

THE CASKET.

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THURSDAY, MAY 12.

Canon Henson believes that the reading of the Bible might profitably be supplemented with that of the Lives of the Saints. Here he is at one with the practice of the Catholic Church.

Canon Henson says that the literary power of certain portions of the Old Testament can never fail to secure for them the highest rank in literature. True; but it can fail to win for them the reverence which is needed to make them accepted standards of conduct.

Premier Combes finds it hard to get workmen to take down the crucifixes. The leading decorator in Paris refused the job, saying that his conscience would not permit him to do it, and that all his men would rather lose their places. Finally, a gang of socialists were hired for the odious task. French witnesses will henceforth simply testify on their honour, instead of swearing on the crucifix. Several judges have sent in their resignations, declaring they will no longer "sit in judgment in rooms where such desecration has been perpetrated."

The most progressive of the South American republics conduct their affairs in a manner which makes them a model to older nations. Chili and Argentina having had a dispute concerning their boundary line, and having come to a peaceful agreement, celebrated the agreement by erecting a large statue of Our Lord on the boundary line, at the dedication of which high officials of both countries were present. This ceremony was followed by a visit of the Argentine Foreign Minister to Santiago, the Chilean capital.

While acknowledging that the Russians are dogmatically and liturgically closer to us religiously than any others of our separated brethren, we must recognize that in the United States they show a disposition to hold communication in sacred things with the Protestant Episcopal Church. Fraternal visits have been exchanged between Bishop Olmsted and Bishop Tikhon of Colorado, each of whom has officially taken part in the liturgical services of the church presided over by the other. This indicates a time-serving spirit in the Russian Church of America.

Canon Henson's views of the Bible are strongly repudiated by his clerical brethren in Montreal; but he finds a strong supporter in the Rev. John MacNaughton, Professor of Greek in McGill University. Professor MacNaughton makes the sneering remark: "No pastor in his senses, and free to choose, reads an imprecatory psalm. None but persons like Mr. Sam Blake lay any stress on the whale that swallowed Jonah." This makes us wonder whether the professor attaches any importance at all to the words of our Lord and of the Prince of the Apostles. For Christ said that as Jonah was three days in the belly of the whale, so would the Son of Man be three days in the grave. And St. Peter quoted the strongest of what Prof. MacNaughton calls the imprecatory psalms, and declared that it was a prophecy of the fate of Judas.

Father Wynne, S. J., having, in his capacity of editor of the *Messenger*, severely criticised a new edition of Appleton's Cyclopaedia, and the early volumes of Dodd, Mead & Co.'s New

International Encyclopaedia, now feels bound to state that his criticisms have been heeded. He writes as follows in the April number of his magazine:

Some time ago we had reason to object to certain statements in these two works, and we are happy to say that Appleton & Co. began the revision of their cyclopaedia, although the entire edition was already in the market, and that Dodd, Mead & Co., who had issued only three volumes at the time of our criticism, began their revisions immediately. The cyclopaedias are now as far as possible what they are said to be in the prospectuses and circulars used to describe them, and whatever criticisms may be made concerning their general merits or defects, there is so little comparatively that is defective that no one can reasonably complain, especially if it be only an occasional word, or phrase, or view of some writer whose lack of up-to-date knowledge or bias is amply made up for by the list of references in which diligent readers may learn what is necessary to form a correct view.

The late Jonathan Saxton Campbell Wurtele was one of the ablest members of the Canadian judiciary. He had been thirty-six years at the Bar before being called to the bench of the Superior Court of Quebec in 1886. For many years he was a professor of law at McGill University, and held a Cabinet position in various Quebec Governments. France made him a member of the Legion of Honour in 1883, and he was raised to the Queen's Bench in 1892. Judge Wurtele was held in the highest esteem both by Bench and Bar, and it was very seldom that an appeal was taken from his decisions. Though severe in maintaining the dignity of his position, he was most kind to young lawyers, and in private life was distinguished by wit and geniality. He took a great interest in educational matters, in music and art. He became a Catholic at the mature age of fifty, and was in his seventy-seventh year at the time of his death. Father Callaghan of St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, who knew him well, says that he had a heart of gold. May he rest in peace.

Carlyle is handled pretty severely in two recent books. In Richard Garnett and Edmund Gosse's huge history of English Literature we read: "Unjust to human effort; he barks at mankind like an ill tempered dog, angry if it is still, yet more angry if it moves. A most unhelpful physician, a prophet without a gospel, but vague stir and turbulence of contradiction. We are beginning now to admit, a voice and nothing more, yet at worst what a resonant and imperial clarion of a voice." Herbert Spencer, in his *Autobiography* just published, gives this estimate of the Sage of Chelsea: "He, strange to say, has been classed as a philosopher. Considering he either could not or would not think coherently—never set out from premises and reasoned his way to conclusions, but habitually dealt in intuitions and dogmatic assertions, he lacked the trait which, perhaps, more than any other, distinguishes the philosopher properly so-called. He lacked also a further trait. Instead of thinking calmly, as a philosopher above all others does, he thought in a passion. It would take much seeking to find one whose intellect was perturbed by passion to the same degree."

The late Sir Leslie Stephen, son of the Sir James Stephen who wrote so glowingly of St. Francis Xavier, was perhaps the most zealous propagandist of agnosticism England has ever seen. It is by his literary work, however, that he will be remembered. When John Morley began to edit the *English Men of Letters* series, thirty years ago, many who were yet in their teens began for the first time to learn something of literature. John B. Alden of New York was a piratical publisher, but so were Harpers, Scribners and the others. Alden at least gave his readers a share in the profits of his piracy, and when the first four volumes of the series mentioned were offered to us bound in one for fifty cents, we gladly made them our own. They were, "Defoe," by William Minto; "Johnson," by Leslie Stephen; "Scott," by Richard H. Hutton; and "Thackeray," by

Anthony Trollope, and gave a joy to our youth such as no works of the kind can now excite. Stephen was easily the best of the four biographers named; later on, he contributed to the same series volumes on Pope and Swift. Before this, he had published his "Essays on Freethinking and Plainspeaking," from which we have more than once quoted his opinion that religion without dogma is as meaningless as a statue without shape or a picture without colour, and that to be a Christian in any real sense at all one must believe in the most tremendous of all dogmas, namely the Incarnation. He had been a minister of the Church of England before becoming a freethinker, but he always retained his contempt for the amorphous thing called undogmatic religion. In 1880, he accepted the post of editor of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, having for his assistants the clever young Jew who, on the advice of the Master of Balliol, changed his name from Solomon Lazarus to Sidney Lee, and Thompson Cooper of the *London Times*, who so quickly followed Sir Leslie Stephen to the tomb. Mr. Cooper being a Catholic himself was entrusted with the preparation of the Catholic articles, the editor's agnosticism not such as to destroy entirely his spirit of British fair play. Sir Leslie Stephens' name will always remain associated at its best with the *English Men of Letters* series and the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

The *Literary Digest* is a periodical which is widely circulated among people who have grown weary of trying to separate the wheat from the chaff in the daily papers. It makes a great profession of impartiality, but is not as trustworthy as it might be when Catholic questions are under discussion. For instance, it lately informed its readers that the German ex-Jesuit, Count Hoensbroech had accepted Father Peter Dasbach's challenge of two thousand florins to any one who should find in Jesuit theologians the doctrine that the end justifies the means, and had made out so good a case that he was now suing Father Dasbach for the money. The *Digest* did not say, however, that the Count, in the pamphlet containing what he called his proofs, utterly repudiated all the charges hitherto brought against the Jesuits on this matter, in the following words: "All that has hitherto been brought forward, from Pascal to the present day, as proof of the occurrence of this notorious principle in Jesuit works, cannot bear criticism. The passages are torn from the context, taken chiefly from the *Medulla Theologiae Moralis* of the Jesuit Busenbaum and though they contain very clearly the words: when the end is allowed, so also are the means, *cum finis est licitus, etiam media sunt licita*, yet they prove nothing, because in these passages there is no question of means that are intrinsically wrong. And yet these are the only means that can be considered." It might be supposed that this settled the case at once in favour of the Jesuits. But Count Hoensbroech insists that though they do not teach the general principle that the end justifies the means, yet they do hold "some particular, definite acts that are intrinsically wrong to be allowable in certain cases." When he comes to examples, we find that the act which he assumes to be intrinsically wrong are denied to be such not only by Jesuit moralists, but by authors universally well-reputed, by Catholics and Protestants alike, like St. Gregory, St. Chrysostom, St. Ambrose, and St. Augustine. The question then is: Who is the better judge of the intrinsic morality of the acts under discussion, the moralists above-mentioned or Count Hoensbroech. This is as far as the ex-Jesuit has really got in proving his case, the *Literary Digest* to the contrary notwithstanding.

In the last century Bismarck, Gortschakoff and Beaconsfield overshadowed their respective sovereigns. To-day Kaiser William, Czar Nicholas and King Edward are in fact as well as in

name the chief executives of three great empires. The day of kings was thought to have passed, but it has come again, following the day of prime ministers. To the Kaiser's personality is largely due the re-establishment of friendly relations between Germany and the Church; to the Czar's initiative we owe the Hague Tribunal; while King Edward is credited with a host of deeds which may be called kingly in the best sense of the word. His personal influence, it is believed, brought about peace between Boer and Briton, the passage of the best Land Act that Ireland has ever received, the restoration of cordial relations with France, the re-organization of the War Office. Everywhere he displays tact and kindness of heart. When Earl Roberts was retired from the position of Commander-in-Chief in a cold official document which took no account of his distinguished services, the veteran was compensated by a personal letter from the King which referred to his career in terms which must have made his heart glow with pride. When an ordinance admitting Chinese labour into the Transvaal had passed the Commons and Lords in the face of serious opposition both in England and South Africa, from those who believed that the new departure was little better than a revival of slavery, his Majesty, without disallowing the Act altogether, withheld his signature indefinitely, to give time for sober second thought upon the matter. When Russia was in a fever of excitement over the taunts of the British press, King Edward made the Russian ambassador, going to St. Petersburg to bid farewell to his son, the bearer of an autograph letter to the Czar. As soon as this was known, Russian resentment began to moderate. Now, if we can believe the London correspondent of the *New York Herald*, a similar moderation may be noticed in England. Russia has ceased to be a Turk's head with the journalists; courtesy has taken the place of truculence, and criticism is no longer malevolent as before. All jingo songs and references to the war have been forbidden by the managers of the music-halls. "It appears to be quite evident," says the correspondent, "that there has existed some restraining influence upon the section of the English public and press which was only too ready to run riot for Japan, and more likely than not this influence is that of the sovereign. He is too familiar with the facts of the situation not to see that the policy of opposition to Russia and the encouragement of the most ambitious portion of the yellow race is a mistaken policy. At any rate, it is coming to be recognized here that Russia has a right to a place in the sunshine and people are now talking of an arrangement between her and Great Britain which will admit as much." All of which should make us join more heartily than may have been our custom in the prayer, "God Save the King."

Professor Lounsbury of Yale is something of an iconoclast in matters grammatical. He is fond of reminding the grammarians that their business is merely to record the usage of the best writers, not to say that the best writers must follow certain usage; and he has rather a contempt for those who are afraid to employ an expression which makes for strength and clearness, when that expression happens to be condemned by purists in language. In the April number of *Harper's Magazine* he discusses the question of what he calls "that most extraordinary specimen of grammatical terminology which gives to the separation of the preposition from the verb the name of 'split infinitive.'" This is supposed by many to be a slipshod bit of novelty. So far from it, the use of the adverb between the sign of the infinitive and the verb was followed by Wycliffe in the fourteenth century, and at later periods by Defoe, Johnson, Burke, Southey, Coleridge, Lamb, De Quincey, Matthew Arnold, Ruskin, Byron, Keats, Burns, the Brownings, Lowell and Holmes. Prof. Lounsbury admits, however, that it is not till a comparatively recent period

that the split infinitive has been found frequently; and that from the middle of the sixteenth down to the beginning of the nineteenth century the probabilities are that the practice has against it the weight of authority. During the last fifty years this usage has steadily increased. In the eighteenth century, when reviewers first began to notice it, "it was treated as a singularity and not denounced as an enormity. . . . At no period indeed has the attack upon the usage been so virulent as during the past dozen years; and at no period has its futility been so apparent. The purists had been aroused from their torpor too late, if indeed their awakening at any time would have made any difference in the result." The extension of the practice the professor attributes to the fact that a careful avoiding of the split infinitive often gives rise to ambiguity, while the use sometimes adds force as well as clearness to a sentence. The strongest argument which he presents is that so elegant a writer as Macaulay should have with marked deliberation preferred, in a single instance, to use a split infinitive. In the essay on Lord Holland, which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* for July 1840, occurs the following sentence: "In order fully to appreciate the character of Lord Holland, it is necessary to go back into the history of his family." In the volume of essays, published in 1843, the sentence reads: "In order to fully appreciate the character of Lord Holland, etc." Certainly the essayist must have judged,—and he was a rood judge,—strength was gained by the change. On the whole the conclusion seems to be that some split infinitives are elegant and forceful while others are not. Professor Lounsbury's own books are almost destitute of elegance, which might not be the case if he had less contempt for purists in language.

The Symbol of the Apostles.

The current number of the *University Bulletin* contains a lengthy and, upon the whole, very favourable review of "The Symbol of the Apostles," from the pen of the Very Rev. Dr. Shaban, the distinguished Professor of Ecclesiastical History at the Catholic University. The opening paragraph is as follows:

We recommend to all our readers the perusal of this work on the Apostles' Creed. It betrays an extensive acquaintance with the original texts that underlie all discussion concerning the literary history of this document—the date of its origin, the place and circumstances of composition or growth, the original language, and other interesting questions that have been widely mooted within the last generation. Dr. MacDonald has meditated profoundly on the Greek and Latin "testimonia" to the original and collective compilation by the apostles of the Apostles' Creed, possibly before the departure from Jerusalem, and in a phraseology substantially the same as that met with in the early part of the fifth century. The absence of clearer historical evidence than we possess he attributes to two facts—(a) the "Disciplina Arcani," or so-called Discipline of the Secret that forbade the communication of this norm of belief to any but the Christian faithful, and (b) the oral tradition of the same, by reason of which this "rule of faith" or "watchword" was doubly preserved as an heirloom of the baptized faithful. Dr. MacDonald concludes that for these two reasons the modern historical critic is stopped, at the very outset of his investigations, from any knowledge of this formula other than that which has come down to us through ecclesiastical tradition. He is acquainted with the writings of German and English scholars on the subject and writes with a style of firm conviction that is often quite personal and challenging. It is a relief to come across a work like this, after the dreary waste of academic discussions that center about this well-worn confession of Christian faith.

