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THURSDAY, AUGUST 4

If M. von Plehve was in any way to blame for the Kisheneff massacre, as the British and American press would have us believe at the time, he has now paid a terrible penalty.

If the Princess Victoria of Connaught becomes a Catholic to marry the King of Spain, there will be no special rejoicing in Connaught, but there will be some very special discontent in Ulster.

Victor Hugo said that when we open a school we close a prison. Yet the universities of Russia are hotbeds of Nihilism, and the bomb-throwers are generally graduates of those institutions, who unite with a passionate hatred of injustice a determination to abolish all law, human or divine.

Sir William MacGregor, the new Governor of Newfoundland, is the only British proconsul who wears the Albert Medal. While Commissioner of the Fiji Islands he rescued several coolies from a shipwreck under circumstances calling for great courage and prodigious physical strength. Sir William is a Glasgow man, and was superintendent of a lunatic asylum in Aberdeen before he went to the South Seas.

Mr. Consul Casement thinks the system of forced labour in the Congo Free State is something to be abhorred. Yet the same system prevails in British South Africa, as the last report of the Administration of Rhodesia shows. And we have something very like it, even in Nova Scotia, in our statute labour, popularly known as "road-work." In barbarous countries compulsory labour is practically the only way of getting the natives to make some contribution to the public revenue.

The French Minister for Foreign Affairs has notified the Vatican that unless the request for the resignation of the Bishops of Laval and Dijon is withdrawn, the Nuncio of Paris will be dismissed and all diplomatic relations with the Holy See broken off. The Pope has notified the bishops that they have now forfeited their jurisdiction and are excommunicated. It looks very much as though Pius X wanted the Concordat at end, but is determined that the French Government shall terminate it.

Armagh Cathedral was reopened last week with great ceremony, Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli coming from Rome as Papal representative to the consecration. Under this extreme provocation the Orangemen rose in their wrath and dealt the Man of Sin a mighty blow, by tearing down the decorations of the city and breaking the windows of Catholic houses. The dispatches in the Sydney and Halifax dailies called it rioting, as though there were two parties to the fray, but the *Star* tells us that the disorder was the work of Orangemen alone, just as all who know anything of those most barbarous of the world's barbarians would naturally have expected. And these are the people on whose account a Catholic University is refused to Ireland.

The Rev. T. L. Papillon, a member of the Moseley Education Commission, which lately visited the United States, says of Sunday-school work in that country: "I saw enough to make it

tolerably clear that the lack of religious education in the public schools is not, and cannot, be made up by the Sunday-school, however well organized; nor does any one profess to believe that it can." And he quotes President Butler of Columbia College as saying: "One of the most pathetic sights in America is the ordinary Sunday-school, taught by untrained persons, not properly co-ordinated, with text-books the poorest and ideas the most vague." Yet many good people continue fondly to believe that we need no religious teaching in our common schools, but may leave it entirely to the home and the Sunday-school.

The late Bishop Jolivet of Natal led a strenuous missionary life to the last. In the seventy-first year of his age he travelled through some of the most mountainous parts of Basutoland on horseback, riding sometimes eight or ten hours a day, and occasionally getting a severe fall from a bucking horse. He was a man of small stature, as the following story recorded in *Illustrated Catholic Missions* by Father Howlett, O. M. I., goes to show. "I was hearing confessions in Liverpool," said the bishop, speaking of the early days of his priesthood in England, "when a big burly collier looked into my box, and went away muttering, 'He is too small, I won't go to him!' After a short time he returned and had another good look: 'Begor, I think I'll try him. He must be a champion, or the Bishop would never have ordained him.'"

There is just one sentence that mars the seamliness of the prayer offered, on occasion of the presentation lately made by the Knights of Columbus to the Catholic University, by an eloquent American Archbishop. "We come to offer of our substance to Thee," were the words of his Grace, as quoted in the current *Catholic University Bulletin*: "to give for the education of Thy children, that it may in future redound to thy glory; and we say to Thee, O Omnipotent Father, that Thou shouldst send Thy benediction upon this great country." The italics are ours. Even American Catholics are hardly in a position to make suggestions to the Almighty as to what He should do. They must be content to beg of Him on bended knee, after the manner of lesser mortals in lands less highly favoured. He who is able of the very stones to raise up Children to Abraham is not beholden to the people of any country; he it never so great.

