

THE CASKET.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM.

A CATHOLIC JOURNAL NON-PARTISAN IN POLITICS.

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THE CASKET.

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THE CASKET.

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THURSDAY, OCT. 12.

The attention of the Council of Public Instruction is respectfully invited to the following editorial paragraph clipped from the New York Sun, of Saturday last:

We print elsewhere on this page extracts from an article in the Educational Review by Mr. Andrew F. West of Princeton University on a great change which has taken place in our "secondary schools," as he describes them, or high schools and academies. It seems, in the first place, that the number of students in these schools has nearly doubled since 1890, and the change of which he writes has been in the concentration of the pupils' attention on comparatively few studies. The number of special branches of knowledge has increased so greatly in this generation that it was found by experience that unless this reduction was made the pupil would be afflicted with ill-digested information and his efforts discouraged by the impossibility of mastering his subjects. Accordingly the courses of study have been reduced by common consent to a few, and the consequences, as related in Mr. West's paper are of remarkable interest.

The full significance of Mr. West's paper in its bearing on high school studies can hardly be gathered from the extracts published in *The Sun*. We reserve comment upon it, therefore, until such time as we shall have seen the whole of the article.

Experience is commonly believed to be the best teacher; but the reverend editor of *The Age Maria* has learned some practical truths very thoroughly without the aid of that preceptor, as appears from his answer to an unknown correspondent in California who wished to enlist his assistance in securing a wife. Some crusty old bachelor might maliciously suggest that these truths could be all the more effectually learned without experience; but what is the evidence of a witness of that class worth upon this point? Those who can speak from experience of the matter dealt with by our contemporary will, we feel sure, unanimously agree with his opinions. This is what it says:

We sincerely hope that our correspondent may find a helpmate worthy of himself. But he should not refer to her, even by anticipation, as "my other half." This is extremely ungentlemanly, also presumptuous and injudicious, considering all the circumstances of the case. A good wife is a husband's better four-fifths at least, excellent as the husband may be; and, as a rule, the party of the fifth is always susceptible of improvement. . . . If we were to procure a good Catholic wife, we could never be induced to accept payment for our efforts. If at all worthy of such a possession, he would always feel that he owed no more than he could possibly pay, and we ourselves should feel that we could never be adequately recompensed.

In a very readable paper, "The Bright Side of Things," prepared for the Stockport Conference of the Catholic Truth Society, Mr. T. C. Longueville, better known as the author of "The Life of a Priest" and kindred humorous productions, speaks of the Catholic Church as that in which there is most unanimity of opinion and the nearest approach to universality of adoption. The expression "most unanimity of opinion" is a singularly unfortunate one. There is unanimity, or better, unity of belief in the Catholic Church, a unanimity which does not admit of degrees but is perfect and absolute. Catholics are wholly of one mind in matters of belief. Should an individual permit himself to call in question even one jot or tittle of the Catholic faith he would put himself at once, by that very act of deliberate doubt, outside the pale of Catholic unity. But there is no unanimity of opinion among Catholics,

nor any approach to it. In matters of mere opinion the individual Catholic is free to follow his own bent, and he generally does so. Many men, many minds, says the proverb. As all races of men meet in the world-wide Church, so there are many and divers ways of looking at things, and there is consequently the greatest possible diversity of opinion. In the course of the same paper this clever writer stumbles to a fall even on the highway of modern English history. "It was under Queen Victoria," he says, "that England obtained Catholic Emancipation." Strange that an educated Englishman should make so egregious a blunder as this, and stranger still, perhaps, that it should have run the gauntlet of the Stockport Conference and finally found its way unrebuked into the columns of the *London Tablet*.

Referring to the letter of Cardinal Vaughan in the *London Times*, reproduced in to-day's *Casket*, the *Newcastle Chronicle*, one of the leading secular papers of England, has the following sane remarks:

Cardinal Vaughan might, had he chosen, have made his case against "Verax" stronger than he has. We are constantly being told that Catholicism is the cause of the decay of Latin countries. Priestcraft, it is said, has been their ruin. But what about Germany? Germany is, of course, not a Latin country. But it is a Catholic country to a far greater degree than is commonly supposed. The majority of the population of Germany are Catholics; the Catholic party is the strongest party in the Reichstag; and, as one of its leaders remarked some time ago, the Catholic party is the governing party. But nobody will contend that Germany is a decadent nation. If it be objected that the German Government is not a Catholic Government, the answer is that neither is the French Government. Further, if Paris is France, as for administrative purposes it undoubtedly is, then France is not a Catholic country. Belgium, on the other hand, has been for several years under Catholic rule; and though there is great political discontent in Belgium, there has also been great economic progress. The most priest-ridden country in the world, Christian or non-Christian, is Russia. In Russia it is almost impossible to move hand or foot without intervention of the priest. But, while it is difficult to foresee the future of Russia, her progress from the time of Peter the Great up to the present is incontestable, and most people are agreed that she has a great future before her. The causes of national decay are obscure, and must be sought elsewhere than in religious creed.

There are charities and charities. There are cases in which the virtue which begins at home should concern itself with things abroad, and there are others where it should refuse to do so until the home duties, which are well-nigh endless, are accomplished. An instance of each is given by our contemporary *The Age Maria*, which very pertinently informs a priest in Ireland who has asked it for the names of persons likely to contribute to the erection of a magnificent church in his parish that "there are so many magnificent churches in this country with magnificent debts on them that it is too much to expect American Catholics to contribute to the erection of magnificent churches in other countries"; and which at the same time pleads with an earnestness that is eloquent for aid for Father Corre, the priest who is striving to erect a hospital among the outcast lepers of Biwasaki, Japan. There is no inconsistency here. There are places where Catholic religious and charitable works are expected to derive their support from their own neighbourhood; and there are others where this is manifestly impossible. Catholics should discriminate between these. Our charitable impulses, like all our other actions, must be guided by reason,—enlightened Christian reason, of course. Into some community where the work of Christian education is carried on with the greatest difficulty, comes addressed to some well-meaning but very short-sighted feminine soul a package of tickets, or something of that sort, to sell for the benefit of some charity in a populous and wealthy city thousands of miles away, where, perhaps, Catholics are numerous and well endowed with the goods of this world. The request is made in the name of a priest and perhaps is accompanied by promises of special spiritual favours. How could the pious recipient resist that name and those promises? She does not know, of course, that the latter are made in flagrant viola-

tion of a strict law of the Church in the country whence they come. She and those whom she induces to contribute to objects that have no possible claim upon them never once pause to ask themselves whether they have done their duty by similar works at home that have the strongest claim upon and the most urgent need of their support.

On the other hand the work of spreading the Gospel in heathen lands, and everything that helps in that work, is a most proper and worthy object of Catholic charity in all places. Nor do local needs furnish any valid excuse for neglecting it. Cardinal Manning used to urge his people to give liberally toward the propagation of the Faith just because of their own pressing religious needs, as the best means of ensuring their being supplied. He believed, like the man of faith that he was, that God would not be outdone in generosity. It is indeed strange that we, who freely profess our acknowledgment that we owe all to His bountiful hand, so seldom admit this consideration in our individual cases. We are so apt to complain when God asks us for a small portion of what He has given us. We so often put Him off with the very least we can possibly give. We do not display even ordinary human prudence in our dealings with Him. We forget that he not only loves but is able to reward the cheerful giver, and that one of the least probable of all things is that He should allow us to suffer for our generosity to Him.

A facetious correspondent of the *London Tablet* has lots of fun with a certain "Catholicus" who addressed a letter to *The Times* in reference to the attitude of Catholics towards the Dreyfus case. "Catholicus" advised his co-religionists and fellow-Britons to boycott French religious communities in England in order thereby to show their indignation at the way Dreyfus was treated by the French. *The Tablet* correspondent speaks of this advice as "eminently practical," but explains that it presents a difficulty to himself personally, inasmuch as he has not been in the habit of contributing directly to the support of monks or nuns of any nationality. However, he is resolved to act up to the spirit of the advice given by "Catholicus," and so, by way of protest against the verdict at Rennes, he has explained to his French governess that he must reduce her wages—whereat she is sore perplexed, as she declares that her sympathies have been with Captain Dreyfus from the first. Still acting in the spirit of the letter signed "Catholicus," he has several times deprived his French poodle of his bone, torn out several pages from his French dictionary, and made up his mind at the earliest opportunity to insult a French nun—in a gentlemanly way. If these severe measures fail of the desired effect upon the French Generals, he is prepared to go even further and forbid his wife to eat French beans! "I should think," he concludes, "that would bring the French Generals to their senses—don't you, sir?"

The Tablet itself, which has all along strongly upheld the cause of Captain Dreyfus, is none the less disgusted with the hypocrisy of the British press in connection with the "affaire," and rebukes it in a ringing article. The editor points out that the difference between the French procedure and the British procedure in such cases as that of Captain Dreyfus is not by any means to the credit of England. As an instance in point he cites the case of Lieutenant Wark now undergoing three years' penal servitude for a crime of which, according to Sir George Lewis, "an enormous number of the public, both lawyers and laymen," believe him to be innocent. Yet, while Dreyfus has been granted a new trial and finally a free pardon, Wark's only hope is that the Home Secretary, "by some back-stairs process," may become convinced that the verdict was a wrong one. Even then he could never have his innocence proclaimed, for there is no court in England, like the Court of Cassation in France, to which, on the finding of a "new fact," an appeal lies from the lower

court and by which the conviction of the lower court may be quashed. *The Tablet* goes on to press home upon its stolid English contemporaries the charge of hypocrisy, reserving its keenest thrust to the last. The passage must be quoted entire:

And there is one other thing we can promise; if a correspondent were to state in these columns that he had heard it said that the Archbishop of Canterbury had expressed his delight at the conviction of Lieutenant Wark, and if a week later an official contradiction were to be published in *The Guardian*, we should not tell our readers that we preferred the gossip of a correspondent, to the word of the Archbishop. Such elementary courtesy, however, is understood to be unnecessary when it is the word of only a Roman Cardinal that is called in question. Last week we ventured to doubt the statement that Cardinal Rampolla had expressed delight at hearing Dreyfus had been condemned. A few hours later an official contradiction was published in the *Osservatore Romano*. And yet of all the English journals which commented, in more or less malignant terms, upon the original paragraph, how many had the fairness to acknowledge the contradiction and withdraw their criticisms? As far as we know, not one—and the *Times* man gave the lie to the Cardinal Secretary of State *sans phrase*. However, we make up by insisting on fair play abroad.

