"—and I emphasized these words—"I have entirely recovered."

Ottavia, half angry, half sorry, was about to go away; but Livia made a sign for her to remain, and, pressing my hand as she embraced me one more, left the room without uttering a word.

CHAPTER VI.

The little incident I have just related will doubtless excite some astonishment, and be regarded as scarcely confirming what I have said before about Ottavia's piety and good sense. But whoever has lived in the southern part of Italy knows there are hundreds of people in that region whose education, and even religious instruction, are in no way deficient, and who nevertheless, are not exempt from the stogular superstition I have just referred to.

I leave it to the erudite to prove that *Magna Grecia* derived it from classical Greece, the mother country; that remote antiquity made use of the same absurd gesture to avert the effects of what it was still more absurd to believe; and that in those days, as well as now, people multiplied this very sign under the form of protective amulets—not only as jewels to be worn, but in the objects that surrounded them. I likewise leave to them the task of explaining why this evil has resisted the influence of time and the progress of civilization, as well as the spirit of Christianity. All that can be said, it seems to me, is that in those regions this superstition takes the place of all those that abound in the North of Europe, and from which Italy is exempt. For instance, we do not hear people there, as in Ireland, Scotland, and Sweden, talk of strangers, weird apparitions, fairies, or malign spirits, under the name of bogies or banshees. They are not afraid, as in Russia, of meeting people clothed in black, of the number thirteen, and a thousand other absurd notions which Catholicism has condemned without being able to eradicate, and which Protestantism has been much more powerless against. Nor are the ruins, as in Germany, associated with wild legends or haunted by spirits. But, to make up for all this, the *Jettatura* holds there its baleful sway. Though frequently ridiculed, it is feared more than any one is willing to admit; and there is no one, even among the most reasonable, who would suffer this dreaded epithet to be

"It is well known that the people of Southern Italy think they can, by this gesture, avert the effects of the *jettatura*, or evil eye, which they attribute to some persons."

applied to himself, or any one he loved, without manifesting his displeasure. It would be impossible to account for the cause of this prejudicial notion in individual cases, or explain why this fearful term is sometimes applied to men of special merit, and women who are young, lovely, and amiable, as well as to those whom a pretext is wanted to avoid, or whose appearance has something repugnant. Sometimes it is sufficient that a person has accidentally witnessed some misfortune, and if the same thing is known to occur again, the word escapes from the lips, flies from mouth to mouth, and the foolish prejudice is established. This had been the case with poor Livia. An accident once happened to me in my childhood when she was with me; shortly after, she was present when another occurred to one of our young friends; and a third time, she happened, in one of her charitable rounds, to be in the house of a poor man at the time of his death. This was spoken of at first as a mere jest; but it gradually became a source of mortification and humiliation to her, though none of us were ever allowed to make the least allusion to it in her presence. The repeated troubles of the past few weeks had disturbed the faithful Ottavia's equilibrium and good sense to such an usual degree that when she found me, pale and agitated, leaning on my sister's shoulder, the first thought inspired by her terror caused her instantly to make this involuntary gesture.

(To be continued.)

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The type setters, pressmen and stereotypers in the office of the New York Sun, about 110 in number, went on strike Saturday night, having heard that the management intended to introduce non-union printers, 87 of whom they had on the way from Philadelphia. The printers have a strong organization at their back. The Sun has appeared in an abbreviated form since the strike took place.

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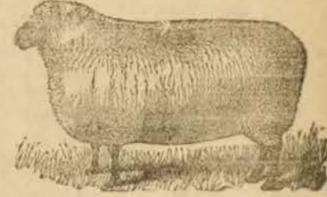
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There is what is called the worldly spirit which enters with the greatest subtlety into the character of even good people; and there is what is called the time-spirit, which means the dominant way of thinking and of acting which prevails in the age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

THURSDAY, AUGUST 17.

THE TRANSVAAL RESOLUTIONS AT OTTAWA.

To the Editor of THE CASKET:

Sir:—It will be universally admitted that the enthusiastic unanimity with which the Commons and Senate of Canada passed, on last Monday, their resolutions of sympathy with the British subjects in the Transvaal, presented a spectacle at once edifying and inspiring. Whether one regards the Outlanders as a glorious band of struggling, but oppressed, patriots, of purest aims and irreproachable motives, or considers them as a selfish gang of unprincipled fortune-seekers and hungry land-grabbers, bent on using the franchise to subvert the independence of the Boer Republic, it cannot be denied that the generous loyalty, the spirited indignation and the fervid eloquence of our Canadian Parliament in their behalf, will give to distant nations, unacquainted with our recent history, an exalted opinion of our love of liberty and our devotion to the doctrine of equal rights.

Not so, however, for those who know us well.

I pass over, as not pertinent to my present subject, the bitter and cruel comedy of an Administration which only yesterday perpetrated a monstrous injustice on the helpless Catholic minority in Manitoba, appealing to-day to "the conscience and judgment of mankind at large," declaiming about the "noble, moral and just cause" of the South African Outlanders, and condemning in terms of indignant anger what it is pleased to call "intolerable oppression."

But, sir, I submit that if the Canadian Cabinet is honestly in search of Outlanders to befriend, there is no sort of necessity to travel for them to South Africa. They may be found nearer home.

Some months ago public attention was drawn to a grievance under which the Roman Catholic subjects of the Empire have laboured since the year 1702. Since that date every sovereign who has ascended the British throne has publicly, solemnly and wantonly insulted every Roman Catholic in the Empire in the following gross and outrageous terms:

"I, A. B., by the grace of God, King, (or Queen) of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, do solemnly and sincerely in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare, that I do believe that in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is not any Transubstantiation of the elements of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ, at or after the consecration thereof by any person whatsoever; and that the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary or any other Saint, and the Sacrifice of the Mass, as they are now used in the Church of Rome, are superstitious and idolatrous. And I do solemnly in the presence of God profess, testify, and declare that I do make this Declaration and each and every part thereof, in the plain and ordinary sense of the words read unto me, as they are commonly understood by English Protestants, without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation whatsoever, and without any dispensation already granted me for this purpose by the Pope, or any other authority or person whatsoever, or without any hope of any such dispensation from any person or authority whatsoever, or without thinking that I am or can be acquitted before God or man, or absolved of this declaration or any part thereof, although the Pope, or any other person or persons, or power whatsoever, should dispense with or annul the same or declare that it was null and void from the beginning."

Now, sir, which Outlanders are the more deserving of sympathetic resolutions—those of the Transvaal who are denied the (if Canadian methods prevail there) doubtful and precarious privilege of marking a ballot, or those within the British Empire itself whose principal religious beliefs and sacred convictions are branded by their sovereign as "superstitious and idolatrous," and whose Spiritual Head is referred to in words that would not be applied to a Zulu chief?

It will not be contended that the Catholics of Canada have not asked for relief from this grievance. Numerous Catholic organizations in Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec and

Ontario made known their discontent by public resolution and petition. The Catholic press unanimously seconded the movement. The Northwest Review, of Winnipeg, the Catholic Record, of London, the Catholic Register, of Toronto, the Canadian Freeman, of Kingston, the True Witness, of Montreal, and The Casket, of Antigonish, respectfully and repeatedly urged that some steps should be taken to prevent the declaration against Catholic doctrines from ever again being made by a British Sovereign. Fortified by this support from so many quarters, a committee of the St. Joseph's Catholic Truth Society of Ottawa interviewed the Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, who is supposed to officially represent in the House of Commons the English-speaking Catholics of Canada, and requested him to introduce into Parliament a resolution embodying the views of his constituents. But the Honourable gentleman could not see his way clear to touch the question at all. The Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the present champion of full freedom in Boerland, to whom the Catholic grievance was also referred, decided that any action in the matter would be inopportune.

But now, at the bidding of some mysterious emissary from South Africa, the Cabinet, which had refused to consider the petition of a considerable body of Canadian citizens, fathers a stilted resolution of sympathy with British citizens in the Transvaal, who, whatever may be their sufferings, can only come indirectly within the notice of our Government.

It is difficult to suppress rather frank comment on the patent insincerity and picnic patriotism of the whole proceeding. The chivalry of the Canadian Government would not be more quixotic, and would certainly be less illogical, if it gave some attention to the well-founded complaints of its own citizens, and refrained from rushing off almost millions of miles to find objects for its legislative charity.

The day is coming, though we all sincerely pray it may be long deferred, when another British monarch will be by law obliged to insult his Roman Catholic subjects.

Will our Cabinet, which displays so watchful a solicitude regarding the laws of a land where Her Majesty is only Suzerain, have no regard for the objectionable statutes of a realm where Her Majesty is the ruling Sovereign?

M. F. FALLON, O. M. I. Donville, Ont., August 5th, 1899.

Some Personal Facts.

