

# THE CASKET.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM.

A CATHOLIC JOURNAL NON-PARTISAN IN POLITICS.

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## THE CASKET.

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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 31.

Somewhere we once saw a picture of a railway train rushing across the prairies, and on the track before it, facing it steadily, sat on his horse an Indian chief, in war paint and feathers, calmly awaiting the assault, but determined to resist to the last. We were reminded of this the other day when we heard of the trouble Signor Marconi was having in Newfoundland with the Anglo-American Cable Company. Signor Marconi is only twenty-six years of age; and, at an age when many able men are commencing to really study, he has achieved wonderful results in an extremely difficult branch of science. Of what use is it for anyone to don war paint and feathers and stand in his way? If he has a new apparatus that will be of benefit or service to the world, the world would not permit him to suppress it if he would—once having heard of it.

No man would build a fine house on a piece of land from which he was liable to be expelled at any moment. Yet, how many men invest all the energies of their minds, all the strength of their working hours, all their thoughts, in their worldly affairs, giving but an occasional thought or a half-uttered prayer to the great account of eternity. Such are the thoughts which can make the first of January a sad or glad day for us, according to how they touch us, and to how we intend to fashion our lives in the new year. To the man who is going to begin again the weary pursuit of money, to give himself once more wholly to the grasp of vain hopes, the wooing of fickle fortune, or the enervation of palling pleasures, there is little in the coming of the New Year to cheer or to content.

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The correspondents of Catholic papers in France seem to be so taken up with the passing incidents of the persecution of Religious Orders that they tell us nothing about the more vital question of success or failure on the part of the Government in its principal aims. Have the Catholic colleges been closed? Or has there been simply a change of professors? Judging from the previous state of affairs we should be greatly surprised to learn that the effect of the law has been to close the colleges. That was the intended effect, but the expulsion of the teaching orders could not of itself secure that effect. In most cases the college buildings were not the property of the Orders. They are owned by joint stock companies formed in view of such events as have actually occurred. Diocesan priests and educated laymen are available as professors. It is more than possibly that some

of the best professors in the State colleges and universities may pass over to the Catholic colleges. These men have long envied the freedom of thought allowed in Catholic colleges in the treatment of historical and other branches of study. A vast State system is inseparable from the cramping effect of castiron rules and regulations, and men of real ability are restive under restraint.

*The Irish Rosary* for December has a new name for the Church. Several times in the same article the writer speaks of it as "our own Church" to distinguish it from Protestant denominations. Some people are blamed for talking as if they owned the earth, but even that is not so presumptuous as to speak as if one owned the Church of God. Soon we may expect to hear someone refer to "our own Blessed Sacrament" by way of distinguishing it from the communion given in Protestant churches. The Church is not ours. It is God's; it is Christ's. This is no mere matter of words. The Catholic who habitually speaks of "our own Church" is affected by the surrounding influence of sectarianism. Sectarianism is essentially the belief that each Church is but one of several human institutions. Hence sectarians speak of "their own church" as naturally as they speak of their own country, and they express thereby their belief that other churches have as much right to separate existence as have other countries. The idea that Christ founded one spiritual visible Kingdom and commanded all Christians to enter it is as foreign to their minds as it is to their forms of speech. A Catholic has to be on guard against their forms of unsound words.

Lord Rosebery's advice to the Liberal party to finally throw overboard the Irish question will surprise no one. The noble lord has little of the devotion to principle, the steadfastness or moral courage of the lamented Mr. Gladstone. Sometimes we are told that he has great ability,—could do great things if he chose. It is strange how prone people are to say of a man who never does anything but who is popular, that he could do great deeds if he only would. Whether this sort of praise is pleasant to Lord Rosebery or not we do not know, of course; but if he has in him the ability to be a great leader, he has concealed it carefully and well. He was once the leader of his party in power, and, if we mistake not, he let it drift along and bump on every political reef that there was, until it got out of power again, and then he retired to gentle leisure and the winning of horse races. Now he comes forward once more to give the Liberal party of England advice. The worst sign of the present condition of that party is that it requires, or is willing to take any advice from him. He says that the Irish party in the House of Commons has cut itself off from deserving connection with any political party in England, by their foolish talk in favor of the Boers. But this truth is not such as justifies his attitude. Mr. Gladstone took up Home Rule, not because the Irish party of that day were enthusiastic admirers of England's, but, on the contrary, because among other reasons he thought that Ireland's political hardships were at the bottom of her discontent, and that statesmanship would remove that discontent in the same moment in which her grievances were relieved. The noble lord's argument is highly coloured, and the colouring runs badly when it gets a good rinse. Moreover, the gabble of a few hot-heads in Parliament is taken too seriously. So seriously that we are left wondering whether Lord Rosebery is not looking for a good excuse for abandoning a cause which presents a difficulty at which his indolence takes fright. The trouble with the English Liberals is that their great men are dead; and left shoes behind them several sizes too large for the comfort or speed of those who are attempting to wobble along in them.

At the annual meeting of the DeBeers Mining Company at Kimberley, Africa, the chairman announced that the gross profits for the year were \$12,750,000, the production being \$22,500,000. The estimated life of the mines is 144 years.

### A LESSON FROM UNCLE SAM.

The report of the American Commissioner of Indian Affairs has aroused a discussion which brings up some questions important to all who have children to be educated, not alone to the poor Indians of the west. This report shows gross mismanagement on the part of Uncle Sam, of his Indian children; and it is not the first time such a report has come in, and his government has been condemned out of the mouths of its own officers and appointees. The main point of the report is that it shows that the young Indians are being educated in such a manner and under such conditions as to make them good for nothing when they leave the places where such imprudent education is administered. "Educating boys and girls beyond their station" is a phrase which present-day writers can hardly use and escape censure and rebuke. Yet, properly understood, it points out a grave and presently existing danger in modern educational method; and this report helps us to understand it aright. The Indian youth, we are told, comes from his tepee to the Government school. He is placed in what is to him luxury. He lives in a fine building, with all modern facilities, has doctors and nurses and libraries, and people to do his bidding. He is spoiled at the outset. Did he come from Boston or New York, this sort of thing would probably not spoil him. It destroys forever his chances of being contented with the simple life of the poor. He is put out of sympathy with the life of the class from which he came; and the education which he receives gives him nothing to replace that which it takes from him. He leaves the place with some book-knowledge; but he has been taught nothing practical. The humble life of the plain is no more for him, and no other life has been opened up to him by the wrong education he has received. So he becomes a good-for-nothing loafer. Such is the indictment by its own official of the Government Indian Schools of the United States. Now the question suggests itself. Is an Indian the only kind of man who can be spoiled in this way? And, if not, is the talk which bold people sometimes offer about educating people beyond their station, mere buncombe after all? We have heretofore expressed the opinion, (and we see no reason to change it) that to give to all boys or all girls the same kind and the same degree of education is as obvious a mistake as it would be to give to all people who are ill the same kind and same quantity of medicine. If the Indian boy is practically cut off from a career in which a wide education would be of use to him, why is he pushed half or quarter way along the hard road of a general education, and then turned adrift without the ability or means to go forward, or the desire to retrace his steps and take up some useful occupation. And does not his predicament correspond to that of hundreds and thousands of white men's sons, whom we see overcrowding business places and offices where they are of no use, nor never can be of use. The Indian children of Uncle Sam's domains are not the only ones who need to have their eyes turned towards the humbler and useful occupations of life. White men's sons have been known to be ashamed of their father's farmhouse after a period spent in a well fitted college or school? What then? Well, we wish, in the first place, that the difficulty might be recognized and treated as one of the problems of modern education, in which case the wise men of the country might deign to bend their minds to it. How to give boys and girls an education, and at the same time prevent their discontent with the conditions and the lives to which they were previously accustomed is a problem, the failure to notice or to solve which is every year driving young men by the thousand into occupations they are totally unftted for to their ultimate unhappiness and the weakening of our people as a nation. It is to be feared that insufficient efforts are made to ascertain a boy's natural gifts and tendencies before he is started along the highway of an extensive general education. His special adaptation is expected to develop itself later on. It ought to be bared to the light in the beginning, or as early as possible, and his course directed accordingly. Specialized education is the necessity of the age. Few men have the talents to do many things well. The task of scientific teaching ought to be, not to stuff a boy indiscriminately with general information, and leave him to take a jump in the dark when he has left school or college, but to

find out early in the day what he is fit for, and to advise him and his friends of it at once. A certain degree of general education is fit and proper for every man; but why let a boy wander along past the cross-roads where he ought to turn off to his life-work, perhaps never to see the turning again, his eyes fixed on some flickering will-o-the-wisp which lures him on to failure. In days that are still, unfortunately, far away, education, as a science, will resolve itself into an expert examination as to what boys are good for and special instruction of them with a view to fitting them for it, whatever it may be. We will not live to see it, but the world will come to it. Meantime the question constitutes a serious problem which is worthy of grave thought and reflection. We respectfully tender, for the present, this advice: Don't give all sick men the same medicine; don't give all hungry men the same food; and don't give every boy an arts course.

### Book Notice.

LALOR'S MAPLES, by Katherine E. Conway, Boston: The Pilot Publishing Company. (Price \$1.25.)

"They stand, apparently, a poor chance in the race for popularity and wealth, to say nothing of the memory of posterity, who, mindful of the responsibilities of authorship, hold up above the mire of the road the pure white standard of a high moral purpose."—These were the words with which Katherine E. Conway, after a brief reference to the character of the "successful" fiction of that day, introduced her talk on literature at the first session of the Catholic Summer School of America, held nearly a decade ago.

Undeterred by any of these considerations, however, she herself, throughout her entire career as a writer, has steadily borne aloft that very banner, and it is under its fair folds that this, her second novel, is given to the world. For, despite all that critics may say of "art for art's sake only," it detracts nothing from a novel as a work of art to have a moral purpose, so long as that purpose be not obtruded, and events be left to point their own moral, as they do here.

If one were asked to choose for the volume as a whole an illustrative citation as apt as the choice morsels of verse that head its several chapters, one might find it in the first proposition of the quotation from a great English churchman which heads the fourth page of THE CASKET. How little we are startled by one of the most startling sayings of Our Lord, in which the possibility of a camel passing through a needle's eye is made use of as a comparison! How often does the second or third generation from some one whom we had perhaps thought a conspicuous exception to the rule (witness a recent occurrence in New York) reveal the all-corroding action of that "world" against which the Author of this comparison inveighed with what to many doubtless seems such strange insistence!

Baychester, the scene of this story of American life in the years succeeding the Civil War, with its canal and waterfalls, is manifestly only half disguised even in name,—being much less fortunate in this respect than the Canadian seaboard city "one night out" from Boston, with name suggestive of the Arctic Circle, where the heroine receives her education.

It needs not this suggestion of its author's native city, however, to convince one that the materials of this intensely dramatic novel were garnered from the same careful observation of life to which we are indebted for the golden counsel of "Making Friends and Keeping Them" and the realistic *Jawing of the Daughters of St. Paula* in "The Way of the World and Other Ways."

The Lalors are a family of whom the father and mother have come with their first baby from the Green Isle to America, where the former's natural talents and fine manly character win him enviable success as a builder and carry him rapidly from poverty to competence. The reader makes their acquaintance at a stage in their social progress far beyond those early throes of adaptation to environment that appeal so strongly to the sympathies of the genial Mr. Dooley. With them, indeed, it was, as the author explains, rather a case of "good blood run under for a time;" for Mrs. Lalor herself came of a good family in Ireland,—a circumstance which, through its consequent pride of position, contributed largely to their undoing.

Strength and subtlety are both displayed in a very marked degree in the character drawing, which is vivid and life-like. Almost every prominent character of the story has a decided stamp of individuality. The heroine, whom we first meet as a timid, shrinking little girl of eleven, who dreads the "awful ordeal" of wishing dear old Father Byrne a Happy New Year before company, leaves the convent four years later with mind and character well developed, looking out upon the world with all-idealizing eyes, and with an "innocent heart, full of potential lyrics and romances, like a nest full of birdlings that crowd together for warmth and dream of their wings and songs." These traits, added to an exquisite tenderness of heart, give her a capacity for suffering that Miss Conway, who excels as a painter of woman's tears, develops with a master hand. Then we have the ambitious mother, rendered almost a demon of cruelty by her dread of being "poor again, where she had full and plenty and was looked up to;" the noble-hearted father, whose very tenderness makes him a weakling when he abdicates his rightful place as head of his family; the brilliant, day-dreaming elder sister, whose self-esteem would have undertaken the control of the destinies of a nation as readily as of those of her family, in whose ruin she was one of the chief factors (strange that one very complimentary critic of the book should have missed her part in its plan); the fine, manly lover, of whom the book gives us glimpses all too few; the able, polished, and fastidious reprobate; and many other strong characters—all of them, fresh and original.

Miss Conway writes primarily for a class of readers whose tastes she may be said to have, in great measure, made. Her method of story-telling, as displayed in the first half of the present volume, will not suit the jaded palate of the average novel-devourer. Her stories will no doubt always be "caviare to the general;" but therein lies their chief merit. There is an idyllic charm about her chapters that makes the reader who comes under its influence forget the absence of dialogue for pages at a time. It is the work of a poet—one to whom, in the words of her lamented chief, "the truths and the beauties are clear;" one, too, who, as her pictures of child-life clearly show, has never (despite an extended experience in a calling whose disillusioning influence she brings out in one splendid chapter) experienced in the faintest degree

"The hardening of the heart, that brings Irreverence for the dreams of youth."

It is a book that grows on one and is not closed, like many works of fiction, with no desire ever to re-open it.

There are a few evidences of hurried writing, and there is a touch here and there that grates. The tone of Mildred's prayer before the convent altar is not in keeping with the development of her mind and character; and one could wish that familiarity with social customs had not robbed "excessive jubilation" of its power to shock a maiden of sixteen so exquisite in her moral loveliness as Mildred Lalor. But these are slight sun-spots upon a very charming and beautiful book, whose popularity with our young people were indeed "a consummation devoutly to be wished."

J. A. W.

The fast express narrowly escaped being ditched with perhaps serious results near Grand Narrows on the 25th inst. A few minutes before she was due one of the section foremen found a switch half open; he had been over that part of the road an hour or two before when the switch was in its place. It is suspected the deed was perpetrated in order to wreck the train.

The London Daily News gives it as a rumour that the Government is preparing an Irish Land Bill providing an equivalent to compulsory purchase. It is believed that this measure provides that the tenant may buy at seventeen and the landlord sell at twenty years purchase, the state to provide that the payment of the three years difference.

A sad drowning accident happened in the La Hava River, near Bridgetown, on Christmas Day. Four boys who had gone skating did not return to dinner, a search instituted result in finding their caps floating in the water. Grappling for the bodies was successful and all four were found. Their ages ranged from ten to fourteen years. Two of the boys were brothers.



