

THE CASKET.

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THE CASKET.

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has composed a prayer for use during the war. It implores forgiveness for many things, among them "whatever may have been amiss in us in the controversy which has led us into the present strife." This, in the light of the emphatic declaration of one leading British statesman after another that it was something amiss in the controversy that led the country into this strife, is highly significant. The prayer has been passed by the War Office. It is a good thing for the Archbishop that it did not require the sanction of the Colonial Office.

The news of the reception into the Catholic Church of the Rev. Dr. De Costa, which took place in the chapel of the Academy of the Sacred Heart, New York, on Monday, will be no surprise to those who have watched his splendid but forlorn fight for the fundamental truths of the Christian religion in the Protestant Episcopal communion. Dr. DeCosta's thorough honesty and earnestness could not, under God, have had any other ending. He did not trifle with his conscience. It was not toleration for Catholic truth that he demanded of Anglicanism; if it was part of the Catholic Church it must teach that truth. Instead it tolerated—nay, through its leading clergy, actively favoured—sheer infidelity. Had DeCosta been content to play at being a Catholic, he might have gone on indefinitely "saying Mass" in the same community that ordained men who denied the inspiration of the Bible. But the rector of St. John the Evangelist's was not of that stamp, and God has rewarded his faithfulness by bringing him out of the City of Confusion into the one true Fold.

We are glad, in the interest of the full and fair discussion of a public question than which none more momentous is before the world to-day, to have our esteemed correspondent "Sacerdos" resume his letters on the war. It is some satisfaction, too, to have him offer battle upon a different, a wider, and a more practical ground—the justice of the war,—a ground which in his previous letters he expressly declined to occupy. For the heading of his present communication—"The Justice of the Present War"—is of his own choosing; and, despite the distinction apparently made in his opening paragraph, there is surely no difference between a cause being just and its being not unjust. To attempt to reply specially in the present issue to his very able letter would be to devote entirely too much space in one number to a single subject. Moreover, from the nature of the case, as it now stands, we can combine our reply to him with that to The Tablet. We shall for the present, therefore, merely remark, in order to prevent any unwarranted inferences from his statement of the reasons that led him to resume the discussion, that among those of his brother priests who, very properly, as we think, urged him to that course is one than whom none in the diocese is better known or more highly or deservedly esteemed, and who, while desirous of seeing both sides of the question given in our columns, is fully and unreservedly in accord with that upheld by us.

The attitude of the *Catholic Citizen*, of Milwaukee, Wis., toward facts is much the same as that of the so-called Christian Scientists toward disease. The latter

teach that you have only to imagine yourself well and you will be well. The *Citizen*, in like manner, appears to think that it can make things so by simply maintaining that they are so—especially if it reiterates the statement with sufficient frequency. Not all the cargoes of sacred articles on exhibition in San Francisco in the effects of returned soldiers, nor all the testimony of reputable witnesses, will budge it from the position, based upon its unerring inner consciousness, that there was no looting of Philippine churches by those soldiers. Another evil which it has set itself to cure by the Christian Science method is the bigotry which, in practice, debar a man with a Catholic wife from being eligible to the Presidency of the United States. It says hereafter:

What particular consolation it is for Catholic papers to argue that a man with a Catholic wife cannot be elected President we don't know. Such papers must have so many delinquent subscribers that they take gloomy views of things.

Perhaps such papers entertain the perverse notion that facts cannot be altered by any power of imagination. They seem to realize, as the *Citizen* apparently can not, what a man who was twice elected President once said in a certain connection—to wit, that it is a condition and not a theory that confronts them. Theoretically, every President for the next twenty years might be a Catholic, as every member of the late Commissions to the Republic's newly-acquired possessions might have been of that faith. But there is a slight—just a very slight—difference in actual practice, as the *Citizen* might, if its mental make-up were at all normal, convince itself by counting the number of Catholics on those Commissions to Catholic countries. In order to be elected President it is necessary to be nominated for that office by one or other of the two leading political parties; and the men who make the nominations, and who have no delusions about their power of effecting Christian Scientist cures of popular bigotry, will be likely to nominate for that office a man with a Catholic wife some time about the Greek Kalends.

Intense indignation has been caused in England by the publication in some of the less reputable French papers of coarse caricatures of Queen Victoria. This anger is undoubtedly out of all proportion to the importance of the offenders; but it is nevertheless natural, and entirely to the credit of those who experience it, as indeed all her Majesty's loyal subjects must to a greater or less degree. As for the threats of public men in England to take vengeance upon the French nation for the virulence of one or two prints in Paris—well, they are as reasonable as the words of men in a violent passion usually are. It is much to be regretted, however, that in a nation whose men not unjustly pride themselves upon their fine manners, there should be found even one man who could stoop to low and vulgar caricature of a woman—to say nothing of a Queen. And the perpetrators of the outrage cannot even plead the exigencies of their avocation; for while there is unfortunately only too much in the present relations of Britain with the rest of the world that easily lends itself to the stinging pencil of the cartoonist, there is no excuse for directing its thrusts, contrary to every instinct of chivalry, against the aged lady who occupies the throne, making her very infirmities the subject of coarse jests. For, besides the impersonal representative of the British nation who has long been sacred to the caricaturist's art, there are the men, and particularly the man, personally responsible for the sad events the world is now witnessing. No one who knows anything of affairs in England will lay the responsibility for this lamentable war at the door of the Queen. Her Majesty's horror of war is well known. If rumours long persistent have any foundation, it is not many months since Lord Salisbury had to resort to extreme measures to induce her to abandon a firm determination never again to sanction a war for any purpose whatsoever.

Cleophas Beausoleil, M. P., for Berthier, Que., has been appointed Postmaster of Montreal.

"THE TABLET" ON THE WAR.

We reproduce by request on another page a leading article from the London *Tablet* of November 11 on "The Origin of the War." We have been at all times ready and willing to afford every facility for the presentation of the side of this case with which we ourselves are unable to agree. We have absolutely no motive or interest in the discussion of the question other than the upholding of truth and justice; consequently we have nothing to fear from anything that can be said contrary to our own views. If these can be shown to be false, we stand ready to abandon them.

We have been too long defending British rights, and have endured too much abuse in some quarters for it, to be now, with any show of fairness, open to the unfounded charge, made against us, as we learn, by some, that we are actuated in the present instance by prejudice.

Now for *The Tablet's* presentation of this question. Like all the leading articles of that paper, it is, rhetorically considered, a clever one. For this reason it will probably be found, by those unacquainted with the facts of the case, very convincing. Those, however, who know something of the facts with which it purports to deal will recognize it for what it is—a clever and (we regret to be obliged to say it) unscrupulous piece of special pleading, bristling with both the *suppressio veri* and the *suggestio falsi*, and affording one more illustration of the truth of what has been so often remarked—that where British interests are at stake *The Tablet* cannot possibly be fair.

At the outset it finds it "a strange sight" that Catholic journals abroad should side with a State that imposes disabilities on Catholics. No doubt it is a strange sight to *The Tablet* that any journal or anybody should be able to approach an international question in a spirit of justice instead of one of prejudice; that anyone should be able to put out of sight considerations that have nothing whatever to do with the matter in dispute and treat that matter independently of them. If some one should without provocation set upon Mr. John Kensit and beat him within an inch of his life, would *The Tablet* think it strange that a Catholic should desire to see the ruffian brought to justice? To us it would seem to the honour of those journals that they can prescind from religious sympathies and treat the case severely upon its merits.

The Tablet's article is divisible into three parts. The first consists in a statement of the grievances of the Uitlanders; the second in an attempted demonstration of the right of Great Britain to interfere in their behalf; and the third is an alleged statement of the result of the negotiations looking to the redress of those grievances.

With regard to some of the statements under the first of these heads we have to take the perhaps unprofessional course—a course to which *The Tablet* at least would certainly never resort—of admitting that we are not fully acquainted with the facts. The details of the Transvaal laws we do not know. It is not, we believe, denied that the Uitlanders had grievances; nor is it claimed that government in the Transvaal was free from such abuses as corruption and favouritism, which attach to it in countries of much greater pretensions than the Dutch Republic of South Africa. But some of *The Tablet's* complaints we know to be misstatements; and as for the rest, if they are set down with as gross unfairness as marks its statement of the result of the negotiations between the two countries (which of course we do not assert) they would deserve little attention. And evidences of unfairness here are not wanting. Twice in the course of the article, once directly and once indirectly, the oft-repeated but none the less false statement is made that a distinction of race obtains in the franchise law of the Transvaal. This is utterly untrue. It is not a question of race, but of residence. A German, a Dutchman, or even a Boer from one of the neighbouring British colonies, coming into the Transvaal (and all these do come in in large numbers) is treated, with regard to the franchise, as in other respects, exactly as a British immigrant is treated. The one must qualify himself by a residence of seven years as well as the other, and race has nothing to do with the matter. And that period of qualification is just one year longer than the period required to entitle a foreigner to the franchise in England itself. But "the majority of the white in-

habitants of the Transvaal had been denied the elementary rights of free men," because they had to wait for a number of years before they could share in the government of the country. What, then, of practically the entire population of India, who have no hope of ever sharing in the government? Are they free men? Respecting the matter of education, upon which we have no desire to defend the action of the Transvaal Government, we may just say that the rights of the Uitlanders appear to be much more sacred in the eyes of *The Tablet* than did those of the minority in Manitoba, against which it fought with a zeal worthy of a much better cause. As for the denial of the right to carry arms, *The Tablet*, if we mistake not, would find the same thing in force on the western side of St. George's Channel, within a few hours' travel of its own office, among a people who, unlike the Uitlanders, have occupied the land they live in for many centuries, and whose grievances have seldom disturbed the repose of the arrogant London weekly that is so deeply moved by the woes of the Uitlanders.

Next for *The Tablet's* proof of Britain's right to interfere. It is a point we have already discussed with "Sacerdos;" but we ask the fair-minded reader's particular attention to a few considerations in regard to it. And first, it will be noted that *The Tablet*, which is making the strongest case it possibly can, and which well knows how to do this, bases its case entirely upon the alleged assurance of 1881, and neither says nor hints anything whatever of that of 1884, which our correspondent above mentioned adduced on the authority of the *New York Sun*. We have never seen the latter referred to elsewhere, and this, with *The Tablet's* complete silence in regard to it, affords pretty strong evidence that little in favour of the British case can be made out of it.

We ask the reader to turn now to the reported conversation, and to note two things in connection with it,—first, that the Convention of which it is said to have been a condition is superseded by one made three years later; secondly, that if this conversation were to be construed to deprive the Transvaal Republic of the right of fixing a reasonable length of residence as a qualification for citizenship, not only the then concession of self-government, but much more that of 1884, would be absolutely and utterly vain and illusory. Now we ask two questions,—(1) Was it so construed? (2) Can it be so construed? The answer to the first is clearly an emphatic negative; for, whereas a year's residence then qualified for the franchise in the Transvaal, the time was raised to five years in 1882, without a single word of protest from England and without any reference in the subsequent treaty of 1884, or the negotiations connected with it, to what would, upon this assumption, have been a serious breach of the understanding of 1881. This of itself is fatal to the contention that the Transvaal thereby gave any such understanding as is now attempted to be read into that Convention. But (2) it does not appear to have reference to the franchise at all; for the whole conversation expressly refers to "British citizens," and the question is asked whether these are to have the same rights as "citizens of the Transvaal." Now both *The Tablet* and our correspondent "Sacerdos" are on record as declaring it "absurd" that Britain should claim, and denying that she ever intended to claim, for her subjects the right to become citizens of the Transvaal without relinquishing their British citizenship. Therefore, if this be true, whatever other rights this conversation referred to, it seems evident that it cannot have referred to the franchise. We need not of course repeat what we have shown in previous articles,—(1) that the first sentence of the last paragraph of Mr. Kruger's remarks is ambiguous; (2) that it has no reference to future immigrants.

We come now to the negotiations for the settlement of the dispute, and here is where *The Tablet* manifests its gross and shameless unfairness. But space compels us to defer to next week the discussion of this portion of its article.

Adelbert F. Hay, son of the U. S. Secretary of State, has been appointed United States Consul at Pretoria, in the Transvaal, in place of Mr. Macrum, who implored his Government to relieve him of the position. According to press despatches the Transvaal Government was unwilling to allow the latter to assume charge of British interests in the country.

The Justice of the Present War.

To the Editor of THE CASKET:

I can put my hand on my heart and say that I have been led to resume the discussion of this question from no love of controversy. When I said that my letter in THE CASKET of Nov. 16 was to be my last, I fully meant that it should be so. But persons to whose judgment I defer, more particularly some of my brothers in the priesthood, have urged me not to let the matter drop at this stage. And I myself have felt that my former letters need to be supplemented if justice is to be done to the cause of which I have put myself forward, with perhaps more confidence than competency, as an advocate. So long as I believe the cause of my country to be just, or at any rate, not unjust, loyalty to my country, as I conceive it, demands of me that I should defend it. But loyalty to truth comes first. And if at any time I were to be convinced that my country was in the wrong, I should scorn the thought that patriotism required me to stifle my convictions. Not the less, however, in that contingency, should I feel myself under some obligation to keep my convictions to myself, once the executive of the nation had declared war.

I rest my case on equity, yes, but equity in the ethical or moral, not in the legal and narrow, sense of the word. I think I made this sufficiently clear even in my first letter: in my last I said so in set terms. The legal maxim which you quoted against me was, therefore, not to the purpose. There is not infrequently a contradiction and conflict between law and equity, in the highest and truest sense of equity. In law the ruling of a judge who decides a debt to be "out of date" after six years is held to be equitable, and so it is from the point of view of the law. But according to the higher equity there is no such thing as a debt getting out of date, although the obligation of paying it is suspended so long as it is morally impossible for a person to make payment. This is but one out of many instances of a similar kind. Nor does international law differ in this respect from the civil law. It, too, must insist on formalities and technicalities; it, too, must at times assume equity where equity, in the higher sense, is none. It requires, to take a concrete instance, that a covenant or treaty between nations shall be drawn up in due form, and the terms of it clearly set forth; and it has fixed rules or canons for the interpretation of such documents. It assumes that everything of vital importance to either of the high-contracting parties has been expressly embodied in the treaty between them, even in cases when the assumption may be contrary to fact. Not that there is iniquity in the law, but that human law, be it international or civil, like all things human, comes short of perfection. And therefore appeal may lie even from the decision of an international tribunal to the higher court of conscience.