The attitude of the English Liberals on the question of the impending war with the Transvaal, as disclosed at the meeting of the Executive Committee of the party last week, is very encouraging especially as politicians are not prone to espouse a hopelessly unpopular cause. It argues a pretty strong sentiment throughout the country against this threatened war, when the Opposition departs from its usual course of non-interference in the foreign policy of the Government. There is evidently a considerable number of people in England who do not believe that true patriotism is expressed by the sentiment, "our country, right or wrong"—that sentiment which Goldwin Smith justly characterizes as "a doctrine of devils." In the effort to save his country from the guilt of an unnecessary, and so far as we can see, unjust war, Sir William Vernon Harcourt has a task much more worthy of his abilities than that of scolding over the "Romanizing" tendencies of the Ritualists. He has, moreover, an opportunity of partially righting the wrong and retrieving the tremendous tactical blunder he committed, as he now doubtless realizes, when, as a member of the Parliamentary Committee of inquiry into the subject of the Jameson Raid, he became a party to the suppression of evidence in order to save Mr. Joseph Chamberlain from exposure. No consideration of mercy to an individual or of avoidance of the scandal involved in exposing the connection of a Minister of the Crown with that rascally proceeding, should have induced Harcourt to join in keeping in his place the present head of the Colonial Office. Mr. Chamberlain escaped exposure on that occasion, and Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who was proven guilty of planning and carrying out the high crime for which others went to prison, did not even suffer the loss of his Windsor uniform. But the case taught this precious pair the unwisdom of levying private war, and hence the threatened employment of the might of the British Empire.

The *Chicago Record* hits off the situation in South Africa in a very happy cartoon. Oom Paul is depicted sitting quietly smoking his huge pipe, with the most exasperating placidity of countenance, while in front of him Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, with his coat off and his shirt-sleeves rolled up past the elbows, prances wildly, exclaiming, "Why don't you do something, so I can hit you!" That is it, exactly. If Kruger would only "do something"—if the Boers could only be provoked into striking the first blow, it would give the war party in England—what the civilized world, as the Jingoese are painfully well aware, knows they still lack—a *casus belli*. This puts the Boers in a painful dilemma. If there is to be fighting, their only chance of winning any successes at all is to strike quickly, before the body of Britain's forces have reached the ground. But if they do this, they give Britain the only excuse that can even apparently justify a declaration of war against them, not only before the rest of the civilized world, but before the British people at home, whose aversion to this war, thank heaven! has forced the Duke of Devonshire to declare that the Government will exhaust every effort to avoid it.

May Heaven bless all who assist in averting this terrible scourge! And in that blessing the Liberal leaders who have boldly lifted their voices against the injustice will surely share. We have not lost hope that their firm stand may yet save the blood of the thousands of men and the misery and tears of countless women and children whom Messrs. Chamberlain and Rhodes have selected as a holocaust to their insatiable lust, the one of power and the other of gold. In the case of the nominal liberal leader, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, however, whose words will be found elsewhere, we cannot but regret the lack of that full measure of courage which the situation calls for. While denouncing the injustice of Mr. Chamberlain's demands, he declares it to be the duty of his followers not to embarrass the Government. What! is it the duty of any citizen, public or private, to assist, actively or passively, in supporting an unjust demand which is being enforced under threat of the sword! We hope Sir Henry's followers, despite his timidity, will not hesitate to carry their opposition to national iniquity even to the extreme length of embarrassing Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. And if they embrace the opportunity which Sir William Vernon Harcourt once supinely let pass, of relegating him to his work-shop in disgrace, they will have conferred a boon (we pay Mr. Chamberlain's ability the compliment of saying it) upon the whole world.

RANDOM OBSERVATIONS.

When the dishonest schemes practised with a view to winning prizes at the Toronto Exhibition, were made known, it was said in many quarters that Ontario was fast becoming the chosen home of all kinds of crooks—from the highest to the lowest. It is greatly to be feared, however, that Upper Canada can claim no monopoly of this most undesirable class of persons. According to the *Morning Chronicle*, a reputable correspondent of that paper claims to be in a position to prove that several exhibitors had farm-produce and fruit entered, at the late fair in Halifax, as of their own raising, whereas they were culled in small lots, from the best productions of different farms and orchards, throughout an entire county. He further claims that the fraud has been going on for years, and that last year a man bought West India peppers and placed them in competition for a prize with his neighbour's genuine exhibit. From another quarter comes word that a basket containing vegetables exhibited at Halifax, was recognized as one stolen from the exhibition held earlier, at St. John. The display of Agricultural products has long been regarded as one of the minor features of the Halifax show, and if such as are exhibited do not represent the production of the Province, it were well to allow the Provincial Exhibition, which is not even a paying concern, to become a thing of the past.

The members of a Temperance Union in Halifax are at present discussing the rather amusing question whether it is right to take money in support of their work from the rum-sellers. The question, it seems to the writer, is hardly worth discussing. Rum-sellers have been known to take for years the wages of the poor wretches who patronize them, and when their poison had done its work, to refuse to contribute to the funeral expenses of their victim. Unless, therefore, the members of the Union returns to the liquor dealers, in the way of trade, much larger amounts than those solicited, they will not likely be troubled with many contributions. OBSERVER.

People of Prominence.

Grand Duke Michael, Czarowitch of Russia, is visiting Queen Victoria at Balmoral.

Walter Wellman, the Arctic explorer, arrived at New York from England by steamer Umbria on Saturday last.

Signor Crispi, ex-revolutionist, ex-Premier and ex-plunderer of Italy, celebrated his 80th birthday at Palermo on the 4th inst.

John Hays Hammond, civil engineer for the leading South African mining companies, and a U. S. citizen, in an interview in Paris, while declaring that ninety per cent. of the Americans in positions of any importance in the Transvaal sympathized with England, and showing pretty plainly that he himself belonged to that ninety per cent., expressly declined to say anything as to the justice of Great Britain's cause.

Sunflower Seed for Cattle Feed.

Sunflowers are no longer to be regarded as mere garden ornaments with a faculty for turning their heads so that their large, full faces are aimed full at the sun.

There are 500 acres of sunflowers altogether, and when the ripe heads are cut in the fall the crop will yield about 300 wagon loads of seed.

The fields have to be watched closely while the flowers are ripening. Blackbirds, starlings and especially sparrows know the fattening qualities of the seed and immense flocks of the birds come from all points of the compass to feast upon the growing crops.

Foreign Spies in Great Britain.

Great Britain is, said a British Foreign Office official the other day, literally overrun with spies of foreign Governments.

Possessed of a remarkably sound knowledge of the English language, and enlisting, of course, under an assumed name, your representative of the Fatherland or of "La Belle" may be found in almost every regiment and ship of the Queen's service.

The Geographical Congress.

Many of the most eminent geographers met at Berlin yesterday to attend the Seventh International Geographical Congress.

The present occasion will be the first time French savants have been sent as delegates to a scientific assemblage in Germany since the war with that country.

Antarctic exploration will be a prominent topic at Berlin. This is the only field in which great discoveries are still to be made, and so it has to-day a peculiar prominence.

Rules for Dyspeptics.

Eat slowly, masticating the food very thoroughly, even more so, if possible, than is required in health.

Avoid drinking at meals; at most, take a few sips of warm drink at the close of the meal, if the food is very dry in character.

In general dyspeptic stomachs manage dry food better than that containing much fluid.

Eat neither very hot nor cold food. The best temperature is about that of the body. Avoid exposure to cold after eating.

Be careful to avoid excess in eating. Eat no more than the wants of the system require. Sometimes less than is really needed must be taken when digestion is very weak.

Never eat more than three times a day, and make the last meal very light. For many dyspeptics, two meals are better than more.

Never eat a morsel of any sort between meals.

Never eat when tired, whether exhausted from mental or physical labour.

Never eat when the mind is worried or the temper ruffled, if possible to avoid it.

Never eat only food that is easy of digestion; avoiding complicated and indigestible dishes, and taking but one to three kinds at a meal.

Most persons will be benefitted by the use of oatmeal, wheat meal, or Graham flour, cracked wheat, and other whole grain preparations, though many will find it necessary to avoid vegetables, especially when fruits are taken.

A Ceaseless Torment.

ECZEMATIC GNAWING AND IRRITATION HAVE A SHORT STAY AFTER ONE APPLICATION OF DR. AGNEW'S OINTMENT - IT HELPS IMMEDIATELY AND CURES QUICKLY.

C. W. Howard, Peak's Island, Me., writes: "Enclosed find 25 cents, for which kindly send me a box of Dr. Agnew's Ointment. I have been afflicted for a long time with eczema, and it has done me so much good I want to try another box.

Trappists in Japan.

An exchange give the following as a Japanese journal's description of a Trappist monastery:

"The existence of a small colony of foreigners in a mountain within ten miles of the seacoast village of Ishibetsu, opposite the port of Hakodate, was made public some time ago by the vernacular press.

"The colony consists of seven Frenchmen, four Dutch, one Italian and one Canadian, in all thirteen, besides a few Japanese. They all live in one house, dress themselves alike, partake of the same food and work together under a leader name Bruyere.

"Everything about them indicates religious piety and devotion. When they go to Hakodate on business, they are never alone. A new member is said to be assigned a certain amount of study for three years, and is obliged to remain in a separate room.

"If the kidneys fail to do their work other organs become involved; poisons generate - circulate through, and violate the whole system. Disease and disaster are as sure as sunrise if neglected.

South American Kidney Cure acts on the kidneys like magic. It's a liquid and attacks the ailing parts, quickly stops the spreading of disease, drives out the foreign substances, and brings this important organ back to a healthy normal state.

Not a Forgotten Poet.

A few weeks ago Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson spoke, not disparagingly but rather sadly, of Thomas Campbell as a forgotten poet.

What a tribute to a poet! Here is a bard pronounced one of the "forgotten," yet one of his simplest poems is remembered and reproduced literally after the lapse of a generation and more.

Thomas Campbell was not an Irishman. He was a Scot; more than that, he was a Briton who wrote the most stirring English ballads of any man that ever lived, not even barring Tennyson and Kipling.

He wrote also one of the most pathetic of Irish songs, "The Exile of Erin," with its closing heart-breaking apostrophe:

Do the youngsters of to-day read and recite his immortal "Hohenlinden" and "Lochiel's Warning" which inspired us oldsters of years ago?

It is interesting to know that Campbell was once arrested as a suspect because he happened to have crossed the channel with Col. Donovan who had commanded a regiment of Irishmen at Vinegar Hill.