At the request of the Pope, the singing of the Gregorian Mass in St. Peter's on the occasion of the centenary of St. Gregory, which was executed by a chorus of 1,500 voices, has been perpetuated for the use and instruction of the churches outside of Rome. Arrangements were made with a phonograph company to take the records of the most important parts of the execution, and a special meeting of all the singers was held in the church the day following the celebration. The making of records was perfectly successful, and soon lovers of church music all over the world will be able to listen to the most perfect execution of Gregorian music.

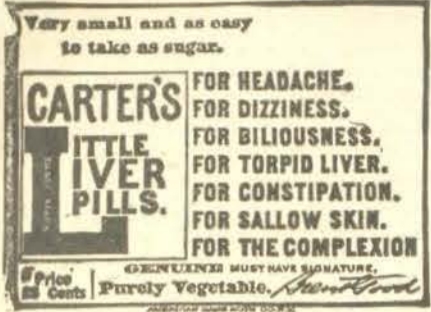
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The Beggar's Pouch.

A rich American, with a kind heart and a lively sense of humor, was heard to remark as he crossed the Italian frontier, en route for Switzerland, "Now, if there be any one in the length and breadth of Italy who has not yet begged from me, this is his time to come forward."

It was a genial invitation, betokening that tolerance of mind rarely found in the traveling Saxon, who is fortified against beggars, as against many other foreign institutions, by a petition-proof armor of finely welded principle and prejudice. He disapproves of mendicancy in general. He believes—or he says he believes—that you wrong and degrade your fellow men by giving them coppers. He has the assurance of his guidebook that the corps of ragged veterans who mount guard over every church door in Rome are unworthy of alms, being themselves capitalists on no ignoble scale. His irritation, when sore beset, is natural and pardonable. His arguments are notably answered. He can be vaguely statistical,—real figures can be hard to come by in Italy,—he can be earnestly philosophical, he can quote Mr. Augustus Hare. In the end, he leaves you perplexed in spirit and dull of heart, with sixpence saved in your pocket, and the memory of pinched old faces—which do not look at all like the faces of capitalists at home—spoiling your appetite for dinner.

This may be right, but it is a melancholy attitude to adopt in a land where beggary is an ancient and not dishonorable profession. All art, all legend, all tradition, tell for the beggar. The splendid background against which he stands gives color and dignity to his part. We see him sheltered by St. Julian,—ah, beautiful young beggar of the Pitti!—fed by St. Elizabeth, clothed by St. Martin, warmed by the fagots which St. Francesca Romano gathered for him in the wintry woods. What heavenly blessings have followed the charity shown to his needs, what evils have followed thick and fast where he has been rejected! I remember these things when I meet his piteous face and outstretched palm to-day. It is true that the Italian beggar almost always takes a courteous, or even an impatient denial in wonderfully good part; but, should he feel disposed to be malevolent, I am not one to be indifferent to his malevolence. I do not like to hear a shaken old voice wish that I may die unshriven. There are too many possibilities involved.

"So sang a withered Sibil energetical,
And bann'd the ungliving door with lips prophetic."

Mr. Henry James is of the opinion (and one envies him his ability to hold it) that "the sum of Italian misery is, on the whole, less than the sum of the Italian knowledge of life. That people should thank you, with a smile of enchanting sweetness, for the gift of twopence is a proof certainly of an extreme and constant destitution; but—keeping in mind the sweetness—it is also a proof of a fortunate ability not to be depressed by circumstances." This is comforting faith to foster, and more credible than the theory of secreted wealth within the beggar's pouch. It takes a great many pennies to build up a substantial fortune, and the competition in mendicancy is too keen to permit of the profits being large. The business—like other roads to fortune—is "not what it once was." A particularly good post, long held and undisputed, an imposingly venerable and patriarchal appearance, a total absence of legs or arms,—these things may lead to modest competency; but these things are rare equipments. My belief in the affluence of beggars—a belief I was cherishing carefully for the sake of my own peace of mind—received a rude shock when I beheld a crippled old woman, whose post was in the Piazza S. Claudio, tucked into a doorway one cold December midnight, her idle crutches lying on her knees. If she had had a comfortable, or even an uncomfortable home to go to, why should she have stayed to shiver and freeze in the deserted Roman streets? The latitude extended by the Italian Church to beggars, the patronage shown them, never ceases to vex the tourist mind. An American cannot reconcile himself to marching up the church steps between two rows of mendicants, each provided with a chair, a little scaldino, and a tin cup, in which a penny rattles lustily. There is nothing casual about the appearance of these freeholders. They make no pretense—as do beggars at home—of sudden emergency, or frustrated hopes. They are following their daily avocation,—the only one for which they are equipped,—and following it in a spirit of acute and healthy rivalry. To give to one and not to all is to arouse such a clamorous wail that it seems, on the whole, less stony-hearted to refuse altogether. Once inside the sacred walls, we find a small and well-selected body of practitioners hovering around the portals, waiting to exact their tiny toll when we are ready to depart. "Exact" is not too strong a word to use, for I have had a lame but comely young woman, dressed in decent black, with a black veil framing her expressive face, hold the door of the Aracoeli firmly barred with one arm, while she swept the other toward me in a gesture so fine, so full of mingled entreaty and command, that it was worth double the fee she asked. Occasionally—not often—an intrepid beggar steals around during Mass, and, touching each member of the congregation on the shoulder, gently implores an alms. This is a practice frowned upon as a rule, save in Sicily, where a "plentiful poverty" doth so abide that no device for moving compassion can be too rigidly condemned. I have been present at a high Mass in Palermo, when a ragged woman with a baby in her arms moved slowly after the sacristan,—who was taking up the offertory collection,—and took up a second collection of her

own, quite as though she were an authorized official. It was a scandalous sight to Western eyes,—in our well-ordered churches at home such a proceeding would be as impossible as a trapeze performance in the aisle,—but what depths of friendly tolerance is displayed, what gentle, if inert, compassion for the beggar's desperate needs!

For in Italy, as in Spain, there is no gulf set between the rich and poor. What these lands lack in practical philanthropy is atoned for by a sweet and universal friendliness of demeanor, and by a prompt recognition of rights. It would be hard to find in England or America such tattered rags, such gaunt faces and hungry eyes; but it would be impossible to find in Italy or Spain a church where rags are relegated to some inconspicuous and appropriate background. The Roman beggar jostles—but jostles urbanely—the Roman prince; the noblest and the lowliest kneel side by side in the Cathedral of Seville. I have heard much all my life about the spirit of equality, and I have listened to fluent sermons, designed to prove that Christians—impelled by supernatural grace—love this equality with especial fervor; but I have never seen its practical workings, save in the churches of southern Europe. There tired mothers hush their babies to sleep, and wan children play at ease in their Father's house. There I have been privileged to stand for hours, during long and beautiful services, because the only available chairs had been appropriated by forlorn creatures who would not have been permitted to intrude into the guarded pews at home.

It has been always thus. We have the evidence of writers who give it with reluctant sincerity;—of Borrow, for example, who firmly believed he hated many things for which he had a natural and visible affinity. "To the honor of Spain be it spoken," he writes in *The Bible in Spain*, "that it is one of the few countries in Europe where poverty is never insulted, nor looked upon with contempt. Even at an inn the poor man is never spurned from the door, and if not harboured, is at least dismissed with fair words, and consigned to the mercies of God and His Mother."

The more ribald Nash, writing centuries earlier, finds no words too warm in which to praise the charities of Catholic Rome.—"The bravest ladies, in gowns of beaten gold, washing pilgrims' and poor soldiery's feet. . . . This I must say to the shame of us English; if good works may merit Heaven, they do them, we talk about them."

The Roman ladies "doe them" still; not so picturesquely as they did three hundred years ago, but in the same noble and delicate spirit. Their means and their methods are far below the means and methods of charitable organizations in England and America. They cannot find work where there is no work to be done. They cannot lift the hopeless burden of want which is the inevitable portion of the Italian poor. They can at best give only the scanty loaf which keeps starvation from the door. They cannot educate the children, nor make the swarming populace of Rome "self-respecting," by which we mean self-supporting. But they can and do respect the poverty they alleviate. Their mental attitude is simpler than ours. They know well that it is never the wretchedly poor who "fear fate and cheat nature," and they see, with more equanimity than we can muster, the ever-recurring tragedy of birth. The hope so dear to our Western hearts—of ultimately raising the whole standard of humanity shines very dimly on their horizon; but if they plan less for the race, they draw closer to the individual. They would probably, if questioned, say frankly with Sir Thomas Browne, "I give no alms only to satisfy the hunger of my Brother, but to fulfil and accomplish the Will and Command of my God." And if the *Religio Medici* be somewhat out of date,—superseded, we are told, by a finer altruism which rejects the system of reward,—we may still remember Mr. Pater's half-rueful admission that it was all "pure profit" to its holder.

When Charles Lamb lamented, with innate perversity, the decay of his mind, he merely withdrew his mind from actualities,—which always annoyed him,—and set it to contemplate those more agreeable figures which were not suffering under the disadvantage of existence. It was the beggar of romance, of the ballads, of the countryside, of the merry old songs, whose departure he professed to regret. The outcast of the London streets could not have been—even in Lamb's time—a desirable feature. To-day we find him the most depressing object in the civilized world; and the fact that he is what is called, in the language of the philanthropist, "unworthy," makes him no whit more cheerful of contemplation. The ragged creature who rushes out of the darkness to cover the wheel of youransom with his tattered sleeve manages to convey to your mind a sense of degraded wretchedness, calculated to lessen the happiness of living. His figure haunts you miserably, when you want to forget him and be light of heart. By his side, the venerable, white-bearded old hump-bugs who lift the leather curtains of Roman and Venetian churches stand forth as cheerful embodiments of self-respecting mendicancy. They, at least, are no pariahs, but recognized features of the social system. They are the Lord's poor, whose prayers are fertile in blessings. It is kind to drop a coin into the outstretched hand, and to run the risk—not so appalling as we seem to think—of its being unworthily bestowed. "Rake not into the bowels of unwelcome truth to save a half-penny!" but remember, rather, the ever ready alms of Dr. Johnson, who pitied most those who were least de-

(Continued on page seven).

Tired Out

"I was very poorly and could hardly get about the house. I was tired out all the time. Then I tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and it only took two bottles to make me feel perfectly well."—Mrs. N. S. Swinney, Princeton, Mo.

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Ask your doctor what he thinks of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He knows all about this grand old family medicine. Follow his advice and we will be satisfied.

Drunkard's Black List.

Whether or not the "drunkard's black list" would work effectively in large cities may be doubted; but there is good reason for commending it as an excellent preventive of inebriety in smaller cities, towns, and villages. There is a blacklist clause in the new license law of Manchester, N. H., and the chief of police of that city evidently purposes making the clause effective. All saloons, hotels, and druggists have been supplied with a list of persons to whom liquor must not be sold under penalty of loss of license. The chief's original list contained only one hundred and eighty names, but applications from friends and relatives of immoderate drinkers have increased the number to four hundred. To offset the obvious weak point in this blacklist plan, the chief will add to the list the name of any one whom he has reason to believe has bought liquor for a black-listed person. The plan is said to be productive of good results in another New Hampshire town, Antrim, where it has been in operation for some time; and, with trustworthy officials to carry out the system without fear or favor, it should on the face of it prove of genuine benefit to those smaller communities all over the country in which the sale of liquor is licensed at all.—*Ave Maria*.

"Though it meant death sure."—Mrs. James McKim, of Dunville, Ont., says of her almost miraculous cure from heart disease by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart: "Until I began taking this remedy I had heart failure and extreme prostration. One dose gave me quick relief and one bottle cured me. The suffering of years were dispelled like magic."—3

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The Symbol in Sermons

is the title of a new work by the Very Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D. D.,

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WHY always regret why you did

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ever offered the Antigonish public.

OUR OWN CURING.

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LEAVE ANTIGONISH.

No. 56. Mixed for New Glasgow and Truro. 8.10

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Twenty-four o'clock is midnight.

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Moncton, N. B., Oct. 9, 1903.

THE STORY OF A LETTER.

The doctor looked into the woman's brave eyes and slowly pronounced her sentence.

"The operation must take place within a few days or—" "Or what?" "It may be too late to operate at all."

"And—I will get through it safely?" "I hope so." "You are not sure. You think there is a risk?" "There is always a risk in every operation," he answered evasively.

"Tell me the truth, doctor; I can bear it."

The old man looked into the desperate eyes and put his hand gently on the woman's shoulder. "You are a brave woman. I will tell you the truth. This operation will be a very serious one—in fact, there is only a chance that you will survive it. But there is a chance, and for the sake of it you must not lose heart."

"Couldn't I wait till next month—just for a few weeks longer? It surely would not make any difference if it was postponed till then."

"My child," the doctor answered, "if we postponed it for a few weeks, for, even one week, you will lose your chance of recovery. Besides, you will suffer such agony that your life will be unbearable. Let me advise you, and make up your mind to go through it immediately."

"Immediately?" "Within the next few days. You must go into the hospital to-morrow to be prepared for it."

Then he explained the arrangements he would make for her, and after listening in a dazed half stupid fashion Elizabeth said "goodby" to him and wearily went out in the cold and darkness of the evening.

She drove along in a hansom with tears running down her white cheeks, and her heart rebelling at the cruel hand of Fate that had so unsparingly dealt her this blow. Had she deserved it? Was this trial sent to her because she had set one man upon a pedestal and worshipped him to the exclusion of the whole world? Or was it because she, like a fool, had thrust away with laughing eyes the happiness that had been held out to her, and the gods had guessed it was only a freak, and were punishing her because she insolently played with the best they had to give? Six months ago when David Moore had started to tell her how dear she was to him, she had stopped him with a laugh, and had warned him that it would be wiser to wait till he returned from abroad before he decided that she was the "only woman in the world." She did not know why she had done it; why, when her heart was craving for his love, she had coquetted and warded him off. But right deep down she knew that it was for his own sake, to give him a fair chance of seeing other younger, more beautiful women, before she let him tell her that she was the best of all.