Of course the United States would not be justified, under international or any other law, in threatening recourse to the sword to defend the rights of the Manitoba Catholics. But suppose the Catholics of Manitoba were citizens of the United States, and suppose the United States had granted the rights of self-government to the inhabitants of Manitoba on the understanding that the Catholics were to be dealt justly by in the matter of education, then even international law might warrant interference on the part of the United States.

I fail to see that you have disproved the parity between the case of the Manitoba minority and that of the Outlander majority. The Manitoba Act guaranteed in perpetuity to the minority in that Province the educational rights they possessed "by law or practice" before the Union. The Convention of 1884 guaranteed the rights of self-government to the "inhabitants" of the Transvaal. There was question in the former case of what was meant by "law or practice," just as there is question in the latter case of what was meant by the word "inhabitants." The British prove from the official records of the conference at which the Convention was drawn up and signed that the word "inhabitants" stood in the minds of their representatives, not merely for Boers, but for Britons also who should wish to make their homes in the Transvaal. And they quote the very words in which President Kruger, acting as spokesman of the Boer delegation, promised that Outlanders would stand upon a footing of equality with Boers. I do not see how, in the other case, the Catholics

(Continued on page four.)

day, Nov. 30, 1899.
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& Black Serge Skirts.
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Wash Silks. You
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Glove-Fitting
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DNISH, N. S.

Steornabhagh Mhor a' Chaisteil.

(Sung by John Macdonald, Esq., at the gathering of the Highland Society, Antigonish, St. Andrew's night.)

(Leis A Chloiméal Ian MacGrigair, M. D.)
Ain' fonn:—"Slainte dhut, deadh slainte dhut,
'Se slainte chuirinn as do dheigh!"

Seid:—Steornabhagh, 's e Steornabhagh
Am baile 's boidheach leam fo'n ghreinn,
Steornabhagh, 's e Steornabhagh.

Steornabhagh mhor a' chaisteil,
Baile 's modha th' air an t-seachl',
Ach co-dhu is beag no mor e,
'S ann d'a leoid is mor mo ghaol.

Bha thu riamh cho briagha, boidheach,
Ceart mar oighe laghach, ghrinn,
'S cuiridh mis' an eel dhut oran,
A bhios seolta blasd sri heinn.

Tha m' n' drasda 'na mo shineadh
Anns na bh-Innseachan 's mi fann,
'S mi le pencil dubh ri sgrìobhadh,
'Sios gach n' dha 'na m' cheann.

Agus 's iomadh smaoin ro neonach,
Agus ghorach, bhios gun tann,
Ruth tre m' eanchainn fhein an ccmhuidh,
Null gu Steornabhagh mo ghraidh.

Saofaidh mi gu 'n deare mo shuillean
Air gach cnoe us cull us gleann,
'S ge do bhiodh mo shuillean diluite,
Chi mi soilleir stuc nam beann.

B' og thug mise gaol us gradh dhut,
Thar gach aile an ear 's an lar,
'S ged is cian bho rinn mi d'fhagall,
Chaoidh cha 'n fhalaich dhut mo mhiann.

Balle-mor gun chroin, gun fhlairadh,
Ris 'm bu mhiann leam fhein bhì dluth,
Anns am faighte gillean fallaidh,
'S nìoghagan 'bu chaitaich clìu.

Boidhich laghach, callchean caoimhneil,
Maighdeanan 'bu bhriagha sgiamh,
Oganaich 'bu dual bhì aoidheil,
'S ann nach d' fhuairidh foill a riamh.

'S iomadh oidhech chridheil, ghorach,
Chaidh mi con.hla ris na suinn,
Ris na nìoghagan 'bu bhoidheich,
'S do 'm bu dual bhì doighell, grinn.

'S tric a shiubhal mi do shraidean,
'S och, bu shraicell (!) bhìodh mo cheum,
Mas do dh'fhàs mi odhar, grannda,
Le bhì tamh fo theas na grein.

'S ionmhor foasgar soilleir samhraidh,
Rinn mi sealltulan air gach bat,
Bhìodh ri seoladh mach a m' annsachd,
Nuair bhìodh sgadan teann do 'n bhag.

'S nuair a dhuisginn anns a' mhaduinn,
Gu'm be' sealladh maiseach leam,
Bhì 'g am faicinn lan de sgadan,
'N an ruidh dhachaidh bharr nan tonn.

O, b'e sud an sealladh eibhinn,
Bhèireadh gèilleadh air gach bron,
Bhì 'g am faicinn ruidh 's a' leumnaich,
'S còp a g eiridh ris gach roin.

Cait am facas bagh cho aluinn
Ris a bhagh nu 'm bhèil mi seinn?
Nì m' fhuairidh port cho sabhalite,
Anns gach gabhadh chruaidh us teinn.

Nuair a' bhàist dhomh cuir cu' riut,
Dol do dhuthaich dhùbh nan Gall,
'S tric le deoir a shìl mo shuillean,
Fagal tir mo dhurachd thall.

Ach nuair thigeadh am dhomh tionndadh,
Null a dh' fonnuidh tir an fhuairidh,
O, gur mi bhìodh cridheil, sunndach,
Falbha a null gu fonn nan laoch.

'S nuair a ruiginn Gob na Cabaig,
Air bord bata mor na smuid,
Bhìodh mo chridhe leum 'an airde,
Dol a steach do bhagh mo ruin.

'S chi mi fhuathas fallain, slàn thù,
Ma tha 'n dain dhomh fhein bhì beo,
'S ged bu bhas domh—sùd ort slainte,
Shìr mo ghraidh le gradh gun zho.

Glimpses of Life in South Africa.

An American lady, writing in The Chicago Times Herald, gives some interesting glimpses of life in South Africa. Speaking of the scenery along the line of railway between the Transvaal border and Delagoa Bay, she says: "Low, shadeless scrub, cacti and thorn-bushes were the principal vegetation. Occasionally a leafless little tree bearing a flaming scarlet spiked flower would flash by us. The land was very sterile and rocky and hilly, great green and yellow boulders giving the colour that vegetation denied it. The only sign of civilized habitation were the little corrugated iron stations, with perhaps, another corrugated iron dwelling near by. As a rule, the railroad was the only road leading to these isolated posts planted in a pathless waste. Occasionally we would pass a Kaffir kraal, a collection of four or five squat, squalid little mud or straw mounds, whose grinning, naked occupants would cheer the passing train. It was a hot dusty, savage wilderness. Lions, jackals and other wild animals still hunt the stony valleys, while the sluggish, muddy stream that crawls among the blistering stones teems with crocodiles. Monkeys, of course, jabber and scamper about in great numbers. Speaking of Lorenzo Marquez itself, the Portuguese town on Delagoa Bay, she says: "The town lies on a tongue of land stretching out between the Indian Ocean and Delagoa Bay. It is a typical Portuguese East African settlement, with broad, shadeless streets, one-storied buildings of plaster or corrugated iron, little dusty, unkempt gardens and a general air of inertia. The population is rather picturesque; the little white-clad Portuguese, with broad-brimmed felt or straw hats, the beturbaned Indians, the bedizened, half-naked blacks make a motley crowd as they move slowly about or sit in the doorways. The Portuguese are unspeakably dirty and quite ignorant of any sanitary laws." Then she tells us something of Durban, the main port in Natal:—"Durban is well

called the garden city of South Africa. It certainly is quite the prettiest place in this part of the world. It is semi-tropical in climate and moist, being by the sea, and is, therefore, green and flowery from the shore up to the top of the highest of the encircling hills. The town lies on the almost land-locked bay, touching the sea, however, with its eastern suburbs. The nearer hills are dotted with pretty villas, in charming gardens, where flowers, trees and shrubs grow. The main residence part of the town, known as the Berea, lies on a green height overlooking the city, the sea, the bay and the point beyond the bay. Crowning the bluff on the point is the lighthouse, whose revolving light blinks soberly at us all night long. For the light partakes of the nature of the town. Durban is essentially a sober city. Wesleyan to the core, prim and proper and provincial to an untoward degree. The Durbanite looks upon the Johannesburgers as a wild, gay product of another sphere, muca giving to wining and dining. The Johannesburgers look upon the Durbanite as a staid and righteous citizen, who never dines nor wines. Certainly, the lavish hospitality of the "Golden City" does not find its counterpart in the Natal metropolis.

The main method of locomotion here is in the rickshaws, pulled by stalwart Kaffirs, clad in the most fantastic costume that the Kaffir brain can conceive and execute. They pull the light little vehicles with a long, even, swift step, which wears the puller out in two years, by which time, however, they have earned enough to retire to their native kraals and buy a few wives who will henceforth do their work for them, while they can lie in the shade and play with their pickaninnies or talk with other retired capitalists. For, of talking among the Kaffirs, there is no end. Where two or more are together there is an unceasing flow of their rich, soft voices. Their language is very musical, and not very hard to learn. Another peculiar native institution in Durban is the Zulu police force, for the town is mainly policed by sturdy, well-built men of this warlike tribe, and a fine looking set they are. They wear the regular policeman's uniform, helmet, coat and belt, but end up with the tight knee breeches and bare legs and feet. These brown, bare limbs are their pride, as they polish them with some native ointment until they shine like a pair of mahogany legs, and they are generally decorated with many bead bracelets and anklets, light blue being their favorite color. The combination of the respectable and conventional British helmet and coat with these barbaric legs is very funny at first sight, but it is also typical of the country, which is, after all, a savage land, with but a slight top dressing of occidental civilization. We lead our well-ordered European lives, but seething around us, occasionally bursting through the artificial crust which we have formed, is the fierce African animal life, a subtle, pervasive, unmistakable force, born of the savage vitality of this teeming dark continent.

What puzzles me, murmured Chollie, as he found the other fellow had reached the house of the adored one ahead of him and was monopolizing her attention, what troubles me is the question whether I am this evening more of an outlander or a bore.

Took the Episcopal Ring.

In the November Donahoe's Magazine Thos. J. Feeney publishes an extraordinary "little story" that throws light on the attitude of Manila's Archbishop toward the American army and navy. It has been asked [says the San Francisco Monitor in commenting upon it] why his Grace does not protest against the conditions which have transformed Manila from a moral, law-abiding city into a vast den of vice. The venerable Archbishop must believe himself in the hands of thieves! The writer says the following incident "illustrates how little the Americans understood of Spanish customs." His explanation does not explain: "Speaking of the Archbishop, here is a little story told by one of the officers of the Olympia, and vouched for as genuine. It illustrates how little Americans understood of Spanish customs. An American officer called on the Archbishop and was most graciously received. During the conversation the officer noticed the magnificent episcopal ring upon the finger of his host, and stooped in order to get a closer view of it. Meanwhile he expressed his admiration in various ejaculations, one of which was to the effect that his wife would be vastly pleased if possessed of such a jewel. This remark was not intended in any sense as a hint to the Archbishop. It simply conveyed the highest admiration the officer could express. "What was his astonishment, therefore, when the Archbishop slipped the jewel from his finger and handed it to the officer, with the remark: 'It is yours.'

The visitor was not aware that this was a common expression among Spaniards, and that instead of being literally intended, it meant in this case to convey to the visitor the prelate's appreciation of the compliment paid to the ring by his caller, and the privilege of a personal examination of it. What was the Archbishop's astonishment, then, to see his visitor pocket the ring and hear his cordial 'Thank you,' supplemented by the assurance that the recipient's wife would be delighted, etc. The visitor departed with the ring in his possession.

"The venerable Archbishop made no remonstrance and no complaint, but he told the story to some of his assistants and so it became, to a certain number, common property."

A neglected cold is very dangerous, and the farther it goes the faster it goes. A very small quantity of Adamson's Botanic Balsam will cure a "young" cough. An older one requires more Balsam to stop it—but no cough is too old for it to cure. 25c. at all druggists.

Militarism.

The commander of the militia told us the other day that the name of the force was to be changed. It was to be no longer the Canadian militia, but the Canadian army. This, of course, means a new departure, and in the militarist direction General Hutton may be doing his professional duty, but we have to consider our own political and social interests, which are more present to our minds than they are to that of a British officer who is among us only for a few years. We have hitherto rejoiced in our exemptions from some of the evils of the old world, especially State churches and standing armies. A deadlift effort is now being made to deprive us of the second of those immunities, and to inoculate us with the militarism of the old world, and involve us in the expenditure which the indulgence of that spirit entails, and which in the United States is now eating up more than three-fourths of the public revenue. The tendency to mock-militarism, not in the country at large, but in Toronto, is already strong and exhibits itself in a passion for military titles, a craving for military decorations, dinners of bogus veterans and church parades. We shall be told perhaps that our army is not to be professional, but an army of citizens, from which no danger to public liberty can arise. On the other hand, a professional army like that of England does not form a political interest or a social caste. We have proof in the case of the United States that a citizen army may form a political interest of the most objectionable kind. The Grand Army of the Republic is now blackmailing the Republic under the form of a pension list to the extent of 140 millions a year, and, though the issue is transparent, not a single member of Congress dares say a word against it. We have first seen the militarist tendency to overbear the constitution in the pressure put by a clique on the Government to send troops to the Transvaal without the consent of Parliament. We are threatened with repetitions of this and with being drawn into wars for objects with which we have no concern in all parts of the globe. At all events let the Canadian people look to the matter. Let them make up their minds whether they will have this industrial community turned into a bad imitation of an old European war power and a military caste created over their heads. It is for them to decide this question, not for the British Colonial Office nor for a Toronto clique.—Toronto Sun.

Try Dr. Ed Morin's "Cardinal Pills."

They are incomparable for pale women, young girls without energy and all persons needing a superior tonic. For sale everywhere.

Teaching Geography to a Professor.