The diocesan spiritual retreat closed with Mass in the College at an early hour on Sunday. Exclusive of the preacher, the Bishop, Rev. Mr. Chapman of Chatham, and the Rev. Messrs. MacAdam and McIsaac—then deacons, now priests—there were fifty-eight priests in attendance. The following is a list alphabetically arranged: Beaton; Cameron; Chisholm, Alex.; Chisholm, Archd. J. (Creignish); Chisholm, Arch. (Judique); Chisholm, Colin; Chisholm Daniel E. (Larry's River); Chisholm, Donald; Chisholm, Finlay J.; Chisholm, J. C.; Chisholm, J. J.; Chisholm, Joseph; Coady; Doyle; Fraser, Jas.; Fraser, Jno.; Gallant; Gillis, D.; Gillis, H.; Gillis, J. A. M.; Kiely; Laffin; MacAdam; MacAulay; Macdonald, A. L.; Macdonald, A. R.; Macdonald, C. W.; Macdonald, D. L.; Macdonald, Joseph; Macdonald, Neil; Macdonald R. (Glac Bay); Macdonald, Rodk.; McDougall, Macgillivray, Alex.; Macgregor; McInnes; McKenzie, R.; McKinnon; McIntosh; McKeough; McLeod; McMaster; McNeil, J. J.; McNeil, Joo.; Macpherson, H.; Macpherson, L. J.; Macpherson, M. A.; Macpherson, W. B.; Mombourquette; Mullins; O'Hanley; Phalen; Quinan, J.; Quinan, J. M.; Richard; Shaw; Thompson; Tompkins. (58).

Fourteen were absent: Bransard; Chisholm, D. A. (N. Sydney); Fiset; Grant; McDonald, Alex.; McDonald, Duncan; McDonald, K. J.; McDonald, Ronald, (professor); McDonald, W. B.; Macgillivray, Andrew; McIsaac; McKenzie, A.; McKeuzie, M.; McKee.

Seventy-four priests thus constitute the entire body of clergy who canonically belong to the diocese. Their surnames, thirty-nine all told, furnish imperfect data, whence one is apt—not always correctly—to infer the prevailing patronymics of Catholics in E. N. Scotia. Macdonald is represented thirteen times; Chisholm, eleven, Macpherson, four, Gillis, three, McKenzie, three, and Fraser, MacAdam, Macgillivray, McIsaac, McNeil and Quinan twice each. Thus eleven surnames extend to forty-six persons, while twenty-eight other surnames are represented by as many individual members. Thirty-five are natives of Cape Breton, and thirty-nine of the mainland, thirty-one of the latter number hailing from the county of Antigonish.—Com.

The London Times condemns the long-windedness of counsel before the Venezuelan Boundary Commission and declares that arbitration as a means of settling international differences is sure to be a failure unless a change takes place in this respect.

F. X. Lemieux, ex-accountant of the Ville Marie Bank, who was arrested on suspicion of having been connected with the embezzlement of its funds, but discharged for want of evidence against him, has taken action against the bank for \$10,000 for false arrest.

Acknowledgments.

- Rev. Dr. Cameron, Christmas Island, \$1.00
- Rev. C. F. McKinnon, Sydney Mines, 1.00
- Rev. T. Richards, Friar's Head, 1.00
- Rev. L. J. McDonald, West Grand River, 1.00
- Rev. A. J. Brabant, P. P. Hesquiat, B. C., 1.00
- Rev. E. Kennedy, P. P. Windsor, 1.00
- Rev. J. J. MacNeil, Iona, 1.00
- Ven. Archdeacon Caser, Peterboro, 1.00
- Finlay Benton, Bentonville, 1.00
- D. J. McGillivray, Hardwick, 1.00
- Miss Lizzie Guinan, Hartford, 1.00
- Arch. McCormick, Middle Cape, 1.00
- Mrs. Joseph Cooke, Reserve Mines, 2.50
- John J. McLean, Lakeland, 1.00
- Joseph Melnis, West Lake Ainslie, 1.00
- Anna Cameron, N. E. Harbour, 1.00
- Congregation of Notre Dame, Newcastle, 1.00
- John Joe McNeil, New Westminster, 1.00
- Cecil Campbell, Mattapan, 1.00
- Sr. Patricia, Church Point, 2.00
- D. N. McIntyre, Boisdale, 1.00
- J. D. McIntyre, " " 1.00
- J. M. Crispo, H. au Bouche, 1.00
- James Nichols, James River Station, 1.00
- Dan McKinnon, N. Grant, 1.00
- John De Basio, Salt Spring, 25
- Miss Mary McAdam, Providence, 1.00
- A. Macgillivray, Parrsboro, 1.00
- J. R. McDonald, Cambridgeport, 2.00
- Donald McDougall, Main-a-dieu, 1.00
- D. A. McDonald, N. S. East Bay, 1.00
- W. B. Wallace, N. E. P. Halifax, 1.00
- John McCormack, Sydney Mines, 1.00
- Dan McCormick, " " 1.00
- Wm. Diggins, " " 1.00
- John McKinnon R. R., " " 1.00
- John O'Hanley, " " 1.00
- James McDonald, " " 1.00
- Michael D. Morrison, " " 1.00
- George Peck, " " 1.00
- Stephen McKinnon, " " 1.00
- Daniel Steele, N. Sydney, 1.00
- M. Shean, " " 1.00
- A. E. McDonald, B. S. Baddeck, 2.00
- A. J. Campbell, " " 1.00
- R. D. McLean, " " 1.00
- John J. McNeil, Christmas Island, 1.00
- Senator McDonald, L. G. Bay, 1.00
- M. A. J. Macdonald, Iona, 1.00
- John C. McNeil, Grand Narrows, 1.00
- J. J. McKinnon, " " 1.00
- W. Petrie, " " 1.00
- R. J. McDonald, " " 2.00
- Allan Steele, Boisdale, 1.00
- A. B. Moswood, Beaver Cove, 1.00
- George Nicholson, " " 1.00
- F. A. Wartell, L'Ardoise, 1.00

A Highland Guardian of the Thames.

The London Star of July 13, has the following account the resignation from the Thames Police force of Mr. Colin Chisholm, the father-in-law of Alexander McDonald, the "Klondyke King."

Old Father Thames is losing one of his most beloved guardians; and if he did not happen to be so short of water just now, he'd be weeping copiously. Superintendent Colin Chisholm, of the Thames Police, is the guardian who is going, and on the 31st of this month he will wish the Old Man of the River a long farewell, and the place thereof will know him no more.

"I'm genuinely sorry I'm leaving—after 38 long years of police work," said the superintendent to a Star man, who dropped in at Wapping police station this morning. "But you know we must make way for younger, stronger, and more able men! That's my principle; and I think it's about time somebody else had a chance."

But it would be difficult to find a stronger man in the whole force—or an abler one.

"Scotchman—of course," suggested the Star man.

"Ay, laddie—but take pride in being more than a Scotchman; I'm a Highlander. I was born in the lovely valley of Strathglass, in Inverness-shire and when I was six-and-twenty I came to London, w' my heart aflame to set the Thames afire! An' now, strangely enough, I'm guarding the old river, bless it!"

"I joined the old E. Division at St. Giles's as a constable, and the first year or so I had a pretty rough time. But my father had taken the trouble to give me a capital education, with the result that in two years I was promoted to the post of sergeant—almost a record, I believe."

"I was one of the first batch of candidates who were examined under the new system, when the examinations were transferred from the police authorities to the Civil Service, and there were a very few that passed."

"In 1891 I came to Thames, and here I am now looking after the bridges and the wharves and the boats, and the dirty water. I've had a quiet and uneventful life (modestly) and I don't think there's anything in my life interesting enough for you to put in the paper."

But Mr. Chisholm forgets. There was one little incident which will never be forgotten. It was when Mr. Chisholm was at Kennington, and it arose out of the great fight between Slavin and Joe McAuliffe.

They fought for £1,000 at the Ormonde Club, Kennington, on 22nd Sept. 1899. Among the crowd was Inspector Chisholm with a few trusty men. He watched the fight closely—took voluminous notes—and at the close arrested the pugilists on a "breach of the peace" charge.

The trial came on at Newington Sessions, before old Sir Peter Edlin. Sir Charles Russell (now the Lord Chief) defended, and Mr. Poland prosecuted. Inspector Chisholm gave his evidence coolly and well.

"Capital," said Sir Charles, as he rose to cross examine; "but did you take any notes of the fight at the time? You seem to remember a great deal."

"I did sir," replied the inspector.

"Then I should like to see them," said Sir Charles.

And the the inspector handed up several

sheets of closely written notes. Sir Charles took them with a smile. Then he coughed, scratched his head, and looked perplexed. He turned the paper upside down and then back again—but not a word could he make out. At length he said:

"Is this Welsh, inspector?"

"No, sir; but it belongs to the same family."

"Is it Irish?"

"No, sir, it isn't Irish. Guess again!"

"Oh! I'll give it up!" cried Sir Charles, more perplexed than ever.

"Since you're so kind, sir, I'll tell you. It's Highland Gaelic!"