Vance Thompson has mentioned Poe as a poet who never wrote an indecent line. Campbell's latest biographer quotes him as saying, shortly before he died: "It is an inexpressible comfort, at my time of life, to be able to look back and feel that I have not written one line against religion

A Pitiable Cripple

FROM RHEUMATISM - BLISTERED BY DOCTORS TILL HE DIDN'T KNOW HIMSELF - SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE PERFORMS A WONDEROUS CURE.

D. Desanetels, Peterboro, writes: "For months I was unable to work, had rheumatism in every part of my body. I was blistered by doctors at ten different times. My hands were drawn out of shape, my fingers were distorted, and my wrists and forearm were double their natural size.

FAMILY KNITTER.

Simplest, Cheapest, Best. AGENTS WANTED, Write for particulars. Price \$8.00. Mention THE CASKET when writing.



It is Impossible to Buy Better Tea Than MONSOON

INDO-CYLON TEA For the Prices asked. If you want the best, insist on "Monsoon."

Catarrh

In a climate so variable as ours—extreme heat and extreme cold—the very nature of Catarrh makes it the most common disease of the Canadian people; thus it is that medical statistics compile the alarming figures that nine hundred or lesser degree victims to its ravages; and with all the searching after truth and the many so-called Catarrh remedies, there is but one to-day advertised and the sale sought for to the Canadian public which publishes a guarantee to cure—that is Japanese Catarrh Cure.

Japanese Catarrh cure prints in every package a guarantee to cure. The directions are plain and simple. What it has done for thousands it can do for you. 50 cents—All Druggists or by mail.

GRIFFITHS & MACPHERSON CO., TORONTO SOLD BY FOSTER BROS.

Campbell was indeed a poet, and Goethe, one of the greatest, said of him: "I consider him far above any modern English poet whose works have fallen in my way."

Irish readers ought to know and never forget that at least two of the tenderest poems in the language were written about Ireland by this brilliant Scotsman who could never write about any subject unworthy of his noble mind.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE SUBSCRIBER will sell his property, situated at the North Grant, near the cheese factory, about two miles from town. It consists of

FIFTY ACRES OF WELL-CULTIVATED AND GOOD LAND, With a Good House and new Barn thereon. The property will be sold on most advantageous terms. For further particulars apply to

ANGUS McDONALD, North Grant.

LAND FOR SALE.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale at most reasonable terms 250 acres of heavily timbered land, situated at rear of Pleasant Valley, 5 miles distant from Arisaig Wharf, and about 8 miles from Town. Twenty-five acres were cleared, but at present a second growth of new wood is commencing.

For terms, etc., apply to DONALD GILLIS (ANGUS), St. Ninian Street, Antigonish.

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

FARM FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale the well-known and desirable farm situated at the Lower West River, 4 miles from Antigonish Town, 200 acres, more or less; 60 acres intervals, more or less, cutting a large quantity of Timothy hay; 20 acres upland under cultivation; the rest is excellent pasture. A good house and barn. No waste land, all in good condition. For further particulars apply to

ALEXANDER CAMERON, Lower West River, Antigonish

PLANT LINE.

The Direct Route Without Change to Boston. COMMENCING OCT. 4th.

SS. "HALIFAX," so well known to the travelling public, will leave Hawkesbury every Tuesday at 8 p. m. and from Halifax for Boston every Wednesday at midnight, - from Boston Saturdays at noon.

Through Tickets For Sale by Agents I. C. Ry.

For all information apply to H. L. CHIPMAN, Superintendent, Plant Wharf, Halifax.

Parents! did you ever try Knott's Worm Tablets for your children? You will find them the best that money can buy. Simple safe and sure. If your druggist does not keep them send 10 cents to the Knott Remedies Co., Merigomish, N. S., and get a package mailed free.

CANADIAN TEACHERS WANTED.

More vacancies than teachers. POSITIONS GUARANTEED. Placed 250 Canadian teachers in U. S., last term. UNION TEACHERS' AGENCIES OF AMERICA, Washington, D. C.



Custom Tailoring. I have much pleasure in announcing to our many customers, and the public generally, that I have employed MR. ANGUS MCGILLIVRAY. His reputation as Cutter is so well known that I need not say further than that it would be difficult to persuade any who have had work done by him to try another. My Stock of

ENGLISH, SCOTCH and CANADIAN TWEEDS, WORSTEDS and OVERCOATINGS

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.

EDDY'S

EAGLE Parlor Matches 200 s " " " 100 s VICTORIA " " 65 s Little Comet " " "

The Finest in the World. No Brimstone.

E. B. EDDY CO. Limited, Hull, P. Q.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

IN THE COUNTY COURT: 1898, B. No. 670. For the District No. 6

Between MICHAEL CRISPO, Plaintiff and FIDELL FOUGERE, absent or absconding debtor, Defendant.

TO BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION by the Sheriff of the County of Antigonish, or his Deputy at the Court House, Antigonish, on

Tuesday, 17th day of October, A. D. 1899, at the hour of ten o'clock, in the forenoon.

All the estate, right, title, and interest that the above-named defendant, Fidell Fougere had at the time of the recording of the judgment in the above cause or at any time since, in, to, or upon the following lot, piece, or parcel of

LAND

Situate, lying and being at Frankville, in the County of Antigonish, and bounded as follows: viz.: On the north by a road leading from Murdoch Levanzie's to the place of the late Roderick Chisholm, Miller, at Linwood; on the south by a river running to Linwood Harbour; on the east by the lands of William King and John King, and on the west by lands of Thomas Muse, containing twenty acres, more or less, together with the walls, buildings, easements and appurtenances belonging thereto, said lands having been levied upon under an execution issued upon a judgment in the above cause, duly recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds at Antigonish, in the County of Antigonish, for more than one year.

Terms of Sale: Ten per cent. deposit at time of sale; balance on delivery or tender of deed.

DUNCAN D. CHISHOLM, High Sheriff of the County of Antigonish. A. MACGILLIVRAY, Plaintiff's Solicitor, Sheriff's Office, Antigonish, Sept. 4th, 1899.

THE VEIL WITHDRAWN.

(Translated from the French of Madame Craven.)

CHAPTER XIII. (continued.)

For the first time since our arrival at Paris he had not, to my knowledge, watched one of my movements, though I had received more flattery that day, perhaps than ever before. . . . During the dinner he appeared devoted to his neighbours—

All this might perhaps have interested me at some other time, but my mind was now occupied in trying to ascertain the reality of the change I had remarked. It was now my turn to give sly glances towards the other side of the table, but I did not once detect Lorenzo looking towards me.

These thoughts beset me during the trifling conversation that varies the *ennui* of a large dinner, and even prevented me from perceiving that our host was a gentleman of superior intelligence, and profiting by it.

I had, however, no opportunity for reflection during my walk, for I was almost immediately surrounded by friends, and I soon turned back to hunt for Lorenzo. Daylight was almost gone, which made it difficult to recognize any one; but at last I discovered him on the steps by means of his lofty stature and noble features, which were distinctly defined against the light of the *salon* within.

"Mme. de B— looks almost as handsome as ever this evening," said one of them. "One would really think she was trying to regain her ascendancy! . . ."

"Impossible, certainly, in the eyes of any other man; but in those of her husband, who knows?"

This was one of those speeches that are always flying at random, and striking the ear on every side of the world—speeches which one hears without listening to, but which weaken the moral sense, as physical diseases are produced by breathing dangerous miasmata too frequently.

Having escaped, in the almost utter darkness, from those who tried to detain me, I was slowly advancing towards the

steps when I suddenly met Lorenzo. . . . He was in search for me, for he had on his arm my thin mantle of white cashmere, which he wrapped around my shoulders. I joyfully seized hold of his arm, and said in a low tone: "Pray do not go in yet, Lorenzo. Let us walk awhile in this beautiful covered alley."

He began to laugh. "That would be very sentimental," said he, "for people who are no longer in their honey-moon; but no matter, I consent. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. Besides, I see yonder an illuminated tent, where, I am told, there are preparing a musical surprise for us. Let us go in that direction."

We walked a short distance without speaking. There was nothing absolutely calculated to wound me in what he said, but his light indifferent tone was not what I longed to hear. Amid all the excitement of fashionable society, I felt that his love constituted the only happiness of my life; and if I had supposed that to be the only cause of his vigilance and anxiety concerning me, I should never have sought to escape from it.

"Let us stop here, Lorenzo," I said when we arrived at the end of the covered walk. "I see people coming this way. We can follow them into the tent, and it will be supposed we came with the crowd."

In fact, a brilliant *soiree* succeeded the dinner. The *salons* and garden were filled with company. The light from the tent extended to the place where we were standing, though we were out of sight. I sat down on a bench against a tree, and Lorenzo took a seat beside me.

"I have a question to ask you," said I suddenly. "Promise to give me a sincere reply."

He seemed surprised. He raised his eyebrows slightly, and his smiling face became clouded.

"I do not much like to be questioned, Ginevra, I forewarn you."

"But you always seem to like to have me answer your questions."

"Yes, but without depending on it; for I know how to question and obtain an answer without giving you the trouble to reply."

"And is that why you look at me instead of speaking, and your eyes are always following me so attentively?"

He smiled, and made no reply for a while.

"Perhaps that has been the cause of my doing so till to-day."

"Till to-day?"

"Yes; since you ask me, I confess it without any hesitation. Love does not always, among its privileges, possess the faculty of seeing clearly. Therefore I have been mistrustful of mine, and have not allowed it to influence me in the least in studying you."

I made a slight gesture of surprise.

"Listen, Ginevra. One never knows what a young soldier is till his first battle. Neither can one tell what a woman of your age is till she appears on the terrible battle-field of the fashionable world. But if I have any faculty, it is, I believe, that of not being deceived in a study of this kind. Be assured, Ginevra, that from this time I shall watch you no more."

"Then, Lorenzo," said I, somewhat hurt, "you really watched me through suspicion, and all this time was necessary to convince you I am to be trusted?"

"I wished to see you under fire," said he, resuming his jesting tone. "Do not complain of this, ma belle Ginevra. You have come out of the trial victorious—victorious to such a degree that, though I thought you more charming to-day than ever, I have not once thought of watching you. And yet," continued he in a tone he tried to render playful, but which was bitter in spite of himself, "those flowers that are so becoming to you are not all calculated to reassure me." And plucking a red carnation from my wreath, he held it up before me with a smile that seemed cruel, and was about to put it in his button-hole when, pale as death, I snatched it from his hand, and threw it as far as I could.