Canadians are very touchy on the subject of climate, as Rudyard Kipling discovered when he somewhat thoughtlessly dubbed the Dominion Our Lady of the Snows. When Arthur Stringer, the young Canadian poet and author, first went to Oxford, he carried with him letters from Professor Goldwin Smith, of Toronto, to Professor York Powell, the distinguished historian of Christ Church. This old Oxford don, like one or two other Englishmen, had very vague ideas about Canada, and somewhat surprised the young stranger by inquiring if he got along nicely on English roast mutton after living so long on frozen seal meat. The young poet gravely protested that he perhaps missed his whale-blubber a little, but the next day cabled home, and in less than a week the finest basket of autumn peaches ever grown in Ontario, carefully packed in saw-dust, was on its way to Oxford. A short time afterward the young author was again dining with the Regius Professor of Oxford, and that gentleman produced at the meal a fruit dish loaded with tremendous peaches. "Most extraordinary," said the old professor, "but these peaches were sent to

CATARRH

Alarming Statistics That 90 People in Every Hundred Have the Seeds of This Distressing Disease About Them—From Japan, the Land of Many Surprises in Medicine, Comes the Cure that Cures to Stay Cured.

What better evidence of the efficacy of a remedy could be produced than the words of a man who has contracted and suffered for years in that hotbed for catarrhal troubles, the Pacific seaboard. Thomas Crawford, of Vancouver, B. C., the pioneer policeman of that western city, was a great sufferer from catarrh for twelve years. He tried everything that was recommended to him, and had special treatments by nose and throat specialists, only to find the ultimate outcome more aggravating and the disease intensified. About two years ago he commenced taking Japanese Catarrh Cure. The first application gave him relief like magic. He continued its use. He says:—"I am completely cured, and I know others to whom I recommended it are cured also." The only guaranteed catarrh cure. Absolute cure or your money refunded. 50 cents. All druggists or by mail, Griffiths & Macpherson Co., Toronto. 109

SOLD BY FOSTER BROS.

me to-day, and I'm blessed if I know who sent them. From the South of France, I suspect, so I saved a few of them for you, Stringer; they will be such a novelty, you know!"

The Canadian very quietly took a steamship company's bill of lading from his pocket and handed it to the professor. The professor gazed at the bill, then at the fruit, then at the poet.

"I had some whale-blubber, too, Professor," said that young man, "but I simply had to eat that. These other things were grown on my uncle's farm in Kent County, Ontario, you know. He has two hundred bushels of them every year, and he sent me over a basket of little ones along with the whale-blubber.—Saturday Evening Post.

110 for 10 Cents. This book contains one hundred and ten of the best humorous satirizations, including the Negro, Yankee, Irish and Dutch accents, both in prose and verse, as well as humorous compositions of every kind and character. Sent post paid, with our illustrated catalogue of books and novelties for only ten cents. Johnston & McFarlane, Toronto, Can.

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\$4.95. Our cut and send it to us with the name of nearest express office and we will ship you the same in its original case, and if you find it defective we represent it and entirely satisfactory, or express charges. This is a truly fine regular \$20.00 Stradivarius model, richly colored, highly polished, and sweet in tone. Complete with bow, extra set of strings and rosin. A bargain at the price. Buy direct from us and save the dealer's profit. Johnston & McFarlane, Box A. C., Toronto.

"DO HE" Like a good cup of Tea, if he does, there is simpler way of gratifying his taste than getting from your grocer

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SS. "HALIFAX," so well known to the sailing public, will leave Toronto on Tuesday at 8 p. m. and from Halifax every Wednesday at midnight, and Saturdays at noon.

Through Tickets For Sale Agents I. C. Ry. For all information apply to H. L. CHIPMAN, Superintendent, Plant Wharf, Halifax.

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

Woodland for Sale. The Subscriber offers for Sale a wood lot of 100 acres situated at the Old Gulf Road, about 10 miles from town. There are excellent hard wood poles on the lot. For particulars apply to MRS. J. OS. CHISHOLM, Antigonish, Oct., 1899.

Custom Tailoring. I have much pleasure in announcing to our many customers, and the public generally, that I have employed MR. ANGUS MCGILLIVRAY, whose reputation as Cutter is so well known that I need not say further than that it would be difficult to persuade anyone who have had work done by him to try another. My Stock of ENGLISH, SCOTCH CANADIAN TWEEDS, WORSTEDS and OVERCOATINGS for \$1.00. PRICES LOWER THAN ANYWHERE. PERFECT FITTING GUARANTEED at reasonable prices. THOMAS SOMERSET, March 21, 1899.

Ask your Grocer for EDDY'S EAGLE Parlor Matches 20c. " " " 10c. VICTORIA " " 6c. Little Comet " " The Finest in the World. No Brimstone. E. B. EDDY CO. Limited, Hull, P. Q.

NOTICE. BOOTS and SHOES made to order repairs promptly attended to at T. HARRISON (Next door to T. Downie Kirk's) MAIN ST. ANTIGONISH

THE VEIL WITHDRAWN.

(Translated from the French of Madame Craven.)

CHAPTER XXI.

During the following week, that looked so long to Esodo, and was indeed long enough to affect my whole life, what transpired? . . . Apparently nothing very different from the evening I have just described; nothing that did not seem the natural consequence of the intimacy so suddenly formed between Donna Faustina and myself, the recent date of which I alone seemed not to have forgotten. But little by little, I might say hour by hour, I felt a secret, powerful, subtle influence growing up around me, and the deepest instincts of my heart, for a moment repressed, were violently roused, causing me to suffer all the pangs of doubt, anxiety, and the most cruel suspicion. But as nothing new seemed to justify these feelings, I forced myself to conceal them, for fear of rendering myself odious in Lorenzo's eyes and losing the charm of my generous confidence. Moreover, did not my continuing to manifest this confidence oblige him to merit it? . . . And could Faustina be treacherous while I was redoubling my cordiality and affection, and confiding in her as a friend? Was I not in a certain manner protecting myself by obliging both of them in honor not to deceive me?

But honor, we know, in such cases—honor alone, without the holy restraints imposed by conscience—is a feeble barrier and a mere mockery. Those who imagine they have not overstepped this barrier sometimes make it recede before them, and believe themselves still within its limits when they are already far beyond the line it first marked out. . . .

A barrier so easily changed soon trenches on the enemy's ground, and the honor that is purely human—insufficient guardian of vows the most solemn—after violating the most sacred obligations, often becomes subject to some imaginary duty, and, according to a barbarous code that keeps pace with that of the Gospel amid all our civilization, persuades him whose sole guide it is that he would be disloyal if he ceased to be a traitor!

This is a sad commonplace occurrence in the world, which does not excite anything more than a smile or a shrug of the shoulders on the part even of those who would tremble with indignation if any one should think them capable of betraying the confidence of a friend—what do I say?—even of a stranger or an enemy!

I will not undertake to follow Lorenzo in this obscure phase of his life. Neither will I try to penetrate into the soul of Faustina. I will only speak of the influence her crossing my path had on my life; for the account I have undertaken is one of bitter trials and formidable dangers, and the extraordinary grace I derived therefrom!

During the last week of our stay in Paris my time was strangely divided between Mme. de Kergy, who came every morning to take me on the proposed rounds, and Donna Faustina, with whom I unfailingly found myself every evening. I thus daily went from one world to another exactly opposite, and seemed to undergo a periodical transformation, becoming, according to the hour, as different as the two women with whom I thus became simultaneously connected, but whom I never beheld together.

Every day I appreciated more fully the beneficial intimacy that had commenced at the same time as the other intimacy, to which I already hesitated to give its true name, I found more and more salutary the happy influences of the morning, which always diverted my mind from the annoying recollections of the evening before. Mme. de Kergy's simple dignity and sweetness of manner were allied with a noble mind and a large heart. Though somewhat imposing, every one felt at ease with her, because she entered into every one's feelings, criticised nobody, and only gave others the lesson of her example. I considered myself fortunate to see her so often, and wished I could always remain under her guidance.

I accompanied her in her charitable rounds through Paris, and at the sight of the misery I thus witnessed I felt I had never understood before to what an extent both misery and charity can extend. And yet poverty and humanity are to be found in all countries and in all climes. Certainly, we also have the poor amongst us, and Southern Italy is called *par excellence* the land of beggars and wretchedness, nevertheless when my imagination transported me to the gates of the convent where Don Placido daily distributed alms, without any great discernment perhaps, but accompanied with pious words, received by those to whom they were addressed as alms of almost equal value, I asked myself if this did not somewhat counterbalance the excessive poverty and the lack of a more rigid and discriminating way of alleviating it. And when I witnessed the profound misery at Paris, augmented by the climate, and often embittered by hatred; when I saw this vast number greedy for the

things of this world, but without any hope of those in a better, I asked myself if any possible compensation in the world could be given the poor who are deprived of the precious faith that would console, sustain, and ennoble them. Yes, *ennoble* them; the word is not too strong to express the living exemplification of the Gospel I had often observed in accompanying Livia and Ottavia to the miserable habitations where they were welcomed so cordially. "Ah! signora," these so-called wretched creatures would sometimes say, looking at us with an air of compassion, "yes, we will pray for you, and our Lord will hear us; for, after all, we poor are his favorites. He chose to take upon himself our likeness, and not that of the rich."

A thousand expressions of the same nature crossed my mind while accompanying my noble, saintly friend to the places where she exercised, and taught her young daughter to exercise, a double mission of charity. One day in particular, seeing the charming Diana kneeling beside the bed of a poor old woman whose infirmities were incurable, but who was without religion, I recalled the words that fell from the lips of a poor woman at Naples who had implored the cure of her malady through the intercession of some saint, and had obtained it. "Ah! *mis cara signora*, doctors are for the rich; as for us, we have the saints."

"You must relate all this to Gilbert," said Mme. de Kergy, listening to me with a beaming face. "In spite of the absorbing interest he takes in discoveries and inventions of all kinds, he is not incapable of comprehending this solution—the highest and most simple of all—of the great problem repeated under so many different forms. He would readily acknowledge that, viewed in this light, the inequalities of social life assume a wonderfully different aspect."

This was not the first time I had heard her speak in this way of Gilbert de Kergy since we had daily met. Among other things, she explained, on one occasion, the object of various associations of which he was an active member.

"He could explain all this much better than I," she added; "but I have urged him in vain to accompany us in our explorations through what I call his domain. He absolutely refuses, and, though I am accustomed to his uncivilized ways, they afflict me, because he often yields to them to the injury of others as well as himself."

One day, however, I found his card at my door when I returned home; but I had seen him only once since the meeting at the Hotel de Kergy.

Saturday arrived, the day but one before our departure, and I was to take my last drive with Mme. de Kergy. I was suffering from a thousand conflicting emotions, agitated and melancholy, and sorry to be separated from her, and yet happy and impatient to leave Paris, where I now seemed to behold nothing but two large blue eyes following me everywhere. On the other hand, however, a strange, inexplicable regret weighed on my heart when I thought of the world into which I had not yet penetrated, except in imagination, but where I longed to be transplanted with Lorenzo, that our lives might bring forth better fruit. While conversing with Mme. de Kergy such a life seemed less chimerical. I felt my wishes might easily be realized if . . . I could not wholly define my thought, but it was there, alive, actual, and poignant, and the recollection of its source added a degree of tenderness to the affectionate farewell I bade Mme. de Kergy when her carriage stopped to leave me at my door. My eyes were filled with tears. I found it difficult to tear myself away. She, on her part, pressed my hand and, fastening her softest look on me, finally said:

"My dear Ginevra" (I had some time before begged her to call me so), "would it be indiscreet to ask you to come and dine with us to-morrow, and spend your last evening with us?"

"Oh, madame!" I exclaimed with a joy I did not try to conceal, "how happy I should be to come!"

"Then I shall depend on seeing you—both of you; for of course my invitation extends likewise to the Duca di Valenza-bona."

I felt my face turn red simply at these words. Alas! why? Because I was at once terrified at the thought of conveying an invitation to Lorenzo which, ten days before, he would have eagerly accepted. Now I felt if he replied in the affirmative, it would be a triumph for me; if in the negative, a painful defeat.

All this rapidly crossed my mind, and made me silent for a moment. Finally I replied:

"I do not know whether my husband has any engagement for to-morrow or not; but as for me, I hope nothing will prevent my coming. At all events, you shall have my reply in a few hours."

This reply was despatched at a late hour that same evening, and was to this effect: "That important business would oblige my husband to be absent the whole day, and I alone should be able to accept Mme.

de Kergy's invitation." What it cost me to write this note Mme. de Kergy never imagined. And yet, when I hastily wrote these lines, I had no positive reason for doubting the truth of the excuse assigned for Lorenzo's absence—no reason except the promptings of my own heart, to which I was less able than ever, within a few hours, to impose silence.

But to relate what took place from the time I left Mme. de Kergy till I wrote her the above note:

That evening, as usual, I was to meet Donna Faustina, but not her alone. Our friends were to assemble to bid us farewell, and it was at this *soiree* I saw her for the first time in all the *eclat* of a brilliant toilet. And, though I was far from foreseeing it, it was there I spoke to her for the last time! . . . And I was still further from foreseeing in what place and in what way I should afterwards find myself beside her for an instant! . . .

We both attracted much attention that evening. Which of us was the more beautiful I cannot tell. As to this, I was indifferent to the opinion of all but one. What he thought I longed to know, and I now watched him in my turn. As I have said he had good reason to pride himself on his penetration; but that was a faculty by no means lacking on my part, and one, it may be remarked *en passant*, that Sicilians of both sexes are said to be rarely devoid of. In this respect we were well matched. I knew every line in his forehead, and understood every movement of his mouth and the slightest change in his mobile, expressive face, and during the whole evening, when for the first time I was able to observe them together without attracting his attention, I used as much art in studying him as he knew how to use in studying others. I followed them with my eyes around the room; whereas, separated from me by the crowd, he forgot my presence, and, by some phenomenon akin to that of second sight, every word they uttered seemed to resound distinctly in my ears! . . . It was with reluctance I gave her my hand when I left her. It was she, and not Lorenzo, who was at that moment the object of the resentment that burned in my heart.