"I'm sorry to say my education in that quarter has been neglected," said Sir Charles, laughing as he handed back the notes.

"I'm afraid that's not my fault, sir," replied the imperturbable inspector.

And the Court roared.

The Lord Chief has never forgotten that little incident. And he has never forgotten the burly inspector who scored over him. He admires him hugely.

No doubt it will be remembered that Superintendent Chisholm's daughter was recently married to Mr. McDonald—the King of Klondyke."

Highest Class Goods. Lowest Possible Prices.

A. KIRK & CO.,

Headquarters for

DRESS GOODS.

If you haven't seen our Summer Dress material don't make up your mind what to buy. Come and see or write for samples and deciding will be an easy matter. Blacks, New Blues, Greys and Browns take the lead in colors. Plain goods are more than ever worn.

Prices from 25c to \$1.50 per yd.



SUMMER CORSETS.

White Net, celebrated D & A make, all sizes, at 35, 45, 60, 85, \$1.10

Shirt Waists

that please your eye and suit your purse are here in large variety. See our \$1.00 Shirt Waist, it's a beauty.

Ladies' White and Knitted Underwear.

This is a branch of our business to which we pay special attention and can guarantee the very best values in these lines.

Ladies' Nightrobes

made of good Cotton, Lace and Embroidery, trimmed, 60, 75, 90c, \$1.00

Corset Covers,

Better ones with insertion and frill of embroidery, \$1.25 to 3.25.

White Skirts,

Trimmed with beautiful Lace or Embroidery, \$1.10, 1.25, 1.75, 2.50

Ladies' Knitted Underwear.

In these goods we have a very large assortment, made of the best material and warranted to wear well

GLOVES.

Perrin's world renowned Kid Gloves, every pair warranted, in black and all tan shades, 80c to \$1.50

Ladies' Silk Gloves, the famous P.D. make, in all black and black with colored stitching, 40, 45, 60, 90c.

Ladies' Lisle and Taffeta Gloves, 12, 14, 18, 20c.

A. KIRK & CO.,

KIRK'S BLOCK. ANTIGONISH

Umbrellas and Sunshades.

We buy them direct from the manufacturers in large quantities, that is the reason we offer such good values in these lines. Every one warranted not to fade.

Gloria Umbrellas, fancy wood handle, 60, 75, 90, \$1.10

Gloria Umbrellas, fancy horn, \$1.25, 1.50, 2.00, 3.00

Ladies' Taffeta Umbrellas, 1.00, 1.25, 1.60, 1.75

Ladies' Silk Umbrellas, \$2.00, 2.60, 3.00, 4.00

Men's Underwear.

Men's Fine Knit Shirts and Drawers, 25, 30, 35, 40, 50, 60c

Men's Fine Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, 30, 40, 50, 85c

Men's Fine Wool Underwear, Health Brand, made of the finest pure wool, warranted unshrinkable, in white, pink and natural colors, \$2.25, 2.50, 2.75 per suit

Men's Flannelette Topshirts, 20, 25, 40, 50c

Men's Neglige Shirts, .75, 90, \$1.10, \$1.50

Men's Black Sateen Shirts, 50, 90, \$1.10, 1.50

FELT HATS.

Our Felt Hats are selling fast, showing that we have the correct styles at the right prices.

\$1.00 buys a really good Black or Brown Fedora Hat

Tweeds and Worsted

As large a stock as any Merchant Tailor and prices fully 25 per cent lower. Buy your cloth and trimmings from us and save at least five dollars on the price of your suit.

If its worth your while to save money you'll not fail to look up our stock before buying any of your hot weather needs. Our position as direct importers enables us to offer better values and lower prices than can be had elsewhere. Our order department is at your service drop us a card for samples of goods you may require and prices will be promptly furnished.

General News.

Three girls were drowned while bathing in a river at Bremen, Maine, on Monday. The threatened epidemic of yellow fever at Hampton, Va., is now practically over. There were in all 43 cases and 11 deaths. It is expected that the telegraph line to Dawson City will be completed by the end of September.

A British ship, the East Lothian, collided with the British warship Sanspareil, off the Lizard, on August 7, and sank. One man was drowned.

The Spanish officers tried by court-martial in connection with the surrender of Santiago, Cuba, have all been exonerated.

W. W. Ogilvie, the flour king, says he has never seen anything to equal the prospects of the present year's wheat crop in Manitoba. With a continuation of favourable weather he estimates a yield of 50,000,000 bushels in that province and the territories.

The Imperial Government having disallowed the act of the British Columbia Legislature forbidding the employment of Chinese underground, the provincial authorities propose to evade the disallowance by issuing an order that all labourers underground in the coal mines must be able to read and understand the mining rules printed in the English language.

An express train on the Canada Atlantic Railway, between Montreal and Ottawa, was wrecked on Wednesday morning of last week near St. Polycarpe station. The engine, baggage car and second-class car left the track and turned over on their sides. Nine persons have died as the result of the accident, the cause of which is unknown.

Personals.

Mrs. Edward Mattie and three children, of Boston, are spending the summer with Mrs. Mattie's father-in-law, Mr. Benjamin Mattie, Mattie Settlement, Guy, Co.

Rev. Dr. Thompson, Rector of the College, who has been at his post ever since the closing in June, expects to leave tomorrow on a two weeks' trip to Montreal and other points west.

Rev. Dr. Alex. McDonald, whose engagement in the parish of the Annunciation, Cambridgeport, terminates at the end of the month, will pay a visit to New York and Albany before returning for the opening of the College, which takes place on September 14.

Prof. J. P. Connolly, late of St. Francis Xavier's, has accepted a position on the staff of St. Ann's College, Church Point, where he formerly taught.

Rev. John Clarke, of Westchester, Cumberland Co., formerly Baptist pastor at Antigonish, is in Town visiting his son, Payson.

N. K. Cunningham and Stanley Cofeland went to Halifax on Tuesday and J. E. McCurdy, Willie Harrington, and Willard Borden on Wednesday. The four last named will take part in the Wanderer's electric light sports to-night.

Allan MacAdam, Esq., postmaster of Eskasoni, was here on Tuesday to witness the ordination of his son, the Rev. M. A. MacAdam. Messrs. D. M. McIntyre, postmaster, Boisdale, and John D. McIntyre, foreman of Section No. 11, of the C. B. division of the I. C. R. (the latter accompanied by Mrs. McIntyre), cousins of Father MacAdam, also attended the ceremony.

Mr. William McIntosh, second son of Dr. McIntosh, is spending a couple of weeks' holidays at his old home, after an absence of twelve years. Mr. McIntosh holds a responsible position with the Washburn Milling Co. of Minneapolis, Minn., one of the largest establishments of the kind in the United States, having charge of their sales in a district covering several States of the Union. At the close of his visit here he goes on a business trip to Newfoundland in the interests of his company.

CHETICAMP, C. B., Aug. 9, 1899.

ALEX. G. BAILLIE, General Agent, Port Hastings, C. B.

We thank you for the prompt payment of one thousand dollars under policy No. 5985, held by the late lamented Dr. Fiset in the Manufacturer's Life Insurance Co., of Toronto.

REV. P. FISSET, P. P. Mrs. N. FISSET.

Obituary.

Profound sympathy is felt for the bereaved family of Colin McKenzie, Pleasant Street, formerly of Malignant Cove, who died on Tuesday morning, after an illness of several months. The family has been a sadly afflicted one - Mr. McKenzie's wife and a daughter having died four and two years ago respectively. The deceased, who was 65 years of age, was a kind husband and father and a sincere Christian. He bore patiently his painful illness and died with all the consolations of the Church. A doubly orphaned family of three daughters and three sons - the latter all quite young - survive him. May he rest in peace!

An amiable and promising young man passed away at Sydney Mines on the first day of August in the person of John Con-

nolly, Jr., son of John Connolly, Sr., of that place, in the twenty-first year of his age, after an illness of about ten days. The deceased was greatly admired and respected by all his associates, and his death is sincerely mourned. He was a member of the League of the Cross and of the Band, both of which expressed their sense of loss by resolutions of condolence with his bereaved family, who have the sympathy of the entire community in their sorrow. Consoled by the last rites of Holy Mother Church, he died in the full hope of a blissful immortality. May he rest in peace!

There passed away at her home - the residence of her youngest son - North Side East Bay, C. B., on August 6th, 1899, at the remarkable age of 93 years, Catherine McVarish, relict of the late Hugh McVarish, was one of the oldest and most respected of the community in which she resided. She was born at South Uist, Scotland, May 12th, 1806, and immigrated to this country with her parents when 18 years old. Two years later she was married to the late Hugh McVarish of East Bay, C. B., where she resided up to the time of her death. She was the mother of twelve children, and had numerous grand children. Her hospitality and cheerful disposition endeared her to all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. Strengthened and consoled by the last rites of the Church, of which she was always a practical member, she peacefully passed to her reward. The large concourse of people that attended her funeral testified to the merited esteem in which she was held. May her soul rest in peace!