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An immense variety of

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Fancy 1 lb. and 1-2 lb. Boxes

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or Young Lady.

Grapes, Oranges, Lemons, Apples.

EVERYTHING NICE

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### The Successful Man And His Characteristics.

Success is in the blood. There are men whom fate could never keep down—they march jauntily forward, and take by divine right the best of everything that earth affords. But their success is not attained by the Samuel Smiles-Connecticut policy. They do not lie in wait, nor scheme, nor fawn, nor seek to adapt their sails to catch the breeze of popular favor. Still, they are ever alert and alive to any good that may come their way, and when it comes they simply appreciate it, and tarrying not, move steadily on. Good health! Whenever you go out of doors draw the chin in, carry the crown of the head high, and fill the lungs to their utmost capacity in the sunshine; greet your friends with a smile, and put your soul into every hand-clasp. Do not fear being misunderstood, and never waste a minute thinking about your enemies. Try to fix firmly in your mind what you would like to do, and then without violence you will move straight to the goal. Fear is the rock on which we split, and hate is the shoal on which many a barque is stranded. When we are fearful, the judgment is as unreliable as the compass of a ship whose hold is full of iron ore; when we hate we have unshipped the rudder; and if we stop to meditate on what the gossips say, we have allowed a hawser to befoul her screw.

Keep your mind on the great and splendid thing you would like to do; and then, as the days go gliding by, you will find yourself unconsciously seizing upon the opportunities that are required for fulfillment of your desire, just as the coral insect takes from the running tide the elements that it needs. Picture in your mind the able, earnest, useful person you desire to be, and the thought you hold is hourly transforming you into that particular individual. Thought is supreme, and to think is often better than to do. Preserve a right mental attitude—the attitude of courage, frankness and good cheer. To think rightly is to create. Darwin and Spencer have told us that this is the method of creation. Each animal has evolved the parts it needed and desired. The horse is fleet because it desires to be; the duck has a web foot because it desires to swim. All things come through desire, and every sincere prayer is answered. We become like that on which our hearts are fixed. Many people know this but they do not know it thoroughly enough so that it shapes their lives.

We want friends, so we scheme and chase 'cross lots after strong people, and lie in wait for good folks—or alleged good folks—hoping to attach ourselves to them. The only way to secure friends is to be one. And before you are fit for friendship you must be able to do without it. That is to say, you must have sufficient self-reliance to take care of yourself, and then out of the surplus of your energy you can do for others. The man who craves friendship, and yet desires a self-centered spirit more, will never lack for friends. If you have friends, cultivate solicitude instead of society. Drink in the ozone; bathe in the sunshine; and out in the silent night, under the stars, say to yourself again and yet again, "I am a part of all my eyes behold!" And the feeling will surely come to you that you are no mere interloper between earth and sky; but that you are a necessary part of the whole. No harm can come to all, and if you shall go down it can only be amid a wreck of worlds. Thus by laying hold of the forces of the universe, you are strong with them. And when you realize

### Told the Truth.

"I don't know that you will be able to do much with him," said a father to the principal of a school, to whom he had brought his son as a pupil, "he is so full of mischief."

"Does he tell the truth?" asked the principal. "Can I always depend upon his word?"

"Oh, yes," said the father, "he is honest. He will tell the truth even when it is against himself. You may depend upon that."

"Then we can manage him," said the principal. "He will make a manly man." And he did.

"Certain good is better than uncertain hope."

Certain value, up to the Makers' price, stamped on the sole, \$3.50, \$5.00, is pledged in every pair of

"The Slater Shoe"

Goodyear Welted.

N. K. CUNNINGHAM, Sole Local Agent.

this, all is easy, for in your arteries course red corpuscles, and in your heart there is the will to do and be. Carry your chin in and the crown of your head high. We are gods in the chrysalis.—*Fra Elbertus, in the Philistine.*

### Denies Charges.

In response to a communication from the Rev. Alexander P. Doyle of the Paulist Fathers, editor of *The Catholic World Magazine*, Mgr. Adolph Favier, Bishop of the Vicariate Apostolic of Peking, China, has made emphatic denial of charges of looting which appeared in the public press at the time of the Boxers' outbreak.

These charges of looting against the Bishop were first published in February, and the dispatches also contained the same accusation against H. G. Squires, First Secretary of the United States Legation in China, but their truth was denied in telegraph advice from China and Washington.

Bishop Favier's letter was written in French and the following is its translation:

Dear Sir: On August 16, 1900, at 8 o'clock in the morning, the allied troops came to the relief of my residence at Petang. The Boxers and the Chinese volunteers made a determined resistance. The fight lasted for three hours, and at the end of that time everything was on fire. There were eighteen different conflagrations right in our immediate vicinity. The people took to flight, leaving their homes, their shops and their stores. If a man had \$1000 he could not have bought one single pound of flour, as there was no one to sell it to him, although the flour itself was there in abundance. The 6000 Christians who had stood the siege of Peking, and the starvation lasted for sixty days, were now without either shelter, clothing or food. They had seen 1560 of their relatives massacred by the Boxers, and 400 others die of want during the siege of Petang. When they came in our direction, to be saved by allied forces, we could not permit the multitude to die of hunger.

It was then that I authorized my steward (ministre) to keep an exact account of all the food that should be taken from the Government stores in order that it be deducted from the indemnity to be asked later on. A similar account must be made of all things taken from the residences and stores of private citizens. This he did. The value of things taken from the Government stores was deducted from the amount required as indemnity, and the owners of the residences and stores were all reimbursed. On the main street of the city I had public notices put up, asking those who had applications to make for indemnity to come and see me. All those who came were paid immediately. Concerning the particular case with which we are now dealing, here are the facts:

On February 9, 1901, some reporters from Marseilles came to tell me of an American dispatch, which stated that I had taken a million taels from the home of a man named Lu Sen. The telegram went on to say that I had also taken a collection of porcelain, which I sold to Mr. Squires. It also said that Lu Sen had made a complaint in the matter to the allies. My reply to the reporters was: "I am going back to China to-morrow. I cannot for the life of me make out who this Lu Sen is. But on my arrival in China I will put myself in the hands of the allies, if necessary, and if any injustice has been done, in spite of my order to the contrary, I will see that it is repaired."

On arriving at Peking I questioned the generals, the diplomats, the Chinese themselves. No one of them had heard any accusation against me. It occurred to me that the writer meant Li Sen, or rather, skipping the first word, as is often done, Yen Li Sen. According to the French pronunciation and the Chinese characters, the name is Yao Li Chan. This man had a fairly good residence near my own. He was condemned to death and executed by Prince Tuan. His house was pillaged by the Boxers, who also burned it in order to make their escape. That happened on Aug. 16. The Christians saved four cases of beautiful porcelains from the flames. These were put in my house, where there were already a beautiful collection with which every one is acquainted, and which I had been collecting for thirty years. This valuable collection of my own, containing among other things a superb vase which was a present from the Empress to myself, I decided to sacrifice in order to send money to the 18,000 or 20,000 Christians of the province who were in the same pitiable condition as their brethren in Peking.

It was reported that the family of Yan Li Chan had been wiped out entirely. But notwithstanding that, I have kept a careful separate account of everything that had come from his house. It was my intention to deduct the amount from the indemnity, or to return the value of the things taken to his heirs, if they should turn up. Mr. Squires chose the pieces that pleased him most from among the objects in my collection, and also from those of Yan. He paid their exact price for them, and sent me a check for \$1000,

which I distributed immediately to those who were in need. There is the story of the transaction.

### A Paris Story of Boer War.

At the result of compilation, a reporter has been able to get together from the files of *La Patrie* during the last two years an amazing mass of statistics concerning the South African war.

There have been by the *Patrie's* showing, 1,101 battles, and the principal results of these combats have been:

Boer losses: Killed, 181 men, including 23 officers; captured, 300 men and 17 officers.

British losses: Killed, 3,189,180 men, including 60,000 officers; captured, 190,000 men, and 8,000 officers.

Boer guns captured, 14; horses and mules, 20; provision trains, 42.

British guns captured, 2,160; horses and mules, 7,000; provision trains, 813.

Decisive Boer victories, 1094.

Decisive British victories, 7.

Boer forces pursued by British, 121 miles.

British forces pursued by Boers, 26,118 miles.

Boer generals killed, 0.

British generals killed, 71, including five who were killed three times and one who was killed seven times during the first four months of the war.

General Kelly-Kenny had his head blown off in three separate engagements, succinctly described by the "*Patrie*" correspondences; and before leaving for home Gen. Lord Roberts had lost five legs and nine right arms.

Up to last Saturday Lord Kitchener had been assassinated three times by his own men in revenge for the harsh discipline he kept on enforcing.

Astounding in its knowledge of South African geography, the "*Patrie*" has located 90 out of its 1,101 battles in places of which no Boer ever previously heard the names.

During the last week this extraordinary statistical organ has recounted the capture or killing of more British troops than the London War Office seems to be aware are still in South Africa.

### It Was The Cat.

Two tramps, one from green Erin and the other from the land of sauerkraut and pumpernickle, one night, exceedingly hungry, came to a farm house, the owner of which would give them lodgings but no food. So to bed they went, superleas.

About 12 o'clock Hans got up and went softly down to the pantry. Having eaten a hearty meal, he returned, passing, from necessity, through the farmer's bed chamber. When he got back Pat questioned him as to how he had passed Cerberus. "And did ye not wake him up!" he asked. "Ya," answered Hans; "but I yooost stand still and say: 'Miaow, miaow.'" "I'll do the same meself," said Pat. Rising, he went slowly and cautiously down. But he was not so successful as Hans. As he entered the farmer's room he stumbled over a shoe, kicked a chair and woke the farmer, who cried angrily: "Who's ther?" "Oh, lay a-billit," said Pat, "O'im the cat."

### ASTHMA CURED

AFTER TEN YEARS' SUFFERING  
PHYSICIANS COULD NOT PROMISE  
MORE THAN TEMPORARY  
RELIEF.

### Clarke's Kola Compound Cured

Mr. S. Till, 142 Dorchester Street, St. John, N.B., writes:—

"I have been a great sufferer from asthma nearly ten years. Many months, eight or nine, I have been so bad that sleep was impossible, and at times I thought I would die. I used different asthma remedies, but doctored with the best physicians in St. John, but my trouble became worse each year. About a year ago I purchased three bottles of Clarke's Kola Compound; then I took three more, and since completing the treatment with this remedy have not had a single attack. I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. Clarke's Kola Compound, which I know has no equal for asthma. Since being cured, I have frequently recommended this remedy to others in our city, and they all speak very highly of it."

Clarke's Kola Compound is the only permanent cure for asthma yet discovered. Over a thousand complete cures are recorded in Canada alone. All druggists sell it. Write book telling all about Clarke's Kola Compound, to the Griffith and Macpherson Co., Limited, 121 Church Street, Toronto. Sold by Foster Bros., Antigonish, N. S.

### January 6, 1902.

Remember that in the day classes resume work at the

### Maritime Business College.

That good school of Business, Shorthand and Typewriting, which has given so many young people an excellent start in life.

Mentioning *The Casket* send for free calendar to

KAULBACH AND SCHURMAN,  
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Manager.

### CARRY OUT THAT GOOD RESOLUTION AND BEGIN A FREE TRIAL COURSE, at the Empire Business College,

TRURO, N. S.,

—ON—

Monday, Jan. 6th, 1902.

Send for Catalogue to

O. L. HORNE, Principal.

### The Great Secret of the Success of Park's Perfect Emulsion

Lies in the fact that it is the only Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with which Guaiacol has been successfully combined. Now Guaiacol is a drug that is being prescribed by physicians in all countries for the treatment of Croup, Bronchitis and Consumption. Its action is highly beneficial and the drug has come to be regarded by medical men as invaluable in the treatment of lung diseases. If you are run down, and the "cough" is becoming more troublesome, PARK'S PERFECT EMULSION is what you need. It will relieve you at once.

Price 50 cents a Bottle, of all Druggists.

MANUFACTURED BY

HATTIE & MYLIUS, LTD.,  
HALIFAX, N. S.

### Right Dyspepsia Cure

The reliable remedy for

Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, Headache, Etc., Etc.

Cures all diseases of the stomach.

MERIGOMISH, July 7, 1901.

MR. W. E. FRASER, Antigonish.

DEAR SIR,—The medicine you sent me I strongly recommend it to all who are afflicted with Dyspepsia. It has saved my life, and given me a period of time free from worry. I feel well and strong now, and I am very thankful to you for sending it to me.

Yours very truly,  
MRS. NATHANIEL HAMILTON.

Since starting the Medicine business I have added the manufacture of PEB-EUMES, and have FOURTEEN different varieties, all of which I sell very reasonable.

W. E. FRASER,  
Main Street, Antigonish.

### QUEEN HOTEL, ANTIGONISH.

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

GOOD DINING-ROOM

FIRST-CLASS CUISINE.

LARGE CLEAN BEDROOMS.

Restaurant in Conjunction.

Good stabling on the premises.

JAMES BROADFOOT, Prop.  
Antigonish, June 8, 98.

ONE CHRISTMAS EVE IN VENDEE.

It was in '93—that horrible '93, whose very name makes our blood curdle and our hearts beat with a sense of terror and security, as when we gaze on the painted panoramas of a battle-field or some scene of crime and danger and despair long since enacted, but brought vividly before us by a graphic power of eloquence or art. The words have a spell in them that fascinates us, and defies us to pass on without pausing to look upon the memories they evoke. Well, it is of this tragic '93 that I am going to speak. But not to describe its horrors. It only makes the frame of my story, a most veracious story, and full of the spirit of that wonderful epoch, where we see all that was noble and loveliest in humanity shine forth by the side of its most criminal and appalling aberrations.

It was Christmas eve (four score years ago. The fertile soil of La Vendée, reddened by streams of patriot blood, was hidden under a deep quilt of snow. All the landscape slept as in a death-sleep under a pure white pall. Hills and plains were garmented in white. The snow had fallen heavily during the night, and its untrodden purity was as smooth and uniform as the blue of the winter sky, that looked down upon it and grew pale. The cottages that dotted the fair expanse hardly broke its uniformity, for they too were liveried in white, the roof thick thatched with snow, and the whitewashed walls only a degree less dazzling than the brightness of the ground. The hedges that divide the fields in La Vendee as in England were filled and covered with snow, and the hoar-frost like a fairy lace-work glittered and shone on the soft, unblemished surface, and the trees with rolls of snow resting on their bare giant arms held up clusters of icicles that sparkled like crystals in the tepid December sun.

The village of Chamtoce lay in this white landscape; and in the middle of the village stood the church, and close by the church the presbytery.