I had doubtless overcome some of my faults at that time, but far from all. I was not so frivolous as is usually the case at my age. I loved everything great and noble. But with all this, I was impetuous, willful, and jealous, and though not occupied about my appearance, I was with myself. The happiness I had an indisputable right to was menaced. All means of defending my rights seemed allowable, but to use address, prudence and management would have amounted almost to insincerity in my eyes.

(To be continued.)

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.

Humorous.

"I don't see why a newspaper sends a corps of correspondence to the front. Can't one man do the work?" "No, one man can't send in such conflicting reports."

Wilks (complacently)—I suppose you know that there were several young ladies disappointed when I married you?

Mrs. W.—Several! Why every girl in my class at college had prophesied a brilliant future for me.

Customer (emerging from the bargain counter crush)—Help! My leg is broken. Floorwalker—You will find the crutch department, sir, on the fourth floor, in the rear.

Mrs. Peck—Henry, what would you do if I were to die suddenly?

Henry—Pray don't talk of such a thing. I think it would almost drive me crazy.

Mrs. Peck—Do you think you would marry again?

Henry—Oh, no; I don't think I should be as crazy as that.

"If there is anything I despise," said one diplomat, "it's a practical joke." "I feel the same way about it," answered the other, as he laid down his newspaper, "and I know what I'm talking about. I was a delegate to the Peace conference at The Hague."

No Censorship.

IN GIVING THE NEWS OF THE GREAT CURES EFFECTED BY SOUTH AMERICAN NERVEINE—IT HAS SAVED AN ARMY OF SUFFERERS FROM THE PANGS OF INDIGESTION AND NERVE TROUBLES.

L. M. Holmes, of Parrsboro, N. S., was taken severely ill about a year ago with nervousness and indigestion, and for some time was completely prostrated. He consulted best doctors, but they failed to help him. A newspaper advertisement brought South American Nerveine to his notice. He tried it with the result that he was greatly benefited from the first bottle, and six bottles completely cured him, and he would be pleased to give all details of his case to any person asking him. For sale by Foster Bros.

WITH AGE COMES WISDOM From childhood to ripe old age since 1810. JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT has been used by generation after generation Relieves Every Form of Inflammation for INTERNAL and EXTERNAL use. Many old couples relate that ever since they were boys and girls together, JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT has been used and grown in favor with them for many family ills from infancy to old age. I have used Johnson's Anodyne Liniment more than fifty years in my family. For colds, coughs, sore throat, lameness, colic, toothache, etc., have found it always good. TRUS, CLELAND, South Robinson, Me. Send for our Book on INFLAMMATION, mailed free. Sold by all Druggists. Put up in Two Sizes, Price 25 and 50 cts. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

FREE We give this beautiful knife for selling only six packages of Pens at ten cents each. These packages are attractively lithographed, and each contains a superior quality. The knife is over three inches long closed, contains four blades, one a miniature file, all of best quality tempered steel. The handle is of another of pearl, highly polished, with tortoise shell bolsters and brass lining throughout. We ask no money in advance. Write us and we forward the pens, sell them, return the money, and as a reward for your work this beautiful knife will be sent you immediately. Toledo Pen Co., Toronto

COMMON SENSE REASONING If you can not afford to spare a little of your income now to pay the premium on a Life Insurance policy, how do you suppose your wife is going to spare all your income when you are gone? That is the way to look at it. The Policies issued by the CONFEDERATION LIFE guarantee that you or your heirs get benefit for every dollar of premium paid; they are absolutely nonforfeitable. Premium Rates low Assets \$7,000,000. Give us an opportunity, and will gladly explain. Maritime Provinces Branch, Halifax, F. W. GREEN, Manager. E. T. McKEEN, General Agent, Sydney. E. L. GIRRRIOR, Local Agent, Antigonish.

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Handicap your Cough! Don't wait a few days to see if it will "wear off"; it is much more likely to become dangerous and it will undoubtedly be much more difficult to cure. The longer you permit it to prey upon the delicate membranes of your throat, bronchial tubes and chest, the more you render yourself susceptible to other attacks and to chronic pneumonia or consumption. Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is an infallible remedy: for more than 30 years it has been curing the worst cases and it will surely cure you. 25 CENTS AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

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ESTABLISHED, 1884

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, DECEMBER 7.

(Continued from page one)

The Justice of the Present War.

could furnish any clearer evidence of what was meant by the famous phrase that was supposed to secure them their rights, or indeed how any clearer evidence could be required, supposing there was question simply of ascertaining the intention of those who drew up the treaty. If you say that, in a matter of such vital importance as the franchise, it ought to have been expressly and unequivocally declared in the legal instrument embodying the terms of the Convention that Britons settling down in the Transvaal should be eligible to citizenship on as reasonable conditions as are aliens in British dominions, and in the Orange Free State, then I say that, in a matter of such vital importance as educational rights, it ought to have been expressly and unequivocally declared in the Manitoba Act that the minority in that Province, Catholic or Protestant as the case might be, should have the right for all time to a system of separate schools, sharing proportionately with the public schools in the municipal and provincial grants. It is true that the Manitoba Act provided a sanction for the rights of the minority in the form of an appeal to the Governor-General in Council, and that no such legal sanction is provided by the Convention of 1884. But no such sanction could have been provided in the latter case, and the British felt that ample sanction lay in their ability to compel the Boers to keep the treaty in the spirit and in the letter.

In your remarks upon this point you confound two altogether different things; the original right of the minority to separate schools, and their right to redress in case the exercise of the former right were denied them. It is in respect only of that former right that I have compared the case of the Manitoba minority with that of the Outlanders. You say that the best legal opinions in Canada held the decision which deprived the Manitoba minority of their legal right to separate schools to have been erroneous. I appeal to these same legal opinions against your decision which would rob the Outlanders of their legal right, under the Convention of 1884, to be admitted to the franchise on such reasonable conditions as obtain in all the rest of South Africa. I am content to rest my case on equity, or moral right alone, but shall be all the better pleased if law go arm in arm with equity, as it is always supposed to do, though in matter of fact it doesn't always.

When Great Britain gave self-government to the Transvaal on condition that British residents in that Republic should be allowed to live side by side with the Boers without discrimination, it was not of course intended that a Briton should be able to acquire the rights of citizenship there by simply moving in. This would be asking too much. But neither was it intended that the Boers should have power to hedge the franchise with such conditions as should render it practically impossible for an Outlander to acquire the rights of citizenship. What then was intended? Simply this, that the franchise should be granted on reasonable conditions—on such conditions, for instance, as those on which it is granted to an outsider in Natal, or to a Briton in the Orange Free State, or on which it used to be granted to an Outlander in the Transvaal itself prior to 1884. At first, as Bishop Gaughran tells us, an Outlander could qualify for the franchise in the Transvaal after a residence of two years. But the Boers soon extended the period to four years, then to nine, then to fourteen—plainly with a view of excluding the Outlanders altogether from citizenship.

Paul Kruger, President of the South African Republic, went to England in 1884, at the head of a Boer delegation of three, to confer with the British Government and to obtain, if possible, certain concessions which were to be embodied in a new Convention. Before granting these concessions the British authorities asked for an assurance that British subjects would receive fair treatment and equal rights in the Transvaal. President Kruger, acting as spokesman of the Boer delegation, and in presence of the other delegates, gave the assurance asked for, declaring that they would be given equal rights and privileges with the burghers. You affirm that there

statement. Why? Because, forsooth, he was but one of three delegates. But even if there were thirty delegates instead of three, so long as Kruger was the spokesman of the delegation I say that he had authority to bind his country in the same way and for the same reason that he had authority to conduct the negotiations which led up to the drafting and signing of the Convention. I leave you to settle the point of law involved with those skilled in the law. I am concerned with the equity and justice of the transaction, and I say deliberately that if an individual violates the understanding on which his accredited agent or agents has obtained the grant of certain rights and privileges, such rights and privileges are ipso facto null and void according to every ethical code, even the Pagan. And I take it that a transaction which would be not only null but iniquitous in the case of an individual, does not become valid and righteous in the case of a nation.

This letter has already run to great length, and I have not yet done. In the meantime I thank you by anticipation for publishing, in this number of THE CASKET the London Tablet's article, "The Origin of the War," to which I would invite the attention of your readers. SACERDOS.

The Gaelic Bards of Scotland from 1400 to 1725.

(By the Rev. A. McLean Sinclair.)

THE GAELIC BARDS FROM 1400 TO 1525.

Finn Mac Cumhail, Ossain, Fergus Filidh, and Caoilte Mac Roinin were Irish Gaidels. There may possibly be a few short heroic ballads in existence which were composed in their time. The Albanic Duan is said to have been composed in the time of Malcolm Kenmore, who reigned from 1058 A.D. to 1093. It is merely a list of the early Scottish Kings. The name of the author is not given. It was preserved in the Mac Firbis MS., which was written about the year 1650. It is not certain that it was composed in the time of Malcolm Kenmore. Neither is it certain that the writer of it was a native of Scotland. As a matter of fact it is impossible to point to a single poem, long or short, written by a Scottish Gaidel prior to the year 1400. Of course we have a Gaelic hymn by St. Patrick; but St. Patrick may have been a Briton, not a Gaidel.

Among the composers of verses who flourishes in the Highlands between 1400 and 1525 were the following: Lachlainn Mor MacMhuinich, Mac-Eachaig, Gilchrist Taylor, Duncan Mor from Lennox, Efric Mac-Corquodale, Gillicalum Mac an Ollaimh, Allan Mac Rory, Duncan Mac Cabe, John MacEachran, John of Knoydart, Phelim MacDougall, Duncan Og, John MacUirich, Donnachadh Mac a Pharsain, Andrew MacIntosh, Ewen Mac-Cornbal, the Bard MacIntyre, MacGillfiondaig, Dughall Mac Gilleghlais, Finlay Roy, Maoldomh-naich Mac Aonghais Mhuilich, a thir MacUirich, Sir John Stewart of Appin, Sir Duncan Campbell, the countess of Argyll, Iseabal Ni Mhic Callein, two Earls of Argyll, the Mull Bard, and Duncan MacGregor, the Dean's brother. Some of these authors were good poets, others merely versifiers.

Lachlan Mor MacVurich is the first prominent Highland Bard whose name is really known to us. He was undoubtedly a man of ability and influence. His address to the MacDonalds when about to engage in the battle of Harlan in 1411 is the only one of his poems that has been preserved. It is published in A. and D. Stewart's collection.

Efric MacCorquodale heads the list of our Highland poetesses. She seems to have been the wife of MacGeil of Castle Seven, Chief of the Clan Neill. Gillicalum Mac an Ollaimh, author of "Bas Chonlaich" was a very able poet. He was probably a son of one of the Beatonos who were physicians to the Lords of the Isles. Allan Mac Rory was also a poet of ability. He seems to have lived near Glenshee in Perthshire. His "Bas Dharmaid" and "Bas Oscar" are both excellent poems. It is fairly certain that the Bard MacIntyre was born near Loch Rannoch, that he went to Badenoch about 1497, that he settled near Loch Inch, and that he was the progenitor of the MacIntyres of Badenoch. It is just possible that Calum Dubh nam Protaichean inherited his poetic genius from him. The third MacVurich mentioned composed a long elegy on Allan Mac Rory of Moydart and Ransaid Ban his son. The former was executed in 1509 and the latter in 1514.

Probably the ablest poets who flourished between 1400 and 1525 were Lachlan Mor MacVurich, Gilchrist Taylor, Gillicalum Mac an Ollaimh, Allan Mac Rory, Finlay Roy, the Mull Bard, and the MacVurich who composed the elegy on Allan Mac Rory and Ransaid Ban.

THE GAELIC BARDS OF SCOTLAND FROM 1525 TO 1645.

Among the authors of poetic pieces who flourished between 1525 and 1545 were the following: Hector Maclean of Coll, Damhnall Mac Fhionnladh nan Dan, Bishop Cassewell, Gregor Macgregor's wife, is no principle of law, equity or justice which warrants the assumption that he had authority to bind his country by this Ferchar Macrae, Neil Mor MacVurich, Marion Macfadayen, Malcolm Gaibh Macleod of Raasay, Cathal MacVurich, Macculloch of Parke, Murdoch Macaulay's wife, the Rev. Alexander Munro of Duirinish, John Grant, John Whyte, and Murdoch Mor Mackenzie of Achilly.

John Cassewell was born in the parish of Kilmartin, Argyshire, in 1509. He translated John Knox's Liturgy into Gaelic, and published in 1567. This was the first Gaelic book that was ever printed in Scotland. Bishop Cassewell composed a few hymns, but cannot be called a poet.

He died in 1572. Gregor Macgregor's wife was a daughter of Duncan Campbell of Glenlyon, Donnachadh Ruadh na Feile. Ferchar Macrae, Fearcoair Mac Iain Oig, was a native of Kintail. A song which he composed about 1590 appears in the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, vol. viii., p. 28. Neil Mor MacVurich was the author of two of the Gaelic poems in the Book of Clanranald. Cathal MacVurich composed four of the poems in that work. John Grant, Iain Mac Eoghain, was a native of Glenmoriston. He composed an elegy on John Grant of Moriston, who died in 1637. John White lived near Kilmur in Cowall. He was known as Forsair Choir an t-Sith. According to one account he died in the time of Montrose. According to another account he was living in 1691.

THE GAELIC BARDS FROM 1645 TO 1725.

Among the poets, poetesses and versifiers who flourished between 1645 and 1725 were the following: John Lom Macdonald; Hector Bacach Maclean; Dorothy Brown; Archibald Macdonald, an Ciaran Mabach; Paul Crubach Macleod; Mary Macleod, Mari Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh; Nighean Dhomhnuill Ghlais; Gregor Og MacGregor; Archibald Macdonald of Keppoch; Mac Ithich; Niall Mac Mhuirich; Capt. Andrew Maclean; Lachlan Maclean of Cull, Lachlainn Mac Mhic Iain; Catherine Maclean of Coll; Duncan Macrae of Inverinate.

Inverness Notes.

The death of Mrs. Dr. McLennan, M. P., a truly charming woman, and of many amiable and virtuous qualities, has been announced, as occurring on the 1st inst. Needless to add, that the profoundest sympathy is felt for the much-bereaved husband and family.

Owing to the prevailing raw and wet weather of the past few weeks, severe colds and some cases of pneumonia are reported.