"I'll be back in six months, Elizabeth," he said, holding her hands tightly, and looking into the sweet gray eyes. "I'll come straight to you. You will listen to me then; you will then believe that I am in earnest." And so he left her.

And now the six months were at an end, for that morning a telegram had come telling her of his arrival in England, and to expect to see him to-night. She had lived every hour of her life in these months for David; everything she did was for his sake—was to please him. And now, when the time had really come, and he would be with her in a few hours, she must gather up her strength and send him away without a word of love, without a sign of regret.

It was because the pain had waged so fiercely through the night that she had determined to go to a doctor to beg for something to give her relief for the time at least. She had gone and had her sentence pronounced.

Although he had not actually said so Elizabeth guessed that even if she did survive the operation she would always be a weak, delicate woman. And in her great love she decided to sacrifice even one hour of joy—she could never bear to be a drag on David, she must send him away again without explaining the reason.

When she arrived at the house where she lived in Kensington, she turned down the lamps under their red shades and told the maid to put more coal on the fire. She decided to postpone her preparations for her illness until after her visitor had gone. She would only have time now to prepare herself for the scene she must go through with him.

After she had some tea she went to her room. The frock she had chosen to wear was lying on the bed. It was a soft blue silk, and was very simply made. Quickly she put it back into the wardrobe and took down one that was just sufficiently old fashioned to be dowdy.

"Molly said I looked twenty in blue and thirty-five in black," she whispered, as she laid it on the bed.

Then she unfastened her hair. She remembered some one once saying, "to part the hair in the center either makes a woman look much older or much younger than she actually is. I think, Elizabeth, that it makes you look much older." Taking up the comb she carefully made a parting down the center of her head and twisted her hair into a tight knob at the back.

The reflection that the mirror sent back to her made her shudder. Then she put on the dowdy black frock. Ugh! She did look plain and old and commonplace. No man could make love to a woman who looked like that. And of all men, not David Moore, for she knew so well that he liked a woman to be good to look at.

Having finished her strange toilet she went down to her sitting-room and

waited. Fifteen minutes later her visitor came.

Elizabeth saw him start and the surprised look in his eyes as she held out her hand to him and asked coolly how he had enjoyed his trip.

"Are you ill, Elizabeth?" he said, quickly, without answering her, and looking anxiously at the face that had changed almost beyond recognition since he last saw it.

"No, no! Why should I be ill?" "You look so white and—" "Old," she finished. "Well I am six months older you must remember, since you went away, and I am not the type of woman who wears well."

"Is anything the matter? Are you in trouble?" "What should there be to trouble me? I never do anything but have a good time. I love excitement and all that sort of thing."

The man looked as if he was not sure he had heard aright.

"No," Elizabeth continued, "I am not really different, but you have perhaps been accustomed to fresh young faces lately, and so poor mine seems old and withered, in comparison. But please don't waste the time in discussing my appearance. Tell me how you enjoyed your visit."

"Fairly, but I was so anxious to get back to London to see you again that I did not think much about it. You know why I wished to be here by the 15th, Elizabeth?"

She looked as though she was trying to remember.

"Darling," he went on, coming close to her, "you have not forgotten that you said you would listen to me when I returned. You know, without any words, that you are the dearest woman in the world to me, and that I wish you for my wife."

"Your wife!" she echoed, with a sneering laugh. "Thank you, no, must decline the honor."

"Elizabeth!" and his face went white as he held her hands tightly, "what do you mean?" "Just that," she said. "I decline the honor."

"Then," and he dropped her hands and turned away. "I had better go. I was a conceited fool. Forgive me. My love for you has carried me too far."

Even in the half-lit room, Elizabeth's face looked strangely white as she put her hand to her side and leaned back in the cushions.

But she laughed again. "Ah, it does not matter. You will forget it as readily as I will. And perhaps, after all, it was my own fault. But you must always allow for a woman's changing her affections. It is a woman's way, you know."

"No, I did not know," coldly. "Why not? She may vary her frocks, why not her affections?" "For Heaven's sake, don't talk like that. You might be a heartless flirt by your tone."

"I hardly think I am that, for your sex does not interest me sufficiently. But I am a woman of the world and not a silly love-sick girl."

"I never imagined you to be a silly, love-sick girl any more than I thought of you as a 'woman of the world,' as you put it. Perhaps it will amuse you to hear that I was foolish enough to think you were—well, altogether different."

"Yes, it is rather absurd," she answered, driving her nails into her left hand as she stood up and held out her right one to him. "Good-bye. There is no need to extend this interview. Besides, I am busy to-night. You will excuse me."

He took her hand and held it tightly, as he looked into the tired gray eyes.

"Elizabeth, Elizabeth, he whispered, "what does it all mean? Have you nothing kind to say to me?" "Yes; forget me as soon as you can. And—you will lose your beauty sleep if you don't go quickly."

He dropped her hand and went out of the house.

Her acting had been a success, too much of a success, for not only had he gone away with the idea that she was indifferent to him, but she had forced him to despise her for her levity. Yet, after all, it was better so; it would be less difficult for him to cast her out of his heart.

She certainly did look plain. Yet her appearance had not made any difference to him. Ah! that look of concern in his eyes when he asked her if she was ill. Why couldn't she have told him? It would have been so sweet to have had his loving sympathy!

And if her operation was to be as serious, and the result as fatal, as she feared, was there not some way in which she might, before it was too late, wipe out the false impression she had made to-night? She could not bear the thought that he would think bitterly of her—afterward. Surely it would be some comfort to him to know the truth then. Yes, he must be told. She would write a letter and confess all. If she lived, it must be destroyed; if she died, it must be delivered.

"I have sent you away from me," she wrote, "and am now breaking my heart because I will never look into your face again. David, to-night I acted a part to you. I forced myself to be cold and false. I made myself a fright to prevent you telling me of your love. I knew that if you did so I would not have the strength to resist you. I did not want you to guess that I cared for you. I wanted you to think me a heartless flirt—to despise me—anything, rather than you should regret or have a heart ache."

"To-day my doctor told me that I must go under the knife within the next few days. He said that there was a slight chance, but in my heart I know that, if I do live, it will be as a weak, sickly woman. But I don't believe there is a chance, so I want to tell you how dear you are to me be-

fore it is too late. I love as only a woman can love the man who represents everything that is good and strong and true to her. For nearly two years I have waited to hear you say what you said to-night. Six months ago I prevented you because I was not quite sure; I thought it would be wiser for you to wait until you returned. I could not realize that the glory of your love should be showered on me. I thought it fair for you to see other women before you offered your life to me."

"David, I want you to understand how desperately hard it was to refuse to listen to you to-night. It was the greatest sacrifice I have ever made in my life, and I prayed for strength to do it. My whole being revolted at the part I set myself to play, although I felt it was best for you—now, and afterward. Can you forgive me, David?"

She then rang for her maid, and, after explaining about what was to happen to her, she gave her the letter and stated what she wished her to do with it.

No surgeon can ever be quite certain to what length a disease has spread until he starts to use the knife, and oftentimes he finds it more or less serious than he anticipated.

So it was when Dr. Sanders commenced to operate on Elizabeth Trent. He was agreeably surprised to find that, instead of her case being most complicated, it was merely an ordinary one.

"She will be all right now, nurse," the great surgeon said after the operation. "Fortunately, it has not been so serious as we feared. It is a decidedly interesting case, and she will pull through splendidly with careful nursing."

It was two weeks later when Elizabeth asked her maid if she had destroyed the letter she had given to her the eve of the operation.

"Destroy it, Miss Elizabeth?" the woman answered. "I thought you said to post it if you lived."

"Oh, Harmon! You surely have not sent that letter?"

"Yes, Miss Elizabeth, I have. I thought you wanted me to destroy it if anything happened to you, and to post it if you got safely through the operation. I waited until last night to make sure that you did not have a relapse, then I thought it was time."

Before Elizabeth could answer, a nurse came in with a florist's box in her hand and a bright smile on her face.

"This is for you, Miss Trent," she said. "Shall I unfasten it?"

Elizabeth cried out in joyous surprise at the wealth of beautiful flowers with which the box was filled. But her eye went beyond them to a letter that lay partly hidden in their leaves.

"It is from David," she whispered softly, as she gazed at the dear, familiar handwriting. As she opened it with quick, trembling fingers, the nurse and Harmon quietly went out of the room.

"My darling," Elizabeth read, "I have just received your letter. Only half an hour before I met Mansfield, and he told me of your illness. I thought he must be mistaken, but he said his wife had been to see you at the hospital yesterday. My first impulse was to go and beg them to let me see you, but I remember that you would not care to have me. Feeling deadly miserable, I went back to my rooms, and there found your letter waiting for me. Oh, Elizabeth! It seems too wonderful to be true—that you should love me like that. Why, my dear, you were never more lovable in my eyes than you were that night. You looked ill and tired, and I longed to have the right to take care of you and shield you from all annoyances. When I remember the hard things I said I feel that it will take all my life to endeavor to wipe them out. Elizabeth, almost as soon as you read this I will be with you. And then—my atonement will commence."—Pittsburg Observer.

Vatican Printing Office.

An Italian contemporary recently stated that negotiations were on between the law department of the government and that of the Vatican to decide on what terms, if any, the latter might acquire the state mint, which adjoins the papal property. The Vatican wanted the building for a new printing office. One of the curiosities of the Vatican of which we hear little is the journal, published there daily. This journal consists of brief abstracts of everything of interest which the papers published in Germany, the United States, England, France and other lands have recorded. A large staff of linguists prepares this newspaper. The resulting publication in Italian is intended not only for His Holiness the Pope but for the hundreds of attaches. Of course, such news as would not be of interest to Vatican circles is omitted in the resume.

A great Roman institution is that of the Propaganda. It is not only religious but is scientific and consists of four departments—the college, the press, the library and the museum. As a scientific establishment it claims the attention of printers, as it owns one of the finest presses and what is claimed to be one of the completest collections of types in the world. Some idea may be formed of the wealth of printers' materials in this press when it is remembered that when the Council of the Vatican sat, now some forty years ago, the Lord's Prayer was printed in no fewer than 250 languages. At present the press prints and publishes bibles, catechisms and missals in the characters of every known language. The library contains about 50,000 volumes and also possesses manuscripts of incalculable value to the student of philology. These are facts not generally known and consequently it is a pleasure to lay them before the readers of the Journal.—Typographical Journal.

Taking Toll.

An American lady, visiting Paris, was continually interested in the smart little boys, in white caps and aprons, who deliver the wares of the pastry cooks. One day she said to one of these boys, who had brought her some cakes:

"Ah, I suppose you get the benefit of one of these cakes yourself sometimes?"

"What do you mean, madame?"

"You eat a cake now and then?"

"Eat them? Oh, no, madame, that wouldn't do. I only lick 'em as I come along!"

Not if it Cost Ten Dollars

A bottle would I be without Polson's Nerviline, writes J. A. Ruth, a farmer living near Trenton, Ont. Nerviline is the best household liniment I know. We use it for stomach troubles, indigestion, headache and summer complaint, I know of nothing better to take in hot water to break up a cold, or to rub on for rheumatism or neuralgia. Every farmer should keep a few bottles of Nerviline handy and have smaller doctor bills. Large bottles 25c. at druggists.

Common Sense.

is a good faculty to exercise in combating diseases like Consumption. Use a rational cure—try

PARK'S PERFECT EMULSION.

The "Dexter Farm" For Sale.

THIS well-known farm contains 150 acres, part of which is within the limits of the Town of Antigonish, and may, in the near future, become valuable for residential purposes. It is only a short distance from the Railway Station. It is well watered and has considerable soft wood and an abundance of fencing thereon. Further particulars, as to price, etc., on application. F. H. MacPHIE, Agent. Antigonish, N. S., May 5th, 1904.

HOUSE FOR SALE.

House on College Street, containing seven rooms and kitchen. House in good repair. Apply to DAVID SOMERS. Antigonish, April 27, 1904.

Farms for Sale.

We have a few good farms for sale at from \$400.00 to \$3 000.00 Full description on application. A. KIRK & CO. P. O. Box 292, Antigonish, N. S.

Farm for Sale.

THE valuable farm at Salt Springs, Antigonish, known as the Stevenson farm. It is situated along the Main Road and but two miles from the Town of Antigonish. It consists of 150 acres of the finest farming land with good dwelling, barns and outbuildings. Thirty-five acres is intervalle, forty acres pasturage, twenty acres woodland, balance under cultivation. For further particulars and terms apply to C. E. GREGORY, Barrister, Antigonish.

FARM FOR SALE

THE subscriber offers for sale that excellent farm on which she resides at Antigonish Harbor, containing 150 acres, more or less, in good cultivation, well timbered and watered, with a good house and two barns, also a spot and carriage house, all in good repair. This is the valuable property owned by the late Alexander Chisholm. Title absolutely good. Will be sold reasonably. For particulars apply to MR. T. CHRISTY CHISHOLM. Antigonish Harbor.

FOR SALE.

SEVENTY-FOUR ACRES of well-watered agricultural land and good buildings, situated at North Grant a distance of two miles from the town of Antigonish. Half the cost may remain on mortgage. For further particulars write to A. McDONALD, Box 496, Port Townsend, Washington, U. S. A.

NOTICE!

All persons are warned against trespassing on the property of the undersigned at James River Mountain in the County of Antigonish, as the law will be put in force to the fullest extent against any one doing so. J. C. FRASER, M. D. East Weymouth, Mass.

May 5th, 1904

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against trespassing upon the property of Miss Alice Whelan, the Old Gulf Road, and any persons found trespassing thereon, or doing any damage thereto, will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the Law. C. ERNEST GREGORY, Collector of Miss Alice Whelan.

FARM FOR SALE.

The 100 acre farm at Cross Roads, Ohio, Antigonish County, recently owned by Angus A. MacLean and formerly known as the Archibald McInnis farm. Good house and barn. Excellent soil. Convenient to Church, School-house, Stores and Telephone Office. Easy terms for payment. Apply to CHARLES A. MacLEAN, Pinkietown, or to the subscriber. F. H. MacPHIE. Antigonish, N. S., April 13th 1904.