"Lorenzo!" I said in a trembling voice. "you are ungenerous! . . . and you are very unjust! . . ."

I should have done better to say, as well as think, that he did not know what he was doing. No; he little knew what had taken place in my soul since the day he thus recalled, which was so sanguinary, so fatal in its results. No; he could not conceive the intolerable pain he gave me by thus suddenly reviving my regret, my sorrow, and my shame! . . .

He could read my heart to a certain extent, but how far he was—alas! how incapable he was—in penetrating to the bottom of my soul, and fully comprehending, or even suspecting, the radical change which that one day had wrought in my nature.

He saw with surprise and alarm my agitation and the sudden paleness of my face, and endeavoured to calm me; but I noticed he was at once anxious and annoyed about the emotion he had excited.

I made a violent effort to regain my self-control, and soon succeeded in allaying the throbbing of my heart. But, I felt as if an icy wind had crossed my path, chilling too soon the opening flowers of my dawning happiness, and causing them to droop their heads.

CHAPTER XIV.

From that day Lorenzo, as he promised, ceased to manifest any interest in what I did in society. But this apparent confidence afforded me no pleasure. I remained painfully wounded at what had passed between us. I considered his suspicions even more humiliating than those of my father, and began to feel that the fault I had so greatly deplored had not merited so long and cruel a chastisement.

Moreover, I was only relieved from the anxiety caused by his vigilance to experience another which was so soon to increase and reveal to me at last my true destiny.

It did not, in fact, require a long time to discover that Lorenzo's new attitude was sometimes less like confidence than indifference. It frequently happened that I searched a long time for him in the different *salons* where we were accustomed to spend all our evenings, without being able to find him. One day I perceived him talking in a very animated manner with Mme. de B—, and, when I approached, I fancied there was a slight expression of displeasure in his face, which though promptly concealed, was sufficient to cause me a painful sensation of embarrassment.

When we were alone, however, I found him unchanged. His manner towards me had lost nothing of its charm; he seemed as affectionate as ever, and yet an invisible barrier had risen between us, which was constantly increasing, and I began to experience a feeling of solitude that was especially painful in society, but from which I was nowhere completely exempt.

But the success of my first appearance in the world had now given way to that of fashion. The arrival of some foreign prince, whose name I no longer remember, prolonged the gay season at Paris this year, and one reunion succeeded another as if it were carnival time. There was not one to which I was not invited, and, though an undeniable need of rest began to overpower the fervish activity that for some time had come over me, I was unable to stop, for I began to perceive that a quiet, tranquil life was insupportable to Lorenzo unless in his studio. Out of that, he wished to be incessantly in motion, and, as he could now seriously resume his artist life, he gave himself up entirely to that of the world, and was not yet indifferent to the pleasure of having me accompany him.

(To be continued.)

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Paine's Celery Compound Repairs the Nerves and Tissues, Banishes Disease, Gives Fresh Red Blood and Perfect Health.

The nervous system is a wondrous complication, and should at all times work with perfect harmony. When the working of the nervous system is unimpaired, good and vigorous health is always maintained. The woman who suffers from nervous prostration, hysteria or hypochondria, has nerves affected that communicate directly with the brain, and if care is not exercised she may become a fit subject for an asylum. It should be well understood that dyspepsia, liver and kidney troubles and blood diseases have a profound effect on certain groups of nerves. These nerves or sensitive agents give us the first true warnings of dangers and perils. When the nerves indicate the first symptoms of disease, the ailing man or woman should without loss of time make use of Paine's Celery Compound, nature's true nerve food, blood cleanser and flesh builder. Medical experience points to Paine's Celery Compound as the true and unfailing banisher of disease, the only medicine that thoroughly builds up the broken-down nervous system, that dissipates debility, sleeplessness, neuralgia, rheumatism and blood troubles. It is the friend that brings perfect digestion, sweet sleep, tranquility and mental peace. If you have not yet used or heard of Paine's Celery Compound, ask any of your friends or neighbors who have received new life from its use; they will gladly and joyfully recommend it.

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Easy to Dye With Diamond Dyes—No Disappointments or Failures—Colors are Fast to Sun, Soap and Washing.

Do not for a moment imagine that it is a difficult matter to do your own dyeing. It is true the work will be hazardous and disappointing if you use the imitation and crude package dyes sold by some dealers, but when Diamond Dyes are used it is but little more trouble to get fast and lovely colors than it is to wash and rinse the goods.

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will soon begin. The most particular Plowman can be suited.

13 Different Styles of PLOWS.

REPAIRS FOR 20 Different Patterns of Plows.

Team & Carriage Harnesses

100 Half Barrels Fat July Herring at the Red and Green Store on College Street.

Highest Price in Cash for Hides and Pelts.

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Advertisement for Whiston & Frazee's Commercial Colleges, Halifax and Truro. Text: If you think of attending a business or commercial college, send first for the catalogue of Whiston & Frazee's Commercial Colleges, Halifax and Truro. WHISTON & FRAZEE.

New Custom Tailoring Shop.

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

MAIN and COLLEGE STS.,

next door to the Antigonish Bookstore.

Our long experience in selecting and making-up

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

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

Particular attention given to Clergymen's Soutannes.

GRANT & CO.

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New, Fresh Groceries

and well selected stock of

BOOTS and SHOES, CROCKERYWARE, FLOUR, ETC.

I wish to inform the Public that I have re-opened business at the old stand, and am prepared to sell goods with the cheapest. A full and complete line of all the Staple Groceries, also many of the lines usually kept in a general store.

Everything New and Fresh.

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Advertisement for Sherwin-Williams Paints. Features a large banner with 'PAINT & PROSPER' and an image of a paintbrush. Text: THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS. Their makers have tried for thirty years to make the best paint—the most enduring paint. They have succeeded. Every can of The Sherwin-Williams Paints is fully covered by a guarantee, and back of the guarantee are the reputation and all the resources of the company. You can be fully posted on paint by reading "Paint Points," an illustrated little book which we will send free on request. THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO. PAINT AND COLOR MAKERS, Canadian Dept., 21 St. Antoine St., Montreal.

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Always on hand or made to order at short notice

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

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ESTABLISHED, 1852

THE CASKET,

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

M. DONOVAN, Manager

Terms: \$1.00 per Year in Advance

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

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12.

THE APPEAL IN BEHALF OF THE COLLEGE.

The movement suggested at the meeting of the Alumni of Saint Francis Xavier's College in June, 1898, for soliciting from the friends of the College the financial assistance necessary for carrying on the work of the Institution according to the requirements of the times is now well under way. His Lordship, the Bishop having issued an appeal on behalf of the College to the clergy and people of Eastern Nova Scotia. That such an appeal will be responded to in a prompt and generous spirit we are fully confident, both on account of the source from which it has emanated and of the object for which it has been made. No one who is acquainted with the history of this diocese can be unaware of the great work which St. Francis Xavier's College has accomplished during the half century of its existence among the Catholics of Eastern Nova Scotia. It was a prudent foresight on part of the late Bishop McKinnon of the potent influence for good which higher education would exert upon the Catholics of that part of the world that prompted him to establish the college. He understood that if the Catholics of this country were to hold their own against the great odds with which they would have to contend, they must have in their midst an institution from which would come forth learned men capable of filling the highest offices in Church and State. It was from an intimate conviction and a keen realization of the same important truth that his successor, the present venerable Bishop, has, during the whole of his episcopate, made heroic efforts in order to promote the interest of the college whose welfare he has so much at heart.

At the very commencement of his Episcopal administration, his Lordship with a wisdom which all now fully recognize and keenly appreciate put forth a very great effort to place the college in such a financial condition as would enable it to realize the important mission for which it was intended. The priests and people of the diocese responded nobly to his call for assistance, and the work accomplished since then will be a lasting monument to the wisdom, zeal and generosity of the Bishop, priests and people of Eastern Nova Scotia.

It would be difficult to overestimate the influence which a university college exerts upon the future of a community whose young men are trained within its walls. So important indeed is the part which institutions of higher learning play in the drama of human existence that the whole civilized world has come to recognize them, if indeed it has not always so regarded them, as the greatest factors in the evolution of human society. However men may differ on questions of religion, morality or political economy; however varied may be their environments of place, climate, customs, or national temperament, amid all this endless variety of circumstances, the world seems to have recognized from the very dawn of civilization this principle, which the touchstone of experience has never failed to verify, namely, that the strength and vitality of a society are intimately associated with the efficiency of its institutions of learning. While this principle applies to educational institutions in general, it is especially true in its application to colleges and universities. For although the number of those who are fortunate enough to secure a higher education is but a small proportion of the general population, nevertheless the mental training imparted in a university is not confined in its effects to the alumni alone, but of its very nature extends to all members of society. Within the walls of our colleges our future priests, jurists, scientists, and men of letters receive the equipment which enables them to enter upon the battle of life, not as members of the rank and file, but as leaders in a great army. Each in his own sphere wields a mighty influence upon the masses, and hence the seats of learning which form the minds of those leaders of men may without a shadow of exaggeration be said to mould the future of society in general and shape the destinies of peoples.

The Church herself, although endowed with supernatural life and power, has al-

ways availed herself of human education as the most potent of natural instruments in building up and fortifying the kingdom of God upon earth. "We do not indeed," to use the words of our Holy Father Leo XIII in the encyclical *Unigenitus Dei*, "attribute to human philosophy such force and authority as to judge it sufficient for the utter shutting out and uprooting of all errors . . . but we must not despise or undervalue those helps which are given to man by the kindness and wisdom of God who strongly and sweetly orders all things; and it stands to reason that a right use of philosophy is the greatest of these helps. For God did not give the light of reason in vain to the soul of man, nor does the superadded light of faith quench, or even lessen, the strength of the understanding. Its effect is far from this. It perfects the understanding, gives it new strength, and makes it fit for greater works. The very nature of the providence of God Himself, therefore, makes it needful for us to seek a safeguard in human knowledge when we strive to bring the people to faith and salvation." The words of the Holy Father indicate the spirit with which the Church has ever embraced education as an agent for promoting even the spiritual welfare of mankind. It was that spirit which gave life to the schools and universities of the middle age; for we must not forget that it was the Church which founded those institutions, fostered them, endowed them, and enriched them with the extraordinary powers and prerogatives which they long afterwards enjoyed.