It is with feeling of deep regret that we chronicle the death at his home at Lisimore, on the 5th inst., of Joseph McDonald, in his forty-fifth year. Death was the result of injuries received in an accident a short time ago, which despite medical skill and careful nursing brought him to an early grave. In the late Mr. McDonald, the grim reaper has

removed a man of rare real goodness, which marked his life from early boyhood. Of a most kind nature, industrious, patient, humble and neighbourly, he was deservedly loved and respected by all. A mother, a wife, whom he leaves well provided for, and two brothers are wrapped in grief by death's fell hand. His was a happy and glorious end, the death of a good man, which robs of half its sadness the sudden summons to the prime of life and contentment. After a truly virtuous life and the devout reception of the last sacraments of his cherished religion, he went forth well prepared for the reward of the just. A requiem high Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Dr. A. Chisholm, P. P., on Monday morning, after which an unexceptionally large body of mourners saw him laid to rest in the churchyard at Lisimore. R. I. P.

DIED

MCDONALD.—At William's Point, Ant. Co., on Aug. 8th, at the ripe old age of 93 years, Donald McDonald, leaving a widow, seven sons and two daughters. May his soul rest in peace.

DAVIS.—At Glassburn, on the 10th inst., after six days' illness, in the 71st year of her age, Isabel, wife of Henry Davis, brushmaker. The sympathy of the community is extended to Mr. Davis in his sad loss. Comforted by the last rites of the Catholic Church, she calmly breathed her last. May her soul rest in peace.

CROSS.—At Morton Hospital, Taunton, Mass., on July 26th, after an operation for appendicitis, Harry Cross, aged 31 years, 10 months and 10 days, of East Morton, Mass., formerly of Morill, Maine. He was of kind and generous disposition, and industrious and temperate habits. His young wife (nee Miss Florence Heffernan, of Antigonish) whose marriage only took place last June, has the sympathy of all in her sad bereavement. Interment was at Morill, Maine, and a large number of wreaths of flowers were sent by friends.

BONNER'S GROCERY
The New Advertisement
For Our New Store.

BISCUITS.

We have as fine an assortment of fancy and plain Biscuits as can be found in any store in the Province. We enumerate a few lines, viz: Cream Sodas, 1 lb. boxes, 3 lb. boxes, 10 lb. boxes, 20 lb. boxes, and in bulk. Boston Pilot, Boston Butter, Graham Wafers, Ginger Snaps, Cottage Mixed, Jersey Cream, Tourist, Etc. Our line in all comprises 42 different kinds - in bulk, paper, tin, and wood boxes.

CONFECTIONERY.

We think we lead in Confectionery, both Wholesale and Retail, in quantity, quality, variety and price. Try us and you will think so to.

TEA, "Saxon Blend."

To be brief and convince you that our leader Saxon Blend suits the people, our sales last year was 4 1-2 Tons, think of the quantity and judge for yourselves. Wholesale in Chests and Half Chests - Retail in Bulk and Packages.

SHELF GOODS.

It is impossible to enumerate all goods that the above includes in a First-Class Grocery, but suffice it to say, that you will not find a store that carries a more "Select and High-Class Stock" of everything in Canned Goods, Bottled Goods, Package Goods, and Bulk Goods than we have. Call and look at our shelves and you will think so.

MEATS.

No store can be better fitted to carry on a meat and fish business than ours. Fine Refrigerator, separate meat department for cutting, large glass case to hang cuts from flies, etc., and all other up-to-date requirements.

A Word to the Farmer

- I Take Lambs Every Day.
- I Want 5000 Lamb and Sheep Pelts.
- I Want all the Hides, Oats, Butter, Etc.,

I can get, in a word I want your trade, and will give you Highest Market Price for your produce.

- I RECEIVED LAST WEEK
- 5 Bbls. Heavy Fat Pork.
- 2,500 Lbs. Nice New Hake.
- 1,500 " " " Cod.
- 55 Half Barrels Choice July Herring.

The Leading T. J. BONNER Grocery,

McCURDY & CO., ANTIGONISH.

AUGUST SPECIALS. SUMMER IS GOING FAST.



The Selling season is far advanced, and all dealers resort to Price Cutting to get rid of their remaining Stocks, and this store is no exception. But when we cut price of Summer Stock we use a bigger axe and cut much DEEPER than others. Come and look at our Bargains for August Buyers, or send your order by mail, and we will guarantee you best satisfaction.

All Our SUMMER MUSLINS And LIGHT PRINTS Reduced 20 PER CENT.

Some Beautiful Patterns among them. We tell you there is no such Value as our FIVE CENT PRINTS. We have still a Lot of Very STYLISH SHIRT WAISTS

Left over, and all have to go this Month at Sweeping Reductions. You will never get such a good chance to buy a SUMMER CAPE

These also have to go during August before our autumn goods arrive. REMNANTS! Now is the time to buy some Remnants of Summer Dress Goods. You will be astonished at prices.

LADIES' UMBRELLAS. About 100 Ladies Summer Umbrellas and Sunshades left over. Now who wants to get the first pick? They are beautiful Handles and Fine Stock, this year's Goods, and will be sold at a Bargain.

Ladies' Summer Gloves. A Lot of 15, 20, and 25 cent Gloves, all in a basket and marked down to 10 cts.

Summer Millinery Here you will find special knock down prices in all trimmed and untrimmed Hats and Bonnets.

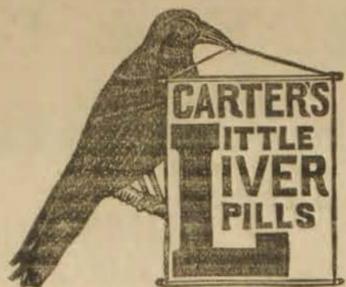
Boys' Linen Suits and Blouses At prices which are bound to make them go.

Men's Summer Underwear. The balance of our stock of Men's Summer Underwear we will sell at Greatly Reduced Price as we do not wish to carry anything over to another season.

Men's Low Shoes in Black and Tan, all must go at the cut price.

Don't Miss this great sale as every line we offer is a money saver.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

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

Small Pill. Small Dose, Small Price.

Substitution

the fraud of the day. See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.



Fine Monumental Work

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Main Street, Antigonish.

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Just received, one car-load of these Handsome, Serviceable and Durable Carriages,

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Call and see them.

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DEALER IN HOT AIR AND HOT WATER HEATING APPARATUS, FURNACES, STOVES AND TINWARE, KITCHEN HARDWARE, IRON SINKS, LEAD and IRON PIPE and FITTINGS.

Fine Line of CREAMERS, MILK BUCKETS, STRAINERS, STRAINER PAILS, ETC.,

At the Lowest Prices

Estimates for Plumbing and Heating furnished promptly on application.

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BEDFORD ROW (Opp. John Tobin & Co.)

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M. BROUSARD, Prop'rs. Let on parle Francais.

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.

Some Oxford Converts.

In this and the following paper we propose to recall the names (we can do little beyond that; "our poverty" of space, "and not our will, consents") of some converts of the Tractarian period, less widely known than those of the preceding papers, but still interesting men, and with a claim on our remembrance.

We commence with the year 1842. The devout and charitable, if vacillating, R. W. Stotrope had already been received, in 1841, but he was in no way connected with the Oxford Movement. Some converts in 1842 were A. D. Wackerbarth, a skilful translator of the old Latin hymns; Bernard (Canon) Smith, who has seen almost all his comrades of those eventful days depart one by one, and a sister of Mr. Gladstone, himself often seemingly "so near, and yet so far." In 1843 the Hon. and Rev. George Talbot, son of the third Lord Talbot de Malahide, gave up his living of Evercreech and submitted to Rome. He was long "in the public eye" as the chamberlain and close friend of Pius IX.; a student of astronomy and a connoisseur of the arts, his intellect became clouded, and his death in retirement at Passy, in 1886, reminded the world of one who had long passed out of its view. Charles Seager, Pussey's assistant as Professor of Hebrew, and editor of Courayer's defence of Anglican orders, long regarded as a "Romanizer," became a "Roman," and young William Lockhart decamped from Littlemore, adding to Newman's anxieties. Lockhart's work as a Father of Charity needs no eulogium here. 1844 brought a smaller band, George Tickell, S. J., being, perhaps, the best-known in after years.

1845 will ever be annus mirabilis in the annals of English Catholicism, another "Fatal Forty-five" to Anglican historians, for it was "Newman's year," as well as Ward's, Faber's, Oakeley's. But, in fact, converts came in crowds throughout this wonderful year. Here are a few: Ambrose St. John, so touchingly eulogized in the Dedication of the "Apologia;" Richard Stanton, another Oratorian; T. W. Marshall, author of "Christian Missions; their Agents and Results;" W. F. Wingfield, Ward's brother-in-law; Frederick (Provost) Neve; H. J. Marshall, Robert Wilberforce's corate a Burton Agaves; E. G. Kirwan Browne, the erratic compiler of valuable "Annals of the Tractarian Movement;" R. A. Coffin, afterwards C. S. S. R., translator of the works of St. Alphonsus, and third Bishop of Southwark; E. E. Estcourt, author of the important work, "The Question of Anglican Orders discussed." These were all clergymen; other converts were J. B. Dalgairns, whose letter to the Univers in 1841 had caused some sensation, and who was destined to take high rank as a preacher and thinker, Thomas Meyrick and Albany Christie; also Newman's artist friend, Miss Gizeuse.