Sunlight Soap will not injure your blankets or harden them. It will make them soft, white and fleecy.

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Consisting of White Russian, Red Fife, White Fife and Colorado Bearded Wheat, 2-Rowed and 6-Rowed Barley, American Banner, Sensation, 20th Century and Newmarket Oats, Finest Quality Lower Canadian and Ontario Timothy, Mammoth Late Red, Alsike and White Dutch Clovers, Marrowfat and Golden Wine Peas, Fodder Corn, Turnip and Mangle Seed. Also full line of Garden Seed.

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In Store and to Arrive:

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M. DONOVAN, Manager.

Terms: \$1.00 per Year in Advance.

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

THURSDAY, MAY 12.

CANON HENSON AND THE BIBLE.

The article on "The Future of the Bible" by Canon Henson of Westminster Abbey, in the April number of the *Contemporary Review*, was not at all fairly represented in the sensational telegraphic reports. For instance, he was said to have called the Old Testament "a pack of lies too gross for toleration," whereas what he really said was that untutored minds would soon form that opinion of it, if they were not shown how to separate the wheat from the chaff. Canon Henson thinks "the present indiscriminate reading of the Bible in publican extremely perilous proceeding." So do we, and the past reading as well as the present, and private reading as well as public. So did St. Peter think it, when he wrote that there were many things in St. Paul's Epistles which the unlearned and the unstable would wrest to their own destruction. So did even that monstrous combination of lust and religion, King Henry the Eighth, think it, when he expressed his regret that the Sacred Scriptures were being jangled in every alehouse in England, — a practice begotten of his own policy of playing fast and loose with heresy. Protestantism has insisted that the Bibles placed in the hands of the common people should be complete and without note or comment. Catholicism has taken care that explanations of the difficulties likely to disturb the average reader's mind should accompany the text in the form of footnotes; and without forbidding the laity to read the Book as a whole, has tried to centre their attention on the Psalms of the Old Testament and the Gospels and Acts of the New. Canon Henson writes: "Does any thoughtful man find in the fact that the Book of Esther is 'canonical' any reason for revising the unfavourable judgment which he is certain to form of that work? Or does the absence of 'canonicity' in the case of the Book of Wisdom detract in the slightest degree from its historic interest and its spiritual value?" This reminds us of something which we had intended to ask the editor of the *Presbyterian Witness* the last time he referred to the apocrypha. By what authority does he call apocryphal certain books included in the Catholic Bible? Is it by the authority of his private judgment, which leads him after a prayerful reading of the books in question to declare them inspired? Then why should not our private judgment, which holds them inspired, be as authoritative as his? Our friend will probably retort, as he once retorted on Dr. Chisholm, that we have no private judgment in the matter at all. In this he is mistaken. A faculty not exercised does not cease to exist, and we know perfectly well what opinion we should have of the relative value of the different parts of the Bible, if we were to exercise our private judgment. For example, we should reject Ecclesiastes and the Canticle of Canticles as promptly as Luther rejected the Epistle of St. James. We could see no traces of inspiration in these books of the Old Testament, did not the Church show us the spiritual meaning underlying what on the surface seems cynical pessimism and sheer voluptuousness. On the other hand, we could see evidences of inspiration in Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus, and readily accept them without any direction from the Church. Yet the editor of the *Witness* calls the former two books inspired, and the latter two apocryphal. Again we ask him, by what authority? If he has a right to classify them in this way, we have an equal right to make the other classification. Canon Henson judges of the Book of Wisdom as we do; we wonder whether our Halifax friend has ever read a line of it; if not, his opinion of its non-inspired character is one of those traditions of men which he is so fond of railing against.

There is still enough in Canon Henson's article, however, to cause serious anxiety to his brethren of the Church of England. When he says that "inspiration is not allowed to certify the truth of any statement which cannot

be substantiated at the bar of reason and evidence," he shows himself a pure rationalist. The Bible tells us of God, and it is the height of unreason to assume that reason can fathom the things of God. The argument of Hume that it is more probable that testimony should be false than that a miracle should be true can have no weight unless we deny that God has ever given testimony of Himself. Christ is God, Canon Henson believes, and He declared that His miracles gave testimony of Him. Yet Canon Henson thinks it perfectly legitimate that a headmaster of an English public school should write a history of the Old Testament for his pupils which "systematically and effectually strips the narrative of its supernatural element," teaching implicitly at least that none of the miracles recorded therein ever really happened, but that the people of Israel merely thought they happened. Ever since the Reformation, those outside the Catholic Church have assumed that miracles no longer happen, and no amount of testimony is accepted as certifying that they do; now they take a further step, and assume that miracles never did happen, which is not a surprising assumption at all when we consider that the testimony offered by the writers of the Old and New Testament is less easily brought before the bar of human reason than the testimony offered by the physicians who have examined the cures at Lourdes. In the latter case the skeptics say: "We cannot deny the facts of the cures, nor can we give any natural explanation of that fact, but we believe such an explanation will yet be found." In the former case they say: "We are not satisfied that these things really occurred at all, for we cannot examine the witnesses." In both cases the doubt proceeds from the disbelief in the supernatural, which is the logical consequence of the application of private judgment to the interpretation of Scripture. At the Reformation, private judgment declared certain portions of the Bible not inspired; to-day it makes the same declaration concerning all the rest. The fact that a sacred writer makes a statement is no guarantee that the statement is true; it must be tested by reason, and accepted only when consonant therewith. So say the higher critics. Not even the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection of Our Lord are exempt from this test. They are miracles, therefore not consonant with reason, therefore not to be believed, say the higher critics. Canon Henson makes it quite clear that he does not believe that the body of Christ rose from the dead. The argument which he makes from St. Paul shows the weakness of the higher criticism. Well did a lawyer who has devoted much time to Biblical studies remark to the Rev. Mr. Troop of Montreal: "If the testimony which is brought against the Holy Scriptures in the cause of the Higher Criticism were brought forward in a court of law, three-quarters of it would be ruled out of court."

Canon Henson thinks the Abbé Loisy has gone too far with his historical criticism. He sees, what the editor of the *Presbyterian Witness* does not appear to see, that Loisy leaves no basis for a belief even in the divinity of Christ save the teaching of the Church. The Abbé utterly destroys the foundations of Protestantism. We, too, believe he has gone too far, and for this he has been disciplined. But even if we were to accept all his conclusions, the Church would stand as firm as ever. For the Bible, regarded merely as history, and with everything removed from its pages which the most rigid historical criticism rejects, still tells of the foundation by Christ of a teaching society with Peter as its head. That society exists to this hour, and is its own witness; other witnesses are valuable and desirable, but not necessary.

Closing of St. John the Baptist High School.

The closing exercises of St. John the Baptist High School were held in the assembly hall of St. Francis Xavier's College last Thursday night. The hall was crowded by townspeople, and by a large number of the relatives and friends of the High School boys who had come to attend the exercises. The competition between the boys was very keen and as each successful student went up to the stage to receive the rewards of his labors, he was loudly cheered by the College boys, and also by members of his own school.

The following are the names of those who have graduated from the High School into the University of St. Francis Xavier.

Edward King, Glace Bay, C. B.; Paul Cadogan, Glace Bay, C. B.; William Webb, Harbour au Boucher, C. F. McPherson, Antigonish, J. A. Chisholm, Antigonish, J. H. McIntyre, St. John, N. B., J. R. Fraser, St. Andrews, W.

McCarthy, Ottawa; Ernest Abriel, Halifax; N. Purcell, Antigonish, Colin Chisholm, Antigonish; V. Melsaac, Antigonish.

PRIZE LIST.

FIRST YEAR.

Elocution — H. Rice and George Courtney.

The gold medal for the highest aggregate in all the subjects of the last year of High School was awarded to Edward King, son of the Superintendent of Mines, Glace Bay, C. B.

English, F. Barratt; spelling, F. Barratt; reading, F. Barratt and J. Delaney, ex aequo; writing, Ed. Blackadar; drawing, J. Delaney; geography, J. Delaney, E. Blackadar, Barratt, ex aequo; history, Ed. Blackadar; useful knowledge, F. Barratt; arithmetic, F. Barratt.

SECOND YEAR.

English, B. Butler, F. Butler, ex aequo; useful knowledge, B. Butler; G. McDonald, Meagher, ex aequo; British history, W. B. McGibbon; arithmetic, B. Butler; Canadian history, B. Butler; geography, Frank Butler; drawing, C. Blackadar; reading, E. Blackadar; spelling, G. McDonald; algebra, B. Butler; Christian doctrine, B. Butler; book-keeping, F. Butler, B. Rutler, Meagher, ex aequo.

THIRD YEAR.

Latin—1st prize, P. Cadogan; 2nd prize, Ed. King.

Geometry—1st prize, Ed. King; 2nd prize, W. Webb.

French—1st prize, Cadogan, King, Webb, J. H. McIntyre, ex aequo; 2nd prize, John McNeil.

Algebra—1st prize, J. H. McIntyre, Ed. King; 2nd prize, John A. Chisholm.

Arithmetic—1st prize, W. Webb; 2nd prize, Ed. King.

English—1st prize, Ed. King; 2nd prize, P. Cadogan.

Science—1st prize, Ed. King; 2nd prize, N. Purcell.

History—1 prize, W. McCarthy, King; 2nd prize, P. Cadogan.

Geography—1st prize, J. R. Fraser; 2nd prize, E. King.

Christian Doctrine—1st prize, W. McCarthy, McGolderick, Abriel, Cadogan, ex aequo; 2nd, prize D. J. Hardness.

Cape Breton Notes.

A large number of French fishing are buying herring at North Sydney, as bait.

Rev. D. A. Chisholm, D. D., North Sydney, arrived home from the South, on Saturday evening.

A meeting was held in Sydney Monday afternoon for the purpose of organizing a company to manufacture boots and shoes. A board of fifteen provisional directors was appointed and the company will be organized at once. The proposed site has already been selected. The factory will employ 200 hands and will have a capacity of 200,000 pairs a year.

Probably no county in the Dominion can approach Cape Breton's record of fatal accidents during the past few years. Since April 5th, 1890, to April 5th, 1904, there have been no less than 350 inquests held in the county. In almost every instance the inquests were over victims who had met accidental deaths. These accidents were largely attributed to the construction of the Dominion Iron & Steel Company and at the collieries. In 1902 there were 60 killed and 52 the following year.—*N. S. Herald*.

The War.

The Russians were forced to abandon Antung last week. They burned the town and retreated to Feng Huan Cheng. The Japanese now control the estuary of the Yalu.

The Japanese Government has secured \$50,000,000 and Russia \$100,000,000 war loans. The cost of the war to Russia for the first five months has amounted to \$125,000,000. When it began she had between 150 and 200 millions to her credit.

Admiral Togo claims that he has succeeded in closing Port Arthur, but at a great cost of lives.

Sunday night Henry Sullivan of New Glasgow had a part of his foot taken off by a railway train at New Glasgow.

It is reported that the Russians have been driven from New Chwang.

ST. PETERSBURG, May 11.—General Kuropatkin telegraphed Emperor that a train with war material from Lianong arrived at Port Arthur. General Kuropatkin says, "Reconnaissance between Salituzapadza and Feng-wang-cheng failed to discover Japanese troops. A Japanese column of considerable strength advanced from Feng-wang-cheng, May 8th, in direction of Hai Cheng. Pulan Cheng station is occupied by our frontier guards and damage to railway by Japanese has been repaired."

SHAN HAI KAN despatch says: The Russian troops are lingering in vicinity of New Chang and some of them are returning to the city. Russian artillery is ready for instant transportation. Report of fighting at Lio Yang has not been confirmed. Hai Cheng is being reinforced with troops from Lio Yang. Reported here that Japs are creeping closely to Port Arthur. It is believed that the first Japanese army corps is still at Feng-wang-cheng.

The Credit company of Canada was placed in liquidation by the acting chief justice, Sir M. N. Tait, on 6th inst., at Montreal. No list of liabilities has yet been filed, but a number of claims were presented in court to-day from unfortunate dupes of the concern running all the way from \$2 to \$500, the average being around \$75.

During the month of April 7,669 English, 487 Irish and 2,239 foreigners left ports of the United Kingdom for Canada.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Fencing.

Barbed and Plain Wire; Poultry

Netting, all widths; Iron Gates;

Fencing for Cemetery Lots; Brass and Iron Beds; Springs; Institution Beds; and Mattresses of all kinds.

MUNRO WIRE WORKS, Limited.

NEW GLASGOW N. S.

A. KIRK & Co.'s

The Leading Dry Goods Store.

Our importations from the English, German, American and Canadian markets are now about complete, and we can readily say that our stock is the largest and comprises the newest and most up-to-date assortment that has ever been shown here, and prices the lowest, having bought direct from manufacturers and in large quantities.

DRESS GOODS.

In all the popular makes. Plain and Fancy Wool and Silk Voiles, Plain and Fancy Canvas Cloth, Twine Cloths, Etamines, Ladies' Cloth, Fancy Tweeds, Plain and Colored Venetians, etc.

New Muslins and Waist Goods.

In Basket Cloth, Plain and Fancy Muslins, Zephyrs, Organdies, Fancy Mattings, Ginghams, Printed Sateens, Delaines, etc.

Dress Trimmings.

An immense variety of new things.

Ladies' Neckwear.

All the colors and creations are in our collection of Stylish Neckwear.

Perrins Kid Gloves,

in all the new and dainty shades. Every pair guaranteed.

Curtains, Sash Muslins, etc.

Nottingham Curtains, Swiss Curtains, Frilled Curtains, Madras Muslin, Frilled Muslin, Bordered Maslins, Spot Muslins, Fringed Muslins, Striped Muslin. All prices, New Designs, all this season's importations from the best makers.

Ladies' Spring Coats and Capes.

A large range of styles and colors. All prices, special value. Don't fail to examine them.

Ladies' Suits and Skirts.

A large range to select from.

Gents' Ready-Made Clothing and Furnishings.

Don't be too hasty in buying your Spring Suit, until you have seen our range of patterns and styles in Men's Suits. We guarantee a good fit. Workmanship and fabrics the finest in the land. A look in this department will convince you that to be well dressed you want one of our suits. We also show the latest in Shirts, Collars, Ties, etc. We sell the "Franklin Derby."