We feel, however, that it is not necessary for us to dwell at greater length upon the importance of higher education, for of this we believe that our readers are fully convinced. But there is one point to which we would especially direct their attention, namely that the needs of colleges are becoming every day more pressing. The reason of this is not far to seek. Colleges are expected to train men for the world as it is; and as the world is ever moving on with rapid strides, as new arts and sciences are being developed, and perfected, changing and remodelling the whole fabric of human society, it follows as a necessary consequence that colleges in order to fulfil their mission must be provided with all the means and appliances necessary to prepare their students to enter upon the various works of life, not as it was fifty years ago but as we find it to-day. Its library must be copious and up to date, its laboratories thoroughly equipped, its museums and collections large and varied, its buildings commodious. The college which is deficient in these things will surely fail in the keen struggle for existence which is going on throughout the civilized world to-day in all the departments of life intellectual as well as material; and with its failure the interests of the body which it represents will necessarily suffer. At the present day, therefore, a college in order to accomplish its mission must be provided with ample funds and it is the duty of those for whom it has been established to provide it with the means requisite for the proper performance of its work. For this reason we are confident and doubly sure that the priests and people of the diocese will exert themselves to the utmost to assist St. Francis Xavier's College which has done such good services in the past and which we all hope to see accomplishing still greater things in the future.

Am Maidsear Mor.

In THE CASKET of April 6, Mr. Thomas Macdonald, of Saltcoats, Scotland, writes as follows in reference to the descendants, in this country, of Major Alex. Macdonald (Am Maidsear Mor) of Keppoch:

I have been informed that the Maidsear's son, John, also migrated from P. E. I. to Glengarry, Ont., and that he lived there quite near his cousin, Alexander, son of Colonel Archibald, of Inch, until he died, and this, unless I find it authoritatively stated to be otherwise, I believe to be correct. The Marchioness D'Oyley, Paris, makes some pretension to be a descendant of this John, who, according to the account she gives, must have migrated from Glengarry Co. to Baltimore in the United States. The Marchioness I believe to be a Keppoch Macdonald, descended from a John Macdonald who migrated from Canada to Baltimore, U. S., but that this John Macdonald can be identified with John, the Maidsear Mor's son, I do not believe; at the same time it would be interesting if his real ancestor could be traced.

Of the Major himself he writes:

I believe that it was in 1802 that the Maidsear Mor emigrated, and that he died about the year 1815. But I am not so sure, and Mr. McDonald [Ridge] does not seem very sure, that he died in P. E. I.; there is a story that he migrated to Glengarry Co., Ont., and that he died there. These are points upon which I should like to feel sure.

I believe that I am in a position to throw some light on both of these points. My paternal grand-parents, Alexander Macdonald and Catherine Campbell, were both of them born and bred in the Braes of Lochaber, in the near neighbourhood of Keppoch House. My grandmother, who lived to a good old age, knew the Maidsear Mor well. She used to say that the Major

himself was careless about the practice of his religion, but that his wife was a very devout woman, much given to fasting and prayer. My father, who is now in his 80th year, remembers having heard my grandmother ask the Father Alexander McDonnell, who was at the time pastor of Judique, C. B., if he could give her any tidings of the Maidsear Mor. Father McDonnell told her he had had a letter from Bishop McEachren, of P. E. Island, informing him that the Major had died there the death of a Christian. No mention was made of the time of his death in the conversation which passed between the old priest and my grandmother, at least none that my father remembers. It must be some seventy-four or five years since that visit of Father McDonnell's to my grandfather's house, as it is one of the earliest memories of my father's childhood. The Major may have been then dead many years. Indeed I am led to believe from another fact which has come to my knowledge that the date of his death must be placed some years earlier than 1815. The fact is that, somewhere between 1805 and 1812, his two daughters passed some time (how long I have no means of knowing) at the residence of Father Alex. Macdonald at the Gulf Shore in this county. There is living at Mabou Coal Mines a man who remembers hearing his mother tell how it was one of the Major Mor's daughters, during their stay at Father Alexander's, that cut her wedding gown for a young woman who had crossed over from the Gulf Shore to Mabou Coal Mines to be married there. This, as I have said, was somewhere between 1805 and 1812; the exact year, if need were, might easily be determined. The two young ladies had come from the Island in a boat, and were then on their way to Upper Canada or the United States. Now, it does not seem at all likely that they would have gone away from the Island in the lifetime of their father, leaving him in his old age to be cared for by comparative strangers, and that, too, in what must have been for him a land of exile.

As for the other point, the following letter, which, though not meant for publication, I make bold to publish, will, I believe, when taken in conjunction with the facts set forth above, help to free it from the uncertainty that has gathered round it.

19, Avenue de L'Opera.

Paris, August 25, 1899.

To the Rev. Father McDonald, D. D.:
Dear Father,—In the absence of my wife I reply to her correspondents. The Marchioness is at present in California with our youngest son, a boy of 19 years. They intend visiting all the western parts of the United States before returning to Europe next September. From what I can gather from your letter you wish to learn whether she is the great granddaughter of Major Alex. Macdonald, of Keppoch. From all I know on that subject my wife has always supposed that her father, Alex. Macdonald, was the only son of John Macdonald (a marine officer) who claimed to be the younger son of Major Alex. Macdonald (Am Maidsear Mor) and that her grandfather, John Macdonald, was born in June 1792, and was married at Balto, Md., U. S. A. (where he had settled) 4th July, 1818, to Margaret Coulter, daughter of Alex. Coulter, of County Down, Ireland, then a resident of Baltimore. My wife has heard her father speak of his grandfather, the Major, as the handsomest man in Scotland, and of his uncle Chichester as the then Chief of the Keppoch. A monument erected at Baltimore to the memory of the Marchioness's grandfather bears this inscription:

"In memory of John Macdonald, of the family of Keppoch, Scotland, who died 8th March, 1824, aged 41 years."

The daughters of Major Macdonald whom you mention in your letter as on the way to the States, coming from Nova Scotia, must then have paid a visit to their brother John settled at Baltimore, because he had two sisters who came to Baltimore and were married there, one to an English gentleman, a Mr. Johnston Smith, and the other to a Mr. John Carroll of Maryland.

My wife is on the most intimate terms with her cousin, Mrs. McDonnell of Inch, formerly residing at Keppoch House, Lochaber, now residing at London. She claims to be the present representative of the Keppoch family.

This is nearly all the information I can give you about my wife's family, but I shall send to her your letter and if you desire it she may be able to give you further details.

In the meantime, I remain,

Dear Father McDonald,

Yours respectfully,

JOHN, MARQUIS D'OYLEY.

This is a very satisfactory account of the matter, and, bears out, I venture to think, the claim of the Marchioness to be a descendant of Major Alex. Macdonald of Keppoch. Apart altogether from the positive testimony of her father, who may reasonably be supposed to have known who his grandfather was, the two sets of facts seem to fit into each

other to a nicety. The inscription on the tomb, too, by itself, goes to make good the Marchioness's claim. It is not, of course, impossible, though far from likely, that a Keppoch Macdonald named John, other than the Maidsear Mor's son, made his home in Baltimore during the early years of this century. But only the Major's son could properly be said to be "of the family of Keppoch," for all accounts agree at least in this that he was the only one of the Keppoch family in America about the time that the Marchioness's grandfather settled in Baltimore. There are hundreds of Keppoch Macdonald's sleeping their last sleep in the churchyards of Eastern Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, but no tomb in all the land

bears the legend—*Of the family of Keppoch*. And names, too, tally, as do the facts. For not only did the Marchioness's grandfather bear the name of John but her father was called Alexander—after his grandfather, of course, as has been the case of Highland folk time out of mind.

The reader will perhaps have noted a discrepancy in the dates given by the Marquis d'Oyley. John Macdonald, the Marchioness's grand father is said to have been born in 1792, and to have died in 1824, "aged 41 years." I take it that 1792 is a slip of the pen for 1782. Otherwise he would have been but 31 years of age at the time of his death.

ALEX. MACDONALD, D. D.,
St. Francis Xavier's College.

A Grand Collection OF LADIES' JACKETS.

We bought them direct from the best English and German manufacturers and we confidently say that no such assortment of Ladies' Jackets has ever before been shown in Antigonish. To meet the ever increasing demand for a high-class garment at a moderate price we imported this year a range of

Ladies' Jackets to sell from \$4 to \$7.50,

that are without exception unequalled in fit, style and material. In low priced garments we are showing a fine assortment from

\$2.50 upwards.

- Here are a few leading lines:
- Ladies' Jackets, made of good heavy curl cloth, with high storm collar six pearl buttons, in black, navy and brown, \$4.00
 - Ladies' Jackets, made of heavy Irish frieze, double-breasted, in black, navy and royal blue, \$5.25
 - Ladies' Beaver Cloth Jackets, in black and new blue, pearl buttons and handsome braid trimmings, \$6.50
 - Ladies' Beaver Cloth Jackets, in black, blue and fawn, fly front, cord trimming, silk lined throughout, \$7.50
 - A nice range of Ladies' Tailor-Made Costumes and separate Dress Skirts.

NEW WATERPROOFS.

We have just received a large stock of Ladies' Waterproofs, the celebrated Mandelberg and Distingue makes.

LADIES' WATERPROOF, best quality English rubber with detachable Cape and Velvet Collar, All Wool Serge Covering in Black and Navy, \$5.50

NEW DRESS FABRICS.

Our Fall Dress Goods are now upon the counters ready for inspection. The choicest products of French, English and German looms find representatives here in large variety and at moderate prices. Undoubtedly plain goods will be more than ever worn this season, therefore Serges, Coverts and Broadcloths will be in great demand. Our stock in these lines is very complete and prices right. Drop us a card and we will be pleased to mail samples to any address. We call special attention to a line of AMAZON CLOTH in shades of Black, Blue, Fawn and Green, 42 in. wide, at 35c. a yard.

Underwear Department.

OUR GUARANTEE—Covering any article which has the label HEALTH upon it. WE GUARANTEE this garment—if washed according to instructions—to be satisfactory in every respect, and to wear as well as the product of any manufacturer in the world. Should it fail to do so you can change it without cost for a new article of the same make at our store.

Our Stock in this department is more complete than ever before. It combines variety, quality and correct price. This year we are pushing the sale of HEALTH BRAND UNDERWEAR, the finest brand of underwear on the Canadian market. In the manufacture of these garments only the finest pure wool is used and for warmth, comfort and durability they are unsurpassed. Try WRIGHT'S FLEECE LINED UNDERWEAR as a preventive against colds, pneumonia and rheumatism. It absorbs the perspiration and prevents the body from being suddenly chilled. In low priced underwear we have a large stock and show some grand values.