On the road that led from St. Florent to Chamtoce a young, lithe figure was crushing the crisp white carpet with a long, elastic step. His face was concealed, the upper part of it by a cap drawn low over his forehead, and the lower part by a woollen scarf wound around his throat, swallowing up the chin and nose in its capacious folds. The weather was not cold enough to need this ostentatious display of cache-nez; true, la nappe blanche de la Noel (white cloth of Christmas), as the peasants call it, was spread, but there was not a breath of wind, and it was not freezing. It had frozen during the night just enough to sprinkle the hoar-frost abroad and hang a thin fringe of glass from the roofs of the houses and deck the trees with icicles, but this was not what the Vendeaners called freezing. The Loire pursued its journey majestically to the sea unchecked by the icy hand of the black frost, the cruel black frost, that had but to blow with its bleak breath for one night on the strong deep stream to paralyze its waters and chill their moanings into icy dumbness. So, the cold was not bitter. The traveller knew it, too, for on coming to a point of the road where it turned abruptly, and disclosed the church with its slim, gray belfry, and on the rising ground beyond it, a windmill, still as a spectre suspended midway between the white earth and the pale sky, he looked cautiously up and down the road, assured himself there was no one in sight, and then, raising his beaver cap, stood bare-headed in the attitude of a man saluting some object of love and veneration.

Nearly four years since I knelt under the shadow of thy walls, and now I have come home, and thou dost greet me with the same unchanged, unchanging welcome!

He replaced his cap, drew it low over his face, and continued his way. 'Home, did I say?' he muttered presently. 'Have I still a home to come to? Gaston most likely is gone, fallen like the best blood of La Vendee in God's and the king's cause. And Marie!'

A sudden flush suffused the bronzed cheek. The pilgrim walked on with a quicker step, and was soon at the gate of the presbytery.

'Ah! here it is, just as I left it—the little wicket that opened so often with a ready welcome. A good omen to begin with!'

He pushed it and walked on. The door of the dwelling-house stood ajar; winter and summer it was never shut; he pushed it open, and knocked gently at a door on the left.

'Come in!' said M. le Cure.

And Francois Leonal entered and stood face to face with the only father he had known on earth. Nearly four years had passed since they had parted, and the old priest who had baptized him, and taught him, and wept with him beside his mother's grave, was just the same as when he had left him, benign, cheerful, a trifle more bowed perhaps and a good deal whiter, but the same in everything else—nothing was changed within. He looked up promptly,

closed his book, and then, with a glance where 'charity that thinketh no evil' deprecated a certain vague mistrust, he said: 'What can I do for you, my boy?'

'Monsieur le Cure! mon pere! Is this the welcome you give me?'

'Francois! my son! my best loved!' And the old man held out his arms, and the two clasped each other.

'Ah! my son!' exclaimed the cure, when his emotion left him power to speak, 'this is an hour worth suffering for; it pays me for many days of anguish. Little did I dream to have such a joy before we met in heaven. My son! my boy! Blessed be God and Our Lady of Mercy, who have watched over you and brought you back to me! I never thought to see your face before I died!'

'And why not, mon pere!' said Francois, laughing, and embracing him again; 'you know the prodigals are sure to return sooner or later; besides you promised to pray me safe home, and not to go to heaven till I came back to get your blessing. Did you forget your promise?'

'Forget it! Does a father forget his son? But you have travelled a long way; you will tell me all presently; but first you must have need of food and warmth. Victoire!'

The grim old gouvernante appeared, and on recognizing Francois here features expanded into a smile of genuine delight, and she embraced the young man with motherly affection, and empowered him with questions that she never waited to hear answered, while she bustled about the table, running backward and forward to her kitchen, and making ready with all speed the very best her store could supply. The frugal meal was soon spread, and the cure, to whom, after the first outburst of joy had subsided, her presence was an unguessed relief, said with a sudden change in his voice and look that struck cold on Francois's heart:

'Ah! Francois, Francois, it was not well to leave me all these years without a sign or a word. Gaston held out for a long time that either you had escaped from the country, or that you were still fighting, and that it was in either case only the fear of getting us into trouble that prevented you writing, or the want of a trusty messenger, and I believed him while I could; but when two whole years went by, and still we had no news, what could I think but that you had fallen? Victoire, put on your hood, and go—but stay—no, I had better go myself. We must run no risks: there is a price on your head, you say? I will go myself. These are times when we need the cunning of the serpent more than the innocence of the dove. Alas! what does innocence avail my little ones? But shame upon me for an ungrateful wretch! Does it not avail them the palm branch and the crown, and are not the purest of the flock chosen for a sacrifice to plead for the guilty?'

Thus discoursing, he wrapped himself in his heavy serge cloak, and clutched his stick, and went in search of Gaston, but not without first speaking a word in Victoire's ear.

And who was Gaston? Gaston was cousin-german and adopted brother Francois. They had been brought up from infancy together by Gaston's mother. When they were both sixteen, she died, leaving the lads to the care of the good God and Monsieur le Cure, and bidding them love each other like two brothers, and live together in the comfortable cottage, which, being her own, she bequeathed them as a joint legacy till either should marry, and then, if they chose to separate, the one who left was to have compensation in a sum of money to be kept by M. le Cure till the event entitled either of the youths to claim it. Besides the cottage, their mother, for both the lads looked on her as such, left two thousands francs, to be equally divided between them when they came to be twenty-one. This was the wedding portion she had brought to Gaston's father, and as she had adopted Francois, and given him a true mother's love, she wished to divide her all, share and share, between him and her own son.

Gaston had a goodly inheritance of land from his father, so she was not impoverishing him by sharing her own with his brother, and he could never feel in after life that she had wronged him. So Jeanne Leonal thought, at least. And perhaps she was right at the time. But as years went on, Gaston saw things differently; his ideas about the value of money changed, and with them his notions regarding right and justice, and he began to feel an undefined vexation and sense of injury on the subject of his mother's will. For Gaston had a worm at his heart—the worm that entered the heart of Judas, and sucked it dry of love, and truth, and mercy, and led him at last to decide and despair. He loved money, and he was growing to love it more every day; it was filling up his heart, and making him hard and selfish, and brushing off the bloom of his boyish freshness. He was growing into a miser. Nobody noticed the growth. Gaston did not suspect it. He lived like like other people, frugally but abundantly in the homely manner of his mother and

the people of his class. He wore good clothes, and the same as those around him. But though he did not take to the ways and crotchets of the miser of the story book, his heart was none the less developing the miser's spirit, and growing rapidly absorbed, to the exclusion of all other aims, in the love of money. He grudged more and more parting with it, and he longed and pined more greedily after its possession. Francois, who lived with him, saw nothing of this. He saw him indeed eager and active in turning his land and stock to account, vigilant to seize every opportunity for gain, sharp at striking a bargain, chary of spending his money on many innocent pleasures that tempted the self-denial of older and wiser heads; but this was right and fair so far. There were plenty of idlers, and fellows to spend their money as fast as they made it, and it was well to see Gaston prudent and thrifty, and laying by for the rainy day and the little ones who would be coming by-and-by. So argued the honest, open handed Francois, who approved the wisdom of his brother, but did not practice it, and never could keep a franc in his pocket while he saw any one in want of it. Quite as self-denying as Gaston, he pinched himself from a different motive. He saved to give. He gave to the widow who would be driven from her shelter if he did not come in time to pay the rent; he gave to the cold and the hungry; no hearth wanted wood, no mouth craved for bread, while Francois could supply both. Not a child in the village but loved him, not an elder but smiled a blessing on the young man as he passed. Gaston knew it, and forgave him. He loved him well enough to forgive him even that share in his mother's dot that was coming to Francois one of these days. But when the day came, and he saw the money that ought to have been his handed over to his cousin—he disowned the brotherhood that moment for the first time in his life—Gaston felt the fiend wake up in him, he felt he was badly treated, wronged and robbed of his due, and he was wrathful against Jeanne and Francois. In the angry spirit of the moment, he spoke bitter words to Francois, and reproached him for having come between him and his mother. But Francois, who retained the guilelessness of a child, cared too little about the money to seize the base motive of his brother's anger; he thought it was an outburst of latent jealousy against the orphan child who had come between him and the fulness of his mother's love, and, with the warmth of a generous nature, Francois forgave him his unjust reproaches; he offered to give up all at once unconditionally to his cousin, and to leave the cottage, and take no compensation, provided only Gaston would give him back his love and trust. Gaston was not utterly hardened, and the generosity and frankness of his cousin disarmed him, and shamed him out of his unworthy resentment; he embraced him, and asked him to forgive him, and they were true brothers from that out. The coils of avarice twined round Gaston's heart, and choked his best instincts, and his finest impulses, but they did not crush out his love for Francois. That grew and flourished like a lily amongst weeds. So

they stayed together till they grew up to man's estate, and then an event occurred in the distant town of Chapelle-aux-lys which was to make a new era in the lives of both.

(To be continued.)

Cardinal Rampolla.

The Christmas number of Household Words has for its principal feature an article on the Holy Father, by Mr. Hall Caine, which contains many stories and sketches of the personal life of Leo XIII. Apropos of Cardinal Rampolla, Mr. Hall Caine writes: "Early in my residence in Rome a prelate of the Pope's household said to me, 'I have seen Cardinal Rampolla nearly every day for years, and I do not yet know whether he is the white sheet of paper on which Leo XIII. writes, or whether Leo XIII. is the white sheet of paper on which Rampolla writes.' Without any of my friends' opportunities of observation I came to my own decision on this subject immediately I set eyes on Cardinal Rampolla himself. It was in St. Peter's on Maundy Thursday a few years ago. It was a weary face, with large nose, a deep jaw, a mouth not yet very regular and drawn down on one side, as if moulded in iron and then twisted awry; a singularly uninspired face, not remarkable for intellect, for resolution, or for power, but the face of a modest man and a good man, very self-conscious, not at all self-assertive, and leaving the impression that it was painful to him to be observed. The whole personality impressed me with the idea of a man who lived a subdued life under the will of another, not certainly with the idea of a masterful man, conscious of power and accustomed to command, and least of all with the idea of a man who ruled through another ruler. The first glimpse of Cardinal Rampolla told me a good deal about his character and his position in the Vatican, and also I thought a good deal about the character of Leo XIII. I have since seen something of Rampolla at closer quarters and nothing I know of him—not even the enormous, and I think preposterous, preponderance of Sicilian cardinals in the Sacred College—affect my settled conviction that Leo XIII. is the very real, as well as well as the apparent, ruler of the Vatican."

Where Doctors do agree!—Physicians no longer consider it catering to "quackery" in recommending in practice so meritorious a remedy for Indigestion, Dyspepsia and Nervousness as South American Nerve. They realize that it is a step in advance in medical science and a sure and permanent cure for diseases of the stomach. It will cure you.—Sold by J. D. Copeland.

He—'You must have known from the first that I was in love with you, by my actions.'

She—'But it's natural for some men to be foolish.'

Mother—'Johnnie, your face is very clean, but how did you get such dirty hands?'

Johnnie—'Washin' my face.'

'Could you do the landlady in 'The Lady of Lyons?' asked the manager of a seedy actor. 'Well, I should think I might; I have done a good many land-lords.'

Hair Falls

"I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor to stop my hair from falling. One-half a bottle cured me." J. C. Baxter, Braidwood, Ill.

Ayer's Hair Vigor is certainly the most economical preparation of its kind on the market. A little of it goes a long way. It doesn't take much of it to stop falling of the hair, make the hair grow, and restore color to gray hair. \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Maxims of Card. Manning.

Let us beware how we give much care or thought to anything but the perfecting of our hidden life. What else is worth living for? What else shall endure at Christ's coming? Let us live, ever waiting for that hour.

If crosses, or contradictions, or troubles come, do not murmur or chafe against them. Take them calmly, and accept them thankfully.

St. Gertrude once heard these words in a vision: "My child, there are many more saved than thou thinkest for. I condemn no one who does not willfully resist my grace."

Poverty is full of potent virtues. It is a sort of discipline, the ascetic rule of God's providence. They that are poor are already and unconsciously under a discipline of humility and self-denial.—Exchange.

Like Tearing the Heart Strings.—"It is not within the conception of man to measure my great sufferings from heart disease. For years I endured almost constant cutting and tearing pains about my heart, and many a time would have welcomed death. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart has worked a veritable miracle.—Thos. Hicks, Perth, Ont.—Sold by J. D. Copeland.

Uses of Soda.

The uses of soda are explained in the following from Good Housekeeping:

Wash hairbrushes in strong tepid soda water, then rinse well in clear cold water and place in the air out of sunlight to dry.

Add a speck of soda when cooking beans or any vegetable which seems tough, and the cooking process is quickened.

Rub a bit of soda over meat or poultry that seems overripe and wash in cold water.

A little soda will counteract the acidity of sour fruit as they are cooking and less sugar will be required to sweeten them.

Use a speck of soda with the stewed tomato when making a mock bisque soup.

For cleaning paint before repainting, use two ounces of soda to one quart of cold water. Afterward rinse off with cold water.

In using soda with cream of tartar, allow one level teaspoonful of soda to two rounding teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar for each quart of flour.

Bed-ridden 15 years.—"If anybody wants a written guarantee from me personally as to my wonderful cure from rheumatism by South American Rheumatic Cure I will be the gladdest woman in the world to give it," says Mrs. John Beaumont, of Elora. "I had despaired of recovery up to the time of taking this wonderful remedy. It cured completely."—Sold by J. D. Copeland.

The easiest and most rational way to get clear of a cold is to take Park's Perfect Emulsion. All emulsions are good for such troubles, but Park's is better than the best of all others. The reason for this is the fact that it contains Guaiacol, a most valuable drug in the treatment of any disease affecting the lungs or the bronchial tubes.

CASH WANTED.

A GRAND CLEARANCE SALE

NOW ON AT—

A. D. McIsaac's.

To make room for fall stock which is arriving daily, I will sell at lowest cash prices my large stock of shelf-ware, comprising

Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Shirts and Overalls, Hats and Caps, Shelf Hardware, Canned Goods, and many other useful articles.

If you are buying for cash it will pay you to give us a call. Anything you want and cannot see ask for it. It is likely here. A genuine bargain for you.

A. D. McISAAC, Port Hood, C. B., Sept. 12, 19

FURNACES, RANGES, STOVES

: : : AT : : :

D. GRANT KIRK'S.

ROYAL GRAND, MAYFLOWER, PRIZE, RANGES: GARLAND, MODEL, CHARTER OAK, PERFECTION, CROWN, PRINCESS.

Cooking Stoves: Favourite, Bandon, Queen, Maritime, Perfect, Success, Niagara, Waterloo.

Also all the best makes of heating stoves, including the celebrated

QUEEN TOP DRAFT HEATER FOR WOOD.



D. GRANT KIRK,

Vertical text on the left margin: DUITE, ON, g Nov. 26, S. S. Bonavina, arrival of last, at Noon, and baggage, Railway, to Plant Line, Charlottetown, CHIPMAN, Manager.