SPECIAL SALE.

The Famous Boot for Ladies "Queen Quality" \$2.95 per pair regular price \$3.75.

MAIL ORDERS CAREFULLY AND PROMPTLY FILLED.

A. KIRK & CO.,
ANTIGONISH.

General News.

The World's Fair at St. Louis, Mo., is now open.

Stanley, the African explorer, died on Tuesday.

A \$25,000 addition is to be built to Aberdeen Hospital, New Glasgow.

The Northwest Mounted Police are to be re-armed. A thousand rifles are to be supplied the force, which is now equipped with a variety of arms. The force will be increased by 100 men.

Cardinal Gibbons will arrive May 24th, to deliver an address at the laying of the corner stone of the new arts building of the Ottawa university, recently destroyed by fire.

Sam Parks, the former walking delegate of the house-smiths' and bridgemen's union New York, convicted of extortion, died in Sing Sing prison on Friday last.

Considerable discussion is now going on in the press as to averting forest fires, and it is truly said that the burning of the forests is the burning of money.

All hope has been abandoned of the Schrs. "Triumph" and "Umbriana" in Behring Sea. The former was commanded by Capt. Burns of Digby, and many Nova Scotians were on the two vessels.

It is stated at the Grand Trunk offices that the company would organize surveys of the eastern sections of the Grand Trunk Pacific. Just as soon as the measure now before parliament has been passed the company will put men into the field.

Alfred Couling, aged seventy-five, an old resident of the township of Guelph, Ont., while working in his barn a week ago, threw a fork up to an employe. The fork came back and struck him underneath the eye, touching the brain and causing injuries which resulted in his death yesterday.

William Wood, Pictou, charged with breaking into Morrison Bros. workshop and stealing tools, was sentenced by Judge Morse this week, under the speedy trials act, to five years in Dorchester penitentiary and two years additional for trying to escape from custody. Wood was released from Dorchester only a short time ago.

A stiff fight to drive the Thibetans from their position two miles below the Karo Pass, occurred on 7th inst., and lasted for six hours. The Thibetans, numbering 1,500, held the position with great tenacity and lost nearly 200 before they were expelled. The British losses were, Captain Bethune and three men killed, and twenty-one men wounded. A snow storm prevailed throughout the fight.

The horses were returned to the Joggins mines on 6th inst., preliminary to a resumption of coal-cutting operations on the 2,500 foot level. The men are returning to work without having received any guarantee as to the payment of their five weeks of overdue wages beyond the assurances that were made before the cessation of work. During the time that the mines have been idle the water has risen a great deal, and now is within 100 feet of the 2,500 foot level.

The commission appointed to inquire into the dog fish pest report in favor of giving a bounty on each dog fish caught. They say two and a half cents each would be the proper amount, and ask that the bounty be given at once. If the bounty does not meet the difficulty, then the government cruisers should be manned with fishing gear or tugs secured for this purpose, and the pest exterminated. A sufficient bounty should be given for the delivery of the fish, which could be used for a number of purposes.

At the labor day demonstration in Hyde Park, London, Eng., at one platform, speeches in German, French, Polish, Yiddish and Russian were made and a resolution adopted which called for the establishment of an International Co-operative Commonwealth, in which all the instruments of industry would be owned by the community, also for an eight hour day, the free maintenance of all children in school, old age pensions, universal suffrage, and payment of members and election expenses.

A parliamentary return issued on 5th inst., giving the number of warships built and building of the seven strongest navies in the world, credits Russia with only one completed submarine boat. This of 175 tons register and was launched in 1901. Russia is credited, however, with fourteen others in course of construction, but a foot note points out that it is uncertain whether all of these have actually been commenced. The United States comes first in battleships, with 13 in course of construction, followed by Great Britain with 122. Great Britain is constructing 17 armoured cruisers, against 11 for the United States, the third in order being France with 9 armoured cruisers building.

Mr. James Thompson, of London, spoke to the *Star* at Montreal of the conditions that existed in rural England. He was of the opinion that agriculture in the counties of the old land was a thing of the past owing to the difficulty in keeping the young men at work on the farms. The big manufacturing centres were drawing the youth of the country to them and while the cities were crowded rural England was given over to the aged and infirm. This had been going on for years with the result that in the country districts it was almost next to impossible to secure help to work on the farms. Mr. Thompson said that the problem of repopulating the rural

districts was agitating the minds of the public men of the country, but no satisfactory solution of that problem had yet been arrived at.

The trial of a number of men who have been running a policy game at Montreal under the name of the "Argenteuil Granite company," is taking place. The evidence shows that the company obtained a charter to go into the business of quarrying granite and was empowered to issue stock and also preferred stock. A customer was sold common stock, which carried with it a right to a share in the disposal free of cost, of a certain number of preferred shares of the company. These shares were allotted by drawings, conducted on the same lines as the policy game. It also transpired that the company did not own any granite quarries, and had made no attempts to secure any, and that its business consisted solely of shares of stock and distribution in the way indicated of preferred shares. Those who were fortunate enough to draw preferred shares had no difficulty in disposing of them to "capitalists" anxious to secure them at a fixed price.

Newfoundland advices give details of the knowing expedition's journey from St. George to Glenwood by way of Cormack's track, as one equalling the terrible experience of the Hubbard party in Labrador. From the beginning of the journey the party trudged through mountains of snow, sinking at every step to a great depth, notwithstanding that each member of the party wore snowshoes. Thus they travelled for weeks. Their dogs gave out frequently. Food ran short after the first ten days, and it was seldom that anything could be shot to sustain the hungry men and dogs. Owing to continuous snowstorms the guides were unable to get their bearing and frequently wished to be allowed to retrace their steps. Mr. Knowing would not turn back. Then came those awful signs of approaching starvation. Driven to desperation the Indian guides killed one of their dogs and ravenously ate the meat.

Just think, we opened up 60 dozen wood pipes to-day from 10c each to \$3.65. If we can't suit you who can? Bonner's Grocery.—adv.

Personals.

Roderick McDonald, printer, Port Hood, is in Town.

Rev. R. L. McDonald, P. P., St. Peters, was in Town this week.

Mr. Hugh V. Chisholm, Whitney Pier, was in Antigonish this week, on a visit to his old home at Clydesdale.

Rev. J. Clarke, of Tryon, P. E. I., is visiting his son, Mr. Payson Clarke of Antigonish.

Mr. Neil McIsaac, of North Sydney, was in Town last week en route to Boston on a business trip.

Ralph Macdonald, of Antigonish, was a member of the graduating class this year at the Philadelphia College of Dentistry.

Mr. W. H. Conrad, of Trenton, the purchaser of the Gregory farm at the Harbour, took possession of it last week.

Rev. Dr. Chisholm, P. P., North Sydney, arrived here on last Thursday from the Southern States, where he spent two months for the benefit of his health.

Miss Mary Boyd, of the Channing Hospital, Brookline, Mass., nursing staff, is spending a few weeks at her home at Fraser's Mills, Ant.

Dr. Fred Grey, veterinary, Antigonish, has been appointed by the Dominion Government a veterinary on the North West Mounted Police force, and will rank as sergeant at the beginning. He will leave for Regina in a few days.

Mr. N. K. Cunningham, of Antigonish, who is spending some time in the South with Mrs. Cunningham, for the benefit of the latter's health, is reported to be seriously ill with appendicitis.

Rev. D. J. McIntosh, P. P., Des-coussé, C. B., arrived here on Monday from Halifax, where he spent a few days after returning from his trip to Bermuda for the benefit of his health. The trip, we are pleased to be able to state, has been beneficial. Fr. McIntosh says the climate of Jamaica is delightful during our winter season.

Mr. W. R. Chisholm, C. E., one of the engineers engaged in the construction of the H. & S. W. Railway, is spending a few weeks at his former home, South Side Harbour. We are pleased to learn that the Antigonish boys who have taken advantage of the courses in science now offered by our University, St. F. X., are keeping their own with all-comers. Mr. Chisholm has been appointed Resident Engineer on the Queens-Shelburne branch of the South Shore Railway, a most difficult part of the line.

LUNCHES 10 and 15c. at Mrs. McNeil's, West end (third building east of K. Sweet & Co.)

TEA.—Use Saxon blend tea, the lowest in price and quality the highest. Every pound guaranteed or money refunded.—at Bonner's grocery.—adv.

FARM FOR SALE.

The 100 acre farm at Cross Roads, Ohio, Antigonish County, recently owned by Angus A. McLean and formerly known as the Archibald McLean farm. Good house and barn. Excellent soil. Convenient to Church, School, house, Stores and Telephone Office. Easy terms for payment.

Apply to CHARLES A. MacLEAN, Pinkietown, or to the subscriber. F. H. MacPHEE, Antigonish, N. S. April 13th 1904.

NOTE THE PRICE.—10 cases baked beans 5c per can—Little Chief brand—the best. Bonner's Grocery.—adv.

Resolutions of Condolence.

To MRS. DANIEL SAVAGE, Lourdes, N. S.
DEAR MADAM.—We, the undersigned committee, were duly appointed by the members of Buller Lodge, No. 31, P. W. A., Stellarton, at their last regular communication, to convey to you an expression of their sincere sympathy for you in the sore bereavement you have sustained, by the death of your late beloved and lamented husband, and our esteemed brother.

This sad removal from your family of so faithful and devoted a husband and father, is no doubt a hard blow to you. The vacant chair at home will be reminding of the terrible uncertainty of death which surrounds us in this life, and should be a lesson to us all that the swift messenger of death may summon us at any moment. We should therefore be ready for the journey through the dark valley.

May the great and good God comfort and sustain you and all remaining members of both your own and his families in your hour of affliction, is the prayer of us all.

On behalf of Buller, 31, P. W. A.

ALEX. McINNIS,
DANIEL R. McLEAN, } Com.
ALEX. HAYS,
NEIL McLEAN,

Stellarton, N. S., May 2nd, 1904.

At the last regular meeting of St. Joseph's Branch, No. 248, held at New Glasgow, April 25, 1904, the following resolutions of condolence were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to call to His eternal reward the beloved father of our esteemed brothers, Daniel and William Walsh:

Resolved, That we, members of Branch 248, express our heartfelt sorrow in this their sad bereavement, and earnestly pray that God may have mercy on this dear kind Providence, tender to Brother Duncan McLeod, our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this his sad bereavement, and earnestly pray that she may rest in peace:

Further Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Brothers Daniel and William Walsh, and copies sent to the Canadian and CASKET for publication.

Rev. J. D. McLEOD, President,
WM. McDUGGALL, Rec. Secty. Br. 248.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to call to her eternal reward the beloved wife of our respected brother, Duncan McLeod:

Resolved, That we, the members of this branch, while bowing in profound submission to the voice of our kind Providence, tender to Brother Duncan McLeod, our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this his sad bereavement, and earnestly pray that she may rest in peace:

Further Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Brother McLeod, and copies sent to the Canadian and CASKET for publication.

Rev. J. D. McLEOD, President,
WM. McDUGGALL, Rec. Secty. Br. 248.

At the last meeting of Branch 192 of the C. M. B. A., at Antigonish, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, It hath pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, to call to her eternal reward, Mrs. Mary McDonald, mother of our esteemed brothers, Alexander and Francis McDonald:

Resolved, That we, the members of Branch No. 192 of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association of Canada, at Antigonish, tender our sincere condolence to our bereaved brothers in their great affliction and bereavement.

And further resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to THE CASKET for publication.

Whereas, It hath pleased Almighty God in His Providence, to remove by death John McDougall, father of our esteemed brother, Colin A. McDougall:

Resolved, That we, the members of Branch No. 192, of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association of Canada, at Antigonish, tender our sincere sympathy to our said brother in his great bereavement:

And further resolved, That a copy of this resolution be published in THE CASKET.

DEATHS

Suddenly, on the 27th April, at Amdia Mines, Londonderry, of heart failure, MRS. MARY A. CHISHOLM, wife of JOHN R. CHISHOLM, in her 41th year, leaving a husband and five small children to mourn the loss of a loving wife and mother. She was a daughter of the late Arch. McIsaac, Wayfield, Antigonish Co. May she rest in peace.

At Pleasant Valley, on the 29th April, one of its oldest and most respected inhabitants, JOHN MACDOUGALL, (Rory Clearach) at the advanced age of 86 years. Deceased was well known for his many virtues and charitable disposition, and will be much missed from the community. He leaves a family of 3 sons and 2 daughters to mourn his loss.

At New Glasgow, ANNIE, beloved wife of DUNCAN McLEOD, in her 37th year. She was born at William's Point, Antigonish Co. Her whole life was peaceful and edifying, her married life exemplary, beautiful in her devotion to her husband, her children and her duties. She leaves five young children and a sorrowing husband to whom the heartfelt sympathy of the community goes out. R. I. P.

At Antigonish, May 3rd, at her residence on Hawthorne St., fortified by all the rites of the Church, MRS. CATHERINE McLELLAN, relict of the late DONALD McLELLAN, Glen Road, in the forty-fifth year of her age, leaving one son, four daughters, ten grand children, two sisters, and numerous relations and life-long friends to mourn her loss. Her last illness was of but few days, but her long life of a Christian wife and mother made her ready to obey joyfully the call of the sacred Heart of Jesus, "Come to me all ye who are heavily laden and I shall refresh ye." May she rest in peace.

At Lower South River, on May 2nd, 1904, MARY CHISHOLM, daughter of the late RORY McLEOD, in her 21st year of her age. Deceased was of a mild and amiable disposition, and endeared herself to all who made her acquaintance. She approached the end of a good life perfectly resigned and in full possession of her senses. After receiving the rites of Holy Mother Church, of which she was a devout member, she calmly passed away. She was an aunt of the Rev. A. J. Chisholm, Greigish. A large number followed her remains to the cemetery at Lower South River, the funeral service being performed by Rev. D. Chisholm, P. P., Pom-quit. May her soul rest in peace.