- Men's Heavy Union Ribbed Undershirts and Drawers, each 25c
- Men's All-Wool Scotch Knit Undershirts and Drawers, each 50c
- Men's Extra Fine Lambs Wool Shirts and Drawers, each, \$1.00
- Large range of Winter Topshirts from 25c up

LADIES' UNDERWEAR

- Ladies' Ribbed Merino Vests, long sleeves, 15, 18, 25c.
- Ladies' Ribbed Merino Drawers, 20, 25, 30c.
- Ladies' Fancy Ribbed Vests and Drawers, Diamond Brand, each, 40, 50, 60c.
- Ladies' Plain and Ribbed Vests and Drawers, Health Brand, in white, pink and natural colors, each, 75, 90c, \$1.25
- Ladies' Equestrienne Tights, in white and black, 75, \$1.00, 1.40
- Ladies' Combination Suits, Health Brand, \$1.25, 1.50, 1.75, 2.50
- Children's Vest, Drawers and Combination Suits, All Prices
- Ladies' Flannelette Underwear, comprising Night Gowns, Sikrts and Drawers.

FALL MILLINERY.

MISS STEADMAN who is well known as a First-Class Milliner is again in charge of our Millinery Department. She has just commenced work after having visited the leading fashion centres of the Provinces. All work entrusted to her will have prompt and careful attention.

New Ribbons, New Veilings, New Silks, New Velvets.

TO OUT OF TOWN CUSTOMERS.—Try our Mail Order System for any Goods you may require this fall. We think we can give you good satisfaction as if you stood at our counters and selected the goods. Samples are sent you and all orders are filled promptly and carefully.

A. KIRK & CO., KIRK'S BLOCK, ANTIGONISH

General News.

The French Senate and Chamber of Deputies will meet on November 3. Thirty-three cases of smallpox have occurred in an Orphan Home at Dayton, Ohio.

Brinkmanns, a firm of whiskey brokers in Leith, failed last week for nearly \$2,750,000.

Five-cent pieces to the value of \$75,000 were coined for Canada at the Royal mint last week.

There was a sharp advance in the price of wheat in London last Friday, as a result of the war scare.

A despatch from Naples says that 40 persons were drowned by floods following severe rain storms in the latter part of last week.

The apple crop of Nova Scotia is said to be the second largest on record. There will be some 400,000 barrels for export to London, which will bring about \$1,000,000.

Colquhoun, the former City Treasurer of Glasgow, Scotland, who embezzled funds to a large amount, has been sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

The North Waterloo election trial took place at Berlin, Ont., last week, and some of the expert methods of winning elections in Ontario were exposed.

The telegraph line to Dawson City was completed last week and messages may now be sent to and from the metropolis of the Yukon.

According to a despatch from Paris, a fight took place recently between the Indo-British troops and Somali natives near Berbera, on a bay on the Gulf of Aden. Twenty-seven Somalis were killed.

The Transvaal Government on Monday forwarded to the British Commissioner in South Africa an ultimatum demanding the withdrawal of the British troops from the frontier within 48 hours; so that war can now hardly be averted. Seventy steamers have been chartered by the British Government to transport troops to South Africa. Parliament is summoned for the 17th inst.

Four attempts and yet no race between the great rival yachts, Shamrock and Columbia, on account of lack of wind. The fifth attempt will be made to-day. The Shamrock, the despatches say, appears to have the advantage, though the boats are very closely matched. Betting upon the result is now even, and our United States cousins are thoroughly alarmed over the outcome.

Last Friday night, I. C. R. Officer Arthur Jones attempted to arrest two men at Amherst station for burglary committed at Wentworth. They immediately drew revolvers and fired several shots at the officer, one entering his leg while another would have entered his breast but for his thick coat. The desperadoes then escaped. Two men who were thought to answer to the description given of them were arrested at Truro on Tuesday, and are held awaiting the arrival of Jones.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier points out that the militia law of Canada does not authorize the sending of a military contingent from Canada to South Africa, the militia being intended solely for the defence of the Dominion. The Montreal Star, chief mouthpiece of the Jingo element, is greatly excited over the decision, evidently thinking that so trifling a thing as law should not stand in the way of jingoism. It is getting people from all over the country, known and unknown, to say things in its columns, and as there is no charge for space, the number taking advantage of this excellent opportunity for self-advertising is very large. One man down in North Sydney, who is Mayor of the town by accident, considers himself the whole of Eastern Nova Scotia and proceeds to speak in that capacity. The Star can keep this up merrily so long as space is free.

Catholic Notes.

Recognized authorities among the statisticians of German, Protestant as well as Catholic, place the Catholic population of the world at 320,000,000.

At Dempsey, Idaho, says The Ave Maria, there is a Catholic congregation which is made up exclusively of converts from Mormonism. The congregation is not large, as it consists of only fourteen families; but the very existence of such a parish near the heart of Mormonism is a most reassuring circumstance.

Resolution of Condolence.

At a regular meeting of Branch 279, O. M. B. A., held at Lourdes, N. S., Sept. 30, 1899, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, to remove by death Mrs. McKenzie, wife of Bro. Hector McKenzie;

Resolved, That we, the members of Branch 279, hereby express our heartfelt sorrow for the loss sustained by our respected brother, and extend to him our sincere sympathy and condolence, and pray that God, in His infinite goodness, will have mercy on her soul; Further resolved, that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to Bro. McKenzie, and a copy to THE CASKET, and a copy spread on the minutes of the Branch.

E. C. O'REILLY, Committee. M. MAHONEY.

MARRIED.

McLELLAN-FRASER.—At Bay St. Lawrence Oct. 1st, by the Rev. A. McPherson, P. P. George McLellan of Meat Cove, to Mary Fraser, of the Lowlands.

DIED.

McDONALD.—At Huntington, Arkansas, on August 21st, W. W. McDonald, a native of Beaulieu, this county, whence he left twenty years ago for the United States. He leaves one son, two sisters—Mrs. Thomas McDonald, Springfield, Ant., and Father Shaw's house-keeper—to mourn his loss. R. I. P.

SMITH.—At Broad Cove Chapel, Inverness Co., on the 29th day of September, Flora Smith, in the 60th year of her age. Her cheerful disposition, openness of hand, and goodness of heart won her the esteem of all who knew her. Frequent and devout reception of the Blessed Sacrament during her last illness, which she bore with exemplary resignation, filled her with the hope of a glorious immortality. R. I. P.

McDONALD.—At Judique Intervale, C. B., on the 30th ult., Mary Ellen, beloved daughter of Robert McDougall (carpenter), aged 13 years and 10 months. She bore a brief but painful illness with exemplary fortitude and patience. After taking a last farewell of all the household and surrounding friends, she passed away peacefully, fortified by the last rites of Holy Church. R. I. P.

McDONALD.—At Hillsboro, Mabou, on the 22nd of September last, after an illness of five months, Allan McDonald, "Artist," of Mabou Village, in the 67th year of his age, leaving a wife and six children. He was a kind, loving husband and father. Early in July last he expressed a desire to be ready to go to the old homestead with his brothers and sister hoping to improve, but failed to rally from his long standing ailment. Fortified by the last rites of the Catholic Church, regretted by many friends and acquaintance he died the death of a Christian.

Obituary.

One of our best and most respectable citizens, Donald McMillan, died on the 27th ult., at Antigonish Landing in the 79th year of his age. He was a good Christian, a kind husband and father a true Highlander and a brave and genial man. Popular and esteemed by those who knew him, the memory of his good qualities will be long cherished in the hearts of his family and all those who knew him. May his soul rest in peace.

John R. Macdonald, formerly of Seaside, Port Hood, died suddenly at his home in Bridgeville, Pictou Co., on the 4th inst. His remains were taken to his old home on Saturday, whence they were followed, on Sunday afternoon, by a very large number of mourning friends to St. Peter's Cemetery, Port Hood. The deceased was a sincere and practical Christian, highly esteemed by all who knew him. He leaves a disconsolate widow and four young children, besides a sorrowing mother and many brothers and sisters, to mourn his early death. May his soul rest in peace!

Mrs. Chisholm, widow of the late John Chisholm, an aged and highly respected Christian woman, passed to her reward at the residence of her son, Alexander Chisholm, Esq., Antigonish Harbour, on Saturday last, at the ripe age of 90. She leaves four sons—William Chisholm, Esq., Halifax, Alexander, above named, and John and Colin, of Montreal and Fresno, Cal., respectively, and four daughters, Mrs. Valentine Chisholm, Antigonish, Mrs. Duncan McIntosh, South River, Mrs. Angus Fraser, Lynn, Mass., and Miss Mary, Halifax—to cherish the memory of a good Christian mother. Her funeral on Monday, at which his Lordship Bishop Cameron officiated, was largely attended. May her soul rest in peace!

There died at Heatherton, on the 3rd instant, after a short illness, borne with patience and calm resignation to the divine will, Alexander McNeil, in 54th year of his age. The deceased, by his unvarying affability and thoroughly honest ways, won for himself the esteem and respect of all who knew him. He had been a member of the choir of his parish church for 36 years, the greater part of which time he had been its leader. Faithfully and patiently he attended to the duties, which devolved upon him, in that capacity, and on week days, very frequently, sang the parts of the choir. High praise, etc. No matter what kind of weather it was, he punctually attended and patiently waited, when, as often happened, some unforeseen circumstances delayed the service beyond the usual hour. The large number that accompanied his funeral remains to their last resting place on earth, testified eloquently to the esteem in which he was held by his fellow-

parishioners. He leaves three brothers and three sisters, to mourn his death, who, in their sad bereavement have the hearty sympathy of the community. May his soul rest in peace!

Acknowledgments.