Amidst congratulations and cheers for "the powers that be," the last spike of the 30th mile of the I. and R. Railway was driven down exactly on time, 1st day of December, 1899. The popular and clever agent of the company, Mr. A. Sinclair, was on the ground, and with the energy so characteristic of him, personally directed the work. Now it is—"Nothing is too good for Sinclair." Thus at last is consummated the long and much desired railway connection between Port Hood and the Strait of Canso, and the event is justly held to inaugurate an era of development and prosperity for Port Hood and also for the whole country. If the remainder of the road be completed with like speed, smoothness, and satisfaction, the county will have much reason to congratulate itself. From every section or district of Inverness, the most encouraging signs of budding prosperity are reported.

Thus far asunder as are Cheticamp, Lake Ainslie, and Marble Mountain, there is to hand the intelligence firstly, that recent assays of the Cheticamp copper mine, owned by H. A. Archibald, Esq., Hastings, and who is backed by strong Toronto capitalists, actually give "60.30 of copper"; secondly, that "Oil in crude form" has just been discovered at East Lake Ainslie; and, thirdly, that the immense quarries, etc., of Marble Mountain have been bought by the Dominion Iron and Steel Company, where and whence quarrying and shipping over the I. C. R. to Sydney will be commenced immediately.

Now, whatever enterprises in iron and steel manufacture may or may not be started elsewhere, it is now well understood to be an open secret that at some point at the Strait—probably at old Plaster Cove—the coal terminal of the I. and R., the leading enterprise in that line will be established. There is no question but that the noble Strait of Canso might thus easily become the Clyde of America. Leading engineers are on record in the matter, that it is quite practicable, and with no great expenditure of labor or money to make one of the finest harbors in the world there, simply by helping Nature in forming a sufficiently effective ice-jam between McMillan's Point and Porcupine, by means of piers or ice-breakers. As most people already know, a jam yearly forms there, but not quite effective enough always to keep dangerous ice-floes from floating beyond.

It is, at all events, pretty certain that the new railway means immense things for Pt. Hastings; and all that, apart altogether from the possibilities just alluded to. For instance, it becomes on the first of May next, the coal station of the great Plant line of steamships; and secondly, it is now and henceforth to be the coal terminal of the Inverness and Richmond Railway Company. Port Hood, probably Mabou, and the B. Cove Mines will send their coal there. The Inverness and Richmond Ry. Company being actually under contract with the great Plant line to supply 25,000 tons of coal at Port Hastings. It will be clearly seen that this fact will necessitate a hustle in mining work on the part of the Port Hood Coal Company; and it is most gratifying to find that they are now giving every earnest of being equal to the requirements. A most satisfactory meeting of the Company was held at Halifax on the 1st inst., and it is understood that adequate means and measures were adopted to meet all emergencies. The Port Hood Coal Co. is also to supply all the coal needed to run the I. and R. Railway. This, it will be clearly seen, will call for a big output within the coming winter and spring, and as a consequence good times. It is extremely gratifying, at the same time, to know that there is not only plenty coal, but that its quality is of the very best. This fact has been tested and proved by competent authority, and very recently too. A sample of it tested in Boston has been pronounced "excellent coal for coke"; and the officials of our own railway who have been using it for the past week, are not only loud in their praise of it, but actually declare it to be superior to Sydney coal—freer from clinkers and better for steam.

Already, there are two engines at work, one pumping water, the other hoisting coal. The water in the mine, however, does not interfere with the coal cutting or mining. This may seem strange to people ignorant of coal mining, but it is a fact all

the same. Mr. T. S. Archibald, a government engineer, but employed by the Coal Company, is now engaged surveying a coal railway to a shipping point, where a pier is to be built. Now, as a result of all these developments, a decided boom in real estate has struck the town and its vicinity; and as a consequence, a syndicate has materialized, and all instant on options. Well, the present is a good time to hold on, and to give the go by to the optionists. Not a few syndicates could, and they would give some useful wrinkles in this respect.

As illustrative of the capabilities of this County, I may mention that it is estimated that besides a vast unknown number of sheep, about 3700 beef cattle, principally the product of Inverness, have

been sent to and slaughtered at the Sydney the last few months back. This fact alone, combined with the new and greater opportunities, now opening at our very doors, should stimulate and encourage our laborers and farmers to make the most of them. Are not the tables turning? It was but yesterday that "Boston" was the Mecca of young Cape Breton. Now, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Pittsburg laborers are pouring into Cape Breton, and we hear no more the burden of our native bard's "bitter laments"—"Ho ro na Rogaleach," &c. Next week, if you please, I shall have somewhat to say about the proposed legislation in connection with the surrender of lands taken for the Inverness and Richmond Railway.

PREPARING FOR WINTER

At this season of the year when cold weather is near at hand, the vital question is where shall I purchase my winter clothing requirements. Undoubtedly the best place is at

A. KIRK & CO.'S

The Largest Dry Goods House in Eastern Nova Scotia, where is shown you the largest range of stock, best assortment of qualities and lowest prices consistent with good articles.

FURS. FURS.

All the latest novelties in Ruffs, Collars, Collarettes, Muffs and Capes, Sable Bear, Otter, Seal and Thibet are the leading furs. An endless variety to select from at popular prices.

- FUR RUFFS from \$1.00 up.
STORM COLLARS \$1.25 up.
BLACK FUR MUFFS 75 cts.

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

If you need a new Ulster or Overcoat this winter, do not buy until you have seen our stock. Our clothing quality considered is positively the lowest in the town. Not the cheap shoddy kind that has the appearance of being ashamed of the wear, but real good serviceable garments warm and durable.

- Men's Heavy Nap and Frieze Reefers, from \$4.00 up
Men's Heavy Ulsters, \$5.00, 6.00, 7.50 to \$10.00
Men's Beaver and Melted Overcoats, \$4, \$5, 6.50
Boys' and Youth's Reefers, \$2.75, 3.00
Men's Heavy Tweed Pa...

GLOVES AND HOSIERY

- Ladies' Cashmere and Ringwood Gloves in black and neat fancy patterns, - 20, 25, 35, 50c.
Men's Knitted Gloves, 25c to \$1.00
Men's Lined Mocha Kid Gloves, 80c, \$1.00, 1.20 to 2.75
Ladies' Black Cashmere Ho... winter weight, - per pair
Men's Black Cashmere and W... Half Hose, per pair, from
Misses and Children's Hosiery All...

ENGLISH and CANADIAN FLANNELETTES

200 pieces new Flannelettes in stripes, checks and plaid colors. The best values we have ever shown. Prices from 4c. a yard up.

- Printed Flannelettes, a large range in nice designs, suitable for Ladies' Blouses and Wrappers, Children's Dresses, 8, 10, 12, 15c.
Navy and Grey Flannels.
Eider Down Flannels for Men's Cloaks.

BLANKETS and COMFORTERS.

- Woolen and all wool Blankets in all sizes and qualities ranging from - \$2.00 per pair upward.
Horse Blankets, - 50, 90c, \$1.50
Dutch Kersey Horse Blankets, extra large size, and heavy linings, \$2.00
Good, Heavy Comforters in 200 patterns and extra quality covering, - from 85c up.

RUBBERS AND OVERSHOES

100 Cases Rubber Footwear, the Boston Rubber Co.'s celebrated make. We bought them before the recent heavy advance and we are selling them at the old prices.

- Misses and Children's Rubbers. Men's and Ladies' Overshoes.
LADIES' UNDERSKIRTS. A handsome line of Sateen and Moreen Underskirts in all the newest and most fashionable colors; - prices from \$1.75 up.
Ladies' Melton Underskirts, \$1.00
Ladies' Flannelette Underskirts, 50, 60, 75c.
Ladies' Flannelette Night Gowns Drawers and Corset Covers.
Misses and Children's Flannelette Underwear.
LADIES' GOLF JERSEYS. A nice line of warm perfect fitting Jerseys in plain colors, neat fancy patterns, 50c to \$2.75
LADIES' FELT SLIPPERS, - for house wear, 40, 50, 75c.
BOOT and SHOE Department. Although there have been steady advances of all kinds on Boots and Shoes we are still selling out standard lines at the old prices.
Men's Heavy Long Boots, \$1.75, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50
Men's Heavy Laced Boots, \$1.50, 1.75, 2.10, 2.50
Women's Strong Wearing Boots, 85c, \$1.00, 1.10, 1.20

MEN'S FURNISHINGS.

New Stock of Neckwear in all the latest and fashionable colors and designs. Large and varied assortment of Underwear, Shirts, Collars, Suspenders.

Mail Orders receive prompt and careful attention. Samples sent and every information cheerfully given.

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

General News.

There were 3,433 divorces granted in Indiana last year. In some counties, it is said, the divorce business has become as great as all other branches of legal business combined.

A bill to disfranchise negro voters in Georgia was overwhelmingly defeated in the House of Representatives on Nov. 25. The vote stood 137 to 3 against the bill.

An accommodation train on the Delaware and Lackawanna Railway crashed into an express, which was standing on the track at Patterson, N. J., on Nov. 29. Six persons were killed and about twenty others injured.

The U. S. transport Victoria, which sailed on Nov. 23 from Seattle, Wash., for Manila with 420 horses, mules and army supplies, returned to that port on Nov. 28, having encountered a severe storm off Cape Flattery, in which 55 horses were battered to death and many others badly crippled.

The past season has been an unusually good one for the North Pacific sealing squadron. According to advices from Victoria, B. C., the 26 vessels engaged took about 35,000 seals, valued at \$400,000.

The demand for shipping has given an impetus to the shipbuilding industry on the western coast of the Province. It is stated that between Halifax and Shelburne there are forty-five vessels in course of construction.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain spoke at Leicester last Thursday and referred to "the new triple alliance" between Britain, the United States and Germany. The speech has given rise to protests in the latter countries and is said to have greatly embarrassed his colleagues in the Ministry, particularly Lord Salisbury.

War Notes.

The steamer Sardinian, with the Canadian contingent on board, arrived at Cape Town on Wednesday of last week. The regiment was given a very hearty reception. It has been sent north, together with Australian troops, being sent north to either DeAar or Belmont.

The Boers who are said to have retired from Colenso, swarm in immense numbers, according to all the despatches, north of the Tugela. There is no longer any doubt that the bridges are down. There has been no important news from Natal for several days.

South Africa being in the Southern hemisphere, it is summer here now, and despatches say that the heat is intense.

The Dutch of Cape Colony continue to join the invaders in large numbers, and Sir Alfred Milner has called out all the rifle companies and local militia of the Colony. The advance Gen. Gatacre is delayed by Dutch risings.

The New York Journal's cable despatch which gives it as a "revalling rumour" that Lord Roberts of Kandahar is to be sent to take charge in South Africa, is most probably without any foundation. It would be a reprimand to Gen. Buller for which there has been no reason.

The British hire-transport Ismore was wrecked at St. Helena Bay, Cape Colony on Sunday. She carried 470 troops, which were got safely off. Out of 350 horses, however, only 20 were saved. Much war material and hospital equipment were lost.

The British force now in the field in South Africa is estimated by a well-known officer in London at upwards of 100,000. He says there are 78,500 troops besides the naval and colonial contingents and local forces, which will aggregate from 20,000 to 25,000 men. Three thousand more troops were embarked from Southampton on Saturday, and still more are to follow.

Details of the losses at Modder River, the battle of which news was received as we were going to press last Thursday morning, were long withheld by the War Office, causing much anxiety in England. The list was a formidable one, though it scarcely bore out Lord Methuen's despatch to the Queen that "the battle was the bloodiest of the century." The British lost 76 killed, 388 wounded, and seven missing. Four of the killed and 17 of the wounded were officers. Gen. Methuen himself was slightly wounded. The fight, though described by the General as a victory was in reality a pitched battle—his only advantage consisting in getting a small body across the river. No prisoners were taken and no positions captured. The entire British force, 9,500 strong, was engaged. It is supposed that Methuen did not expect to meet the main body of the Boers so soon. The latter, whose loss is not known, retreated after the battle, and the British General awaited reinforcements. The Boers had destroyed the bridge, and he had to rebuild it.

Later accounts of the fight at Modder River say that the fire was the most sustained ever endured by a British force. For nearly fourteen hours the Boers from their trenches, which extended five miles along the river, poured a storm of bullet

on the British troops with terrible effect. The fighting ceased at dark, the Boers retreated during the night taking their guns with them, and next morning the British army crossed the river, unopposed and encamped on their positions.

The rumours which were current for a few days in the despatches about two weeks ago, that General Joubert, the Boer commander at the siege of Ladysmith, had been killed and which appeared to be completely disproved by later news of that General, have been revived in the Cape Town despatches during the past few days, with considerable circumstantiality. A correspondent claims to have seen a letter from a Boer in Pretoria who had attended his funeral, written to the Boer's wife in Cape Town; and the Grahams-town Journal, according to the same despatch, publishes an alleged letter from a correspondent with the Free State Boers at Ladysmith who says he was by the General when he was struck in the head by a shell on November 10, from which he died in a short time. If the General was really killed on that date some one successfully personated him afterwards in communications with General White.

Letter from the Leading Grocer.

ANTIGONISH, N. S., Dec. 5th, 1899. To the Editor of THE CASKET: Dear Sir,—I must congratulate you upon the big returns which I am able to trace from advertisements in your paper. My sales of Saxon Blend Tea in particular and all goods in general throughout this and neighboring counties and in Cape Breton has increased far beyond my expectations, through the quality of the goods and the advertisements in your widely circulated paper. Advertising costs, but when judiciously done it pays.

Yours very truly, T. J. BONNER.

PORT HOOD ISLAND C. B., Dec. 4, '99. Manufacturers Life Ins. Co., Toronto, Ontario.

I thank you for the prompt payment (as per cheque No. 9368, dated Nov. 27th) through your General Agent, Alex. G. Baillie of Port Hastings, for Life Insurance, held by my late husband, Richard P. Smith, whose sad and accidental death occurred on Nov. 13th. MARY L. SMITH.

HIDES.—Cash paid for hides at C. B. Whidden & Son's.—adv.

MARRIED.