At the Eye and Ear Infirmary, Boston, on the 11th day of April, 1904, there died with diabetes, DUNCAN McDOUGALL, a native of Princeville, Inverness Co. C. B., at the age of 32 years, in spite of medical skill and good nursing, bearing his illness with patience, and comforted by the Sacraments of the Holy Catholic Church, of which he was a devout member, he calmly passed away. The remains were brought home by his brother Malcolm and laid to rest in the Roman Catholic Cemetery of his native parish, Princeville. He leaves an aged mother, one sister and six brothers to mourn his loss. May he rest in peace.

SIMON W.

No. 19141. Race record, 2 5/8.

A beautiful Chestnut Stallion, 16 hands high, weighs 1100 lbs., standard by breed and performance. Will stand the present season at the owner's stable, St. Nialan Street, cross long bridge from D. McIsaac's forge.

Terms:—To insure, \$10.00, payable when mare proves with foal; season, \$8.00, payable 1st August, 1904; single service, \$5.00, payable at time of service.

Apply to F. E. RUDDERHAM, Owner Antigonish, N. S.

BREED FOR PROFIT!

Raise horses that will prove useful to yourself or sell for a good paying price! The pure bred imported.

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G. C. ANDERSON, Superintendent Post Office Department, Mail Contract Branch.

Ottawa 11th, April, 1904.

An Interesting Letter from Rome.

Rome, April 5.—To-day there was what well may be called an epoch-making function here in Rome. More than once Vox Urbis has attempted to give some account of the grand services in some of the churches of the Eternal City, and he has at the same time been obliged to comment on the apparent absence of devotion which characterized them. There are no benches in the Roman churches, still less are there any "vergers" or ushers to show people to their places. At Grand Vespers or at Solemn High Mass the congregation come in at the beginning or in the middle or at the end, and they go out in the same way. Those that wish to sit hunt here and there for a chair—more often for two chairs. And what with the moving about of these chairs, with the passing to and fro, in and out, of the congregation, there are sufficient causes of distraction even if it were not evident that many of these who have come to the service have, after a few moments' prayer, settled down, quietly or otherwise, to listen to the trebles and the basses and the quivering tenors "executing" a rollicking "Kyrie" or a boisterous "Credo." Last year Vox Urbis described one of these musical services at Sant' Agostino, in which all the limits of decency, not to say decorum, were left miles behind—for the congregation sat with their backs to the altar and their faces to the bellowing choir.

Well, the service this afternoon formed the most striking contrast with that one. It was the first of the series of religious functions which are to be held in connection with the Gregorian centenary, and it was held in the beautiful Church of Santa Maria in Vallicella, better known as the Chiesa Nuova, which is also dedicated to St. Gregory the Great. An announcement had been made that the students of the South American College would sing the Vespers in the Gregorian Chant, and anybody who knows Rome, or, rather, who knew it some months ago, would have supposed that the terms of the announcement would have been admirably calculated to keep the Romans away from the particular service—for of all the National Colleges in Rome the South American unquestionably furnished quite the worst kind of singing, and of all kinds of music the Romans certainly took the least interest in the Gregorian Chant. Still the church was full even before the service commenced—not a very surprising fact after all for it was the first religious function of the Gregorian centenary. But what was truly surprising was the effect of that service on the thousands that came to assist at it. The students filed into the sanctuary, two by two, in cassock and surplice, followed by Bishop Pecci, who pontificated, and his assistant ministers, while the organ played softly and religiously. But the organ stopped when the singing began, and just then Vox Urbis from a coign of vantage took a good survey of the entire congregation. There was visible on their faces an expression that might have been taken for expectation mingled with a mild sort of skepticism. The choir finished the first psalm. There was no organ accompaniment, and the voices rose and fell with exquisite precision, laying a slight stress here and there on the words, but always closing softly, so that the melody seemed to rise and fall like the music of the waves of a sandy beach. But it was only at the close of the psalm that one realized the depth of the impression that had been made on the people. When the choir began to sing the "Glory be to the Father," every head in the church bowed instinctively, as it were. In the old days for all the people knew (or apparently cared), the choir might have been singing "Glory be to the Father," or "Hail Columbia"—there was no meaning to them in the words, and there was no devotional feeling excited by the music. Then the young students joined together in the antiphon: "But the Angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and, approaching, rolled back the stone, and sat upon it, alleluia! alleluia!" It was the very perfection of sacred music—a note of triumph, that was more peace and joy than triumph. That one antiphon alone converted the Romans present from their false and vitiated taste. Before the end of the Vespers was reached a devout stillness had settled over the Chiesa Nuova. Nobody left the church, there was no rattling of chairs, and the little conversations had been completely silenced forever.

The point of all this is What is good for the Romans in Church music should be good for the Americans. The traditional music of the Church has everything to recommend it. It is unique and, therefore, always interesting; it is easy to sing and to learn, so that under this head alone its use will save pastors considerable expense and trouble; it is beautiful, and thoroughly satisfies the aesthetic sense; it is devotional in the highest degree, it fits in admirably with the liturgy; it renders the religious services intelligible to all; and it has the great merit also of making the services short and yet truly impressive. In a word, the traditional music of the Church has everything to recommend it, and pastors who do not make an effort to introduce it into their churches are acting against their own best interests. And it is not Vox Urbis who says this, but the Holy Father himself.

The Freeman was the first newspaper in the English (or perhaps any other) language to give prominence to Pius X.'s great idea of codifying

the laws of the Church. He has now laid before the world the broad lines of his plan. It is the most complete and colossal undertaking of the kind that has ever been attempted. Abolishing all that is merely local and can be done without, all that is obsolete, antiquated or out of harmony with the present times and the present condition of the Church, he intends not only to add an immense mass of new legislation, but to arrange all this in the most perfect order, and to make it applicable to the whole Church. Following up his Motu Proprio on this subject Pius X. has lost no time in appointing the members of the Commission of Cardinals who are to be charged with superintending the immense work which is to be done by the consultants in Rome and by the Bishops throughout the world. The commission is composed of Cardinals Vannutelli (Serafino and Vincenzo), Agliardi, Satolli, Rampolla, Gotti, Ferrata, Cassetta, Matthieu, Gennari, Cavicchioni, Merry del Val, Steinhuber, Segne, Vives, and Cavagnis, while the learned Mgr. Gasparri is to be the secretary. In a few days the commission will hold its first meeting, and the work will be set going immediately. It will, it is estimated, take five years for the commission to complete its labors.

In a few days the Holy See will publish still another important document, the substance of which has already been made known to Freeman readers. It is concerned with the Apostolic Visitation of all the dioceses in Italy, which will for the future be made by special ecclesiastical officials from Rome. The Holy Father declares that a measure of this kind has now become more than ever necessary since the nuncios, legates and delegates which were in former times accredited to the different principalities of which Italy was composed ceased to exist with the political unification of the country. The document will contain precise directions to guide the Apostolic Visitors. They are to take an oath of secrecy and of fidelity before departing on their mission. They are obliged to decline all invitations to dinner in the district to which they are sent, they are forbidden to attend receptions, etc., given in their honor, they are not permitted to accept presents of any kind. The Bishop is to furnish them with frugal board and lodging, and is to recognize them as accredited envoys of the Holy See. They are to receive first a general report from the Bishop, and then to examine everything connected with the state of religion, the clergy, the religious orders, religious instruction for the children, scandals, open and hidden.

There have been rumors these days not only of projected attempts on the life of the Holy Father by anarchists, but of his serious indisposition. Both the one and the other have very little to rest upon. Pope Pius sometimes feels tired—and so does everybody else in Rome, especially when the hot breath of the scirocco reaches us from Africa's burning sands; he has little attacks of rheumatism, too, but they will not prevent him from living for a thousand years, if nothing worse supervenes; and, finally, he suffers somewhat from his confinement in the Vatican, for he was used to a life in the open air, and when in Venice invariably began the day by a long walk on the Lido. But the Pope is well, and likely to give canard-mongers many years of activity, though not of usefulness, in their profession.

The codification of canon law is not the only plan of unification fostered by the Pope. Yesterday in a letter sent through Cardinal Merry (hardly anybody now calls him anything but Cardinal Merry) he warmly recommended the unification, that is to say, the federation, of all Catholic societies of young men throughout Italy. The Holy Father intends to combine all the Catholic forces in the country for the common good. The Federation of Catholic Societies in America have in this fact alone an implicit and very strong approbation of their great work.—Vox Urbis, in New York Freeman's Journal.

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"Miss Charmington says she is very fond of animals," remarked Bliggens' sister.
"Perhaps there's hopes for me then," said Bliggens, "she called me a brute the other day."

Nellie, aged five, had her photograph taken recently, and when the proof was sent home, her mother said she looked too solemn, and asked why she did not smile.

"I did smile, mamma," said Nellie, "but I guess the man forgot to put it down."

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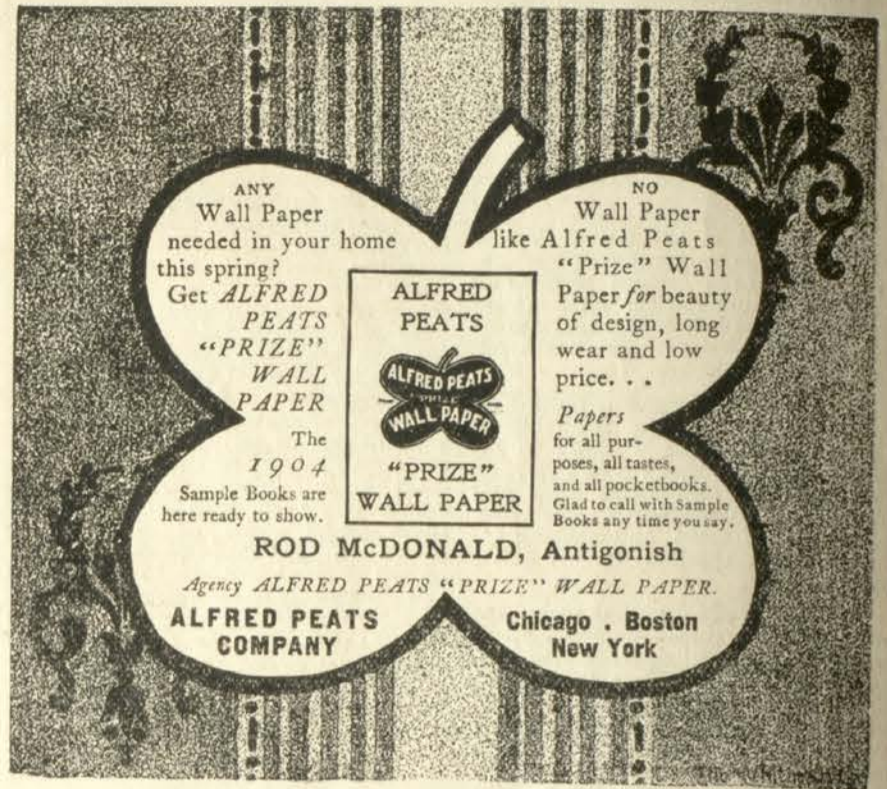
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HARNESSES,
Good stock, selected specially for durability.
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D. McISAAC.

"Ah," he protested, "my love for you is the greatest thing in the world. It is larger than the world. It is wider than the sea. Let me pour it into your ears?"
"Sir!" ejaculated the fair maid. "Do you mean to insinuate anything about the size or shape of my ears?"

The Beggar's Pouch.

(Continued from page two.)

...serving of compassion. Little doubt that he was often imposed upon. The fallen women went on their way, sinning as before. The "old struggler" probably spent his hard-earned shilling for gin. The sick beggar whom he carried on his back should by rights have been languishing in the poor-house. But the human quality of his kindness made it a vital force, incapable of waste. It warmed sad hearts in his unhappy time, as it warms our sad hearts now. Like the human kindness of St. Martin, it still remains—a priceless heritage—to enrich us poor beggars in sentiment to-day.

And this reminds me to ask—with-out hope of answer—if the blessed St. Martin can be held responsible for the number of beggars in Tours? The town is not pinched and hunger-bitten like the sombre old cities of Italy, but possesses rather an air of comfort and gracious prosperity. It is in the heart of a province where cruel poverty is unknown, and where "thrift and success present themselves as matters of good taste." Yet we cannot walk half an hour in Tours without meeting a number of highly respectable beggars engrossed in their professional duties. They do not sin against the harmony of their surroundings by any revolting demonstration of raggedness or penury. On the contrary, they are always neat and decent; and, on Sundays, have an aspect of such unobtrusive well-being that one would never suspect them of mendicancy. When a clean, comfortably dressed old gentleman, with a broad straw hat and a rosebud in his buttonhole, crosses the street to affably ask an alms, I own I am surprised, until I remember St. Martin, who, sixteen hundred years ago, shared his military mantle with the beggar shivering by the way. It was at Amiens that the incident occurred, but the soldier saint became in time the apostle and bishop of Tours; wherefore it is in Tours, and not in Amiens, that beggars do plentifully abound to-day; it is in Tours, and not in Amiens, that the charming old tale moves us to sympathy with their not very obvious needs. They are an inheritance bequeathed us by the saint. They are in strict accord with the traditions of the spot. I am told that giving sous to old men at church doors is not a practical form of benevolence; but neither was it practical to cut a valuable cloak in two. Something must be allowed to impulse, something to the generous unreason of humanity.

And, after all, it is not begging, but only the beggar who has forfeited favor with the elect. We are begged from on an arrogantly large scale all our lives, and we are at liberty to beg from others. It may be wrong to give ten cents to a legless man at a street corner; but it is right, and even praiseworthy, to send ten tickets for some dismal entertainment to our dearest friend, who must either purchase the dreaded things, or harass her friends in turn. If we go to church, we are confronted by a system of begging so complicated and so resolute that all other demands sink into insignificance by its side. John Richard Green, the historian, was wont to maintain that the begging friar of the pre-reform period, "who at any rate had the honesty to sing for his supper, and preach a merry sermon from the portable pulpit he carried round," had been far outstripped by a "finer mendicant," the begging rector of to-day. A hospital nurse once told me that she was often too tired to go to church—when free—on Sundays. But it doesn't matter whether I go or not," she said with serious simplicity, "because in our church we have the envelope system." When asked what the system was which thus lifted church-going from the number of Christian obligations, she explained that envelopes marked with each Sunday's date were distributed to the congregation, and duly returned with a quarter inclosed. When she stayed at home, she sent the envelope to represent her. The collecting of the quarters being the pivotal feature of the Sunday's service, her duty was fulfilled.