- Mrs. P. H. Murphy, Roxbury, \$1.00
Michael T. Doyle, Roman Valley, 2.00
John Chisholm, Moser River, 1.00
Neil L. McNeil, Barachois Harbor, 3.00
Christina McIntosh, Boston Harbor, 1.00
Alex. McDonald, Portland Maine, 2.00
B. Clinton, Mattie, 2.00
Mrs. Daniel Burns, Sanora, 2.00
John Stewart, Frankville, 3.00
D. F. Chisholm, Westville, 3.00
Dr. D. A. Webb, Scranton, Penn., 1.00
David Webb, Mulgrave, 1.00
W. L. McDonald, Vancouver, 1.00
J. R. Haley, Antigonish, 2.00
D. T. McGillivray, Antigonish, 2.00
Peter Landry, Tracadie, 2.00
James Walsh, Guysboro, 2.00
Dan Chisholm, Somerville, 1.00
Mrs. Rod McDonald, Dorchester, 1.00
A. A. McGillivray, Cambridgeport, 1.00
Dan McLean, 1.00
I. McGillivray, Jamaica Plains, 1.00
Capt. A. McDougall, Antigonish, 1.00
A. McDonald, Painter, 2.00
Daniel McDougall, Boston, 1.00
Mrs. John Gillis, Georgeville, 1.00
James Kelly, Roman Valley, 1.00
A. J. McLellan, Addington Forks, 2.00
Hector Melatyn, French Rock, 2.00
A. M. McDonald, New Hampshire, 1.00
Donald McDonald, McPherson's P. O., 1.00
Dan J. McDonald, Harbor Road, 1.00
Lewis McDonald, Antigonish, 2.00
J. H. Sinclair, New Glasgow, 2.00
Dougal McEachern, Cape George, 1.00
John McDougal, Mabou, 1.00
Michael Long, Forrest Hill, 1.00
Robt. McDonald, Harbor Road, 1.00
Allan McDonald, Upper South River, 1.00
John McGillivray, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1.00
John F. McInnis, Providence, 1.00
Ruth Purcell, 1.00
A. E. Barry, 1.00
Isabella McDonald, Brookline, 1.00
Alex. McDonald, Doctor's Brook, 1.00
Rev. A. McKenzie, Victoria Mines, 1.00
Rev. D. McIsaac, Glendale, 1.00
Donald McPhie, McPherson's P. O., 1.00
Samuel Somers, Grossvenor, 2.00
T. O'Neil, Salmon River, 2.00
A. A. McNeil, Sydney, 2.00
E. A. McNeil, Grand Narrows, 1.00
Hector McNeil, Iona, 1.00
John Connolly, Sydney Mines, 1.00
Wm. Macdougall, 1.00
Martin A. Gillis, Grand Mira, 1.00
Colin Chisholm, South Boston, 1.00
Angus McDonald, Lourdes, 1.00
J. E. Burke, New Glasgow, 1.00
Dan McInnis, 1.00
Neil McMillan, 1.00
Alex. Gillis, Trenton, 1.00
Daniel Gillis (Simon), Stellarton, 1.00
Wm. Connors, 1.00
James Fitzgerald, Pine Tree, 1.00
Daniel Cameron, Pinevale, 1.00
A. A. McGillivray, Glace Bay, 1.00
Donald McNeil, Warden, McNeil Vale, 1.00
Dan S. McNeil, 1.00
Mrs. L. McIsaac, Lock Haven, Penn., 1.00
John Chisholm (Gussart), Heatherton, 1.00
Allan McAdam, Eskasoni, 1.00
Sister Francis, Dorchester, 1.00
Stephen McNeil, Sydney Mines, 1.00
Allan D. Rankin, S. E. Mabou, 1.00
John A. McDonald, Caledonia Mills, 2.00
Allan McDonald, Moncton, 3.00
Dan J. McKenzie, St. Andrews, 2.65
Winnifred Kennedy, Louisburg, 2.65
Dan J. Chisholm, Malignant Cove, 6.00
David McAulay, St. Francis Harbor, 1.00
John Lindell, Halifax, 1.00
James Lynch, 1.00
Jos. P. English, 1.00
Drank Eden, 1.00
D. McDonald, 1.00
Malcolm McLeod, Harbor Road, 1.00
Rev. J. W. McIsaac, Sydney, 1.00
Mrs. Alex. Lays, Cross Roads Ohio, 2.25
Mrs. D. C. McDonald, Antigonish, 1.00
M. B. Beaton, Brooklyn, 1.00
John Chisholm, James River, 2.25
Alex. McDonald, McAras Brook, 1.00
Murdoch McLean, River Denny's Station, 1.00
M. J. Donnelly, St. Patrick's Road, P. E. I., 2.00
W. J. McDonald, Roxbury, 1.00
Dougal McGillivray, Antigonish, 1.00

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

My Visit to Lourdes.

(Mercedes, in Ave Maria.) (Continued.)

At the station, which we shortly reached, we found the usual bustle and confusion. We had telegraphed for rooms, and found no difficulty in obtaining a conveyance to take us to our abiding place.

It was eight o'clock before we had refreshed ourselves and dinad. Then, looking out on the street, we saw flocks of people moving down the hill: priests, in their cassocks and broad-brimmed hats, reading their breviaries as they went along; nuns in blue or brown or black habits, in all manner of head-covering, and sandals some of them, saying the Rosary aloud, in French, in Latin, in patois; while numbers of dark-eyed Spanish women, with lace mantillas, muttering prayers as they walked, were among the throng.

And such a variety of vehicles! Never did I witness such a sight. Carriages, donkey carts, goat cars, all moving in the same direction. There were hand-carriages conveying cripples; there were great white oxen, with their eyes covered, harnessed to the most primitive wagons.

Down the hill, over the little bridge, where the Gave rolled tumultuously, and where women were even at that hour washing linen, we passed the hospice for the sick, two humble convents, and lines of booths and shops exhibiting every pious object imaginable, made in honour of Notre Dame de Lourdes.

Passing under one of the arched openings, we came to the miraculous fountain with its myriad spigots, and then the green enclosure with its baths; finally the Grotto, and the niche above, where the white image, made according to Bernadette's description, was placed in the exact crevice where Our Lady stood the eighteen times she appeared to the peasant girl.

The purple heavens, studded with stars, were bending over us; behind us, the brawling stream made pleasant music; before us, the brown rock towered up, covered with trees and vines, until the marble church—that wonderful basilica—seemed to touch the sky.

The Grotto contained a beautiful little marble altar, and a frame of pyramid shape holding wax candles, which never ceased to burn. Some candles lay there, and a small box for contributions.

At last we tore ourselves away from the spot, and drank at the fountain, then turned homeward; and on our way up the hill our hearts overflowed to each other as we related our mutual impressions.

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the Grotto!

Early next morning we set out to hear Mass. Oh, what a sight! Masses had begun a little after midnight, and on the sixty altars of the three churches (one above the other) hundreds had been already said. From midnight till noon priests took each other's places, and over a thousand times the words of consecration were pronounced.

Separated by archways and pillars, which placed each altar in a recess, the priests said Mass after Mass. At the raising was a bench; a line of priests sat there, each with a purificator, amice, and host in hand, reading their breviaries.

So many religious orders were there. The Dominican, in his white robe and tonsured head; the brown Franciscan, with his white cord and pointed cowl; the Passionist, with his sandalled feet and white inscribed heart on his breast; the Fathers of the Assumption; the abbés and curés, with their cassocks, black capes and sashes; the purple of bishops, monsignori, and canons,—all gathered there in hundreds, vying for the privilege of saying Mass at the wonderful rock of Lourdes.

All around the church hang banners of silk, of velvet, of brocade, of cloth of gold and silver, from all over the world. The walls are encrusted with hearts of gold, of silver, of crystal,—votive offerings of thanksgiving.

It was all wonderful to our American eyes; and what was most wonderful, no one looked at another, no one minded you. I saw gentlemen with every mark of refinement, education, and distinction kneel down in the dust before the church and kiss the earth. I saw priests, nuns and ladies drawing through the streets little buggies, or carriages, wherein were poor, pale sufferers, with wistful eyes, the marks of agony on their faces; but with such an expression of hope there, too, that it would move one to tears.

Within the enclosure set apart for the sacred baths, some rods away from the rock itself, the Fathers were standing by the entrances, praying aloud with their arms outstretched, as the poor invalids went within to be bathed in the miraculous water.

As each patient entered prayers began: the Fathers giving out the Rosary with stentorian voices, five or six together; and the multitude, up to thousands, answering in one voice, like the voice of distant thunder.

The references of Bishop Potter to the subject of marriage and divorce in his diocesan address on Wednesday were somewhat ambiguous. He was "by no means sure" that the absolute prohibition of the remarriage of the divorced "is not the wisest conclusion" the Episcopal Church "may reach at present"; yet afterward he pointed out "a wider view of the whole subject," which discloses "the fact that it is not the only remedy," though he said

(Conclusion next week.) Bishop Potter on Divorce.

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also that "it would be well that the Church should meet such legislation" (civil legislation) by making "divorce increasingly difficult, if not impossible."

Exactly where Bishop Potter stands as to the question, accordingly, is not easily discoverable. It is plain, however, from his omissions and from the general tone of his remarks that he does not take the sacramental view of marriage and its consequent indissolubility as a religious obligation. He treats the subject rather from the point of view of expediency.

The justification of divorce, however, goes back, under Christianity, to the Reformation, when the sacramental character of marriage was repudiated. In the pagan world at the time of Christ there was great laxity of divorce. It was especially free among the Jews also. If under the Hebrew law a wife was distasteful to her husband for any reason, he could cast her off, with no other legal requirement than a formal notice to her to leave.

When, therefore, Bishop Potter spoke of the "vicious tendencies" of the "composite and contradictory legislation" as to divorce in our many States as making us peculiarly "the jest of the civilized world," he seemed to indicate that his study of the subject has not been of that thoroughness which the subject demands.

The present divorce canon of the Episcopal Church agrees with the law of New York in permitting divorce for adultery only and remarriage to the innocent party only.

A clergyman of the Episcopal Church, preaching at the seat of fashion at Newport, besought that society to assist the Church by frowning on such marriages; but should not the Church rather frown on that society for tolerating them? Might not Bishop Potter, evidently unprepared to advocate the sacramental view of the indissolubility of marriage, have better illustrated the "stern front" against these divorces and remarriages by hurling the anathema of the Church against those who obtain them and contract them in flagrant violation of its law and thus in its eye commit the grievous sin of adultery?

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UNDERTAKING I HAVE IN STOCK A FULL LINE OF COFFINS and CASKETS from \$5 to \$50. Coffin Mounting, Head Lining and Shrouding by telegram receive immediate attention. F. S. FLETCHER, Antigonish, May 17th, 1892.

For Crosiers' Beads St. Anthony's Medals, Little Chaplets, St. Anthony and Cancelled Postage Stamps write to Agency Bethlehem School, 153 Shaw Street, Montreal.

Papal Delegate Arrives in Quebec.