1846 brought into the Church James Spencer Northcote, brother of Sir Stafford, Earl of Iddesleigh, author, with his fellow-convert, W. R. (Bishop) Brownlow of Roma Sotteranea; Henry Fromby (Fasti Apostolici) and his corate, G. Border, afterwards Prior at Charnwood; Edward Healy Thompson, author of "The Unity of the Episcopate," and chronicler of many saintly lives; G. D. Ryder, son of the Evangelical Bishop and brother-in-law of Manning; and David Lewis, translator of the "Life of St. Teresa." A young Cambridge student, who had read with Henry Alford, afterwards Dean, suddenly "verted;" this was John Morris, the learned Jesuit and historical writer. F. A. Paley, Morris's Cambridge tutor, was accused of having encouraged his secession, and while the Dons were debating and threatening, Paley, too, became a Catholic. He had been one of the founders of the Camden Society, and was learned in ecclesiology, but his great work was the editing of the Greek classics, and his critical labours are still appreciated in quarters where the name of his "evidential" grandfather is little venerated. J. Brande Morris, a quiet scholar, author of "Jesus, the Son of Mary," must be mentioned. Two well-known lady writers, also, Miss Harris, author of "From Oxford to Rome," and "Rest in the Church," and Lady Georgiana Fullerton, the novelist, sister of Earl Granville, were converts in 1846.

1847, besides bringing notable converts into the Church, was marked by two events in the Establishment which were destined to open the eyes of many, and to lead to momentous and far-reaching results. These events were the presentation of the notorious Gorham to the living of Bramford Speke, and the appointment of Dr. Hampden to the bishopric of Hereford.

The scholarly and devout Edward Caswall, referred to in our third paper, was a convert of this year. A batch from St. Saviour's, Leeds, included the Rev. R. G. McMullen, afterwards Canon; T. W. Wilkinson, then a young graduate of Durham, now Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, and Daniel H. Haigh, who as priest at Erdington spent his large means

on his beautiful Church, now St. Thomas' Benedictine Abbey, where a convert of our own day, Don B-de Camm, is acquiring a name as a historian. James Burns, the founder of Burns and Oates, then, perhaps, the principal Tractarian publisher, a publisher, too, actually popular among authors, followed many friends into the Church. To help the convert in his struggles, Newman hurriedly produced his delightful "Loss and Gain: the Story of a Convert." -The New Era.

American Bishops and the Holy Father.

The Civiltà Cattolica of Rome, in its issue of July 15, 1899, publishes the Latin text of the following letter addressed to the Holy Father by the Archbishop and Bishops of the Ecclesiastical Province of Milwaukee, Wisconsin:

"Most Holy Father,—The Apostolic Letter of your Holiness on the errors known under the name of 'Americanism,' was received by us with all the more joy and gratitude from the fact that it seemed to us to be particularly opportune.

"If we have hitherto omitted to express our sentiments to your Holiness, the reason is certainly not to be attributed to lack of dutifulness towards a Father, or of solicitude in a matter of such very grave moment, but rather to our belief that an answer was not expected from those who, from the outset of the controversy, have held such errors in abhorrence, and that it went without saying that sons so dutiful had heard and embraced with joy and gratitude the admonitions of a most loving Father.

"Since, however, it now seems that certain persons abuse our silence and this omission, interpreting it in a sinister sense, and explaining it according to their own taste, we deem it incumbent upon us to defer an answer no longer, and to return your Holiness our warmest and deepest thanks for the truly Apostolic Letter, in which errors not foreign to some amongst us are put down so firmly, yet so kindly, in which the infallible authority of the Church and her Supreme Head is once more set forth, the Traditions of the Church wholesomely maintained and defied, the danger of innovation happily safeguarded, and the faithful confirmed in the pure and integral and time-honoured profession of the faith.

"Wherefore do we unanimously declare without any hesitation, mental reservation or restriction whatsoever, that we accept and have from the beginning most religiously accepted, in filial obedience and with fullest assent, the Apostolic Letter on the errors of Americanism.

"But whilst thanking your Holiness from the depths of our hearts for your kind and fatherly thoughtfulness in calling the erring back to the right way of thinking, by your condemnation of error, we cannot but express our sorrow and just indignation that not a few are to be found amongst our countrymen, and chief among these many Catholic writers for the press, who, though declaring that they reprobate and reject the said errors, yet do not hesitate to imitate the Jansenists by proclaiming with iteration that there is hardly a single American who has ever held these errors, and that the Holy See deceived by false information, has been merely beating the air, and, so to say, proscribing a dream.

"How insulting to the Infallible See, and how much at variance with orthodox belief this conduct is, no true Catholic can fail to perceive, for it is an established fact that those erroneous opinions have been proclaimed amongst us in speech and writing, though not always, perhaps, with such openness, and nobody who reasons as a Catholic can deny that the teaching office of the Church extends not only to revealed truths, but to facts dogmatically connected with them, and that it is her province to decide with infallible judgment on the objective sense of any doctrine, and on the existence of false opinions.

"Furthermore we deeply deplore the style of speaking and writing adopted by some, including Catholics, in denouncing as wanting in loyalty to their country and to American institutions those who have admitted that the errors of Americanism have existed here, and signified their assent to, and gratitude for, the Apostolic Letter, whereas it should be abundantly clear to every honest mind that the Apostolic Letter contains no censure on the American Republic, our laws nor institutions, nor, in a word, on any customs or other qualities peculiar to Americans, but is merely concerned with opinions, introduced and expounded by individuals amongst us, whose condemnation assuredly involved no stain nor insult nor rebuke whatever on the American Republic, its citizens or Catholics in America.

"Such are the sentiments which the Ordinaries for the time being of the Province of Milwaukee in the United States of North America desire to express to your Holiness.

"Prostrate at the feet of your Holiness, we most humbly beg the Apostolic Benediction for ourselves and the faithful

entrusted to our spiritual care, offering you our filial love and obedience.

"Given at Milwaukee, on the feast of Pentecost, 1899.

"FREDERICK XAV. KATZER, Archbishop of Milwaukee.

"JAMES SCHWERRBACH, Bishop of La Crosse.

"SEBASTIAN G. MESMER, Bishop of Green Bay.

"FREDERIC EIS, Adm. Apostolic, Sede Vacante of the Diocese of Marquette and Sault, Saint Marie."

The Man Without the Hoe.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: Last January the much lauded poem of Edwin Markham, "The Man with the Hoe," was published in a San Francisco newspaper and the author promptly found himself famous. While I would detract in no degree from the beauty, grace and strength of his versification, it seems to me that Mr. Markham has twined some very leafy and flowery vines round a vacuum. Either the "Man with the Hoe" is a type of the great mass of those who use farming implements for a living or else he is an exception. If the latter, then the strength of the sentiment uttered lies in the concealment of its weakness, and if the former, then the poem does wrong to a most respectable and able-bodied multitude of citizens, every one of whom ought to resent Mr. Markham's attempt to throw "the emptiness of ages in his face," and certainly deserves better of the poet than to be called a "monstrous thing" and brother to the ox.

From time immemorial the tiller of the soil has been invested with his full share of the honour of this world, and where any individual example of the class—or, in fact, of any honest and respectable class—has given reason for Mr. Markham's inquiry: "Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?" it can, I think, be safely said that the man's own breath blew it out. There is no occasion for a farmer to have his soul quenched or to become a "dumb terror." He can hold his head as high as any man's, and he generally does; and what calling is more honourable—at least in this country?—to which, by the way, I understand Mr. Markham's observation and study have been confined.

What about the man without the hoe? he who cannot get work, or, having the opportunity to labour, won't do it? There are thousands of young men in this country who have been educated up to the point where the honest and healthful occupation of their fathers in the field has become distasteful to them, and, in many cases, they have grown to be ashamed of it and of their parents. In European countries, particularly, there are multitudes of young men, the younger sons of titled people, for instance, who have been taught that common labour or work in the trades is beneath them, and they sink their individuality, their manhood and their future in the ranks of the army and in petty Government positions. They must have a money, but they must earn it only in a "genteel" way. These are the men without the hoe—the real brothers to the ox. Who shall tell their story? Who shall best sing the bitter songs of incapables who walk the earth, driven hither and thither like beasts by the implacable sentiment with a false social education, suffering the tortures of the damned and bringing distress upon those dependent on them because they have lost that true independence of soul that comes to him who dares to labour with his hands, who wields the hoe and is the master of his destiny.