McISAAC-McDONALD.—At Maryvale, Ant. Co., on Tuesday, 28th inst., by the Rev. Angus McDonald, P. P., George McIsaac, of Briley Brook, to Miss Maggie Agnes McDonald, daughter of Lachlan McDonald, Maryvale.

DIED.

McINNIS.—At Addington Forks, Ant. Co., on the 18th November, after a lingering illness, caused by the rite of Holy Church, of which he was a devout member, Hugh McInnis, aged 77 years. His quiet and unassuming disposition gained for him the love and friendship of all. He leaves a widow, seven sons and five daughters to mourn the loss of a good husband and kind father. May his soul rest in peace!

PETITPAS.—At Tracadie on the 4th inst. Joseph Hubert Petitpas, in the 25th year of his age. Mr. Petitpas was a young man of excellent character. His death is particularly sad, as he was married only one week. His young widow, his parents and relatives have the sympathy of the whole community in this their hour of sorrow. May his soul rest in peace.

Obituary.

There died at her father's residence, in her 23rd year, Maggie A., beloved wife of Roderick G. McNeill, Iona, and daughter of Capt. M. McKinnon, Big Beach, Shenacadie, C. B. She was sick for a year and endured her illness with Christian patience. Her husband and one son survive her. Rev. A. Cameron administered the last sacraments. Her remains were followed to the Christmas Island cemetery by a large concourse of sorrowful friends and relatives. May her soul rest in peace!

There occurred at East Tracadie, on the 25th of Nov., the death of Desire Petitpas, at the advanced age of 82 years. The deceased lived a quiet and virtuous life. He possessed many traits of character worthy of imitation. Though dead he still speaks through the exemplary life he lived. His patience and resignation through his illness and the calmness with which he met his death showed that he was prepared for his departure and a glorious resurrection. His last days were comforted by a humble reception of the last rites of Holy Church. He leaves a widow, three sons, six daughters and twenty-four grand children to mourn his loss. May his soul rest in peace!

A well known and much respected resident of this County passed away on Friday, the 1st inst., in the person of Lachlan McDonald, of Fraser's Mills. Though he had long passed the allotted span—he was in his 90th year—yet no one suspected till the dread summons came that the end was so near, so vigorous was his health, and so lightly he seemed to bear the weight of his advanced age. He was the father of a large family—six sons and four daughters, all of whom survive him. Of his sons two are priests—the Rev. A. L. McDonald P. P., of Broad Cove, C. B., the other the Rev. D. L. McDonald, P. P., of Brook Village, C. B. Another son, Ronald L. McDonald, is pursuing his theological studies in the Grand Seminary of Quebec. The deceased was noted for his genuine hospitality, for his peaceful disposition—he never had an enemy—and above all for his solid Christian piety. On Sunday his remains were laid beside those of his wife in the parish graveyard—his own son, the Rev. A. L. McDonald, who had assisted also his dying moments performing the ceremony. May his soul rest in peace!

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

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

READY-MADE CLOTHING

We are showing a splendid range of Fall and Winter Clothing in

Suits, Overcoats, Ulsters and Reefers.

We give particular attention to those lines and can guarantee satisfaction in fit, finish and price.

We have a very nice SERGE OVERCOAT at \$3.00

Our Men's Heavy Melton Overcoats

in Navy, Blue and Black, at are the best values ever shown in Antigonish. \$4.50

- Men's Overcoats at \$5.50
- Men's Overcoats in Navy and Black at 6.50
- Men's Overcoats in Navy and Black at 8.00
- Men's Overcoats in Navy, Brown and Black, 9.75
- Men's Ulsters, 3.75
- Men's Ulsters, Fawn and Brown, 5.00
- Men's Ulsters, Fawn and Brown, 6.00
- Men's Ulsters, Fawn, Brown and Black, 7.50
- Men's Reefers in Nap, Melton and Frieze Cloths, all prices, \$3.75 to 9.00
- Boys' Ulsters at \$2.75, 3.00, 3.50, 4.50
- Boys' Reefers, at \$2.50, 3.00, 4.00
- Children's Reefers, \$2.00, 2.25, 2.50, 2.75, 3.25



A full range of Men's, Boys' and Youth's Winter Suits, single and double-breasted, in heavy tweeds and serges, equal in finish and fit to tailor-made, but will cost you one-third less than your tailor will charge you.

Men's Underwear.

Our Stock of Men's Underwear is now complete in all lines. We have purchased in large quantities from the best makers which enables us to give our customers the benefit of the very lowest price.

We are showing

- Men's Heavy Ribbed Shirts and Drawers, each 25c.
- Men's Heavy Ribbed Shirts and Drawers, fancy stripe, each 37c.
- Men's Heavy Shirts and Drawers, fancy stripe, each 45c.
- Men's Heavy Ribbed Shirts and Drawers, blue grey, each 50c.
- Men's Heavy Ribbed Shirts and Drawers, each 60c.
- Men's Scotch Kzit Shirts and Drawers, each 75c.
- Men's Fine Shirts and Drawers, each 90c, \$1.00, \$1.10, 1.25
- Men's Heavy Top Shirts, fancy colors, 50c, 60c, 75, 80c, 90c, 97c.
- Men's Navy Flannel Topshirts, 50
- Men's Navy Flannel Topshirts, fancy front, \$1.00
- Men's Navy Flannel Topshirts, \$1.25, 1.50
- Full range of Boys' Topshirts at all prices.
- Men's Sweaters, 75, 85, 95, \$1.00, 1.25 (Fancy Mixed, Cardinal, Brown, Green, and Black).
- Boys' Sweaters, from 25c. to 75 cents
- Men's Fine Fleece Lined Underwear, \$1.00, 1.50 and \$2.00 per suit.



Sole agents for the celebrated

WHITHAM SHOES,

made in Box Calf, Willow Calf and Dongola Black and Tans,

\$3.00, 4.00 and \$5.00.



Mail Orders receive prompt and careful attention.

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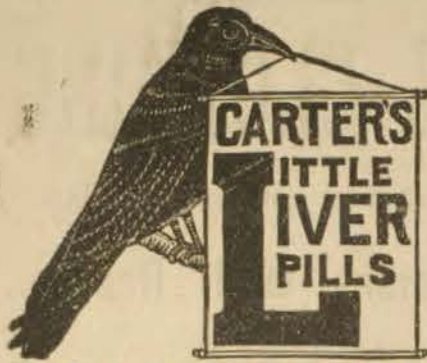
is almost here and I am ready for it with my very large Stock of High Grade Groceries suitable for the season.

- RAISINS — 70 Boxes Fine Goods.
- CURRENTS—Bulk and Package, cleaned and uncleaned.
- TABLE RAISINS — Lovely Clusters.
- NUTS — 7 kinds.
- CANDY — Immense Stock. I carry as large a line of Confectionery as any retail store in the Province. Mixtures, High Grade Chocolates, etc., etc.
- CAKES and BISCUITS — 40 kinds.
- Plain Cake, Fruit Cake and Pudding Cake by the pound. This is a new line and the sale is daily increasing.
- FRUIT — Grapes, Oranges, Apples, etc. A nice apple at \$2.00 per barrel.
- ESSENCES — The finest stock ever shown here from 10c. to \$1.00 per bottle.
- DONT FORGET when getting your other goods from us, to get your supply of

SAXON BLEND

and you will have a Merry Xmas. and a Happy New Year the wish of

The Leading Grocer, T. J. BONNER.



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

SICK HEADACHE Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heartly Eating.

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



J. H. McDougall, Dealer in Red and Grey Granite, Marble and Freestone Monuments. Designs and prices sent on application.

D. McISAAC, Extension of College St.

James Dunphy, DEALER IN

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

Fine Line of CREAMERS, MILK BUCKETS, STRAINERS, STRAINER PAILS, ETC., At the Lowest Prices.

Estimates for Plumbing and Heating furnished Promptly on application.

ANTIGONISH N. S.

British American Hotel BEDFORD ROW (Opp. John Tobin & Co.) Halifax, N. S.

M. BROUSSARD, Prop's. Ici on parle Francais.

QUEEN HOTEL,

The Origin of the War.

Some of our Catholic contemporaries abroad seem to have jumped to the conclusion that, in its war with the Transvaal, England is playing the part simply of a freebooter. The case is thought to be so self-evident that reasons and arguments are held to be superfluous, and so we have the strange sight of Catholic journals claiming the sympathy of the world for a State which bases its constitution on the proposition that Catholics, by reason of their religion, are unfit to be citizens, and so makes Catholicism an absolute disqualification for the exercise of the franchise, or employment by the State.

it impossible to doubt with what object the Convention was signed. On May 10, 1881, at a conference between representatives of the Majesty and representatives of the Transvaal, the President, Sir Hercules Robinson, asked this question: Before annexation had British subjects complete freedom of trade throughout the Transvaal? Were they on the same footing as citizens of the Transvaal? Mr. Kruger replied: They were on the same footing as the burghers. There was not the slightest difference in accordance with the Sand River Convention.

The Pope's Latest Poems.

Writing of the Pope's new poems, the Roman correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, under date of October 22, has this to say: "Some two years ago, when the Pope wrote a long Latin poem in praise of frugality, which was soon translated into good English verse by Andrew Lang, it was said by competent critic that such a poem by a man of such an age was a remarkable achievement."

Professional Cards section containing advertisements for J. A. Boyd, Gregory & O'Donoghue, E. Lavin Girroir, Dan C. Chisholm, Joseph A. Wall, Wm. F. McPhie, McNeil, McNeil & Ternan, and Mr. J. C. P. Frazee.

The Heart Walls

OF THOUSANDS HAVE BEEN TURNED INTO THE JOY SONGS OF THE CURED BY THE ALMOST MAGIC MEDICINE, DR. AGNEW'S CURE FOR THE HEART—IT RELIEVES IN THIRTY MINUTES.



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

FREE! This beautiful little Lady's Watch for selling 300 of our full-sized Ladies' Watches at 10 cents each. Fine Boy's Watch for selling 750. Latest and prettiest designs; sell at sight. No Money Required. Simply write and we send you the watch free. Unpaid Doyley's returnable. LINEN DOYLEY CO. DEPT. A. C., TORONTO. For Crosiers, Bead St. Anthony's Medals, Little Chapel St. Anthony and Cancelled Postage Stamp write to Agency Bethlehem School, 153 Shaw Street, Montreal.

Some Questions Often Asked.

A correspondent asks three questions. We do not know that we can answer them all to his satisfaction, but we can, at least, talk at them a little. They are: First—Is there any chance for the average American workingman to advance from the work bench to a higher and religious life? Second—Is there a God? Considering all the sin committed nowadays there seems to be none. Third—Is life worth living? To answer these questions thoroughly it would be necessary to write a book on each one of them. As to the first, we believe there is no place in the world where the average workman has a better chance to improve his worldly condition than in the United States. He has not the fixed idea of social cast—so prevalent in Europe—to contend against. There is no social or political barrier to paralyze his efforts or check his reasonable ambition. With health, industry, sobriety, economy and perseverance, there is no position in public life that he may not aspire to if he have the talent to justify such aspiration. Honest and continued effort will command attention and respect, and these will tend to open ways for his advancement. But here comes a difficulty. If the workman shows that he possesses a special talent in this or that direction above the work bench before him, you will say that he is not an average workman; that he is above the average. We might point to Lincoln, the rail splitter; to Garfield, the mule driver, on the toe-path; to Johnson, the tailor; to General and Governor Banks, the cotton spinner; to Clay the mill boy of the Hashes; to Franklin, the journeyman printer; to Jackson, the poor widow's son of Waxham; to Vanderbilt, the ferryman; to Astor, the pedler; to Lubet, the French peasant, now President of France, and to others, you will immediately say that their talents in their various directions proved that they were above the average workman. So, when a workman works himself beyond the bench he is not an average workman. Now if every one who goes beyond the bench does not, from that fact, belong to the class of average workmen, it follows that the average workman can never get above the bench. Then, by average workman, we presume you mean one who has the ability to do well the work he is at, and no talent for anything beyond it. He who is ambitious to do what he has not the ability to do, may reconcile himself to the fact that he is sure to follow. He is like the frog that attempts to hold the fly, or the frog that burst himself trying to be as big as an ox. As a consequence of this fact, the wise man will make the limit of his ability the limit of his ambition. Of course, it takes a wise man to do this, for most men who are otherwise put no limits to their capacity, and therefore none to their ambition. The result is discontent, the sense of failure. The old saw, "Ne sutor ultra crepidam"—let the cobbler stick to his last—has a good deal of sound philosophy in it that the average man can use with benefit to himself and pleasure to others. The best philosophy is to try to be content with our environments as long as they are not sinful. Fretting is the most unprofitable employment a man can spend his time at. It induces fever and consequent irritation of the nerves. It does not fill the larder or pay the rent. He who feeds his discontent by thinking what a wonderfully great man is successfully hidden under his jacket, and what a great man the world would discover if he had some other calling in life, is, as a rule, an unmitigated donkey. To put it more mildly, he is a fool. The great mass of mankind are by nature carriers of wood and drawers of water. Their capacity fits them for that, and they wisely look no farther. This looks hard, if this short, transitory phase of existence called "life" were the beginning and end of all. But it is not; it is but the initiatory scene in the great drama of human, endless existence. The time will come when inequalities will be levelled down. He who judges the Providence of God by what he sees in this world, its wickedness and inequalities, is like the impatient critic who judges the merits of a drama after the curtain falls on the first scene, where the victim and the villain have been introduced and the villain has the best of it. To both critics we say, wait; let the play be played out, and let the curtain fall on the last act. Then you will be competent to judge of the plan of the author, and only then. In the meantime men should tolerate with equanimity the inconveniences of this life as the traveler accepts the annoyances of travel on his way home. Can the man of the bench or with the hoe advance to greater religious perfection? Yes, with the grace of God, he can—that is, if he be not already perfect, a saint—which is not likely. There are fewer stumbling blocks in the way of his progress to perfection and salvation than there are in the way of the rich and idle class. His labour affords an outlet to