(Quebec Chronicle, Oct. 2nd.) Thousands crowded to the breakwater to witness the arrival of Mgr. Falconio, the Papal delegate to Canada. Among the distinguished persons present to meet the Papal envoy were: Mgr. Marois, V. G.; Hon. B. W. Scott, Secretary of State; Hon. R. B. Doherty; Hon. C. Fitzpatrick; Hon. F. G. Macdonald; Hon. S. W. Parent, Mayor of Quebec; Mr. Commetant, Governor of Anticosti; Mr. W. M. Macpherson, agent of the Dominion Line; Rev. L. B. Paquet, Chaplain of the Franciscan Order; and Rev. Mr. Arsenault, Secretary to Archbishop Begin.

made Bishop of Lacedogua, near Naples. A short time afterwards, on the death of Mgr. Francis Imperati, Mgr. Falconio was made Archbishop of Acarenza and Matera, which See he filled until he was appointed Apostolic Delegate to Canada.

The Delegate, as well as his secretaries, are members of the Franciscan Order, and in his Archbishopal Palace he still wears the habit of his Order, but when in public wears the ordinary Pontifical robes.

Three Sisters of the Franciscan Order also came over on the Vancouver. One of them will remain at the convent on Grande Atlee, while the other two will go to the convent at Ste. Anne de Beaupre. They were met by four of the Quebec Sisters who escorted them to the city convent.

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.

Decay of Reverence.

(A paper read by the Very Rev. John Norris at a recent conference of Young Men's Societies in Liverpool, England.)

Modern life is not very favourable for the cultivation of the gentler virtues. The greatest feature of our modern life is publicity: the virtues or qualities that flourish in the midst of publicity, that enables a man to hold his own in the rush and pressure of life, are valued and thought much of. We think highly of industry, pluck, and perseverance, and I am afraid we think equally highly of another quality, which no stretch of imagination will allow me to call virtue—we call it "push." Some call it "self-assertion," "self-advertisement"; some even call it by the homely but expressive name of "cheek." When little children are encouraged to write down their passing thoughts and send them to be published in the magazines; when women, in ever-increasing numbers, imitate the ways and manners of men, and sometimes even their dress; when notoriety is much sought after, and all kinds of means are employed to gain it, there is not much room for the silent, noiseless, stay-at-home virtues. "Home" is no longer the word it was to us; home and all that home means is by degrees becoming less and less known to us. Our own fireside is less attractive; domesticity and its delights do not appeal to us; meekness, patience, self-sacrifice, even the good old-fashioned politeness, are all gradually vanishing from our midst, and with them the virtue of "reverence," the virtue without which "no character can attain a supreme degree of excellence," for "of all the forms of moral goodness it is that to which the epithet 'beautiful' may be most emphatically applied" (Lecky, "Morals," I., 141). Beautiful, delicate flowers do not grow in thickets overgrown with briars, and neither do we look for them in the high-road amidst the tramping of many feet and the scrouching of wheels: they are to be found in favoured and sheltered spots where they can be cared for and protected. So it is with the gentler virtues: they cannot bloom amidst our rushing public life; they are to be found only in congenial surroundings, where they are cared for and watched over and protected against the whirl of modern existence. So with reverence: there is no place for it in our work-a-day world; and yet it cannot be denied that the world is the poorer for the want of it. One of the best sides of human nature is left uncultivated, and the character of the age is deprived of one of the most beautiful and winning qualities that can grace our human nature—a quality independent alike of learning or riches, that can flourish in the back slums of our streets as easily as in palaces of kings, and can give a brightness and sweetness to all about it that wins its sure way to the hearts of the most unfeeling men. But, says Mr. Lecky, "we look in vain for that most beautiful character of the past, so distrustful of self, so trustful of others, so simple, so modest, so devout, which made... its very illusions the source of some of the purest virtues of our nature." I do not agree with Mr. Lecky in thinking that reverence has so completely disappeared from amongst us; and I think that if he had a better acquaintance with the Catholic Church and her children he would modify his opinion very considerably; but still I fear there can be little doubt that there is less reverence than there was, that its decay and decline have set in and threaten to bring it to a speedy end and send it back to Heaven, whence it came. And the reason is not far to seek. Mr. Lecky gives the following as the reasons for the decay of reverence—"the self-assertion of liberty, the leveling of democracy, the dissecting-knife of criticism, the economical resolutions that reduce the relations of classes to simple contracts, the agglomeration of population, and facilities of locomotion, that sever so many ancient ties." There

is much to criticize in these reasons; they say too much and too little: they are not so much the causes of the decay of reverence as its companions. For those causes we must go deeper, and I think we shall find them in the following: 1. In the utilitarian philosophy which is so widely spread amongst us, the philosophy of self-interest, according to which we are governed exclusively by our self-interest. Vice is whatever is injurious and virtue whatever is beneficial to society; moral good and moral evil mean nothing more than our voluntary conformity to a law that will bring pleasure to us. Our very affections are all forms of self-love; charity springs partly from our desire to obtain the esteem of others, partly from the expectation that the favours we have bestowed will be reciprocated; it is impossible to love what is good simply as good: virtue is a branch of prudence, vice is nothing more than imprudence; reverence is the conviction that one who has power to do us both good and harm will only do us good, and so on to any length (see Lecky). Few, I dare say, hold these principles knowingly; few would acknowledge that they act on them or are ruled by them; but we act on many unacknowledged principles, and shape our lives on reasons which, put in black and white, would shock us; and when principles are sown broadcast over the land, and our literature, our laws, our customs are saturated with them, we need to be very watchful and wakeful if we would escape their influence. What the eye sees every day and the ear hears gradually sinks into the mind and becomes part of ourselves; and when we lose our true ideals and fling all our thoughts and aims have their centre in self, there is not much likelihood that reverence will hold its place in our esteem or have any influence on our practice. 2. Another cause of the decay of reverence amongst us is to be found in the kind of education that is given in many of our schools. There is too much eagerness to impart knowledge and too little care to cultivate character; and in the imparting of knowledge the effect of the system had been to cultivate the memory only at the expense of the understanding and judgment. Not a few are waking up to the errors in this system, and not too soon. A little knowledge puffeth up and breeds pride and self-consciousness. A mere smatterer thinks he knows everything; the thorough scholar knows and recognizes how ignorant he is. But we do not make scholars in our schools, but fill our little ones' minds with many bits of many branches of knowledge, and teach them the fatal mistake of thinking they know a great deal when, in fact they know very little. Their heads are turned, they lose their balance, and in their conceit, which we in our folly have fostered, they lose all respect and regard for those above them, and this all the more because we have not only filled them with knowledge that is for the most part mere lumber, but we have neglected to cultivate their character; we have been so busy getting them ready to pass examinations that we have forgotten to prepare them for living their life. If we add to this the "independence" which nowadays characterises life which is for the most part a consequence of the conditions under which so many must live in our day; the early age at which children have to leave home to gain their livelihood; the public lives led by an ever-increasing number of women; the loosening of family ties, the lessening of parental responsibilities, the decay of family and domestic virtues, the gradual weakening of home influences, we at once see that modern life is not favourable to the growth of reverence. When men and women, when children even who are scarcely in their teens, have to fight and push their way in the world amidst a crowd of others who have also to fight and push for themselves, there is no room for reverence, there is nothing to evoke it, nothing to elicit it; the pressure is too great, the conditions too hard to allow the development of any such gentle virtue.

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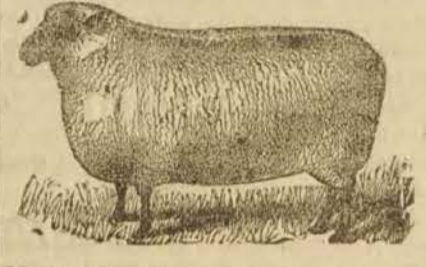
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SHERIFF'S SALE.

ANTIGONISH, S. S. IN THE COUNTY COURT, 1899: Between COLIN GRANT, Plaintiff and ALEXANDER McDUGALL, Defendant. To be Sold at Public Auction by the Sheriff of the County of Antigonish, or his Deputy, at the Court House, Antigonish, on

Tuesday, the 17th Day of October, 1899, at the hour of Eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

All the estate, right, title and interest that the above-named defendant, Alexander McDougall, had at the time of the recording of the judgment in the above cause, or at any time since, of, in, to or upon the following lot, piece or parcel of

LAND,

situate, lying and being at the Glebe Road, Rear of Georgeville, in the County of Antigonish, bounded as follows, that is to say: On the north by lands of Donald McNeil; on the south by lands of John Hufferman; on the east by lands of Neil McIsaac; and on the west by lands of Angus McDonald; containing one hundred and eighty acres more or less, being the same lot of land owned and occupied by Angus McDougall, late of Glebe Road aforesaid, Farmer, deceased, together with the ways, buildings, easements and appurtenances belonging thereto, said lands having been levied upon under an execution issued upon a judgment in the above cause, duly recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds at Antigonish, in the County of Antigonish, for more than one year.

Terms of sale: Ten per cent. deposit at time of sale; balance on delivery or tender of deed. DUNCAN D. CHISHOLM, High Sheriff of the County of Antigonish. A. MACGILLIVRAY, Plaintiff's Solicitor. Sheriff's Office, Antigonish, Sept. 11th, 1899.

SHERIFF'S SALE

Antigonish, S. S. IN THE COUNTY COURT, 1891: Between COLIN GRANT, Plaintiff, and JOHN McDUGALL, and JOHN McDUGALL, Defendants.

Antigonish, S. S. IN THE COUNTY COURT, 1891: Between COLIN GRANT, Plaintiff, and JOHN McDUGALL, Defendant.

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

Tuesday, 17th day of October, A. D. 1899, at the hour of Ten o'clock in the forenoon.

All the estate, right, title and interest that the above named defendants, John McDougall and John McDougall and also John McDougall, had at the time of the recording of the judgments in the above causes, or at any time since, of, in, to or upon the following lot, piece, or parcel of

LAND,

situate, lying and being at back settlement, Cape George, in the County of Antigonish, and bounded as follows, viz: On the north by lands of heirs of the devisees of Ronald McDougall deceased; on the east by lands of Allan McLean; on the south by lands formerly owned by the late John McLean, deceased, now owned by Archibald McLean, and on the west by lands of John McDougall, containing one hundred and twenty acres more or less, together with the ways, buildings, easements and appurtenances belonging thereto, said lands having been levied upon under executions issued upon judgments in the above causes, duly recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds at Antigonish, in the said County of Antigonish, for more than one year.

TERMS OF SALE: Ten per cent. deposit at time of sale; balance on delivery or tender of deed. DUNCAN D. CHISHOLM, High Sheriff of the County of Antigonish. A. MACGILLIVRAY, Plaintiff's Solicitor. Sheriff's Office, Antigonish, Sept. 8th