The writer would like to see a good poem written on these lines, and the subject is a great one. He therefore offers to give for the best poems written on this general subject \$400 as first prize, \$200 as second prize, and \$100 as third prize; the competition to be decided by a committee of three, one to be the editor of the Sun, and the others to be Mr. T. B. Aldrich and Mr. E. C. Steadman, if those gentlemen will be willing to serve on such a committee. All poems to be sent in to the editor of the Sun before October 15 next. Brevity, strength of sentiment and expression and literary grace and beauty to be the factors of merit.

RESPONSIBILITY. New York, July 26.

A Card.

I, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Wills' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. I also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Wills' English Pills are used.

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

Exhibitor—This, ladies and gents, this piece of straw is that celebrated last straw that broke the camel's back.

Mrs. Farmer—Weel, weel, John, that's wonderful. I've heard o' that straw a' my life, but little did I expect to see it.

Professional Cards Dr. Mary Leila Rand Physician and Surgeon Office at residence of Edward Randall Bayfield.

J. A. BOYD, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC. ANTIGONISH, N. S. Office: Church Street, next to Block.

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McNeil, McNeil & McNeil Barristers, Solicitors, ETC. METROPOLE BUILDING, 193 BROADWAY, HALIFAX, N. S. P. O. Box 292. DANIEL MCNEIL, ALEX. MCNEIL, LL. B. GERALD B. TERNAN, LL. B.

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

UNDERTAKING I HAVE IN STOCK A FULL LINE OF COFFINS AND CASKETS... Orders by telegram receive immediate attention. Antigonish, May 17th, 1899.

J. R. HELLY Practical Watchmaker Watches, Clocks and Jewellery Antigonish, N. S.

EAST END PLANING... Turning, Planing, Moulding, Matching, Kiln Drying. Done at Short Notice.

FURNITURE of all kinds substantially and carefully repaired. Personal Attention given to all orders. A. M. FALT, Proprietor.

For Crosiers, B... St. Anthony's Medal, Little... St. Anthony and Canceled Postage... write to Agency Bethlehem... School, 153 Shaw Street, Montreal.

Affairs in Austria-Hungary.

For nearly four years of negotiation... The Ausgleich, or commercial union between the two halves of the dual monarchy...

and seems to shadow forth the ultimate separation of the two States at all points. The terms of the renewed Ausgleich have been received in the northern half of the monarchy with many mutterings...

Ex-Premier Crispi's Confession.

Next month it will be just twenty-nine years since Victor Emmanuel's troops marched into Rome, and amid the world-wide plaudits of anti-Catholic bigots, the temporal power of the Pope was declared to be at an end...

The question of legitimacy as regards the Pope's temporal power gave the enemies of the Papacy very little concern. One day they discovered that they had sufficient military strength arrayed on their side to work their will, and with cries of "liberty and progress" on their lips they appealed to the last argument of Kings—brute force...

Almost thirty years have come and gone since these rhapsodies were hailed as ushering in an era of unprecedented prosperity that would make Italy a veritable Eden. How do the glowing promises compare with the cold facts? To-day Italy is the most impoverished land in Europe...

While this annual exodus is depriving Italy of its very life blood, a military dictatorship deprives the Italian people of even the semblance of liberty. The press is muzzled, and dare not tell the true state of things. Even the so-called "regenerators of Italy" are compelled to acknowledge that the condition of their country was never so bad as it is at present...

"I thank you for your kind invitation, but I cannot partake of banquets in such doleful times as these, when Italy is surely going to destruction, morally and nationally, while no leader arises to stop the downward rush. I have but a few years more to live, and God grant that the awful event does not occur before my death."

The well-known writer, Professor Lombroso, in a letter to an Italian newspaper, the La Tribuna, confirms this statement of ex-Premier Crispi: "The crater," he writes, "is ready to spit fire." The reason why he believes the crater is on the point of spitting fire is on account, to quote his own words, "of the dictatorial tactics of the military, whom no one dares oppose. Editors and statesmen do not dare raise their voices for fear of arrest, and the people are cowed into temporary obedience by the military."

Such is the state of "regenerated Italy" in these closing days of the nineteenth century. While the work of the "regen-

erators" is thus crumbling before their eyes, the spiritual power of the Papacy remains undiminished. Thinking men who are not led away by catch-words, recognize that if Italy is to be saved from the perils threatened it, it will be through the influence of the Papacy. The brute force at proclaimed itself master when the tramp of Victor Emmanuel's troops was heard in the streets of Rome has killed true liberty in Italy. If the breath of life is ever again to be breathed into this fairest of lands Italian people must be freed from the leadership of the anti-Christian enemies of the papacy, who have wrought the ruin to which ex-Premier Crispi calls attention.—New York Freeman's Journal.

The Decay of Atheism.

In the course of an editorial article on Ingersoll, whom it calls "The Spurgeon of Nazion," the London Spectator, after expressing its doubt if Ingersoll's influence will be at all felt in America in the next generation adds:

"Indeed we strongly suspect, in spite of some symptoms to the contrary, that the negative tendencies of the modern mind are slipping away from atheism, more especially atheism of the aggressive kind. As the influence of science filters slowly down men see, as Mr. Huxley saw, how unthinkable the leap from unconsciousness to consciousness really is without an external agency to cause it; and yet if materialism is true it must have occurred. Matter, which is dead, must have thought and spoken, a greater miracle than any the authors of any revelation have invented. The farther back we push evolution the nearer we get to the point where the material ends, and the only explanation of its existence is that will, which is immaterial, can cause matter to exist. It is not impossible, too, that belief in evolution may create a new reverence, there being something even more magnificent in the notion of a created atom possessed of a tendency towards endless development than in the notion of a perfected thing. The molasses which could be made Newton or Shakespeare appeals to a deeper imagination than Adam and Eve do, presupposing as it does in the originator almost infinite foresight. The influence of Determinism, never powerful in the white world, is decaying even among the brown races, and materialism explains so few of the mysteries men want to see explained that, even were it true, the intelligent would in intellectual despair supersede it by other faiths. Agnosticism is only a refusal to think, a form of humility towards which man was never less disposed, while secularism is the refuge of the mindless, an effort to knock on the head the problems which torment those who do think. We look, therefore, for a more general, instead of a less general acknowledgment that there must be a final cause, and in that admission we foresee new forms of doubt or of negation, the most popular being a reign of law which shall be the work not of itself, but of a legislator. That will produce some curious intellectual consequences, for the existence of a legislator who is alive, yet has ceased voluntarily to legislate though not unthinkable, is inconsistent with almost any possible idea of sovereign power. After all, there is no miracle that approaches the grandeur, or, so to speak, in impossibility, to creation, and the notion of miracle once admitted, theology is born again."

One of the greatest living Oriental scholars died at Louvain a few weeks ago—the zealous and learned priest, Mgr. de Harlez. He had been a lawyer, but left the Bar for the Sanctuary. Having to resign his parish on account of a serious throat trouble brought on by his exertions in the training of his choir and children, he took up the study of Oriental languages and literature, a school of which he founded at Louvain. At the same time he took an active interest in social questions in Belgium. Mgr. de Harlez was sixty-seven years old at his death.

Strikes and Anarchy.

Any one who reviews the history of recent strikes must be impressed by the failure of the authorities in several instances to preserve order, suppress riots, and prevent bloodshed. Thus, in Cleveland, a city where one would expect to find a government strong enough to enforce the laws, many streets were given over for several days in succession to parties of rioters who attacked, commonly without opposition in the part of the police, not only the non-union men employed by the street allway company, but also the few passengers in the cars. The police were either in sympathy with the mob or too few and weak to restrain the disorderly and protect peaceful citizens. Very few of the striking workmen, it is said, took part in the destruction of property and the murderous attacks upon motormen and passengers. A large majority of the offenders were citizens who had not been employed by the railway company. The

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failure to preserve order or to hold the guilty for punishment was highly discreditable to the city's governing officers. In the vicinity of certain coal mines in Illinois and Indiana there has been for some time what is practically a state of war. Parties of non-union miners have been fired upon from ambush by companies of armed strikers, and in retaliation for murder thus committed have driven the strikers from their homes and burned their houses. Railway trains carrying workmen have been attacked by large parties of armed men, who have killed passengers. We do not hear of arrests

and attempts to bring the guilty to justice. These continuous riots bring disgrace upon the counties and the States in which they occur. For those in Illinois Governor Tanner may fairly be held responsible because he fomented and abetted them by his utterances and policy. This question of preserving order may and should be considered only apart from the merits of any labor controversy. Those States and cities which do not suppress riots, disseminate, protect the peaceful and punish the guilty are inviting disorder much more dangerous than that which they have incurred.—New York Independent

Whiston & Frazee's Commercial College... YOUR EYE-SIGHT... B. A. Pratt, Graduate Optician.

We have now on hand a large and varied stock of Patent Medicines, Pills, Ointments, Combs, Brushes and Toilet Articles, Soap, Perfumes, Maltine Preparations, Sponges, Emulsions, Pipes, Tobaccos, Cigars, Cigarettes, etc. FOSTER BROS. Druggists Antigonish.