Admiral Sir Lambton Lorraine, now visiting the St. Louis Fair, is the only Englishman since the American Revolution who has received the freedom of the city of New York. When the steamer *Virginian* with arms and men for the Cuban rebellion was captured by the Spanish authorities, the latter, not being very well able to distinguish the English and American passengers from the filibusters, were about to execute them all, when Captain Lorraine entered Havana in the *Nile*, and threatened to blow the port to pieces if the execution was not stopped. It was for this that New York honoured him. His wife is a descendant of Admiral Sir Philip Broke who fought the *Shannon* against the *Chesapeake* off Boston harbour in 1813, and captured the American ship in fifteen minutes.

What bitter irony it would seem to a Pole or an Irishman if he could read in the *Presbyterian Witness*, that though Protestantism may have been intolerant in the past, it is so no longer. M. Joseph de Koscielski, in last month's *National Review*, told the story of the toleration granted to Poland; and Dr. Hogan's article which we summarized two weeks ago showed the condition of things in Ireland. Even the English calmness of the *London Tablet* is broken for a moment, when it says:

And the men who proclaim that no Catholic shall ever be King or Chancellor or Viceroy now waste the time of the House of Commons in whimpering because a Catholic has been appointed to be medical superintendent in the lunatic asylum at Ballinasloe.

We have no reason to suppose that in this case religion had anything to do with the appointment—but if it had? Might not the local authority turn round to the British Parliament—even the Parliament of to-day—and say "We have taught us the lesson, and we have learned it."

A good many years ago when James Whitcomb Riley was yet unknown to fame, he wrote a poem and signed Edgar Allan Poe's name to it, to win a wager that if his work bore a great man's name it would readily be accepted by those editors who refused it when written over his own name. Recently, the distinguished English scientist, Alfred Russell Wallace, came across this poem, and wrote an article about it in one of the London reviews, saying that it was one of the best things Poe had ever written, and regretting that the ill-starred genius had not lived to give the world more of his melodious verse. That Dr. Wallace was hoaxed in this matter, does not take one leaf from the laurels of the author of "The Raven," as every one will readily admit. Yet among those who will admit it, there are many, notable among them the editor of the *Presbyterian Witness*, who declare that because the False Decretals of Isidore Mercator deceived the whole Catholic world for a time, the Papal claims,—not founded on these Decretals any more than Poe's fame is built on Riley's clever imitation,—fall to the ground. Such is the fashion in which sensible men abuse their reason when they have the Pope in their eye.

The *London Tablet* does not, like a couple of our exchanges, sneer at Archbishop Ireland for his total abstinence propaganda. "The teetotal priest," it says, "in the opinion of one illustrious member of that (the American) Hierarchy, is the John the Baptist of our day. He prepares the way of the Lord—he establishes conditions which make Christianity possible as a working religion. No week passes but one authority after another points his finger to the origin of the crime of England and to that destitution which is doing its infant population a deadly wrong. 'Do away with drunkenness, and my occupation would be almost gone,' said a Coroner the other day, holding an inquest over the bodies of a mother and child—a wife who had slain herself and her offspring in despair. She, poor creature, had heard, ear to mouth, that 'cry of the children' which Cardinal Manning heard, night by night, in his people's palace at Westminster. He knew that prevention was better than cure—that cure was all but impossible. Appeals reach Catholics by every post to 'save the boy,' to 'rescue the fallen;' and not a mission register but shows its blanks, as gaping as the grave's. And drunkenness and the waste on drink is the cause of it all. All wise people know that not until a public sentiment is created against the use of intoxicants—a use which doctors are now everywhere beginning to ban for the mere body's health—can the wreck and havoc which drink is making be stayed."

Professor Robert Ellis Thompson of the University of Pennsylvania, who contributes articles on economic questions to the *New York Freeman's Journal*, takes the part of the striking miners in Colorado and says that the present difficulties arose from the ignoring by the State Legislature of the law for an eight-hour day which the workmen had succeeded in getting passed. If this statement were made of any other than an American legislature, we could not believe it. But when John D. Rockefeller was able to buy the legislature of the large state of Pennsylvania, it is quite possible that less wealthy capitalists could purchase the legislature of the smaller State of Colorado. Professor Thompson goes on to say:

There are some people who are ready to urge that acts of violence on the part of the strikers justified any extremity of severity in dealing with them. They want things done wholesale in all such cases, just as the lynching mobs want things done with dispatch. But it would be wiser to ask first what provoked the acts of the strikers, and to seek to bring about social peace by removing the griev-

ance. The Sheffield outrages of forty years ago in England far exceeded in atrocity anything done by the Colorado strikers, and the cry was raised, "Stamp them out as we did the Cattle Plague!" But Mr. Gladstone said "Englishmen do not resort to such practices unless they have some grave provocation," and he set himself to find what the provocation was. The result was the law to protect Trades Unions in their rights against English courts and judges, and there have been no more such outrages in England. It is a pity that, not statesmen, but excitable politicians, are ruling the State of Colorado.