energies which in idleness would exhaust themselves in the sinful gratification of the passions. Watt sang: "There always is some mischief still for idle hands to do." Labour gives the exercise necessary to good health; it gives a good appetite, good digestion and refreshing sleep. By his example, the prudent, industrious, temperate workman's children learn to be self-supporting, and in his old age they are his consolation. How rarely is that the case with those who are rich enough to lead idle and purposeless lives? Labor is honorable. One of the most pernicious results of our system of secular education is that it impresses the young with the false and foolish idea that there is something degrading in labour that soils the hands and brings the sweat to the face. It inspires ambitions that are beyond the reach of the great mass of pupils, and unfits them for the plain, prosaic, everyday duties of the average man's life—and most of us are average. A genius is an exception, and the rule and law of life are for the average, and not for the exception. The schools, as they go, unfit the plowboy for the plow, and do not fit him for a profession to which it inspires him. It destroys a good and useful plowman to make a poor and useless lawyer or doctor; it disjoins him from the environments to which he is by nature adapted, and makes his future haphazard. It takes the girl from her honest though humble home and makes her dream that she is to dwell in marble halls. The dream is blasted by the stern realities of life, and by her inadequacy for higher things than domestic labour. There are, of course, exceptions in the cases of both boys and girls, but the average is as we have depicted it. Second—Is there a God? Yes. And it is the highest wisdom to shape our life's conduct with that fact always in view. As to the evils that exist, we have said above about all we can say within the limits of a newspaper article. Do not judge the drama by its first scene. Third—Is life worth living? Most assuredly, if it is rightly lived. Our life is not our own; we did not earn it or deserve it in anyway. God created it, and it is His, and, being His, we should use it toward the end for which He brought it into being. That end is worth living for. We are here like soldiers placed on guard duty. We must do that for which we are placed here, and not desert our beat until recalled. The soldier who deserts his post of duty is a coward, a traitor, or insane. If your mind keeps puzzling itself over the question, is life worth living? it is a sign that your liver is in bad going order, and you should take some antibilious remedy. Or, perhaps, it is dyspepsia, and then you should consult a physician.—New York Freeman's Journal. You will be satisfied with "Broma" If you take it for your nervous weakness, pain in the side, near the heart, in the liver or in the head. This tonic will give a new impetus to your sluggish blood. Ask your drug dealer for it. Hero Worship on Conditions. Many strange scenes have been played upon the great stage of the world's real life, but to find a parallel for what is now transpiring in this country in regard to Admiral Dewey and his private affairs would be simply impossible. The episode is absolutely unique. The fickleness of popular favour is proverbial. The Athenian crowds who turned upon generals like Alcibiades and Themistocles were regarded as the worst examples of public ingratitude that could be found in all the earth, until the Roman scum whom Coriolanus spurned were outdone by the canaille whom Rienzo liberated and by whom he was finally assassinated. The French populace has done much to justify the charge of fickleness which has held good against it ever since "De Bello Gallico" was written. But none of these weathercock people can compare for a moment with the crowd which for the past couple of months has been setting the whole outside world laughing by its childish extravagance over Admiral Dewey. But yesterday that gallant sailor's fame appeared as Gibraltar's mass—"broad-based upon the people's will." To-day his picture is being flouted and hissed at by the contemptible crew whose sibilant tokens of disapproval so fittingly interpret their serpentine qualities of mind. His name is to come off the triumphal arch in New York; cities which have already sent out invitations to the Admiral to honor them by a visit are backing out of their engagements. The honey of adulation everywhere is, as if by a sudden act of magic power turned all at once into the gall of scorn and dislike. Why this wonderful alteration in the public esteem? Like Othello, the very head and front of his offending is that he has chosen to marry and to please himself in a matter that so peculiarly concerns himself. It so happens that the lady of his choice is a Catholic. It was not more startling to old Bradantio to find his daughter taking a dark-skinned Moor to husband than to the great American

people—the great Protestant public—to find that with one of the nation's really great men religious distinctions were non-existent. This marriage is the aquafortis test which shows whether the jewel of religious freedom so constantly flouted before the world was real gold or mere "filled" trash. Trash it is, and that of the most worthless and despicable kind. But yesterday the nomination for the next Presidency was being forced upon Admiral Dewey. He reiterated again and again that he would not be President, but his admirers would not be denied. To-day he has as much chance of a nomination as Aguinaldo has. Why? Because our great captain's captain, his honoured wife, belongs to the Church which gave us a Charles Carroll, a Barry, a Meade, a Sheridan. What a sublime spectacle! The spirit of liberty is so strong and all-pervading among us that it finds it necessary to regulate our domestic concerns lest we should wander from the true path of freedom. But there is a deeper depth of humiliation still—a pendant to the story of a meanness, a want of decent feeling, a peevish pettishness which stamps the people connected with the disgraceful clamor as belonging to the very worst brand of the ignoble rich. The Admiral, like a prudent man, made provision for securing to his family successors the house which has been presented to him by public subscription. The house was first transferred to Mrs. Dewey, and then she formally deeded it to the Admiral's son. This perfectly sensible transaction elicited an instant howl of disgust from a number of subscribers and the press which had been exhausting the dictionary only a few days before for complimentary phrases wherewith to beset him. The first explanation given out was that the house was to be given to the priests of St. Matthew's Church in Washington, and this ridiculous rumour immediately served the purpose for which it was invented. Then it was that the people began to hiss. His portrait thrown on a stereopticon screen at a theatre was hissed by a large portion of the audience; people wanted to hear no more about him and the battle of Manila. The climax came when it was prompted seriously to remove his name from the New York triumphal arch. The gallant sailor may certainly treat so scandalous a development with scorn. He should be proud to have his name removed from a thing put up by such scalawags. He ought to be infinitely obliged to them for affording him a glimpse of their true character—their internal rottenness. He towers above such pigmies as a colossus. They have compelled the world's attention to their own baseness, and so helped to dissipate a widespread illusion on the subject of religious equality and individual liberty in the United States.—Catholic Standard and Times. Against Pleurisy, Grippe, &c. Try "MORIN'S WINE CAPSULES." It is the infallible remedy for all these ailments. Sold everywhere. A Clerical Advocate of Robbery. The Independent, which labours under the harmless delusion that it treats all forms of religion with fairness, publishes an article in which the Rev. Mr. Harriman asserts that "the real reason why he [General Otis] should be recalled, is that he has made himself loved by the Archbishop of Manila. This last is enough to discredit any American." Brother Harriman's bigotry has become second nature, we fear. It is so naive as to amuse enlightened men. A well-known Protestant clergyman remarks that "he does not dispute that Otis may be an incompetent general, but thinks we could put up with that were it not for the scandalous and damning fact that he has the goodwill of the Archbishop!" The Independent's high-minded contributor also insists that the cathedral and all the other beautiful churches in the Philippines be turned over to the sects by our government; and that speedily, lest "the political influence of the Catholic Church in America," should make the transfer impossible later on. "The point we make," he adds, "is not against Catholicism, but against Spanish priest-craft." We should say that the point he tries to make is against the Ten Commandments; but, in justice to Brother Harriman, we infer that he is not aware of it. If one may judge fairly from his article in The Independent, Brother Harriman's acquaintance with the Ten Commandments is slight.—The Ave Maria. "Suffered Untold Misery." SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE THWARTED DISEASE AND CURED HIM OUT-RIGHT. Robert E. Gibson, merchant, Pembroke, says that ten years ago he contracted rheumatism in a very severe type, suffered untold misery—resorted to fly-blisters and other severe treatments with no lasting good or relief. When hope of recovery was well nigh gone he was induced to try South American Rheumatic Cure. The first dose gave him instant relief, half a bottle cured him outright. His own words were: "It is the best rheumatic remedy on earth." For sale at Foster Brothers, Antigonish, N. S.

Pale, Thin People,

whether suffering from consumption or impaired digestion, should make every effort to build up and fortify their systems against a further and more complicated development of their ailment.

PARK'S PERFECT EMULSION

Of Cod Liver Oil will correct both the disorders of digestion and of the Pulmonary Organs, and will strengthen and gradually reconstruct the entire system. It will make possible and assist materially in the taking on of healthy flesh and will go far toward imparting the ruggedness and vigor belonging to each patient. It is easy of assimilation and devoid of all the objectionable features of the crude oil. Prepared from the purest Cod Liver Oil, combined with the chemically pure Hypophosphites and Guaiacol.

50 CENTS PER BOTTLE. ALL DRUGGISTS.

Manufactured by Hattie & Mylius, HALIFAX, N. S.

"I'll Never Go There Anymore."

Some Watchmakers think it sharp to use second-class watch materials. They think that it increases their repairing profit and gives them more work. But how foolish this is, because a man who gets an unsatisfactory job of repairing isn't going back to be bitten again. Try

B. A. PRATT for Fine Watch, Clock and Jewelry repairing. West End, Antigonish.

A VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.

The subscriber will sell the farm on which he now resides, situated at the BLACK RIVER, in the County of Inverness, C. B., containing

100 ACRES

more or less. There is a good house, barn, out-house, etc., on the farm. The buildings are all well underpinned with stone and mortar. There is a fine large meadow all clear on the place, which annually produces a large quantity of good hay. The upland is good, a large part of it is under cultivation and pasture. There is much good hard, and soft wood on the farm, it is well watered by the river, brooks and springs running through it. A Post Office, School, Forge and Stores are all convenient to the farm. For further information apply to the subscriber.

K. J. MACDONALD, Blackstone P. O., Mabou, Co. Inverness December 5th, 1899.

LAST CHANCE

FOR XMAS. PHOTOS.

STUDIO OPEN

Dec. 1st to 6th.

NEW SIZES and SHAPES.

WALDREN.



\$3.95 Cut this out and return to us with name of your nearest express office and we will send this watch there for you to examine. It is an open-face, gold-plated, dust proof case, handsomely engraved, fitted with American model 7 jeweled stem wind and set movement, lady's or gent's size. It is a good time piece, equal in appearance to a \$25.00 watch, and is just the thing for trading purposes. A careful examination you are convinced this watch is worth far more than we ask. Pay the express agent \$3.25 and express charges and it is yours. Terry Watch Case Box A.C., Toronto, Can. FAMILY KNITTER. Simplest, Cheapest, Best AGENTS WANTED, Write for particulars. Price \$8.00 Mention THE CASKET when writing. DUNDAS KNITTING MACHINE CO Dundas, Ont.

We have now on hand a large and varied stock of

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

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED. Night Bell on Door.

FOSTER BROS.

Druggists, Antigonish. Remember the place, opp. A Kirk & Co

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.

PLOWING

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.

F. R. Trotter.

SEARS & CO.

Have opened with a full stock of

GROCERIES,

Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Tobacco, Oil, Etc.

CANNED GOODS

of all kinds. CIGARS, FRUIT

CONFECTIONERY

Please give us a call and we will try and do as well for you if not better than others. Produce of all kinds taken in exchange same as cash.

SEARS & CO., MAIN STREET.

P. S. We take Calf and Lamb skins and pay the highest price in cash.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Heifer Strayed—John McGillivray, Commercial College—S. E. Whiston. Tenders for Accounts—Alex D. Chisholm. Farm for Sale—Mrs. John W. Chisholm. Christmas Goods—Miss C. J. McDonald. Harness and Sleighs—D. McIsaac.

Local Items.

DON'T FORGET to call for one of our yard-sticks. One thousand to give away free.—Thos. Somers.—adv.

FRESH BEEF—Twenty barrels nice fresh beef for sale at C. B. Whidden & Son's.—adv.

RAISINS, CURRANTS, FIGS—New stock of raisins, currants and figs just received by C. B. Whidden & Son.—adv.

AN EAGLE was shot by Alex Kennedy of Loch Katrine, this county, on last Thursday, and brought to town. It measured seven feet from tip to tip of wings.

MY LARGE Xmas stock of raisins, currants, essences, peels, confectionery, etc., is all in and as usual the quality is the best. T. J. Bonner.—adv.

SOME COPIES of "The Story of My Conversion," by Mrs. Pittar, remain at THE CASKET office. They will be sent postpaid to any address for fifteen cents a copy.

STEAMER WANTED—The Bras d'Or Steamship Co. is reported to be negotiating in the United States for a first-class steamer to take the place of the Marion on the Lakes.

LOOKING FOR COAL—Experts from the United States have been examining coal properties at Broad Cove with a view of purchasing from the present owners.

GATHER UP all your pint and quart bottles and flasks and send them in to me. With town customers, if notified, my team will call. I have an order for 150 barrels. T. J. Bonner.—adv.

COMMENCING December 12th the Plant Line steamer "Halifax" will change her day for the winter season, leaving Halifax every Tuesday at midnight instead of Wednesdays. Passengers by Tuesdays trains make close connection.

OUR INVERNESS CORRESPONDENT announces the death of Mrs. (Dr.) McLennan, of Inverness County. The deceased lady was the daughter of the late John MacDonald (Hector), Antigonish Harbour, and sister of Rev. Charles W. MacDonald, Bridgeport.

A SUCCESSFUL OPERATION—Mrs. Kenneth Stewart, of Black Brook, Pictou County, returned home from the Victoria General Hospital, Halifax, last week. She had been troubled over a year with a tumour, and its removal necessitated the taking away of one-half the upper jawbone. Considering the serious operation she underwent, Mrs. Stewart's health is now good, and she will soon be completely recovered.

THE SOUTHERN GOLD MINING CO., composed of persons resident of Antigonish Town, and of which Dr. Agnew is President, have some 80 acres of gold mining property at Isaac's Harbor, west side. A shaft has been sunk on the property 50 feet deep within the past month, and a belt of ore eight feet wide has been located, from which there are five leads, four being gold-bearing. Some good sites have been secured from them. The company are taking out 100 tons of ore, for the purpose of ascertaining the paying qualities of it.

THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY, at its annual meeting, held at the Queen Hotel on the 30th ult., elected the following officers for the ensuing year: William Chisholm, President; Frank McDonald, Vice-President; J. J. McPherson, Secretary; Alex. D. Chisholm, Treasurer; Dan A. McDonald, Marshal; Angus D. Chisholm, Chief; Managing Committee—Peter McDonald, Edward McIntosh, Angus D. Chisholm, N. K. Cunningham, Alex. McDonald; Committee on Charity—William Chisholm, A. D. Chisholm, Allan Gillis. It was also decided to have an excursion and games next summer.