Monsoon Tea is the Very Best... MONSOON INDO-CEYLON TEA... ANTIGONISH SASH and DOOR FACTORY. Doors, Sashes, Sash and Door Frames, Mouldings, all Kinds, Spruce Flooring and Sheathing, JOHN McDONALD

For 30 Years... THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS... They are made in the best way and put up so they can be applied in the best manner and will give the best results.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Knitting Machine. Final Notice—McCurdy & Co. Groceries, &c.—T. J. Bonner.

Local Items.

I TAKE lambs in any number every day for either cash or trade. T. J. Bonner.—adv.

THE PROVINCIAL School Grant is now payable at the office of the School Inspector.

CHEESE has advanced two cents a pound in the British market, and is now selling at 10 cents in Halifax. It is expected that the advance will be maintained.

CONTRACTOR McDougall commenced the erection of a house at Tracadie last week for Mr. A. C. Blue of New York, who will use it as a summer residence.

SEE THE LEADING GROCERY advertisement on 5th page. I pay highest cash and trade price for lamb and sheep pelts, hides and calfskin. T. J. Bonner.—adv.

THE BAZAAR at Windsor in aid of rebuilding St. John's C. Church and Presbytery, is postponed to 29th, 30th, and 31st August inst. Holders and sellers of tickets for the drawing will please take note.

F. R. TROTTER will commence buying lambs on Monday, Sept. 4th, and continue buying every Monday until further notice. As these lambs are for export to U. S. markets, none under 65 lbs. can be taken.—adv.

TALL WHEAT.—Apropos of tall grain, Councillor A. S. McDougall, South-West Margaree, C. B., sends THE CASKET a stalk of Preston wheat grown on his farm at that place, measuring five feet one inch.

LOST, between Bonner's store and Smith's Hotel, on Saturday, 5th inst., a purse containing twenty odd dollars. Finder will confer a great favour and will be rewarded by leaving same at CASKET office.—adv.

MR. AND MRS. EDGAR WHIDDEN have the sympathy of the community in their sudden bereavement. On Monday evening their youngest boy, Forrest, a bright, winsome child of 14 months, retired in good health. During the night he was taken sick with stomach trouble, and died the next morning.

THE CONCERT to be given in McDonald's Hall, on the evening of the 31st inst., promises to be a rare musical treat. Mr. Avon Saxon and Mdlle. Cheron are everywhere regarded as artists high in the musical profession.

THE proprietors of the Maritime Business College, whose card appears in this issue, have obtained for their school affiliation with the Business Educators' Association of Canada, and are now prepared to grant their pupils a diploma which places them on the same footing with graduates of the best schools of the kind in Canada.

AN INTERESTING ANNOUNCEMENT.—In the "Engagements Announced" column of the Boston Daily Advertiser of August 14, appears the following, which will interest the many friends here of one of the parties concerned, who is one of the most successful medical men of the Hub, and withal a thoroughly good man in every sense of the word: "Miss Helen Crosby of Dorchester, to Dr. C. W. Macdonald of Roxbury."

THE TRAVEL via the Plant Line between Boston and the Province has been the largest in the history of the Line. The S. S. La Grande Duchesse with accommodations for 800 people, has been full each trip, and the popular S. S. Halifax, so well known to the travelling public, has each trip carried her full complement. The autumn travel to Boston via these popular steamers promises to surpass any previous season.

A SERIOUS ACCIDENT occurred at Sydney Mines on Monday last by which Alexander Benton, a respected miner of that place, lost his life. He had struck only a blow or two when a huge lump of coal that he was mining came crushing down upon him. He was so severely injured that he lived but six or seven hours after the accident. Fortunately Rev. D. A. Chisholm, P. P., North Sydney, was at home, and he administered to him the rites of the Catholic Church.

SOME thirty-two horses and carts, and twelve men arrived in Town on Monday en route to Hastings, C. B., to work on the construction of the Inverness and Richmond Railway. They were employed by Mr. Michael J. O'Brien of Windsor, and formerly of this county, on the construction of the Midland Counties Railway. They were travelling about forty miles a day. Mr. O'Brien who has just completed the construction of the earthwork on the Midland Railway, has secured a contract for building fifteen miles of the Inverness Railway.

THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS on next Tuesday promises to surpass anything of the kind ever held here during the last twenty years or more. The success attending their games last year induced the

Society to put on various new features this year, which cannot fail to be enjoyable. Entries are coming in from the east and the west. Large numbers of pleasure seekers are coming from Halifax, Truro, and other western towns; Cape Breton Island will be largely represented; while our own country will "literally close" shop on that day.

AT THE RECENT Provincial Examination, Agnes, daughter of James Benoit, Esq., North East Margaree, who has not yet attained her seventeenth year, succeeded in taking a B certificate of scholarship, making the highly creditable aggregate of 525 on the imperative subjects, scoring the remarkable record of 95 points in algebra, 91 in geometry and 85 in practical mathematics. This very promising young lady, has well sustained the reputation achieved by her a year ago when she took a C scholarship with an aggregate of 566. Miss Benoit never attended any but the school of her native village, which, during the past two years, was conducted by Mr. Charles J. Crowdis, whose prowess as a teacher is amply evidenced by the signal success of his pupil.—Com.

THE SENSATIONAL reports of the alleged insolvency of Alex. McDonald, "the Klondike King," which appeared in the papers on Friday and Saturday, lack confirmation, and are, we are pleased to say, probably—indeed almost certainly—unfounded. In fact they bear the marks of falsehood upon their face. They represent Mrs. McDonald, his wife, as being in Dawson City surrounded by an excited crowd of her husband's creditors, while her husband, they aver, has shouldered his pick and gone back to dig. Now Mrs. McDonald is not and has never been in Dawson. She left Boston not long ago for Tacoma, Washington, and is at present, despatches say, in Vancouver, where both she and the banks with which her husband deals discredit the reports. Mr. Donald McDonald, the "King's" brother, who lately arrived here from Dawson, also laughs at the rumour. He says he brought out \$250,000 worth of gold for his brother on his way, and that the latter will have about a ton and a half of the yellow metal as the result of his year's work. The report is probably due to the malice of an ex partner, whom McDonald lately prosecuted for fraud.

ORDINATIONS.—As previously announced, Revs. John W. McIsaac and Michael A. Macadam, deacons, were raised to the priesthood by his Lordship Bishop Cameron in the College Chapel on Tuesday, the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. His Lordship was assisted by Rev. Dr. Thompson, Rector of the College, and Rev. D. M. MacAdam, P. P., Pomquet, while Rev. Chas. W. McDonald, P. E., Bridgeport, and Rev. A. R. McDonald, P. P., Georgeville, assisted the candidates. Several other members of the clergy, who had remained over from the retreat, were present at the ceremony which was also witnessed by the fathers and other relatives of the respective candidates and by many persons from the town. On the same morning Mr. James J. Walsh, theological student of the Vicariate of St. George's, West Newfoundland, who has been prosecuting his studies at St. Francis Xavier's, received the tonsure at the hands of his Lordship. All these young clerics give promise of useful and edifying careers in their sacred calling. THE CASKET extends its warmest congratulations and wishes them ad multos annos!

ACCIDENTAL DEATH.—On Saturday, the 5th inst., Mr. Hugh McDougall, of Springfield, received the sad intelligence of the accidental death of his son, at Bridgeville, Pictou Co. On that morning the deceased, who had been working on the night shift, started to the surface with his partner in the "skip." It appears that some repairs had been made a short time before in the incline over which they travelled raising

Farm for Sale.

That well-known farm at Williams Point, distant from Town about 2 1/2 miles, formerly owned by the late Donald McKinnon, consisting of 125 Acres of Excellent Land, yielding largely of Hay and other crops. Will be sold at a very reasonable figure. Apply to ANGUS McDONALD, Williams' Point. Aug. 8, 1899.—3mo

NOTICE.

All bills due Chisholm Bros., and not paid before Monday, September 4th, will be collected without further notice. CHISHOLM BROS., Antigonish.

Teachers Wanted.

Teachers of all grades are wanted immediately to fill vacancies in parts of the Province. Apply at once to HALIFAX TEACHERS' BUREAU, P. O. Box 257, Halifax, N. S. Aug. 10—21

the track at one point and thus bringing it nearer the timbers above. McDougall, forgetful of this, sat on the edge of the "skip" which was travelling at a rapid rate and thus came in violent contact with the timbers. He received a fracture of the spine from which he died at twelve o'clock. The deceased, who had been a miner for many years, was a man of irreproachable morals. He worked with the Nova Scotia Steel Company and was esteemed by both master and men. He was a consistent Catholic. His beneficence in all matters pertaining to his religion and the strictness of his attention to his religious duties might set an example to those in a more exalted station. And though his call was sudden it did not find him unprepared. Father McDonald was in attendance on the dying man and administered all the spiritual consolation which it is the office of Mother Church to bestow. The deceased was in his 38th year and leaves a wife and three children. To these and to his many relatives the sympathy of the community is extended.—Com.