With this, and many similar recollections in my mind, I own I am disposed to think leniently of Italy's church-door mendicants. How moderate their demands, how disproportionate their gratitude, how numberless their disappointments, how unflinching their courtesy! I can push back a leather curtain for myself, I can ring a sacristan's bell. But the patriarch who relieves me of these duties has some dim, mysterious right to stand in my way,—a right I cannot fathom, but will not pretend to dispute. He is, after all, a less insistent beggar than are the official guardians of galleries and museums, who relieve the unutterable weariness of their idle days by following me from room to room with exasperating explanations, until I pay them to go away. I have heard tourists protest harshly against the ever-recurring obligation of giving pennies to the old men who in Venice draw their gondolas in to shore, and push them out again. They say—what is perfectly true—that it is an extortion to be compelled to pay for unasked and unnecessary services, and they generally add something about not minding the money. It is the principle of the thing to which they are ruthlessly opposed. But these picturesque accessories of Venetian life are, for the most part, worn-out gondoliers, whose days of activity are over, and who are saved from starvation only by the semblance of service they perform. Their successors connive at their pretense of usefulness, knowing that some day they, too, must drop their oars, and stand patiently waiting, hook in hand, for the chance coin that is so grudgingly bestowed. That it should be begrudged—even on prin-

...ciple—seems strange to those whose love for Venice precludes the possibility of fault-finding. The gray-beards sunning themselves on the marble steps are as much a part of the beautiful city as are the gondoliers silhouetted against the sky, or the brown boys paddling in the water. Such old age is meagre, but not wholly forlorn. A little food keeps body and soul together, and life yields sweetness to the end. "It takes a great deal to make a successful American," confesses Mr. James; but to make a happy Venetian takes only a handful of quick sensibility. . . . Not the misery of Italians, but the way they elude their misery, is what pleases the sentimental tourist, who is gratified by the sight of a beautiful race that lives by the aid of its imagination."—*Agnes Repplier, in Atlantic Monthly.*

Dr. Starbuck and the "Presbyterian Witness."

A recent number of our Halifax contemporary contained an article on the Immaculate Conception on which Dr. Starbuck comments as follows:

Here is an article on the Immaculate Conception. I need not say that, as a Protestant, I do not receive this doctrine. Nor do I entertain the prevailing Roman Catholic belief touching the relation of the Blessed Virgin to the Divine administration. Therefore I should have no occasion to animadvert upon this leading article of the *Witness* but for a sentence or two at its end. Thus: "The Pope says good things about Mary: so do we all. But we do not worship her."

It appears then, according to the *Witness*, that the Catholics worship the Virgin. If so, then of course they are idolaters. Now, as St. Paul declares, an idolater has no inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and God. Then if the Catholics are idolaters, all the friendly things which the *Witness*, in this very number, says and receives, and its recognition of the Church of Rome as a Christian body are wholly unwarranted and criminal, and should subject the editors to ecclesiastical process. Moreover, its friendly commendation of a late article of mine in this *Review* (inadvertently credited to the *Ave Maria*) is highly reprehensible, for I throughout deal with the Catholics as Christians, which, if they are idolaters, I have no right to do.

The original Reformers were more consistent here. At least Calvin said: The Papists are idolaters: therefore they should be put to the sword. Bucer said: Rather, they, with their wives, their children, and their cattle, might well be stoned, or burned in the fire.

True, Calvin recognized that there are genuine Christians still in communion with Rome, but he must have viewed these as a vanishing exception. John Knox made no such weak concessions. He and his brethren were driven almost wild by a timid suggestion that an occasional Papist is perhaps a child of God. Richard Hooker's suggestion that possibly a few Catholics were saved before the Reformation (he did not say, after) was very ill-received by the Puritans. The Primate gave it a guarded assent.

Now here was consistency. The Calvinistic Reformers, at least, were not much disposed to eat their cake and have it. Their reasoning was clear enough. An idolater can not inherit the kingdom of God. The Papists are idolaters. Therefore the Papists can not inherit the kingdom of God.

On the contrary, the *Witness* says: Idolaters, except by repentance, can not be saved. The Roman Catholics worship the Virgin, and the worship of a creature is idolatry. Yet the Catholics, though idolaters, may be, and often are, excellent Christians. Moreover, the Church which commends this worship of a creature is a Christian church. Where is the consistency here?

Does the *Witness* say that Catholics worship the Virgin in the elder sense, in which "the people worshipped the Lord and the King?" And what is there wrong in that? Is not the glorified Mother of the Lord, present or absent, worthy of immeasurably higher veneration than Solomon, present or absent? Solomon is a creature, and Mary is a creature, but surely Mary is a vastly more exalted creature than Solomon.

Do Catholics acknowledge the Virgin as the source of grace? They do not. Now we all acknowledge that the intercession of a creature may be the channel of grace. To invoke such intercession, therefore, whether well or ill-warranted, is essentially different from our petitions to God, to grant us internally the gifts of His Spirit, or externally the benefits of His Providence.—*Charles C. Starbuck, in Sacred Heart Review.*

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"No," said Mr. Newrich, "I believe in patronizin' home industry. I'd ruther have 'em bound right here in Philadelphia."

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The Blessed Virgin in the Middle Ages.

The recent death of Lecky, the historian, recalls, says a correspondent, the following passage from his "History of Rationalism" which somewhat disproves his theory pet that in rationalism is the salvation of society:—

"The world is governed by ideals, and seldom or never has there been one which has exercised a more salutary influence than the medieval conception of the Virgin. For the first time woman was elevated to her rightful position and the sanctity of weakness was recognized as well as the sanctity of sorrow. No longer the slave, the toy of man, no longer associated only with ideas of degradation and of sensuality, woman arose in the Virgin Mother into a new sphere and became the object of a reverent homage of which antiquity had had no conception. Love was idealized. The moral charm and beauty of female excellence was for the first time felt. A new type of character was called into being, a new kind of admiration was fostered. Into a harsh, ignorant, benighted age this ideal type infused a gentleness, a purity, unknown to the proudest civilizations of the past. In the millions who in many lands, in many ages have sought with no barren desire to mould their character into her image, in those holy maids who for the love of Mary have separated themselves from all the glories and the pleasures of the world to seek in fastings, vigils, and humble charity to render themselves worthy of her benediction, in the new sense of honor, in chivalrous respect, in the softening of manners, in the refinement of tastes displayed in all the walks of life, in this, and in many ways, we detect its influence. All that was best in Europe clustered around it and it is the origin of many of the purest elements of our civilization."

Coughs, colds, hoarseness, and other throat ailments are quickly relieved by Vapo-Cresolene tablets, ten cents per box. All druggists.

Do Your Work Thoroughly.

"I think I'd better wash the dishes myself to-night, for there are some kettles and dirty pans, and it tires me so to have any left until morning," said a mother one night to her fourteen-year old daughter. That one remark told just what kind of a girl this daughter was. It was her usual work to wash the supper dishes, but whatever pots and pans she found, she left over for mother to do in the morning. This is not a thrifty way to do, and pans and kettles are not as dreadful but that they will yield easily to soapy, hot water and a stout dishcloth in the hands of a girl. Mother is tired when night comes. She has a right to expect that her daughter, who has been at school and out of doors during the day, should clear away the supper things and wash the dishes. But it will tire her, as she passes through the kitchen when you are supposed to have attended to everything, to see a dirty kettle standing on the back of the stove and some pans soaking in the sink. There is not a girl who indulges in such a habit who would not be ashamed to do her school work in that slipshod way. But if shame will not keep her from being slipshod at home regard for the tired mother should make her thorough even in dishwashing.

Doctor.—I'll examine you carefully for five dollars.

Wearry Drenary.—All right, an' if you find it give me half.

THE MASTER MECHANICS' PURE TAR SOAP heals and softens the skin, while promptly cleansing it of grease, oil, rust, etc. Invaluable for mechanics, farmers, sportsmen. Free Sample on receipt of 2c. for postage. Albert Toilet Soap Co. Mfrs. Montreal.

JOHN SMITH

had that tired feeling which most of us get at this season of the year. He talked with his doctors about it and the result was that he bought a 25c bottle of

Amor's Essence of Cod Liver Oil.

This was a fortnight ago and he is now taking his third bottle. He says it is making a new man of him and that all who need a spring tonic should try it.



DR. SLOCUM, Lung Specialist

I Offer to the Sick
\$1 ONE DOLLAR'S WORTH OF MEDICINE FREE AS A TRIAL

To Every Sufferer with Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, La Grippe, Pulmonary and Bronchial Troubles

If you have any of the following symptoms it means that the germs of consumption are in your system. Accept Dr. Slocum's generous offer.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Are your lungs weak? | Are you losing flesh? |
| Do you cough? | Are you pale, thin and weak? |
| Do you have pains in the chest? | Do you have ringing in the ears? |
| Do you spit up phlegm? | Do you have hot flashes? |
| Is your throat sore and inflamed? | Is there dropping in the throat? |
| Is your appetite bad? | Is the nose dry and stuffy? |
| Do you have night sweats? | Have you a coated tongue? |

Call your disease what you will, these symptoms indicate that you have in your body the seed of the most dangerous of maladies. In order to let all people know the marvellous power of his system of treatment, Dr. Slocum has decided to give free to all sufferers as a test his free trial treatment.

ONE WEEK'S TRIAL OF DR. SLOCUM'S SYSTEM OF TREATMENT FREE

Nothing could be more reasonable, more generous than Dr. Slocum's offer.

The Slocum System of Treatment has cured thousands and tens of thousands of cases of consumption in all stages of the disease. A system of treatment that accomplishes more than any one remedy can ever accomplish. A system of complete medicinal and tonic food treatment that destroys and eliminates all tuberculosis germs and poison from the system and assists nature in building up healthy lung and body tissue, two essential functions for a permanent cure.

Accept Dr. Slocum's offer to-day and be cured at home among friends and loved ones. Simply write to Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, 179 King Street West, Toronto, Canada, mention your druggist's name, and state your post and express offices, and you will receive the treatment promptly by express. Mention this paper.

COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS.

For Hoarseness apply the same as for Sore Throat, taking the Syrup, as directed for coughs, etc. Make a cupful of honey or molasses with ½ teaspoonful of Pendleton's Panacea, stirring it each time before you take it. Take as often as you feel you require. No Cough Syrup ever made can equal it for stopping a cough, and none so cheap. No remedy should ever be taken that immediately stops the cough.

PENDLETON'S PANACEA

in the above form loosens the phlegm, makes coughing easy, and when the lungs are thoroughly healed, which is done in a very short time, the cough stops.

Chills, Ague, Night Sweats, Wind around the Heart, Colic, Sleeplessness, Etc., Etc.

Regular doses. A mild dose on going to bed, soothes the nerves and produces sleep. The only safe and positive cure for seasickness. Don't go on a journey, or keep house without it. A doctor always on hand for 25c.

The Royal Bank of Canada

Capital, Reserve and Undivided Profits,

\$6,192,705

Savings Bank Department

In connection with all Branches.

Interest at current rate from date of deposit credited semi-annually.

Correspondence Solicited.

Just Arrived: One Car Field and Garden Seeds

Comprising

Wheat, Oats, Rye, Buckwheat, Rape, Flax.

PEAS—Field and Garden
CLOVER—Long, Late, Alsike, Crimson, Early Red.

Turnip seed in Bulk and Packages.
Mangle Seed in Bulk and Packages.
Seed Onions and Onion Sets, and a complete assortment of Package Seeds.

—ALSO—

1 Car Wire Nails and Spikes, and Plain and Barbed Wire Fencing.

THOMAS SOMERS.

CARRIAGES!

Just received, one car of the celebrated **Brantford Carriages.**

These Carriages are strongly built, of excellent material, and have a fine reputation, which this well known firm is bound to maintain. Inspection solicited.

NOVA SCOTIA CARRIAGES

A Few Second-Hand Carriages For Sale Cheap.

HARNESS!

In stock and arriving, Handsome and Serviceable Sets of Harness. These goods are carefully made of Good Stock, being manufactured by a reliable firm.

PETER McDONALD,
East End, Antigonish.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Applications Wanted—D. C. Chisholm. Notice—L. C. Archibald. Aerated Waters—James Stewart. Stallion—R. D. Kirk. Simon W.—F. A. Edderham. Israel—F. H. Randall. Land Sale—D. D. Chisholm.

LOCAL ITEMS.

MONEY to loan on real estate, at six per cent. interest.—Thomas Brothers.

THE CONFERENCE of St. Vincent de Paul gratefully acknowledges the sum of \$1.00 from a friend in Town.

THE PLANT Line steamer "Halifax" changes her day of sailing May 19th, and will leave Halifax every Thursday at 8 A. M.

THOMAS MULLINS, South Side Harbour, has purchased the farm and buildings of James Lawless, Monk's Head, for \$500.

THE FARM at St. Andrews, Ant., owned by Daniel McNeil, blacksmith, has been purchased by Daniel Mills of South River for \$1100. Mr. MacNeil has acquired the Malcolm Livingstone farm at Upper South River, paying therefor \$1000.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Ronald McGillivray, of Big Marsh, Ant., died very suddenly. At tea on Tuesday evening he complained of not feeling well, but was able to attend his cattle and perform numerous chores around the premises at a later hour. Just before retiring he had another attack, and in a very short time passed away. Deceased was 78 years, and usually enjoyed good health. May he rest in peace!

MEMBERS of the Alumni Association of St. Francis Xavier's College, and of the Alumnae Association of Mount St. Bernard's Convent, attending the meetings of these societies here on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week, should, when purchasing railway tickets, ask for the "standard certificate," entitling them to free returns. Arrangements have been made this year by which the I. C. R. will honor the certificates of the Inverness Railway, which will issue through tickets to Antigonish.