Vertical text on the right margin: College, Principal.

Vertical text at the bottom left: sial Cure, Constipa- Etc., etc., July 7, 1901, you sent me 1 who are afflicted my life, and given me from agony. I am very thank very truly, WEL HAMILTON.

Vertical text at the bottom middle: business I PER- different var- very reasonable.

Vertical text at the bottom right: HOTEL, SH.

Vertical text at the bottom right: ROOM, ISINE, BEDROOMS, tion.

Vertical text at the bottom right: ROADFOOT, Prop.

# THE CASKET,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT ANTI-GONISH 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

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 31.

## THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

Following is a list of the parishes that have sent in contributions to the Propagation of the Faith, together with the amount contributed by each parish:

Antigonish, . . . . .	\$47 05
Arichat, . . . . .	51 00
Arisaig, . . . . .	21 00
Baddeck, . . . . .	15 00
Bay St. Lawrence, . . . . .	5 00
Boisdale, . . . . .	42 12
Bridgeport, . . . . .	80 00
Broad Cove, . . . . .	25 00
Brook Village, . . . . .	39 00
Canso, . . . . .	19 45
Christmas Island, . . . . .	23 88
Creguish, . . . . .	20 25
Descouise, . . . . .	36 00
East Bay, . . . . .	22 00
Georgeville and Maryvale, . . . . .	20 00
Glendale, . . . . .	10 00
Guysboro, . . . . .	5 00
Harbor Bouche, . . . . .	40 00
Heatherton, . . . . .	1 00
Iona, . . . . .	37 00
Judique, . . . . .	12 00
L'Ardoise, . . . . .	40 00
Little Bras d'Or, . . . . .	18 50
Little Glace Bay, . . . . .	84 00
Mabou, . . . . .	25 00
Pictou, . . . . .	5 00
Port Hawkesbury, . . . . .	17 64
Red Islands, . . . . .	30 00
Reserve Mines, . . . . .	22 00
River Bourgeois, . . . . .	15 00
Sydney, . . . . .	39 25
Sydney Mines, . . . . .	22 67
Thorburn, . . . . .	17 00
Tracadie, . . . . .	12 05
Rev. Jas. Quinan, Sydney, . . . . .	10 00
Given for Relations Deceased, . . . . .	25 00
Professors and Students of St. F. X. College, . . . . .	43 00

\$1000 86

As compared with the contributions of last year, there is a considerable falling off in this year's receipts; as compared with the contributions of former years, there is an increase. Last year the amount was exceptionally large, some three hundred dollars in excess of what it is this year. Thirty-nine parishes sent in contributions last year. Of these eight have failed to send anything this year, and three have been too late in forwarding the money. Six parishes that sent nothing last year, or sent too late, figure on the list this year, making in all thirty-four parishes that have contributed. Among these are some of the poorest parishes in the diocese. On the other hand, some few of the best parishes in the diocese have never given a cent for the Propagation of the Faith. When such parishes as Bay St. Lawrence, Baddeck, and Thorburn contribute their quota to this noble and truly apostolic work, one can hardly help drawing the inference that it is not the means as much as the good-will that is wanting in the case of the others.

### Friday's Storm at Canso.

TWO LIVES LOST.

Friday, the 27th of December, dawned clear and bright. The sea was calm and peaceful and a gentle breeze, soft and balmy as of May, bore the fishing fleets of Canso and Arichat to the grounds. It was an ideal morning and the boats were out in force. It is safely within the truth to say that three hundred men were that day at work on the fishing grounds stretching between Cape Canso and the Cape Breton shore, and the prospects fair for a good catch, and a safe return. But, alas! for human hopes and human strength when pitted against the moody Atlantic and treacherous ways of December. Of a sudden the whole scene was changed. The smiling morn gave place to a dark and angry noon; the fair prospect of land and water was shut out by a dark and dismal snow storm.

It was an anxious hour for wives, mothers and children on shore. Fathers and brothers, husbands and sons, friends and loved ones out on the angry deep, groping about in the darkness in search of their boats. Would they find them? Would all the dories be picked up? And in that blinding drift would they even then make port in safety!

As the day wore on the storm increased to a howling blizzard and the suspense and anxiety on shore became painful.

God help those who are left behind! Shut out from sight of land and all friendly marks, without chart or compass, how were they to know that the treacherous wind by which they steered had, under cover of the snow, stealthily shifted from south to east, as if to drive its victims unsuspecting to destruction. Behind them the angry sea and the howling storm

against which no human arm could make way, and before which they must be driven. Before them the rocky shore, and that guarded for three miles out by a series of treacherous breakers that gather and rise in the pride of strength, then topple and break with a power and fury that only the angry ocean knows. Such was the vision that haunted the friends on shore—such the spectre that confronted the lone fisherman, and against which he nerved his heart and summoned his strength.

On into the night the storm raged with increased fury. In the morning came the reckoning. The boats had returned ere complete darkness shut them out. Six men have been left behind—two dories from the Acalis, Capt. Myers, and one manned by two brothers named Bouche from an Arichat vessel. Every effort had been made to locate them but the search was in vain, and with heavy hearts their comrades was obliged to abandon them to their fate. About dark two of Capt Myers' crew, one his son, reached Canso in their dory. How they passed the many breakers that beset their course is nothing short of providential. They avoided them all; the last so narrowly that the dory filled, but passed on into smooth water and they were safe.

The Arichat men lost sight of their vessel near Green Island. Being well to the eastward they were driven up the Bay. Finding themselves off their course and at the mercy of the sea, they vowed, if spared, a generous act in honor of Him who, by God's command led the Infant Redeemer to a place of safety when the malice of man sought his life. All that afternoon, and all that awful night they battled with the elements and not till 5 o'clock next morning did they reach Canso, worn and exhausted. At once they hastened to give thanks to Him whose hand had led them safe through storm and peril, and in the temple of God that from its height looks out over the restless ocean, and is fittingly named the "Star of the Sea," they paid their debt of gratitude. May they never forget.

The fate of the third dory God alone knows. Their gallant struggle for life and how it ended is no subject for the imagination. It is sufficient to know that James Burns and David Kirby have not returned. Both were able and experienced seamen, but their course bore them on to the breakers, against which skill and strength on such a night count for nothing. Burns leaves a widow and large family of small children, Kirby a widow. It is not for us to question the ways of God which are not those of man, but rather to bow in submission to His holy will.

To the bereaved family, in which the Christmas gladness was so rudely exchanged to mourning, will go out the heartfelt sympathy and general assistance of a people who know, by cruel experience, the measure of their grief and need.

In two happy homes that treacherous day has left its image. The bright smiling morn that promised an ample return for the labor of the bread-winner, has brought instead the gaunt spectre of separation, sorrow and death.

No shadow of blame is, or can be laid to the charge of Capt. Myers. A kindly man, he is not one to recklessly abandon his men in danger, and would have made the same effort had his own son not been among the number left behind.

While it is a grand spectacle—those hardy fishermen going forth day after day, for love of home and family, to battle with the angry seas of winter—it is nevertheless liable to abuse; and it is felt that the spirit of over-venturesomeness is growing. If this last sad event will serve to check this evil, and impress upon us all that God and not self is the power that regulates our lives, then Burns and Kirby have not given their lives in vain, if indeed the worst has befallen them.

### Inverness Notes.

Dr. McLennan, M. P., is in Town.

Mr. H. W. Pearman, Peoples' Bank of Halifax, at Woodstock, N. B., is passing the Christmas holidays in Port Hood.

Marshall Bourinot, Esq., *Eastern Journal*, Hawkesbury, is visiting Port Hood, Mabou, and B. Cove, on business.

Rev. Father C. Chisholm, P. P., Port Hood, was the recipient on Christmas Day, of a beautiful and stylish new sleigh with a set of robes and harness at the hands of a number of his admirers and friends.

The Christmas celebration in St. Peter's, Town, excelled anything ever seen or heard here before. The choir was well re-inforced by a number of boys whose voices had been well and skillfully trained by the accomplished organist, Miss Mary Campbell. Professor Henderson formed a fine orchestra by a judicious selection from the Port Hood Cornet Band, and supported the choir with splendid effect.

With the prospect of so many coal mines being worked, and therefore sharp competition inevitable, it is clearly all important to not only improve means of transportation but also to guard against making

the needed improvements where on account of long haulage, transportation by rail would not pay. For instance, it is now pretty well understood that in order to fully develop the collieries of Northern Inverness—to, in short, enable them to compete with the Sydneys with any living show shipping termini in addition to such as may be occasionally available on the Strait of Canso must of necessity be provided as near the mines as may be practically possible. It is felt that the long haulage to the Strait will not pay, at least that the coal mines of central Inverness cannot successfully depend on such shipping ports alone. A practicable, readily available, port, nearer at hand, during open navigation, is the very thing needed. The harbor of P. Hood, with the proposed improvements, fills the bill. This fact is pretty well recognized by the great bulk of the intelligent people of the county.

Growing, particularly during these holidays, is unseasonable—ungracious; yet, at the risks of "offending" a little in that way, I must say that some things in connection with the management of the I. and E. Railway loudly calls for criticism. Why is it that a telegraph is not yet established between Mabou and Port Hastings? Why the fireless, uncomfortable condition of stations, with scarcely an exception, all along the line?

### War News.

Lieutenant Colenbrander's force surprised a Boer laager in the Pietersberg district December 22 and captured 60 prisoners.

Lord Kitchener in a despatch from Johannesburg, dated Monday, December 23, reports the week's results as being 45 Boers killed, 23 wounded, 310 made prisoners, and 35 surrendered.

As the result of conferences between Rev. Mr. Broekhuysen and the Boer leaders at Amsterdam, it has been decided to send C. M. Wessels to the United States in January, bearing a letter from Mr. Kruger to President Roosevelt.

The war office has decided to withdraw at once 20 batteries of artillery from South Africa. This action is taken on the ground that under the present conditions of guerilla warfare, the guns are of little use and are rather a hindrance to mobility and decisive action.

In an engagement at Tafel-Kop, Orange River Colony, on Dec. 20, the British lost 3 officers and 29 men killed, and 5 officers and 35 men wounded. The Boers were dressed as British Yeomen, and successfully defended a kopje against the British under Col. Damant.

Details have been received from South Africa of the ambuscading near Reginderyn, Orange River Colony, Dec. 21, of 200 mounted infantry by 300 Boers and 40 armed natives, led by Commandant Britz, which show the British losses to have been 10 men killed and 15 wounded. The losses of the Boers are not known.

On the night of Dec. 24, Col. Firman's camp at Zeefontein, consisting of three companies of yeomanry and two guns was successfully rushed by a strong commando under De Wet. It is feared the casualties were heavy. Two regiments of light horse are pursuing the Boers. Colonel Firman's force probably amounted to 400 men and the disaster, especially the loss of the guns, the possession of which may enable De Wet successfully to attack the blockhouses, create a disturbing impression. The prisoners have been released.

### Personals.

Mr. Alexander McDonald, a resident of Providence, R. I., for some time, arrived at his home at Heatherton Xmas eve.

Chas. Whidden, jr., left last week to take passage for the West Indies from Weymouth per schr. Congo.

C. F. McIsaac, M. P., accompanied Signor Marconi and party last week on their tour of inspection to Louisburg and other C. B. points to choose a suitable site for a wireless telegraph station.

A number of Antigonish people living abroad spent the holiday at Antigonish. Those we noticed at home are J. McKinnon, barrister, Halifax; A. Macintyre, barrister, Sydney; Grant MacIntosh, St. Paul; Jas. McKinnon, Butte, Montana; Allan Gillis, Port Hood; W. G. Cunningham, Boston; Dan McLean, North Sydney; Charles and Edward Halsey, North Sydney.

Only two of the College professors are at the College at present, Dr. R. MacDonald and Allan Macdonald. The others are spending their vacation among their friends abroad. Rev. D. C. Gillis, who was spending a few days with his parents at Pinedale, returned on Saturday evening. He went to Port Hawkesbury on Monday where he will celebrate High Mass on New Year's day. Rev. H. D. Barry left for his home at Glassburn on Saturday. Rev. Fr. Gagnon has gone for a short trip to Mulgrave where he is the guest of Fr. Mullins. Revs. Dr. Thompson, and Neil Macdonald have gone to Halifax, Friday evening. We understand they will be absent for a few days.

# Christmas

CARDS and CALENDARS, GIFT BOOKS and CHILDREN'S BOOKS, PRAYER BOOKS and BIBLES. FINE LEATHER GOODS, in DRESSING CASES, COLLAR AND CUFF CASES, WRITING DESKS and FOLIOS, PHOTO HOLDERS, and SCREENS OF BURNT LEATHER. DESK SETS, ETC., of Ebony Mounted in Sterling Silver. FANCY CHINA and GLASSWARE, Both Useful and Ornamental. TOYS, DOLLS, and GAMES. SLEIGHS, SHOVELS, ETC. XMAS PAPETERIES, ETC. PRESENTS FOR OLD AND YOUNG AT

## MISS C. J. McDONALD'S

# A. KIRK & CO.

DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING EARLY.

If you have Christmas shopping to do, you had better do it early, as results will be more satisfactory to you. Our store will be a regular panorama from now until Christmas Eve. The important problem of what to buy and where to buy is now under consideration. There can be but one answer to the question.

## AT A. KIRK & COMPANY'S.

# Holiday Furs.

For a Xmas Gift nothing is more acceptable or as seasonable as a nice rich Fur Garment. Our stock includes all the season's latest novelties, and prices are the lowest.



## Remember we sell the celebrated Moose Head Brand FURS,

which are well known to be unexcelled in quality and low prices.

- Alaska Sable Ruffs at \$6.50, 9.25, 16.25 and 19.25.
- Columbia Ruffs, at \$5.00, 5.50, and 7.00.
- Otter Ruffs, Sable Tipped, at \$6.00, 7.50 and 10.00.