COMMITTED FOR TRIAL—James E. Mason, of Ponds, Pictou County, was sent up for trial to the Supreme Court by County Stipendiary Macdonald on Saturday, after an investigation lasting two whole days, on a charge of theft, preferred by D. Grant Kirk, Esq. The accused, after having given Mr. Kirk a compulsory assignment of all his property under the Collection Act, disposed of a horse covered by the assignment by exchanging it with a man at Cape George. Hence the charge. Hon. A. Macgillivray and Wm. Chisholm appeared for the Crown, and the prisoner was represented by C. E. Gregory. He was admitted to bail in the sum of \$800—himself \$400, and two sureties in \$200 each.

THE SCHIE CONGO, Capt. Dan McKinnon, bound from Boston to North Sydney in ballast, went ashore at Bridgeport, C. B., at ten o'clock Monday night during the storm. She is chartered to load coal at North Sydney for St. John's, Nfld., thence to Brazil with a cargo of dry fish in drums. The following telegram was received last evening: Have engaged another tug and expect to get the Congo off to-night with two tugs. A telegram received this

morning states that she was gotten off and towed to North Sydney.

HYMENEAL—The Catholic church at Truro was recently the scene of a happy event when Mr. John Forbes, the popular W. U. Telegraph section man, led to the altar Miss Jennie McDonald, daughter of Mr. Allan McDonald, of that town. Rev. Father Kinsella tied the nuptial knot in the presence of a large gathering of friends and acquaintances. Mr. T. D. McNeil did honours for the bridegroom, while the bride was supported by Miss McDonald. After partaking of a sumptuous wedding repast the happy couple boarded the train for a trip to Sydney and eastern towns, paying a short visit to the home of the bridegroom's parents, at Croft, Antigonish, on their return. Mr. and Mrs. Forbes will reside in Truro, where a large circle of friends wish them a happy journey on the matrimonial sea. The large number of gifts of which they were the recipients, among which is a handsome present from the C. M. B. Association, voices the best wishes of the community.

The Highland Banquet.

The Highland Society of Antigonish, the shire town of this fine old Highland county, celebrated the feast of Scotland's patron saint by a grand banquet at the Queen Hotel, to which a very large number of friends were invited. It was one of the most enjoyable events of the kind ever held in Antigonish. Shortly after nine o'clock—the annual meeting of the society having concluded their business, the members with their guests, to the number of about 65, headed by Piper John A. McGillivray, of Ohio, adjourned to the old Division Hall, in the adjoining building (there being no room in the hotel proper capable of accommodating them). Here they took their seats at two tables, each running the full length of the hall, at the head of one of which was the newly-elected president of the society, Mr. William Chisholm, barrister, who presided most acceptably over the festivities; while the place of honour at the other was held by Postmaster McKinnon, the retiring chief.

The hall was most artistically draped with the tartans of the various clans and decorated with bunting, and the banquet was spread in Host Broadfoot's best style. The menu had a peculiarly Scottish flavor, especially "His Royal Highness the Haagsis," introduced with becoming ceremony.

The last course disposed of, the following lengthy toast-list was duly honoured:

- The Queen.
- St. Andrew.
- Dominion and Local Parliaments.
- Our Educational Institutions.
- The Medical and Legal Professions.
- Town and County Councils.
- The C. M. B. Association.
- The Foresters.
- The Oddfellows.
- The Antigonish Fire Brigade.
- Scotland, the Land of Our Forefathers.
- Canada, the Land We Live In.
- The Press.
- Our Commercial Interests.
- The Ladies.
- Our Host.

Some of the speeches were exceedingly happy, and all made appropriate reference to the occasion. Touching allusion was also made by several of the speakers to the heroism displayed by the Highland regiments in South Africa, while the dashing bravery of their brothers from the Emerald Isle likewise received a tribute.

Greetings were exchanged by telegram with the North British Society of Halifax and the Caledonia Society of Sydney, and a telegram conveying cordial good wishes was received from Mr. Chisholm, father-in-law of the "Klondike King" to whom an invitation had been forwarded to Pictou.

A letter was received from Rev. A. MacLean Sinclair, acknowledging an invitation to the banquet, and containing an original Gaelic poem, which will soon appear in THE CASKET. In response to a suggestion from Rev. Mr. Sinclair, the Society voted a sum of money to encourage the elementary study of Gaelic.

In response to an imperative call for a Gaelic song, ex-Mayor McDonald sang "Steornabhagh Mhor a' Chaisleil," which is given in to-day's CASKET.

"The Auld Scotch Songs," by Rodk. A. McDonald, brought the proceedings to a close, not far from 3 o'clock A. M.

Accidental Deaths.

Two very distressing fatal accidents took place in this county on Monday. The first occurred at Donald Cumming's saw mill, Dunmore, at four p. m., the victim being William Haley, aged 22 years, son of widow Haley who lived for several years on St. Ninian Street, opposite St. F. Xavier's College, and who removed with her family to Massachusetts three years ago. Deceased returned to this county shortly after, and has since been employed in different places. Three weeks ago he commenced work at the mill at Dunmore as fireman, and was on duty on Monday. He was the only person on the ground floor at the time of the accident, Mr. Cummings being up-stairs. The first intimation the latter had of anything wrong was a violent pounding noise, which he supposed to be caused by the engine. On going to investigate he found the lifeless body of Haley hanging by his clothes to a shaft. Deceased apparently had gone from his work in among the mill machinery and his clothes caught in the cogs on a shaft, which was revolving about 200 times a minute, and he was drawn around it. His head came in contact with the wall, and caused the noise heard by Mr. Cummings. The noise, one of the jurymen at the inquest stated, was also heard by him while at work a quarter of a mile away. The hemlock boards forming the wall were broken and covered with blood. The unfortunate man's skull was fractured and death must have been instantaneous. Dr. McKinnon held an inquest on Tuesday evening, and a verdict of accidental death was returned.

The other accident is an inexpressibly sad one. Thomas B. Sears, a bright and active lad of but seventeen years, met his death in Hannifan's Brook, Lochaber, at seven p. m. For several years he had been employed with Mr. T. J. Sears, Lochaber, proprietor of the mail route between Antigonish and Sherbrooke, and on Monday evening, as usual, started to drive the mail to Sherbrooke. The road about two hundred yards away from the stables is crossed by the brook, and the brook is spanned by a narrow wooden bridge without rails. It is supposed the horses must have been frightened by the noise from the swollen stream and shied, jumping clear of the bridge into the brook where the upset coach and horses were found at midnight by the driver and a passenger of the mail coach returning from Sherbrooke. Help was summoned, and the young lad was found under the coach, his head being in nine inches of water. To extricate him it was necessary to cut away the sleeve of his rubber coat. One of the horses was also dead, and the other has since died. The mail bags were in the condition in which they were placed when the coach left the stables. There were no bruises on the body of the boy, and it is supposed he was stunned by the shock and drowned, and the verdict of the inquest held next morning by Dr. McKinnon was to that effect. He was the son of the late Thomas F. Sears, whose widow and family reside on Church Street Antigonish, and was a particularly good and industrious boy. He contributed his whole earnings since he was able to work to the maintenance of his family. He was well liked by the commercial men who travelled over the route, many of whom he has frequently driven from Lochaber around the shore road to Halifax. His mother has the sincere sympathy of all in her great bereavement. His employer, Mr. Sears, also feels the death most keenly.

Personals.

Rev. J. J. MacNeil, P. P., Ingonish, was in Town last week.

Rev. A. L. MacDonald, P. P., Broad Cove, who was summoned last week to the side of his dying father, was in Town Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Colin Chisholm, parents of Mrs. McDonald, wife of the "Klondike King," arrived in Town on Monday from Pictou, where they had been the guests of Rev. J. J. Chisholm, P. P., for several days. They were accompanied to Antigonish by Father Chisholm. During their stay here they were the guests of Dr. MacIntosh. On Tuesday they drove to Ashdale, where they will remain for a week visiting Mr. William McDonald, the "King's" father.

That Poetical Competition.

To the Editor of THE CASKET:

SIR,—Some time ago a writer in the New York Sun offered a series of prizes for the three best poems written about the do-nothings of the towns and cities. Who gained these prizes? Can you print the one that was considered best? N. Y.

[So far as we know the prizes have not yet been awarded. The competition closed October 15, and the Sun has since stated that upwards of a thousand compositions had been submitted and that the making of the award would take some considerable time.—ED. CASKET.]

Farm for Sale.

For sale, that well-known Chisholm farm situated at Meadow Green, the best farming locality in the County. It contains 130 acres, is extremely fertile and well watered, and cuts a large quantity of hay. Apply to Mrs. J. W. CHISHOLM, Pinkletown.

Tenders for Accounts

Tenders for the purchase of the unpaid notes and accounts of the insolvent estate of T. V. Sears, directed by the creditors to be sold, will be received by the undersigned up to noon of WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1899.

Separate Tenders for notes and accounts are asked for. Each tender to state percentage of total amount tender is willing to give. Lists may be seen upon application to the undersigned, or at the office of J. A. Wall, barrister, where books may be examined. No amounts warranted due on any unsettled account, and tenders to be subject to right of Assignee to accept all payments offered up to time of opening tenders. Terms cash.

ALEX. D. CHISHOLM, Assignee. Antigonish, 5th December, 1899.

For Good Wearing and Stylish Harness

Strong, Well-Built Sleighs,

—CALL AT—
D. McISAAC'S Warehouse,
ANTIGONISH, N. S.

These Sleighs are manufactured by the celebrated and reliable McLaughlin Carriage Co., of Oshawa, Ont., and are all guaranteed. Inspection solicited.

NOTICE.

All persons having legal demands against Duncan McIsaac, lately of Fraser's Mills, in the County of Antigonish, Farmer, are requested to render their accounts to

JAMES MILLS,
Guardian of the person and estate of said Duncan McIsaac.

Or to McISAAC & CHISHOLM, Barristers, Antigonish, South River, Nov. 3rd, 1899.

STRAYED.

Strayed from the premises of the undersigned about last June a two-year old Heifer. Anyone knowing of its whereabouts will please advise the owner.
JOHN MCGILLIVRAY,
Glen Road

The Palace Clothing Company

We are prepared for the cold weather with the largest and snappiest line of

Men's, Youths and Boys' Heavy Suits, Overcoats, Ulsters, Reefs, Topshirts, Underwear, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Etc.

to be found in Town, at prices that will hold all competition at a stand still. We not only meet but beat them for goods of merit. Here are a few of the many values we are offering.

- Men's Heavy Single and Double-Breasted Suits, \$4.50, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00 and up.
- Youths' Heavy and Single and Double-Breasted Suits, long pants, \$3.75, 4.00 and up.
- Youths' Heavy Suits, with bloomer pants, \$3.50, 3.75 and up.
- Boys' Heavy two-piece Suits, \$1.50 and upwards.
- Men's Fine Beaver Overcoats, Single and Double-Breasted, \$4.00, 5.00, 5.50, 6.00 and up to \$16.00.
- Men's Heavy Frieze Ulsters, all sizes, \$3.50 to \$6.
- Youths' Heavy Frieze Ulsters, \$2.75 and up.
- Men's Heavy Frieze Reefers, \$3.50, 3.75, 4.00 and up.
- Men's Nap Reefers, big values, \$3.00, 4.00, 5.00 and up.
- Youths' Reefers, with large collar, \$2.50, 3.00 and up.
- Boys' Reefers, \$1.50, 1.75, 2.00 and up.
- Men's Heavy Top Shirts, assorted patterns, 40c.
- Men's Heavy Underwear, fleece lined, per suit, 75c. better qualities from \$1.00 up to \$5.00.
- Men's Heavy Winter Caps, only, 25 cents.

Don't fail to examine our line of Men's Boys' and Children's Shoes, for Fall and Winter Wear.

Every line a corker. Remember when you buy of us you risk nothing. We undertake all responsibility. Satisfaction given or money refunded.

THE UP-TO-DATE MEN'S OUTFIT

MAIN STREET - ANTIGONISH

FOR Christmas Goods, Christmas Novelties, Christmas Presents,

FOR Young and Old, Man and Woman, Boy and Girl

MISS C. J. McDONALD

Stock New. Well-Assorted. Prices Right. Select your Present early while the Stock is complete.

McGILLIVRAY & McINTOSH

Take pleasure in announcing to their friends and the general public that their

Fall Importations are now Complete

- DRESS GOODS DEPT.**
Never before have we shown such beautiful Dress Goods. You will find on our counters the newest novelties in English and French makes. We pay special attention to Blacks and Fancy Blacks. All our better Dress Goods are in dress lengths. No two alike. Send for Samples.
- LADIES' READY-TO-SUITS** (Skirt and In Black, Blue, Green; Ladies' and Misses' Gold Ladies' Blue & Black Sets)
- CHILDREN'S KNITTED GOODS**, of all kinds. Jackets, Hoods, Cap Bootees, etc.
- We are Agents for Bra Armstrong's Wash S can always rely on good proper shade here. See per skein.
- UNDERWEAR DEPT.**
Ladies' Vests from the Union at 15c, to Natural Wool at \$1 Ladies' Drawers, 25c, 75c, up to \$1.25. Infants', Children's, and Vests & Drawers in great variety.
- NOVELTIES.**
Ladies' Neckwear, Collars, Shopping Bags, Veilings, Ribbons, Chiffon, etc.
- LINEN DEPT.**
Bleached and Unbleached Tablings all prices. Napkins, Centre Pieces, Towels, Towelling, etc.
- STAPLES.**
Flannelettes, Wrapperettes, Grey and White Cottons, Cretonnes, Sheeting, Pillow Cottons, Prints, Shirtings, Shawls, Cloakings.
- MANTLE DEPT.**
All our Ladies' Jackets & Mantles are imported direct from England and Germany. We can show you splendid values in this department.

We are Agents in Antigonish Co. for Bazar Glove-Fabric Patterns, the most reliable, the most stylish, one price for 15c. We have a first-class dressmaker on the premises; she help you to select your linings and trimmings for your dress. No trouble to show goods.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE, ANTIGONISH,