DELEGATES from the Order of Railway Telegraphers waited on the Minister of Railways at Ottawa last week to ask for an increase in the wages of telegraphers employed on the Intercolonial Railway, and were successful in their mission. Hereafter the minimum wages on branches of the railway will be \$43 per month and \$45 per month on the main line. Heretofore the minimum wage was \$38 and \$41. The increase means from \$60 to \$120 more per year to this class of railway men.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Port Morien on Monday says: St. Mary's Branch of the League of the Cross was established here yesterday by the Rev. R. H. MacDougall, parish priest of Port Morien and Dominion No. 4. Besides a visiting committee and a managing committee, the following officers were appointed for the first quarter, namely: Spiritual Director, Rev. Father MacDougall, P. P.; Vice-President, William Shea; Secretary, Gus McInnis; Financial Sec., Duncan J. MacDonald; Treasurer, James MacDonald; Marshal, Allan MacDonald; Asst. Marshal, James McGrath; Doorkeeper, Denis Prendergast.

IMPROVED METHOD FOR FISHING COD.—A despatch from Boothbay, Maine, to the Boston Herald says a new method of cod-fishing has been introduced there—the netting of cod in gill nets sunk near the bottom. One boat for three days last week brought in from 10,000 to 12,000 pounds daily of cod taken off the Cuckolds, each fish weighing from 20 to 40 pounds. The meshes of the net permit all under a certain size to pass. Now fishermen need not depend on bait, and this removes one great trouble and expense in the business.

HYMENEA.—A very happy event was celebrated at St. Mary's R. C. Church, Montreal, on April 28, when Miss Mary McGillivray of St. Andrew's, Ant., and Mr. Donald McAllister of Montreal, foreman of the Canadian Brewing Company, were united in marriage. The bride was attended by Miss Nora Bransfield and Mr. John D. McGillivray supported the groom. A reception was held at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. Peter Dunn, 173 Demontigny street, from seven till ten o'clock. The highly esteemed bride received many beautiful presents. Mr. and Mrs. McAllister will be at home to their friends at their beautiful new residence, 197 Down Street, after May 9th.

THE SEAL FISHERY.—A Newfoundland despatch to the Morning Chronicle says: The seal fishery of 1904 is ended, and reveals only an average catch—281,000 against 317,000 last year, while there has also been a shortage nearly 1,000 tons of seal-fat valued at \$89,000, though the lessened catch and also the fact that many of the young seals brought in by the first returning ships were much smaller than last year's, averaging but 38 pounds in weight against 43 pounds then. At the same time, however, the increase in the price of the seals, fixed at \$4.00 a cwt. at the outset of the voyage as against \$3.50 last year, will help to equalize this, and the general result, financially, of the business, will be about equal to the previous seasons.

REV. R. McDONALD, P. P., Glace Bay, arrived home last Saturday from his trip to Rome. He was met at Sydney by several representatives of his parishioners, by delegates from the different parochial societies and by the Glace Bay band, and conveyed by special train thence home, where he was met by an immense throng of people and escorted to King's Theatre, which was seen filled to overflowing.

Here an address expressive of the joy of his congregation at his safe return was read. Father McDonald, thanked his people for this further demonstration of their love, and said that while his trip abroad had been very pleasing, nothing rejoiced his heart so much as to be again with his beloved parishioners.

THE MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT at McDonald's Hall to-morrow evening will be of an unusually high order, and all who appreciate first class artists will attend. Mr. McDonald has a magnificent voice of great compass and power which he has under wonderful control, while his enunciation is most clear, enabling all to follow the sentiment expressed, a feature always keenly enjoyed by an audience. Miss Stratten-Harrison is pronounced by the press of Canada a musician of fine taste and exquisite touch and training. Their performance at the Orpheus Hall, Halifax, last week is characterized by the Halifax papers exceedingly good and altogether away from the ordinary. The following testimonial to the grandeur of Mr. McDonald's voice is a valuable recommendation:

ANTIGONISH, May 9, 1904. Mr. J. J. MacPherson: Dear Sir,—I had the pleasure of hearing Mr. H. Ruthven McDonald yesterday at Mt. St. Vincent Academy, Halifax, and I must say that I have never in my life listened to such an admirable voice as he has. I told him that I would herald his fame in Antigonish, and you may look forward to a veritable treat on Friday next. Yours respectfully, D. J. MCINTOSH, P. P.

TOWN COUNCIL.—A meeting was held Tuesday evening. On motion, it was ordered that accounts for labour on the water system and streets be paid on the approval of the respective superintendents and committees, said accounts to be ratified at first meeting of Council. The Water Committee were authorized to ask Cameron McDonald, C. E., for an estimate of cost of new plan of water system. The Milk Pasteurizing Company were granted use of Town water at \$1.50 per month. The water rate of the Milk Condensing Company was fixed at \$40 a year. A. M. Falt, Water Superintendent, tendered his resignation. The Town Clerk was instructed to ask for applications for the position through THE CASSET. The following accounts were ordered to be paid: Removing snow and repairs to streets, \$99.27; CASSET, printing, \$28; John McNaughton, registrar of deeds, making searches, \$1.50; John McNaughton, James McNeil and J. F. Cunningham, revising electoral lists, \$36; Brown Machine Co., hydrant, \$38; M. L. Cunningham, coal, \$7; Thomas Somers, nails, etc., \$2.50; C. B. Whidden & Son, supplies to poor, \$5.50; K. Sweet, nails, etc., \$2.90; E. L. Girroir, retainer, \$5; Somers & Co., supplies, \$4.22; James Kenna, coal, \$7.80; W. J. Landry, work on water system, \$7.54; J. F. Cunningham, pipe cleaner, \$1.

THE EXHIBITION of hackney colts in Town on last Saturday, held by Robt. Kirk, was most successful. The large number of entries—9 yearlings and 15 two-year-olds—together with the splendid appearance of all the youngsters and the large body of spectators made an exhibition exceedingly pleasing to all interested in good horses and the welfare of the county. The several entries were nicely groomed and otherwise appeared to have been well cared for, conditions no doubt greatly promoted by the expectations of the owners to place their stock on exhibition. Thus it is seen that such competitions at once foster rivalry among horse raisers, and as a natural sequence increased attention is bestowed on stock, and better and more valuable animals result. The success of Saturday's show and that by E. R. Trotter, M. P. P., last spring argue for a larger, more general and annual exhibition, not only in horses but of cattle and other farm products. If equally good specimens of cattle could be produced here as were shown in colts in the late exhibition, our farmers would find their stock in wide demand for beef, stock and milk purposes, and their own financial condition decidedly improved. There is no reason why similarly good results in cattle could not be obtained in this fine agricultural district. OF

NOTICE.

I purpose operating the cheese factory at Popular Groove Mabou the coming season. The popular maker, Mr. Rod'k Fraser will have charge. Price to be paid for milk will be arranged later on. L. C. ARCHIBALD. Antigonish, May 11, 1904.

Applications Wanted.

Applications for the position of Superintendent of the Water System of the Town of Antigonish will be received by me undersigned up to noon of TUESDAY, the 17th instant. Applicants will please state salary. By order of Council, D. C. CHISHOLM, Town Clerk. Town Office, Antigonish, N. S., May 11, 04.

ISRAEL.

The famous and well-known trotting stallion Israel, race record 2:16, will stand the season of 1904 at the subscriber's stables in Antigonish on every week day excepting Mondays and Tuesdays when he will be at the stables of Mr. M. F. Gallant, Black Bridge, Tracadie, commencing on the 20th and 31st of May. Parties en route to and from Tracadie wishing to breed will find him on Monday mornings and Tuesday evenings at John R. MacDonald's, stable, Heatherton. Service fees: Single, \$4.00; season, \$6.00; to ensure \$8.00. F. H. RANDALL, Owner. JAMES KELLY, Groom.

course considerable expense would be occasioned at the outset in procuring suitable and improved breeds, and careful and intelligent handling and good feeding is also necessary. At present there is a movement on to form a militia company in this Town, and a drill hall should follow. The proposed building could be constructed to suit for agricultural show purposes also. We think if the militia company and drill shed are seriously contemplated the foregoing suggestion should receive consideration. Sheriff Harris of Pictou was the judge in Saturday's exhibition. While many exhibitors were disappointed in not receiving a prize, his decisions were generally regarded as fair and correct. They were formed from a hackney standpoint, the several notable features that combine to make the hackney a valuable type of horse were the basis. The handsome three-year-old hackney mare owned by Bishop Cameron, was exhibited by Mr. L. Cameron, and attracted much attention. Though prevented from competing on account of age, it was deemed by the Sheriff worthy of a diploma. Following are the prize winners: 2-year-olds—Alex. McDonald, Briley Brook, first. Alex. Chisholm, North Grant, second. Alex. McDonald, Heatherton, third. Yearlings—Ronald McDonald, Briley Brook, first. Alex. McDonald, Briley Brook, second. Thomas McAmis, Town, third.

For Sale or To Let. The Property on West Street, Antigonish, owned by the subscriber. It consists of good Dwelling, Barn and about one-quarter acre of land. Terms and particulars on application. M. DONOVAN, Antigonish.

WANTED. A COOK for the Asylum at Antigonish. Good wages for a suitable person. D. MACDONALD, M. Clerk. Antigonish, 3rd May, 1901.

For Sale at a Bargain. The undersigned offers for sale at a bargain a complete GRIST MILL consisting of two sets of French Burr Stones, Smutters, Elevators. ALSO—Shafting, Pulleys, Saws, 30 inch Turbine Water Wheel, Spoke Machine, Tenant Machine, and other useful Machinery. For particulars, etc., apply to ARTHUR FALT, East End, Antigonish.

Cattle Disease. HAVING been instructed by the chief Veterinary Inspector to deal with all cases of Pictou Cattle disease. Parties requiring my services may correspond with me direct, or leave instructions with F. H. Randall, Esq., Main street. W. H. PETHICK, Govt. Inspector of Live Stock. Antigonish.

Muskrat Skins Wanted. Persons having any Muskrat Skins who wish to sell them at good prices apply to HAROLD WHIDDEN, care of C. B. Whidden & Son's store, Antigonish, N. S.

LAND SALE. IN THE SUPREME COURT: Between—RODERICK CHISHOLM, JOHN S. McDONALD and HUGH McDONALD, Executors of the Last Will of Christopher McDonald, deceased. Plaintiffs AND WILLIAM GRANT, Guardian of the Estate and Person of John Grant, a lunatic of unsound mind, and the said JOHN GRANT by the said William Grant as his Guardian. Defendants

To be sold at Public Auction, by the Sheriff of the County of Antigonish, or his Deputy, at the Court House in Antigonish, in the County aforesaid, on Monday, the 13th Day of June, A. D. 1904, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon, pursuant to an order of foreclosure and sale granted herein and bearing date the 3rd day of May, A. D. 1904, unless before the day of sale the amount due the above named plaintiffs on the mortgage foreclosed herein together with interest and costs be paid to them or their solicitor. ALL the estate, right, title, interest, and equity of redemption of the defendant, John Grant and of all persons claiming by, through or under him in and to the following described lot, piece or parcel of

Land and Premises situate, lying and being at Black Avon, in the County of Antigonish and bounded as follows: Beginning at the Northern angle of lands of William Grant, thence running South forty-seven degrees West two hundred and seventy-two rods, thence running North forty six degrees West seventy-one rod and five links, thence running North forty-seven degrees East two hundred and seventy-two rods, thence running South forty-six degrees East seventy-one rods and five links to the place of beginning, containing one hundred and twenty-one acres more or less, and bounded on the South-East by lands of William Grant aforesaid, on the South-West by lands of Finlay Chisholm and Michael Punch, on the North-West by lands of Catherine McIntyre, and the North-East by lands of Allan McDonald and John Campbell, being the same lot of land conveyed by Catherine McIntyre to the said John Grant by deed bearing date the 17th day of October, A. D. 1884, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds kept at Antigonish in Book 37 at page 282, as by reference thereto will more fully appear, together with the privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in any wise appertaining. Terms: Ten per cent deposit at time of sale; remainder on delivery or deed. Dated Sheriff's Office, Antigonish, May 10th, 1904. D. D. CHISHOLM, Sheriff of Antigonish County. R. R. GRIFFIN, Plaintiff's Solicitor.

There's a Big Show in Town Spring, Spring, Gentle Spring.

Excuse us, we know there's a penalty for singing it, but we did want to tell you about the Big Spring Show Man's Tent, opposite old Halifax Banking Co., Main St. It's a magnificent aggregation of the world's best. The sign over the entrance reads:

PALACE CLOTHING CO'Y.

Better take in this show, it's worth seeing. The display of Spring Suits, Overcoats, Pants, Shirts, Collars, Neckwear, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises, Boots and Shoes, Etc., Etc.

Table listing clothing items and prices: Men's Suits, price from \$4.00 up to 15.00; Men's Pants, price from 1.00 up to 5.00; Youths' Suits, 3 pieces, price from 3.00 up to 10.00; Boys' Suits, price from 1.25 up to 5.00; Fancy and White Shirts, 25c up to 1.50; Underwear, 50c per suit; Hats, price from 25c to 3.00; Caps, price from 10c to 1.50.

All new spring fabrics. A display worth coming miles to see. A glad hand to welcome awaits every caller. Door open at 7 a. m. daily. Admission nothing.

Palace Clothing Company AND POPULAR SHOE STORE, Main Street, Antigonish.

SEEDS! SEEDS!

JUST ARRIVED: Field and Garden Seeds OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS. WHEAT { White Russian, White Fife, Red Fyfe.

OATS { American Banner, Sensation, 20th Century.

BARLEY, PEAS, CORN, TIMOTHY and CLOVER. Also, a large selection of

GARDEN SEEDS in bulk and packages.

JUST RECEIVED: ONE CAR WIRE NAILS, ONE CAR RODGERS WHITE LIME, CALL OR WRITE FOR PRICES.

D. G. KIRK, KIRK'S BLOCK, ANTIGONISH.

MY LADY!

If you want full satisfaction in a moderate price Shoe—if you want Ease, Comfort, Durability and Style, you can get all these desirable Shoe features by wearing a pair of

Empress Shoes.

Sole agent for Slater and Empress Shoes. N. K. CUNNINGHAM, - - Main Street.

From Factory to Home \$225.

including complete course of instruction at home We have just completed arrangements with one of the leading manufacturers of the Dominion, whereby we can save piano customers freight, agents commissions and the various extra charges usually paid by a piano purchaser. Our plan is to have the piano go direct to you from the factory. This piano is fully guaranteed and warranted. Any doubter may have

ONE YEAR'S TRIAL FREE

For particulars write Miller Bros. & McDonald, HALIFAX, BOX 349.