- Bear Boas, 108 inches long, \$35.00
- Bear Boas, 72 inches long, 25.00
- Bear Boas, 45 inches long, 18.00
- Rocky Bear Boas, 108 inches long, 5.50
- Rocky Bear Boas, 72 inches long, 3.50
- Black Thibet Boas, 72 inches long, 7.00

- Electric Seal and Columbia Sable Caperine, 15.50
- Electric Seal and Black Thibet Caperine, 15.00
- Electric Seal and Grebe Caperine, 13.00
- Electric Seal and Japan Fox Caperine, 9.25



- Grey Lamb and blue Moufflon Collarette, \$15.00
- Electric Seal and Bocharan, Collarette, 19.00
- Grey Lamb Collarette, 12.50

- Electric Seal and Rocky Bear Collarette, \$10.25
- Electric Seal and Storm Collar, 5.50
- German Otter Storm Collar, 5.00
- Columbia Sable Storm Collar, 6.50
- Alaska Sable Storm Collar, 11.00
- Grey Persian Lamb Storm Collar, 5 00, 9.25, 10.50
- Alaska Sable Muffs, 13.25
- Columbia Sable Muffs, 9 00
- Electric Seal Muffs, 4.75, 5.00, 5.50
- Grey Lamb and Blue Mufflon Muffs, 9 00
- Grey Lamb Muffs, 6.00. Black Hair 1.25 to 3.50



- Ladies' Electric Seal Jackets, 24 inches long, \$49.00
- Ladies' Electric Seal Alaska Sable Collar and Lapels, 60.00
- Ladies' Raccoon Jackets, 44.00, 49.50, 55.00
- Ladies' Astrachan Jackets, 27.00, 30.00, 34.00, 45.00
- Ladies' Bocharan Jackets, 24 inches, 60.00
- Ladies' Australian Coon Jackets, 25.50
- Gent's Raccoon Coats, 40.00, 44.00, 49.50, 50.00, and 58.00
- Gent's Assiniboine Coats, 16.00
- Gent's Raccoon Gauntlets and Mitts, 5.50 and 5.75
- Ladies' Raccoon Gauntlets and Mitts, 5.00, 6.25, 7.00
- Ladies' Astrachan Gauntlets and Mitts, 5.00, 5.50
- Ladies' Seal Gauntlets and Mitts, 5.50
- Ladies' Beaver Gauntlets and Mitts, 13.50
- Ladies' Grey Lamb Gauntlets and Mitts, 5.00

## Useful Xmas Gifts.

- Gent's Initialed Silk Handkerchiefs, 45c, 75c, 1.10, \$1.10
- Gent's Hem Stitched Linen Handkerchiefs, 20c, 30c, 35c
- Gent's Hem Stitched Lawn Handkerchiefs, 15c., 20c., 25c.
- Ladies' Silk With Lace Edge Handkerchiefs, 75c., 1.00
- Ladies' Silk With Fancy Edge Handkerchiefs, 25c. 45c.
- Ladies' Fine Lawn with Embroidered Edge Handkerchiefs, 20, 35, 60, 80, \$1.00
- Ladies' Hem Stitched Lawn Handkerchiefs, 10c, 15c, 25c.
- Ladies' Lace Edge Lawn Handkerchiefs, 12c, 25c.
- Gent's Black Quilted Satin Mufflers, 75c, 1.25
- Ladies' Stock Silk Ties, in variety of shades, at 1.00, 1.25, 1.45

If you cannot visit our store personally write for samples, or we can send you anything in the way of Xmas Goods on approbation. Mail orders carefully and promptly filled.

# A. KIRK & CO.'Y

General News.

The King will personally open Parliament.

The field hospital corps offered by Canada for South Africa has been accepted.

Major Ogilvy of the South African constabulary, a native of Montreal, is dead.

Five hundred piano makers struck in Toronto last week.

An unknown assassin has killed or injured over 30 women at Kiel, Germany.

The Turks continue their shocking murders and outrages on the Armenians.

Toronto is to have a new hotel to cost one and a quarter millions.

Six were killed and fifteen injured in a railway collision near Milan, Italy.

"King of all the Britains" will be the inscription on the new British coins.

Several new cases of smallpox are reported in St. John, N. B.

Mrs. Dr. Finn, ill of smallpox at Halifax, is better.

The reports that Lord Roberts was going to leave the war office is denied.

There is great activity in naval circles in Russia.

The Halifax rate of assessment for next year has been fixed at \$1.75.

Parties are being prosecuted at Ottawa for suppressing a case of smallpox.

Three new cases of smallpox were reported at St. John, N. B., on the 26th.

A great blizzard raged in the Northwestern States on the 26th, telegraph service broken up and trains delayed.

A diamond chain worth \$3,500 shipped by express from Washington to New York has been stolen en route. No clue.

The strike of the employees of the American Express Co. at Lynn, Mass., is settled.

Rev. Colin Sinclair, wife and so were poisoned at St. Thomas, Ont., by eating canned salmon, and are very ill.

On Christmas day, a minister named Mr. Cluton was called to his door and shot by a crowd of men at Delport, Texas.

Three men were killed and four injured by the breaking of a crane at the American Bridge works at Chicago, on 26th inst.

W. B. Arthur, of W. B. Arthur & Co., Halifax, fell on the street in that city a few days ago and broke his collar-bone.

The census returns show the population of Russia to be 125,668,000 and that of St. Petersburg 1,264,920.

The American authorities have agreed to pay \$14,000 for the release of Miss Stone.

Germany is about to take active measures against Venezuela, unless her claim is settled.

A man in Indiana is said to have perfected the means of taking photographs by acetylene gas light.

Messrs. Stewart, cast-iron pipe-makers of Glasgow, have ordered 20,000 tons Sydney iron.

Chas. Morse, a member of the Bar of Nova Scotia, has been appointed an examiner in the law faculty of Trinity College, Toronto.

The latest compilations of the Provincial Board of Health show 433 cases of smallpox in Ontario, and numerous additional cases are occurring.

A despatch from Tangier, dated Dec. 29, says a waterspout burst over the town of Saffee, Morocco, and two hundred persons are reported to have been drowned.

At a meeting of the Provincial exhibition commission at Halifax, Friday, Sept. 10th to 18th were fixed for the next exhibition.

The students of Moscow University are in political trouble with the Russian authorities and many arrests have been made.

John McDonald, a bartender, was committed for trial at Charlottetown for shooting Wm. Powers. Doctors have failed to extract the bullet and Powers may die.

The barque Josephine which was being towed from Norfolk to Philadelphia went adrift, and her men were rescued with great difficulty.

Three dead bodies have been found in the ruins of a cabin in an Italian settlement at Millmocket, Maine. Whether they died of fire or were murdered is not yet known.

Six men were badly wounded in a fight at a small country church in Ohio on Christmas day. It arose out of personal enmities. Revolvers and knives were used.

Robert L. Campbell, vice-president of the Cape Breton Railway Co. and Mr. A. R. Meyer of New York, a capitalist interested in the road, were in Cape Breton last week and went west on Saturday.

A disaster occurred on the electric tramway in Liverpool, England. In a tunnel, some of the electrical apparatus went wrong and set fire to the cars. Many people are supposed to have perished. Number unknown.

Denais Brown was shot in the abdomen

at Annandale, P. E. I., on Christmas night by Capt. John Warren. The victim died in great agony. Brown was one of four men who had forced their way into a boardinghouse. Warren claims he fired in self-defence.

The annual review of American trade, of finance and industry, prepared by Bradstreet, declares 1901 to be a record breaker among the five successive years of commercial expansion enjoyed by the United States.

Furious gales swept the coast of Newfoundland Thursday and wrought much destruction among the shipping and fishing properties at Bay of Islands. At Placentia, on the west coast, the fishing boats suffered great damage, and the wharves and water front buildings were destroyed.

A large number of European and United States war vessels are gathering off Venezuela. The occasion of this warlike action is the intention of the German government to enforce the payment by Venezuela to German citizens of 3,000,000 marks claimed to be due.

A white man interfered in a fight between blacks at Childersburg, Alabama, on Christmas Day, and was fatally shot. His son went to his side, and was also shot. A second son shot one of the negroes. A body of whites quickly gathered and captured all the negroes and took them to jail.

The Liberal candidate, Alex Gibson, jr., was elected in York County, N. B., on Saturday in the bye-election for the Federal Parliament. He had over 800 majority. In the general election Gibson's majority over Rev. Mr. McLeod, who was also his present opponent, was 76.

An awful accident occurred at a place called French Creek, near Charlottetown, P. E. I., a few days ago, resulting in the death of Lawrence Kiley, a native of Cape Breton. The family removed to the Island a few years ago from Cape Breton. Kiley left his home Saturday afternoon last to go on a shooting expedition. As he did not return during the evening, his mother became anxious and sent for some of the neighbors to see if they could find any trace of him. Sunday morning the search was resumed with the aid of one of his comrades who often went with him. In a short time the remains were found in the woods with the head completely shot away by the charge of the gun which had entered his neck. It is supposed that while loading the firearm it exploded. The clothing on one side were also completely charred by the powder. The deceased was about 30 years old.

To the Editor of THE CASKET.

DEAR SIR,—Allow me through your columns to thank Messrs. R. P. Morrison and H. H. Czerar for their very generous donations at Christmas to the inmates of this institution, which, needless to say, were greatly appreciated by them all. Thanking you for space, Mr. Editor, I am, yours truly, T. E. CHRISTIAN, Supt. County Asylum.

Resolutions of Condolence.

At a regular meeting of Branch 131, C. M. B. A., North Sydney, held on Dec. 16, 1901, the following resolution of condolence was moved by Brother John P. Brennan and seconded by Brother Jos. McPherson:

Whereas,—It has pleased Almighty God in His wisdom to remove by death the mother of our worthy and esteemed brother R. F. Phalen;

Resolved,—That we the members of Branch 131, hereby express our heartfelt sorrow for his affliction, and extend to him and other members of the family our sincere sympathy and condolence in their sad bereavement, and while condoling with Bro. Phalen, we pray that God may vouchsafe him the consolation that comes from abiding trust in the mercy of Him who disposes all things aright;

And be it further resolved,—That a copy of this resolution be spread on our minutes, and a copy sent to Bro. R. F. Phalen, and copies sent to THE CASKET, and Canadian for publication.

Signed on behalf of Branch 131, REV. A. J. CHISHOLM, P. P., Crotgnish, JOHN P. BRENNAN, FRANCIS DESMOND, Committee.

Acknowledgments.

- Wm. Smith, West River, \$1.00
Alex McPherson, Cloveville, 1.00
Mary Jane McDonald, Beverly Farms, 1.00
R. L. McLellan, Sydenham Valley, 1.00
John McMaster, Long Point, 1.00
Richard Harding, Port Hood, 1.00
Donald A. McDonald, Port Hood, 1.25
S. O'Donoghue, Antigonish, 2.00
Hugh Boyd, Morrisville, 1.00
Peter Dhoogne, Big Tracadie, 1.00
Donald P. McDonald, R. Crotgnish, 1.00
Hugb Melnick, Essex, 25
Rev. A. J. Chisholm, P. P., Crotgnish, 1.00
Allan Beaton, Baker City, 1.00
Rev. M. E. Kinella, P. P., Truro, 4.00
Wm. J. Paquet, Souris East, 1.00
John D. McIsaac, Hermanville, 2.00
A. J. McGillivray, Ottawa, 1.00
W. F. Fraser, Sydney, 1.00
Donald McDonald, Landing, 1.00
Hugh Chisholm, L. S. River, 1.00
Dan McLean, N. Sydney, 1.00
Arch McDougall, Pleasant Valley, 1.00
Francis Pettipas, Tracadie, 1.00
Angus McIsaac, J. P., Antigonish, 1.00
Donald A. McDonald, Goose River, 1.00
Rokk McNeil, Bridgeport, 1.00
M. Beaton, Galena, 3.00
F. Whelan, Montreal, 50
P. A. McLellan, Sallida, 1.00
Fred A. Marley, Sydney, 1.00
W. B. McNeil, Wallingford Cove, 2.00
P. G. Petrie, Glace Bay, 1.00

DEATHS

Obituary and marriage notices have been gradually encroaching on our space. The attention of our publishing company being called to the matter at the annual meeting, it was decided to limit the space for these notices, except where the event appears to be of general interest. The best way to mark this limit seems to be to adopt the plan employed by many other papers: Notices of deaths will be published free of charge when not exceeding 40 words. For every word over 40, 2 cents will be charged, payment in advance.

At Wine Harbor, Guysboro Co., on the 30th of November, MARGARET ISABELLA, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Gillis, aged three years and three months.

Suddenly at Ingonish, on Dec. 23rd, Mrs. BRIDGET CANN, aged 88 years, leaving behind her many relatives and acquaintances by whom she was always very highly respected. R. I. P.

At William's Point, on Tuesday, 24th inst., FLORA McDONALD, daughter of the late RODERICK McDONALD, aged 90 years. Comforted and consoled by the last rites of Holy Church she went forward to meet her reward.

At Heatherton, on the 21st, MARY, second daughter of JOHN McDONALD, carriagebuilder, in the 19th year of her age. Mamie, as she was familiarly known, was a good child, universally liked by all her acquaintances. Consoled by the last rites of Mother Church she peacefully passed away. May her soul rest in peace!

At the residence of her brother, 10 Schuyler Street, Roxbury, Mass., Dec. 13, ANNIE P. CHISHOLM. Funeral took place Dec. 16, and High Mass of Requiem was celebrated at St. Hugh Church, by the pastor Rev. S. Smyth. Schmidt's Requiem Mass was sung by the regular choir. There was a large attendance of relatives and friends. The floral tributes were many and beautiful. Miss Chisholm was a native of Linwood (this County), but has resided for the past fifteen years in Roxbury, Mass., where she has been a prominent member of the Ladies' Sodality at St. Patrick's Church, and the League of the Sacred Heart, the Society of the Angel Guardian and the Purgatorian Society.

At Pictou, on the 21st inst, MARY BRENNAN, daughter of JAMES and CATHERINE BRENNAN, after a lingering illness, borne without a murmur. Ever patient and grateful for every little attention paid to her and with a smile for everybody, dear little MARY, as she was fondly called—left this life more like an angel than one born of flesh. For weeks before her death she used to say that she would be well by Christmas; and well may her bereaved family and friends hope, that she has celebrated her Christmas in heaven. The universal esteem in which the deceased was held was manifested by the unusually large number that attended her funeral, the church being filled to overflowing during her funeral service. Needless to say that her family have the sincere sympathy of the community. R. I. P.

PAY! PAY!

The books of Allan D. McDonald, Blacksmith, have been placed with me for COLLECTION. All persons having accounts thereon will please call at my office and make payment at once. F. H. MACPHEE, J. P. Antigonish, N. S., October 24th, 1901.

BANNERS, BADGES, PINS, BUTTONS,

FOR RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES, FRATERNAL ORGANISATIONS, SOCIAL ENTERTAINMENTS, ETC. SACRED HEART PINS, CHARMS AND BADGES, RELIGIOUS PHOTO BUTTONS, SOUVENIRS FOR FIRST HOLY COMMUNION.

Designs and Estimates given upon application Write for Catalogue. T. P. TANSEY Manufacturer Association Supplies, 14 DRUMMOND ST., MONTREAL.

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194 ST. PAUL STREET, QUEBEC. Manufacture ALTAR WINES under the special patronage of His Lordship the Archbishop of Quebec, but besides they are the general depositories of the



CELEBRATED MEDICAL WINE! VIN DES CARMES.