PROVINCIAL EXAMINATIONS.—The Grade C candidates at the recent provincial examinations received notice of their marks a few days ago. THE CASKET has learned of the following successful ones:

- Annie C. McKough, Afton, Mt. St. Bernard's, aggregate 536. Mary Ann Chisholm, St. Andrew's, Guysboro Academy, aggregate 509; 2nd rank. M. P. Q. Margaret J. Boyd, Fraser's Mills, Mt. St. Bernard's, aggregate 500; 2nd rank. M. P. Q. Margaret McNeil, Christmas Island, Mt. St. Bernard's, aggregate 447. Andrew McKinnon, Marydale, aggregate 466. Catherine Grant, Heatherton, Mt. St. Bernard's, aggregate 456. Miss Florence McDonald, Sheet Harbour, Mt. St. Bernard's, applied for B. The following obtained Grade D on the papers of Grade C: Rose Lanory, Antigonish, Mt. St. Bernard's, aggregate 465. Mary Agnes McKinnon, Marydale, aggregate 404. Gorman Wall, Glen Alpine, aggregate 396. Jessie B. McDonald, Antigonish, Mt. St. Bernard's, 365.

The following Grade B candidates besides those already reported have been heard of:

- Annie J. McMaster, Long Point, C. B., St. Bernard's Convent, aggregate, 481. Maurice F. Phelan, Little Bras d'Or, St. F. X., aggregate 473.

FINAL NOTICE.

All Accounts rendered and that are past due, as well as past due notes, not settled by the first day of September, will be handed over for collection without further notice. McCURDY & CO. Antigonish, Aug. 15th, 1899.

FAMILY KNITTER. Simplest, Cheapest, Best. AGENTS WANTED, Write for particulars. Price \$8.00. Mention THE CASKET when writing. DUNDAS KNITTING MACHINE CO Dundas, Ont.

HIGHLAND GAMES

BICYCLE MEET

Antigonish, Aug. 22, 1899.

The Highland Society will hold their Annual Sports on TUESDAY, August 22nd, on the beautiful grounds of the Athletic Association, and the latest track in the Province. Cent Mile Falte is extended to all Scots and a cordial invitation to every body else. OPENING ADDRESS by D. C. Fraser, M. P., Guysboro, a genuine highlander of rare wit and humor. A grand feature of the day will be the Two-Mile Exhibition by R. J. MACDONALD, the long-distance champion of the world, who will run with a galaxy of swift athletes taking on a fresh man every quarter-mile. Macdonald belongs to the Boston College Club, and wears the colors of his College, Maroon and Old Gold, which he has won often carried to victory. He leaves his native country a few days later, and patriotic Nova Scotians should avail themselves of the only chance of witnessing the performance of the World's strongest and fleetest runner.

Prize List. PROFESSIONAL. 1st. 2nd. 1. Throwing Hammer, \$5 \$3 2. Putting Shot, 5 3 3. Pipe Music, 5 3 4. Sword Dance, 5 3 5. Highland Fling, 5 3 6. Running High Jump, 4 3 7. Running Broad Jump, 4 3 8. Quarter-Mile Run, 4 3 9. Hurdle Race, 4 3 10. Vaulting, 4 3

AMATEUR. Under sanction C. W. A. & M. P. A. A. 1. Two-Mile Run (exhibition). 2. One Mile Bicycle (scratch). 3. 40 Yards Run (handicap). 4. Two-Mile Bicycle Race (handicap). 5. 100 Yards Dash. 6. Three-Mile Bicycle Race (handicap). Handsome Gold and Silver Medals will be awarded. Sports begin at 12.30 sharp. Closing Address by C. Ernest Gregory, LL. B. Temperate drinks, refreshments and amusements on the grounds. Each lad and lass may drink together and dance away w' an another. The Citizens Band will be in attendance. EXCURSION RATES from Halifax, Sydney and intermediate points. All entries must be made to the Secretary on or before the 19th inst. ANGUS D. CHISHOLM, A. T. MACDONALD, Secretary.

THE PALACE CLOTHING CO.

Great Midsummer Clearance Sale of READY-TO-WEAR CLOTHING, Gent's Furnishings, Boots Shoes and Rubbers At Record Breaking Prices.

A chance of a lifetime for the keenest of Buyers.

Men's, Youths' and Boys' Suits. Odd Pants, Coats and Vests. Rain Coats, Umbrellas, Canes, Trunks, Valises, Men's Fine Furnishings, that should effect a clearance to the first customers. Shirts, White and Colored, Laundered and unlaundered. Collars, Cuffs, Ties, Handkerchiefs, Underwear, Night Shirts, Felt, Crash and Straw Hats, Caps, all the latest shapes and colors. Golf Stockings, Sweaters, Bathing Suits, Hosiery, Etc.

Don't Forget the Lynn Shoes the most fashionable, the most perfect of comfort, the best line of shoes ever shown in Antigonish, for \$2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 4.00, 4.50 Every pair guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded.

Other Shoes, \$1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 1.75.

Call and be convinced that this is a bona fide mark down and not a fake.

The Up-to-Date Men's Outfitter, Main Street, Antigonish, N. S.

NOTICE. BOOTS and SHOES made to order and repairs promptly attended to at T. HARRISON'S (Next door to T. Downie Kirk's store) MAIN ST. ANTIGONISH. CANADIAN TEACHERS WANTED. More vacancies than teachers. POSITIONS GUARANTEED. Placed 263 Canadian teachers in U. S. last term. UNION TEACHERS' AGENCIES OF AMERICA, Washington, D. C.

MEN WANTED. 1,000 MEN AND 200 TEAMS. Wanted to work on the Inverness and Richmond Railway, Cape Breton. Wages for Men from \$1.00 to \$1.20 per day. Board, \$3 per week. Horses and Carts, from \$2.50 to \$3.00 per pair. Extra Heavy Plough Teams, \$3.50 per day. Apply at work or at Port Hastings. MacKENZIE, MANN & CO.'Y.

ENGAGEMENT EXTRAORDINARY. Grand Concert BY Mr. Avon Saxon, Operatic Baritone, M^{lle}. Virginie Cheron, Prima Donna Soprano, (Direct from London, Eng.) And MRS. E. KEARNEY, Pianiste and Accompaniste. McDONALD'S HALL, ON THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 31ST, Plan of Hall and Reserved Seat Tickets at Foster's Drug Store.

To Cattle Shippers. The subscriber intends to put his schooner, the "Maggie Smith," 83 tons, in the cattle trade between Antigonish County and St. John's, Nfld. The "Maggie Smith" will be ready to take cattle about August 1st, and will load at Bayfield and Harbour au Bouche. The patronage of shippers is solicited, and every effort will be made to give them a highly satisfactory service. DANIEL ANDERSON, Harbour au Bouche, July 18, 1899.

Bicycle Repairing. I have procured a complete Bicycle Repairing outfit and am prepared to do all kinds of repairing promptly and at reasonable prices, giving special attention to mail orders. Wrecks may be left at the office of the Antigonish Woolen Mills Co. PERCY F. BRINE, Antigonish, N. S., July 12, 1899.

Summer Goods at the People's Store. Buy now before the hot wave sets in. We have a large stock, carefully selected, and you will find our prices as Low and in some cases lower than our competitors. Dress Goods. A complete assortment, all colors and prices ranging from 15 to \$1.50 per yd. all double fold. Dress Muslins 12, 15, 18, 20, 24 cts. Print Cottons 5, 7, 8, 10, 12 cts. per yd. Good Strong Shirting, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, cts. per yd. Ladies' Cotton Hosiery, 7, 10, 12, 15c per pair. Ladies' Lisle Thread Hosiery, 20, 25, 30 cts. per pair. Ladies' Cashmere Hosiery, 25, 30, 40, 45, 50 cts. per pair.

Ladies' Summer Undervests, 5, 8, 10, 12, 15, 20, 25, 40 cts. Ladies' White Pique Shirts, \$1.50, 2.00, 2.25. Ladies' Crash Skirts, \$1.40, 2.00. Ladies' Blouses, 50, 60, 75, \$1.00 up to 2.50. Curtain Poles complete with wood ends, 25 cts. Spring Roller Blinds 25, 30, 35, 40, 50, 60 cts. Wall Paper from 3 cents up. Men's Summer Underwear A nice suit for 45 cents. Better ones at 60, 75, \$1.00. Men's Linen Hats 45, 60, 75 cents.

McGillivray & McIntosh. A full Line of Gent's Furnishings, Cretonnes, Boots and Shoes. Ladies' Ties, Gloves, Floor and Table Oil Cloths, Groceries, Etc. Farmers, bring in your Eggs, Wool and Butter or anything you have to sell, we will give you the highest market prices and will not charge you more for your goods than if it was cash you were paying.