AUTHORIZED TESTIMONY. MOUNT ST. JOSEPH, Peterborough, Ont., Oct. 9, 1901. DEAR SIR,—Several of our sisters have been benefitted greatly by using Vin des Carmes according to directions, and we have much pleasure in stating that we find it an excellent tonic. Yours, etc., SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH. VIN DES CARMES is sold only in bottles at \$8.00 a dozen. Less than a dozen: 75 cents a bottle.

CHISHOLM, SWEET & CO.

Holiday Goods. 1901. XMAS

The approach of the holidays finds our establishment replete with novel and staple goods, that readily suggest themselves to early Xmas shoppers.

Gifts that will be Appreciated.

- MEN'S SILK TIES and SUSPENDERS, Put up in Presentation Boxes. MEN'S GLOVES, Fur Lined, Wool Lined and Unlined. MEN'S INITIALED SILK HANDKERCHIEFS MEN'S FUR CAPS, MEN'S HOUSE SLIPPERS, ETC.

SILVERWARE.

- CAKE BASKETS, FRUIT DISHES, CRUET STANDS, PICKLE STANDS, CREAM JUGS, SPOON HOLDERS, BUTTER DISHES, NAPKIN RINGS, FORKS, KNIVES SPOONS, and many other plated novelties.

A Seasonable Gift. STYLISH FURS. MUFFS, COLLARS, RUFFS, COL-LARETTES, COATS, JACKETS, ETC., Made up in several different furs. At all prices.

Smallwares Department.

Contains an attractive display of Christmas goods at marvelously low prices.

- Ladies' Silk and Lace Ties, Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Purses, Chatelain Bags, Belts, Belt Buckles, Side Combs, Pompadour Combs, Back Combs, Shell Hair Pins, Etc., Etc.

HONEYCOMB SHAWLS,

In White, Black and Cardinal. An immense assortment of Ladies' and Misses

White Embroidered Lawn Aprons.

During the Holiday Season mail orders will be filled with the understanding that goods may be returned if not satisfactory when received.

WEST END WAREHOUSE, ANTIGONISH.

Vertical text on the left edge of the page, including 'S and', 'SSING', 'ES.', 'PHOTO', 'ed in', 'Both', 'LS.', 'ETC.', 'LD'S', 'CO.', 'Y.', 'er do it', 'ur store', 'The', 'w under', 'question.', 'NY'S', 'onable', 'll the', 'Celebrated', 'MRS.', 'excelled', 'and 19.25', '50, and 7.00.', 'and 10.00.', 'Geneva', 'ite, 0.25', '5.50', '3.00', '6.50', '11.00', '9.25, 10.50', '13.25', '9.00', '5.00, 5.50', '9.00', '1.25 to 3.50', 'S.', '1.00, \$1.10', '20c. 30c. 35c.', '20c., 25c.', '75c., 1.00', '25c. 45c.', '60, 80, \$1.00', '0c, 15c. 25c.', '12c, 25c.', '75c, 1.25', '00, 1 25, 1.45', 'mples', 'ds on', 'led.', 'D.'Y

# ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine  
**Carter's Little Liver Pills.**

Must Bear Signature of

*Warranted*

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.



## OLD PEOPLES' FRIEND.

MIDDLETON, N. S., Jan., 1901.

MESSRS. C. GATES, SON & CO.

GENTLEMEN,—I write to say that I find your **Invigorating Syrup** is the best physic I can get. I am 84 years of age and have used your SYRUP as a PHYSIC for the last ten years and have never been able to obtain anything that sets so well. My business, that of a shoemaker, inclines me to costiveness and I have to use your SYRUP constantly as a PHYSIC, taking just a little every night and morning.

I consider it the BEST because its gentle in its action, causing no griping or pain, and may be taken constantly without producing any evil effects, such as piles, irregularities of the bowels, etc.

I have great pleasure in recommending it to all as I believe it has had a part in prolonging my life.

Yours sincerely,

MOSES YOUNG.

Insist on having . . .

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Night Bell on Door.

**FOSTER BROS.**

Druggists, Antigonish

Remember the place, opp. A Kirk & Co

### Socialism.

(Continued from last issue).

#### G. THE HEALING OF LAZARUS

The first prescription then, for the healing of the sores of Lazarus is: Send away the quacks. They are only going about to heal mischief by mischief. But the sores remain, and we are not men if we can look upon them and not burn to find a remedy. There is indeed a school of physicians, who have watched Lazarus' case for years, maintaining that his sores will heal in time of themselves, if left alone. These are the laissez-faire school; their one panacea for all the ills of humanity is Freedom of Contract. Perhaps these gentlemen also had better be bowed out of the sick room, to try conclusions in the open air with their foes, the Socialists, even though freedom of contract does suffer somewhat by their absence. There is a growing consensus of doctors and lay-folks about this case, that "something must be done."

There is no lack of remedies proposed. Temperance, Thrift, Emigration, National Insurance, Co-operation, Profit-sharing, all have their advocates, all are good in their way, none of them is all in all by itself. I have yet another remedy to add. It is not Charity, as that word is commonly understood in England. The science and art of almsgiving must be studied and practised by charitable societies for the relief of the sick and wounded in the battle of life, who cannot help themselves; but we do not want all the working classes on the sick list.

We must contrive to have fewer sick and wounded, by giving the workman a better chance of doing a stroke for himself. He has higher claims than those of charity on his employer. There is a virtue which the old schoolmen called piety; we might English it family-feeling. It imports the habitual love and care which the members of a family ought to have one for another. Family is from the Latin familia, by which the Romans understood all who were under the paterfamilias, namely, the wife, the children (called liberi, or free subjects,) and the bondsmen (servi or famuli, literally the doers, or workers, whence the name familia, from facio, I do). We need to have the principle recognized, that workmen are part of the family of their employer; understanding family in this wide Roman sense; that he is their paterfamilias; that between him and them there exists a personal relationship, the observance of which is matter of the virtue of piety. Now piety, is a virtue that binds with a closer tie than justice. It is justice to give to another his own. Justice supposes two terms, the giver and the receiver, mutually distinct. Therefore no man can be just to himself, strictly speaking. Nor does hard, fast justice run between those who are in some sense identified as one moral person, as between father and son, husband and wife, master and servant. This is the teaching of Aristotle. If the father harms the son, or the master the servant, he harms himself, a more wicked piece of mischief than is injustice done to a stranger. This was the personal relationship, the family connection between master and man, recognized in theory at least in the ancient world, where there were slaves; recognized in the middle ages as the relationship of lord and vassal; and most cruelly discarded in modern times by the substitution of the conception that finds expression in the terms employer and hands.

The amendment of principle that we need will appear from the following facts. One end of London exists in order to manufacture for the convenience and luxury of the other. During the season, certain articles come to be in special request; not that they are necessary at all, but wealthy people will have them, it is the fashion. Within easy reach of the places where such goods are manufactured, poor people crowd together in rookeries; they must crowd, for the accommodation in that neighborhood is limited, and they must stay in the neighborhood to take advantage of the sudden demands for work. They get the work at literally a starvation wage. Girls are found earning from 4 shillings to 7 shillings for a week's toil. Children get 5 cents for making a gross (144) match boxes. Then there is the rent of the rookery to pay, a fourth or even a third of the earnings. No wonder there are Socialists. However, the work is done; the manufacturer gets his profits; the West End shop looks gorgeous, thronged by the wives and daughters of the nobility; and the hapless workers, no longer wanted, are cast off to look for another job. Yet their employers have hearts of flesh; they hand in a handsome subscription every Hospital Sunday; they will pale and whine over the cruelties of the vivisectionist and the mewing of distressed cats. It is only their own flesh and blood, on whose labor they live and thrive, that they think nothing at all about, beyond calling for them when they want to get work out of them, and paying them their paltry wage. There is no family-feeling here, no care to inquire where their workpeople live, no visiting them, no personal knowledge of them, no care how they subsist. If this is strict justice, at least it is not piety. It is hard to see

how these employers satisfy their obligations before God. One day they may discover that what was wanted at their hands was not Bibles for Honolulu, but a father's care for the men, women and children who toiled to make them rich.

The bond of family must be strengthened, and the sphere of duty of the paterfamilias enlarged. It is the depreciation of family ties that leads up to the rankest State Socialism. To that goal our large companies, with their agents and "hands," are unconsciously tending. But the tendency may be arrested, and even companies become paternal, by wishing it, and by delegating to their various agents in command of their work-people the office of a father, not without support of course from the company's purse. Thus a station-master might be responsible for the company's servants employed under him, not merely as touches the company's interest, but for their individual well-being, short of fussy interference, for there is excess in all things.

It will be said that this taking of workmen within the family circle will mean their employer spending money on them over and above the wages that he pays them. A frightful supposition truly! Horrible to think of obstacles being thrown in the way of amassing of wealth! Perhaps the selfishness of the master may find comfort in the Aristotelian teaching, that he who spends on his work-people, that is, on his family, spends on himself. Perhaps he may reflect that his men will work to greater production, by being better fed, better housed, less brutal, less immoral, and more loyal to his person. After all, there is something beyond mere breath in the "For he's a jolly good fellow." I fear, however, that the employer who starts this objection has but a poor idea of the end and purpose of money-making. Either he regards it as a means to enjoyment and ostentation, or as an end in itself. In either case he is a selfish man, a plague and embossed burdane in the flesh of "society. Capitalists of this mind—sober, respectable men as they are reputed to be—are to blame for the present and past misery of our laboring population. If no capitalist is possible except money-grubbers like these, it is waste of words to argue against Socialism: the socialists are right, and Capital stands condemned. The true end of money-making is for the good of the man's own family, whereof his workman count for part, for the good of his native city or district, and for the good of his country. Whoever does not appreciate the motto, Non sibi sed patrie, (man shall live for the common weal), is unworthy of a high position amongst mankind.

But, in these present evil days at least, it will be urged, it is all that the masters can do to keep out of the bankruptcy court; if they spend any more on their workmen, they will be clean ruined. One thinks of Macduff's keen inquiry, "Dost thou say all?" All these cotton-spinners who rent the parks of decaying noblemen, all these provision dealers who dress their wives in diamonds, all employers of labor who find money to fling away in the extravagances of the London season, who yacht in the Mediterranean, and fish in Norway, and buy up art-treasures in Italy—all will be ruined by an increase of attention and expenditure bestowed on the poor who are the props of their fortunes! There certainly are capitalists whose backs another straw would break, and who are not in a position to treat their workmen handsomely; yet these potatoes in due course of nature must perish from the ranks of Capital. It is much more certain that they will perish than that their wealthier brethren will wake to a sense of their duty. The times are unfavorable to small undertakings. Too many moneyed men have taken up the position of employer, attracted by the profits, and not thinking of the responsibilities; now the profits are gone, and they must go. The burden of employer-ship must rest on broader shoulders.

Hobbes, in the frontispiece of one of his works, exhibits the bust of a human figure, whose head, breast, and shoulders are made up of men packed together. We may take this for a figure of a Co-operative Society. Co-operation may open a great future at once to the small capitalists and to the working man. It has certain drawbacks, notably the difficulty of getting good managers; still the cause looks hopeful. Even more hopeful still is profit-sharing, which gives workmen a direct interest in the profits which their labor helps to produce. The effect hence anticipated is to make "industrial division vertical, not horizontal," the workman's interest being "bound up with those of his employer, and pitted in fair competition against those of other workmen and employers."

Proposal has been made of a law declaring employers of labor responsible for the decent housing of their workmen. It has been suggested that government and the railway companies should set an example in this matter of housing. The law were well made, if it would work. But I am not so much concerned here with laws as with those lines of natural duty which are the guide of all wise legislation. This,

### Coal Bills

are now a serious item. Then why burn coals for the weekly wash? Some Soaps won't wash linen without boiling, but **SUNLIGHT SOAP** will. It's a wise economy to buy the best of all Soaps, when by doing so the quantity of coal used on washing day can be

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Burning coal to help inferior and low-priced Soaps to wash is like spending a 5 cent tram fare to purchase a 10 cent article for 9 cents.

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will do more work **without coals**, and do it infinitely better, than two tablets of common, cheap soap will do **with coals**. The majority of the public soon find out the lines of true economy. That's why **SUNLIGHT SOAP** is asked for by three people to one asking for any other soap in the world.

however, may be said, that we must not have over much fear by hampering capitalists, of driving capital to other lands. Capital can do nothing without Labor, and laborers, if they are wise, will stand together in agreement to work where they are treated as sons, and nowhere else.

It is undeniable that a closer union of Capital and Labor will give the capitalist what is called "a pull upon his workmen." The firmer every employer holds by the man whom he has got, and the more they approximate to a partnership with him, the more grievous will be a dismissal, and the harder it will be for a man once dismissed to find another man to take him up. He will be like a disinherited child. It is hard finding a second father. This will strengthen the hands of the capitalist, but it is only fair that he should find his advantage in the improved order of things as well as the workman. The system as worked at present is ruining them both. The gains of the capitalist will be an increase of authority and influence over his men, and work done with more intelligence, interest, diligence, economy, and care, more loyally, conscientiously, and thoroughly.

Flattery of the lower orders is as base and mischievous as flattery of kings. It is plain truth to tell, and wholesome to hear, that the great multitude of the poor, who are always with us, have a choice to make, an alternative dictated by nature, between misery joined to independence on the one hand, and comfort along with dependence on the other. In the present deplorable state of society a third alternative widely obtains, to wit, abject misery and dependence conjoined. But if ever the good time comes when employers as a body shall take up an attitude of fatherly piety towards their men; shall abstain from gains, the outcome of paying a starvation wage, shall see to the housing of their people, shall visit them, know them, and be proud of their bright happy faces, as of the young olive plants about their own table; if ever this shall come to pass, it can only be by the workmen assuming a reciprocal attitude towards his employer, an attitude of respect, love and loyalty, and a readiness to consider his master's opinion—in fact, obedience without servility and deference is short of blind worship. The employer cannot be a father, where the employed will not behave like a son. A grown-up son, if you like, and emancipated from paternal dominion, but a son for all that, mindful of the commandment, "Honor thy father." The old song must no more be heard, "I care for nobody," with its doleful addition, "and nobody cares for me." The workman must put away at once the pride of independence and the grief of the castaway. Leo XIII. has said of the men of the present generation: "Nothing annoys them so much as obedience." The saying holds good of all classes. But working men must learn to obey as they hope to thrive. Alas! which is to begin first, the master's piety or the man's obedience?

(Continued from last week.)

**One Short Puff Clears the Head.**—Does your head ache? Have you pains over your eyes? Is the breath offensive? These are certain symptoms of Catarrh. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder will cure most stubborn cases in a marvellously short time. If you've had Catarrh a week it's a sure cure. If it's of fifty years' standing it's just as effective. 50 cents. Sold by J. D. Copeland.

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

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On and after Monday, Oct. 11, 1901, train will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

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All trains run by Eastern Standard time Twenty-four hour notation.  
Vestibule sleeping and dining cars on through Express trains between Montreal and the Maritime provinces.  
D. POTTINGER,  
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Moncton, N. B. Oct. 11, 1901.

Our Strath.

ANN'S NA LAITHEAN A DH' FHALBH.

In my boyhood's days there were many changes taking place in "Our Strath." The old thatched inn at Torren was pulled down and rebuilt on a larger and grander scale, and a new inn-keeper appeared on the scene. The style in which he furnished the house was talked of for some time. Amongst the many new articles of furniture he introduced was a large brass spittoon. The blacksmith was the first person I heard describe that utensil. My schoolmates and I when returning home from school often invaded the smithy. The smith did not look upon us with kindly eyes, for our behaviour was not always that of good boys. His method of greeting us when we became troublesome was to draw a glowing piece of iron from the fire, swing it round his head, and send a shower of sparks amongst us. Then we vanished. But the smith's stories had cast their spell upon me, and when I could rid myself of my mates I often visited the smithy alone.

One evening as I entered, the smith was taking a short rest, and engaged in conversation with Gillesbuig Ban. Torran Inn was their subject. Having handed his snuff-box to Gillesbuig and taken two large pinches himself, he sat down on the anvil to describe, at his ease, the new furnishings of the inn. Gillesbuig listened attentively, but with a look of doubt at times upon his face. When, however, the smith described the spittoon as "a round vessel, yellow as gold, that on the inn floor looked like the reflection of the full moon in the Black Pool of the river," and referred to its use, Gillesbuig showed signs of decided unbelief, rose from his seat, asked me if I was going home, wished the smith "Good night," and left. As we got a few yards away from the smithy, he suddenly stopped and said: "Ile bhain, seachain a cheardach. Clod a thig de dh'anam ann d'um' ud, le chuid breugan?" (Fair-haired lad shun the smithy. What will become of that man's soul with his lies?)

Sportsmen and gamekeepers were, about the time I write of, becoming year after year more numerous in our Strath, and the farmers and crofters had to exercise more and more care in herding their sheep and cattle. When we saw Alastair Rosh, with a long swinging step and his blue bonnet well back on his head, passing up the path that led to the deer-forest, we always conjectured that he was on his way to the pointfold that the shooting tenant made, to get out his sheep and have a row with the gamekeepers. Alastair was very hospitable; indeed, his house was ever open to any way-farer who needed food or drink, but he drew the line at gamekeepers. He, however, nearly forgot himself one day as he was striding home from Torran with a whisky bottle sticking out of his pocket, and met one of them. "B' e so ann coimeachadh ceamhsail" (This is a lucky meeting), said the keeper, with an eye on the bottle. "Ma tha, 's e sin a tha ann" (It is that), replied Alastair, at the same time taking the bottle out of his pocket and drawing the cork. Then remembering who the man was, he replaced the cork, drove it home with his fist, and with the remark: "An diabhul boinne dhe theid sios do sgornan" (Devil a drop of it will go down your gullet), strode away.

Talking of sportsmen and keepers reminds me of "Ailean a' chuire laith" (Allan of the grey corry), one of our poachers, who, finding that his hunting propensities were likely to land him in jail some day, turned gillie for Colonel Saxon, who had taken a lease of one of our deer-forests. The colonel belonged to the old English fox-hunting school, was subject to bursts of temper, and addicted to strong language. The head gamekeeper one day sent Allan, who he knew was a good deer-stalker, and another gillie out with the colonel. After a long tramp and stalk over moss and heather, they got within a hundred yards of some deer. The colonel fired at the best stag in the herd, and missed; fired and fired again at the flying deer, with the same result. Then he flung his rifle from him, sent a volley of oaths after it, and emptied what remained in his magazine of profanity on Allan. The latter picked up the rifle, and as he did so, muttered: "Ar m' anam, ma tha tuil 'san All t Mhor, bheir m' a teas as." (Upon my soul, if there is a spate in the Big Burn, I'll take the heat out of him.) When they reached the burn, which had to be crossed on their way home, it was in flood, for a thunder-cloud had burst that day on some of the western mountains. Allan offered to carry the colonel across on his back, an offer which was accepted. When he got into the middle of the burn he was seized with a fit of trembling, and after a feeble attempt at going further sank with his burden in the stream. The other gillie fished them out, and some of the contents of the colonel's whisky flask went down Allan's throat before he recovered. When they got home the colonel sent for the head keeper and asked him if Allan

was subject to fainting fits. "For," said he, "he fell in the burn while carrying me over, and we were nearly swept away with the stream." The keeper assured him that Allan was a very healthy and hardy man, and must have fainted from sheer exhaustion, having tramped many miles over the hills that morning before he went stalking.

Although the bachelors of our Strath had a well-deserved reputation for faithfulness, the most abrupt breach of promise of marriage I ever heard of occurred amongst us. Uilleam Cam (One-eyed William) one moon-lit night popped the question to Seonaid Mhor, at the end of her father's peat-stack, and was accepted. When he reached home, however, sleep forsook him, and he was haunted by phantoms from behind the curtains of unhappy married life. On the following night, when people were in bed, he went back, tapped at Seonaid's window, and when she appeared said: "A chuis ad air an robh sinn a' bruidhinn an raioir na bitheadh tuillidh mu dheidhinn." (Let the matter we spoke of last night be no more mentioned), and then turned away. But the blacksmith heard of the affair and composed a song upon it, magnifying Seonaid's charms and Uilleam's defects. The following are the only lines I remember of that song.

'S mòr a nàire 's am masladh  
Chaidh chuir air ghlèan for dhùineal a' ghlinn',  
An te chaitnair ghrinn thlachdmhor  
Bhì 'o cheilge nan daoine gu tinn,  
Cha b' e obair air gòrach  
Og, aotrom, mì-shuimeil a bh' ann,  
Ach ghlomh an fhlòr shlaughtear,  
Aod', spàgach, neo-fhàirinnach cam.

'Tis a shame and alas, a reflection  
On the manly true e lads of the glen,  
That a maiden, fair, tidy, and handsome,  
Should fall from the baseness of men.  
It was not a thoughtless young wooer  
That flattered and promised and lied,  
But a middle-aged false-hearted villain,  
Untruthful, club-footed, one-eyed.

When Mr. MacHomas, the minister, came to our Strath he found that some of the old men were not as mindful as they should be of what pertained to their future welfare, and was greatly concerned about them. He frequently visited a neighbour of ours, Iain Dubh, who though well over the "three-score and ten", was very healthy and active. Iain did not relish those visits very much, and if he happened to see the minister coming, made for the wood behind his cottage. His daughter Kate kept house for him, and she had a wooer named Rory whom he disliked. He usually contrived to be present when Rory called, as a check on that worthy. One summer evening as I was passing, I saw Iain peeping round the corner of his cot and beckoning me. When I went to him, I found that he had been thatching and had just come down the ladder. He whispered in my ear: "That plague Rory has just gone into the house, and I saw the minister coming up the road, so I must get into the wood. Get a sod of peat, run up the ladder, keep an eye over the ridge, and when the minister comes to the little gate, drop it down the chimney, and dee." This was an opportunity that did not often come a boy's way, and was not to be missed; so I joyfully did as Iain told me. The sod fell at the right moment into the fire and Rory and Kate rushed out, and to their confusion found themselves confronted by the minister. This gave me time to hasten down the ladder and disappear unnoticed. I met Iain next day, and he said with a chuckle: "Chuir thu stad air an t-suiridhe an de, 'Ile bhain. Na gabh dad ort 's bheir mi mo chaman duit" (You put a stop to the courting yesterday, fair-haired lad. Say nothing about it and I'll give you my shiny club.)—A. G. M., in The Celtic Monthly.

The Professor's Story.

At a recent dinner given in honor of a certain man of letters Mr. Hamilton Wright Mable, who was one of the speakers of the evening, said, in the course of his remarks, that a pessimist might be defined as a person who has the choice between two evils, and selects both. A Columbia student who happened to attend the dinner sat, the next morning, under Professor Brander Matthews, who delivered a characteristic lecture, with statistics, on everything in general. During the lecture Mr. Matthews remarked, with the air of a man conscious of tossing off an original jewel of epigrammatic wisdom, "You know, gentlemen, we may define a pessimist as a man who has the choice between two evils and takes both."

The student who was certain that Mr. Matthews had not been present the even-

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ing before, looked the professor up at the conclusion of the lecture, saying:

Your definition of a pessimist struck me forcibly, but I heard Mr. Mable give the same one last night.

'Is that so?' replied Mr. Matthews suavely. 'He forestalled me by half a day then. We both heard it from Mark Twain two evenings ago.'

Old People

There is many a grandfather and grandmother who finds in Griffiths' Menthol Liniment the only remedy that does their pains and aches any real good. Whether it is Rheumatism, Lame Back, or an ache anywhere, this Liniment will cure it. It acts on pain just as water does on fire, it puts it out. See that you get

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Lost His Temper.

An English sparrow went upon a search for a new home yesterday, says the New York Commercial Advertiser.

It so happened that he lighted, in the course of his travels, on the statue of Benjamin Franklin, which graces the big triangle at Park Row's junction with Nassau street.

The metal Franklin, as everybody knows, sports a tie wig, which swells out over the ears after the manner of the truly swagger girl's back hair, and in the consequent crevice the homeless sparrow fancied he had discovered an ideal place for a nest.

He proceeded to experiment. Darting down to the street he captured a tiny bit of rag and shoved it into the opening between Mr. Franklin's wig and left auricular.

The rag failed to catch on the smooth metal and slipped out. It was seized by the little home builder and shoved back again. Several other English sparrows gathered around the statue's shoulders and began to guy the first.

He paid no attention to them and by actual count dragged the obstinate rag back into the crevice fifteen times.

The second that it left its peak it slid out again. Suddenly the temper of the much-suffering sparrow exploded. He sailed into his tormentors with the energy

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

Cures Coughs and Colds at once. It has been doing this for half a century. It has saved hundreds of thousands of lives. It will save yours if you give it a chance. 25 cents a bottle. If after using it you are not satisfied with results, go to your druggist and get your money back.

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of a cyclone, and in three minutes the entire crew was whipped most beautifully. Then, smoothing his ruffled feathers, the visitor seated himself upon Mr. Franklin's august head and calmly surveyed the scene of battle.

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E. R. O. It will relieve you as no other external medicine will. Ask your druggist for E. R. O.

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P. S. I have two 3 year-old Mare Colts, which I will sell at a reasonable price. D. MCL.

NOTICE!

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada at the next session for an act to incorporate a company under the name of "The Strait of Canso Bridge Company, Limited" to construct a railway, tramway, vehicular and passenger suspension bridge across the Strait of Canso from a point at or near Port Hastings, in the County of Inverness, in the Province of Nova Scotia, to a point in or near Cape Porcupine in the County of Antigonish or the County of Guysborough in said Province, with power to construct branches of railway connecting the said bridge with different lines of railways not exceeding in any one case ten miles in length; and with power to own and operate telegraph and telephone lines, roadways, tramways and roads, and with power to make traffic or other arrangements, or to construct the Intercolonial Railway, the Cape Breton Extension Railway, or any other railways, and to maintain and levy tolls for passenger, vehicular, tramway or railway traffic. The proposed rate of tolls to be as follows:

- Foot Passengers, not exceeding 5 c.
- Carriages, not exceeding 20 c.
- Tramway, per car, not exceeding \$1.
- Railway, per car, not exceeding \$8.

The proposed bridge to be clear of interference with navigation, any 150 feet above high water, and the span or distance between abutments to be not less than one thousand feet; with such other powers and privileges as are necessary and incidental for the above mentioned purposes.

ROSS & BOSS, Solicitors for Applicants. Dated at Sydney, C. B., November 18, 1901.

FOR SALE.

A few first-class new Burgles at cost for cash to make room for other goods.

F. R. TROTTER.

For Sale or to let.

The house on College Street, containing seven rooms and kitchen. House in good repair. Apply to DAVID SOMERS Antigonish, July 4th, 1901.

Fine Monumental Work. J. H. McDougall,

Dealer in

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

Box 474.

New Glasgow.



FRASER'S MEAT MARKET

We are now making

Sausages

daily. Parties wanting

A First-Class Fresh Article

had better give these a trial.

JOHN FRASER, Manager.

FOR SALE,

THE DWELLING HOUSE and Farm on the South River Road belonging to the late Charles Murdoch Estate, also the House and Shop at Addington Forks belonging to said Estate. Good titles guaranteed.

Apply to C. ERNEST GREGORY, Barrister. Antigonish, April 29, 1901.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

1899, B. No. 867.

IN THE COUNTY COURT, For the District No. 6,

FRED PETIPAS, Plaintiff, BETWEEN HARRIET GOUTHRO, an absconter or absconding debtor, Defendant.

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

SATURDAY, the 4th day of Jan., A.D. 1902

AT 11 O'CLOCK IN THE FORENOON. Under an execution at the suit of the above-named Plaintiff, issued on a judgment in the above cause, duly recorded in the registry of Deeds at Antigonish for upwards of one year before the day of said sale the Defendant shall pay said Plaintiff or his Solicitor, or to the Sheriff, or into court, the amount due with interest and costs.

All the estate, right, title, claim, interest and demand of the said Harriet Gouthro, of, into, and out of all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land, situate, lying and being at Linwood, in the County of Antigonish, and bounded and described as follows: On the north by lands in possession of Mary Jackson and Nicholas Mattie; on the east by lands in possession of Joseph Petipas; on the south by lands in possession of said Joseph Petipas; and on the west by lands in possession of Abraham Cott and lands of Hubert Petipas and others, containing twenty-four acres, more or less, together with all and singular the privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging.

TERMS: Ten per cent. deposit at time of sale, remainder on delivery of deed.

DUNCAN D. CHISHOLM, High Sheriff of Antigonish County

E. LAVIN GIBBON, Plaintiff's Solicitor. Antigonish, Nov. 24th, 1901.

New ADVERTISEMENTS.

Land Sale—D. D. Chisholm. Notice of Meeting—C. E. Harris. Shoes—N. K. Cunningham.

Local Items.

A STRAYED heifer, at the premises of Michael McMillan, Salteppings, can be had by the owner on paying expenses.—adv

A SUPPLY of Pastor's Koenig's Remedy always on hand at C. M. Henry's drug store.—adv.

THE ANNUAL SESSION of the Municipal Council will begin next Tuesday. One of the first duties will be the selection of a Warden.

THE EARLY closing of the stores of the Town on Tuesday and Friday evenings, will be resumed next Friday evening.

CHRISTMAS EVE, the parishioners of Baddeck presented their pastor, the Rev. J. L. Macpherson with an address and a valuable fur coat.

A FEW COPIES of the Christmas numbers of Graphic, London News, Black and White, etc., at Mrs. Harrington's Book and Fancy Store.—adv.

THERE is a case of diphtheria in Town. The disease has been lingering in the districts of the county adjoining St. Joseph's. It is to be hoped that no further cases will develop.

LEGAL.—Decisions in the following cases were recently filed:

McPherson vs. Cameron, action for trespass, judgment for plaintiff, for \$20 and costs; Giroir for plaintiff, William Chisholm for defendant.

Inglis vs. McPherson, judgment for plaintiff; MacGillivray for plaintiff, Giroir for defendant.

Chisholm vs. Crispo, an action for trespass, judgment for plaintiff, \$50 and costs; Giroir for plaintiff, MacGillivray for defendant.

Walsh vs. Chisholm, action for conversion, judgment for plaintiff for \$26 and costs; McIsaac & Chisholm for plaintiff, MacGillivray and Giroir for defendant.

CHRISTMAS AT THE CATHEDRAL.—His Lordship celebrated High Mass at the Cathedral on Christmas morning assisted by Revs. Dr. R. Macdonald and Neil Macdonald as deacon and sub-deacon respectively, and Fr. MacAdam as master of ceremonies. The singing by the choir was what might be expected on such a grand and solemn occasion. The church was fittingly decorated and reflects credit on those who were in charge. In spite of the very bad condition of the roads, a large concourse was gathered to commemorate the birth of our Lord.

CHRISTMAS AT ST. ANDREW'S.—The Christmas Morning Masses began at St. Andrew's at 5 o'clock. The weather being so disagreeable, there was only a small congregation, nevertheless a very large number received Holy Communion. Father Fraser was the celebrant and preached with his usual eloquence. The church was tastefully decorated. The heating and illuminating was superintended by Samuel McDonald, postmaster, who did his work very creditably indeed. The music too, was very appropriate. The collection, which was taken up, is to be applied in enlarging the parish library.

THE COLLEGE TRACK.—Considerable has been said, and deservedly, in praise of the fine building lately erected on the college premises as a skating rink which is also well adapted for hockey. Little, however, has been claimed for the splendid track it contains, which serves as a promenade for spectators. This track is fourteen laps to the mile, has forty yards of a straightaway on each side with banked corners, making it, according to R. J. McDonald, the marathon runner, a person well competent to judge, one of the finest in America. He thus speaks of it: "I ran on many indoor tracks but this one surpasses all—it being equal in size to any track in America, but has an advantage in having long straight-aways, with practically speaking but two well-circled corners."

XMAS in Antigonish passed probably more quietly than usual. The absence of snow tended to render the day dull, and made it very disappointing to the large number who usually spend the afternoon enjoying a sleigh drive, more particularly as there was every reason a few days previously to anticipate good sleighing. Then there was considerable snow and excellent going. Tuesday a thaw melted the snow rapidly, and the heavy rain during the evening and night caused the roads to present a mid-summer appearance. The lovers of sleighing are apparently to have their disappointment of Xmas repeated on New Years. Last Friday and Friday night there was a heavy fall of snow. Yesterday's rain, however, has made the roads very bad.

Personals.

Mrs. A. B. McDonald, of St. Andrews, was summoned to Boston on Tuesday last, where her sister, Mrs. Wall, is dangerously ill.

Mr. H. H. Chisholm, of Pomquet River, who has for some time past been in the employ of the New York Tel. Co., is home for a few weeks.

Mr. Dan C. Chisholm, Kerry, Lower S. River, who has been in Michigan for the past two years, arrived home on Sat-

urday last to spend a few weeks with his friends.

Dan Fraser, of Fraser's Mills, a few days ago fell and broke his arm. This painful accident befell Mr. Fraser whilst he was charitably engaged in hauling wood for a neighbor.

Cape Breton News.

The negroes brought from Alabama to Sydney are suffering from the cold.

A heavy snow-storm prevailed on Friday afternoon and night in Cape Breton county.

There appears to be some difference between I. C. R. and I. & B. R. respecting the use of the road from Point Tupper to Point Tupper Junction. General Manager

North Sydney's citizens' meeting unanimously indorsed the action of the town council respecting concession to the N. S. Steel Co.

Two influential New York capitalists—Robert L. Campbell and Arthur L. Meyer—will arrive in Cape Breton early in January to commence a system of diamond drill boring on the coal areas at River Inhabitants, Richmond. The boring will be under the direction of Hugh Fletcher, Dominion Government engineer and geologist.

The steamer Ella which was towed to North Sydney two weeks ago disabled, with a broken shaft, and which has been here ever since affecting repairs, was ready for sea on the 25th. The new steel shaft was manufactured by the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co., and was placed in position by R. Musgrave & Son, of Sydney.

Modstock Mining Co. LIMITED.

NOTICE is hereby given that the annual meeting of the Stockholders of the MODSTOCK MINING COMPANY LIMITED, will be held at Antigonish, N. S., at the office of the Company, on Tuesday, 14th January, 1902, at 8 o'clock P.M.

By order of the President and Directors. C. E. HARRIS, Secy-Treasurer.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

IN THE COUNTY COURT, BETWEEN COLIN GRANT, Plaintiff AND RONALD McDONALD, Defendant

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

TUESDAY THE 14TH DAY OF JANUARY, A. D. 1902, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon:

ALL the estate, right, title, interest, claim, property and demand of the above-named defendant at the time of the recording of the judgment herein, or at any time since, of, in to, or against all the following lots, pieces or parcels of Land situate, lying and being at Glebe Road, Georgeville, in the County of Antigonish, and bounded and described as follows, that is to say: First, that certain lot, bounded on the North-East by land owned by or in possession of John Hefferman; on the South-East by Glebe lands (so-called); on the South-West by land owned by or in possession of Archibald Gillis; and on the North-West by the lot of land hereinafter secondly described, containing two hundred acres more or less.

Secondly, that certain other lot of land, situate at Glebe Road aforesaid, and described as follows, that is to say: Beginning at a post at the Northwest corner of said land of Archibald Gillis; thence running North 46 degrees East along the Northwest boundary lines of said lands of Archibald Gillis and of said land first hereinbefore described 66 chains and 50 links to a post at the Northeastern corner thereof; thence North 44 degrees West 32 chains to a spruce tree; thence South 61 degrees West 32 chains and 50 links; thence South 29 degrees East 13 chains; thence South 61 degrees West 25 chains to a birch tree; thence South 29 degrees East 10 chains to a maple tree; thence South 46 degrees West 3 chains to a birch tree; thence South 44 degrees East 25 chains 89 links to the place of beginning, containing two hundred and twenty one acres more or less. The same having been levied upon under an execution, issued pursuant to an order of this Honourable Court granted herein the 23rd day of September, A. D. 1901, on a judgment recovered herein, which was recorded for upwards of one year.

TERMS: Twenty per cent. deposit at time of sale, remainder on delivery of deed.

DUNCAN D. CHISHOLM, High Sheriff of Antigonish County

A. MACGILLIVRAY, Plaintiff's Solicitor.

Dated Sheriff's Office, Antigonish, December 2nd, A. D., 1901.

XMAS... GREETINGS.

Messrs. C. B. WHIDDEN & SON, wish all their patrons all the joys and happiness of the season.

They have choice Fruits and Confectionery, As well as all the substantial goods for the Holiday table uses.

Sinclair demands that the freight cars of the I. & B. R. be delivered at Point Tupper but the I. C. R. officials refuse to do this.

On the 26th a young boy was most seriously injured by a coal train between Glace Bay and Dominion No. 2. As a coal special was speeding at full speed past the old Stirling, two youths were noticed endeavoring to steal a ride. One lad, Joseph Jessome, a son of William Jessome, caught hold, and he was whirled around, his right leg came upon the rail and was quickly severed above the knee by the passing train. Drs. McKeen and McDonald have been in attendance in dressing the wounds and they find the case a precarious one, and the unfortunate boy is not expected to live.

Signer Marconi arrived at North Sydney by S. S. Bruce on Thursday morning and was met by Premier Murray, Mayor McKenzie and a representative of the Dominion government, in company with whom he visited Sydney and the South Shore, viewing possible sites for his apparatus. On returning from his inspection of sites, he was tendered a banquet at the Sydney hotel, Sydney. On Saturday he proceeded to Ottawa. He says a permanent station will be erected on Cape Breton, and that he has four sites in view from which to make a selection. Table Head, Northern and Southern Heads, Port Morien, and Burying Point, Louisburg. After he decides on a site, work of construction will commence immediately. About 100 men will be employed during the construction work; and 8 or 9 after it is completed. The cost of the station will be about \$60,000. Signer Marconi said that he was satisfied with his long distance experiments as far as they had gone; and that for shorter distances, the machines are now in actual use both in land stations and among ships.

AUCTION.

To be sold at Public Auction at the Court House in Antigonish, on

SATURDAY the 4th day of Jan., A.D. 1902

AT 10 O'CLOCK IN THE FORENOON.

All the estate, right, title, and interest of John R. Boyd, of West Lakevale, in that lot of land on which he lately resided at West Lakevale aforesaid, containing 60 acres more or less. There is an excellent dwelling-house thereon, and a considerable part of the land is in excellent cultivation. Also the interest of said John R. Boyd in the barn lately occupied by him at West Lakevale aforesaid and the land therewith.

TERMS:—Twenty per cent. deposit at sale, remainder on delivery of deed.

DUNCAN D. CHISHOLM, Antigonish 23rd December, 1901. Assignee

FOR SALE.

A valuable Woodland Lot, consisting of 50 acres, more or less, and containing heavy hardwood and soft wood mixed. It is conveniently situated to railway, being but one and a half miles from AFTON STATION and two miles from BIG TRACADIE STATION. The purchaser can have both land and wood, or the wood only, and in such sized lots as will suit. Apply to BENJAMIN PETIPAS.

Big Tracadie, Dec. 11th, '01.

Handsome Pictures.

Pictures handsomely and artistically colored and exact reproductions of famous oil paintings for sale cheap, size 24 x 30, post paid to your address for 75 cents each. Any three of your choice for \$2.00. Beautifully framed with glass and back complete, only \$3.00 each. The following are a list of subjects:—Ecco Homo, Crucifixion, Master Dolorosa, Evangeliae, Easter Decorations, and the language of Flowers. One hundred beautiful celluloid photo frames for 35 cents each.

Address J. F. WALL, 6 Blower St., Halifax, N. S.

A GOOD REASON.

It is because of the SUPERIOR QUALITY that so many are ordering their winter's supply of COAL THROUGH D. G. WHIDDEN, TELEPHONE 53. WANTED!

Position as working housekeeper. Will furnish references as to ability. Address: MRS. FRIEHL, 12-26 New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

DRESS-MAKING.

LADIES' TAILORS. Ladies' Perfect-Fitting Jackets and Shirt Waists by the Harriet A. Brown System of Boston.

MRS. D. McINNIS, Hawthorne St., Town.

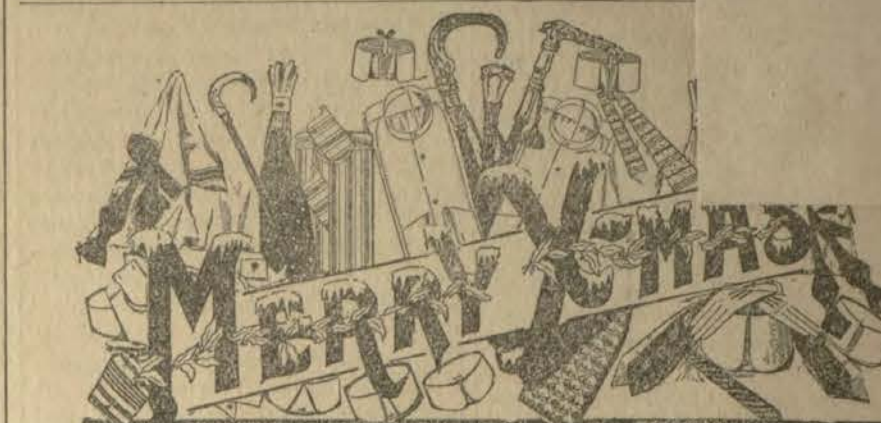
TENDERS WANTED.

Offers in writing will be received by the undersigned up to and including JANUARY 11th, 1902, for about 15 acres of interval land on the south side of the West River, being part of the farm lately owned by Alexander Cameron, joining Post Road. The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

SOMERS & CO. Antigonish, Dec. 30, '01.

You Really Can

PURE G Select Pul in 5c. and 10c. per measure. Best of YOUR GROCER HAS



THINGS TO GIVE THE MEN FOLKS.

Here they are—that is if the gifts are to be of the practical sort. May be, above all he'd prefer an OVERCOAT or SUIT. Perhaps you couldn't please father or son or brother better than to give him a gift of that sort. Overcoat or Suit here at \$3.75 and as high as \$15.00, lots of prices in between. Then if he's not in the family, but willing to be, for "him" there is a multitude of suggestions.

Neckwear, Suspenders, Gloves, Mufflers, Full Dress Protectors, Shirts, Handkerchiefs, Umbrellas, Canes, Jewelry, Etc., Etc., Etc.

Our stock is full of Xmas suggestions. A few minutes expended in our store now each day may save hours of indefinite seeking and may lead to saving that will put money in your purse.

Goods Exchanged, or Money Refunded Always. THE UP-TO-DATE CLOTHIERS AND FURNISHERS.

The Palace Clothing Coy. Main Street, --- Antigonish.

Chance for a Snap.

- We have on hand now and will sell almost at your own figure 1 KARN PIANO, Upright, 7 1-3 Octave, in perfect condition, very slightly used. 1 CRAIG PIANO, Upright, 7 1-3 Octave, in perfect condition, very slightly used. 1 HERR PIANO, Upright, 7 1-3 Octave, in perfect condition, very slightly used. 1 WILLIAMS PIANO, Upright, 7 1-3 Octave, in perfect condition, very slightly used. These Pianos we have rented a short time, but now will close out and at a bargain. Write for particulars.

MILLER BROS., & McDONALD 45 Barrington Street, Halifax, N. S.

New Year's News

That is most welcome to us and our customers is that our Shoe Stock has been increased with several new and novel styles in Men and Ladies' FOOTWEAR surpassing all past efforts of the manufacturers. For a good comfortable rig for winter wear you will do well to examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

N. K. CUNNINGHAM. ANTIGONISH, N. S.

Saw Mill Machinery Outfits.

Engines and Boilers, IN PORTABLE, SEMI-PORTABLE —OR— STATIONARY STYLES

Turbine Water Wheels, Rotary Saw Mills,

GANG EDGERS, BAND SAW MILL MACHINERY, Complete list of BAND SAWING MACHINES, HEADING ROUNDERS, SHINGLE MACHINES, LATH MACHINES, SAWS, BELTING, ETC., ETC.

Lloyd Mfg. Co., Kentville, N. S.