Sir Charles Dilke, in a recent speech in the House of Commons, on the cruelties alleged to have been committed by Belgian officials on the Congo, attached great importance to the report of a certain Mr. Casement, a sort of shooting star in the British consular service, who wanders here and there at his pleasure, and holds quasi-judicial inquiries into the conduct of the men by whose tolerance he is allowed to take such extraordinary liberties. This gentleman declares that he personally investigated one, and only one, case of cruelty to the natives,—the case of the boy Epondo, who said that his hand had been cut off by an agent of the Congo Company. To this case Mr. Casement refers repeatedly as an instance of the way in which the natives are treated. But when the Belgian Administration took up the inquiry, Epondo and his friends testified on oath that he lost his hand by the bite of a wild boar, and that the story of cruelty was manufactured with the hope that the English would come into the country and release them from the hard labour of making india-rubber. This statement was afterwards repeated by Epondo to the Protestant missionary, E. E. Faris, residing at Bolengi, Upper Congo. All of which should lead us to keep an "open mind" on the Congo question and not be in a hurry to conclude that the charges made against the Belgian officials are true.

When the Black Sea was entirely surrounded by Turkish territory, the passage of the Dardanelles was not an international question. The Sultan had the right to grant it or refuse it. But when Russia pushed her frontiers down to the Black Sea, complications arose. By a treaty with Russia made in 1833, Turkey agreed, whenever Russia was at war, to close the Dardanelles to the warships of other nations. The other nations refused to accept this ruling, and in 1840 it was declared that the Dardanelles should be closed to the warships of all nations at all times except when Turkey itself was engaged, as happened later on in the Crimean War. At the close of this war, in 1856, the Treaty of Paris confirmed the regulation made sixteen years before. It is this treaty which Britain accuses Russia of having violated by sending ships from the Black Sea through the Dardanelles into the Mediterranean as merchantmen, and then commissioning them in a foreign port,—Suez, in the present instance,—as ships of war. Russia says she has been doing this for the last ten years, and it is stated on good authority that the Russo-Turkish convention of 1901 authorizes the passage of the Dardanelles by vessels of the Russian volunteer fleet flying a commercial flag, with the provision that if they are afterwards converted into men-of-war they will not be allowed to return through the straits into the Black Sea. It cannot be expected that Russia will be forever contented to submit to arbitrary regulations designed to keep her from becoming a sea power.

The tendency of the age, we are told, is for nations to group themselves according to race and language. Germany must inevitably absorb all that portion of the Austrian Empire which speaks German, and also the kingdom of Holland. Italian unity will not be complete till *Italia irredenta* is taken in, which now forms part of the polyglot empire of Francis Joseph. German Pan-Teutonism and *Italian Irredentism* are considered

to be quite natural and proper phases of racial and linguistic evolution. But when the inhabitants of Prussian Poland show any desire to escape from the Teuton Yoke and unite with their brother Slavs, Germany sternly says no. The enemies of Austro-Hungary may despoil that empire on the pretext that the interests of race and language require it; but Germany must remain intact. Polish nationality must be destroyed for two reasons, first because it is Polish, second because it is Catholic. Frederick the Great began the work and his successors have carried it on. Protestant schools have been established by the State, where there are no Protestant children to attend them; Protestant nobles have been exempted from 5 per cent. of the income tax which Catholic and Protestant are supposed to pay alike; the present Settlement Commission has taken care that no more than 5 per cent. of the grants of land shall be made to Catholics; Polish industries are boycotted and savings-banks placed under the ban of official discouragement. When Bismark was dismissed, the present Kaiser seemed disposed to treat more fairly with his Polish subjects, but as a Polish Member of the Prussian Upper House says, he was thwarted by two influences, "the commercial interests of the official class, and the hatred of Catholicism that distinguished the Court."

"ELECTRICITY AND ORTHODOXY."

Under this title Dr. James J. Walsh published a two-part article in the June and July numbers of the *Catholic World*, in which he showed that the greatest masters of electrical science have been earnest Christian men. Of the devout character of Alexander Volta we wrote in these columns not long ago: Arago called the voltaic pile "the most wonderful instrument that has ever come from the hand of man, not excluding even the telescope or the steam engine." And Volta owed something to the discovery of animal electricity by a man who was as good a Catholic as himself, Aloysius Galvani,—a man who seems to have been quite as proud of his membership in the Third Order of St. Francis as of his connection with the various scientific societies of Europe. Sir Humphry Davy, who may be called the founder of electrical chemistry, though he is better known to many of our readers as the inventor of the miner's safety-lamp,—was not a Catholic, but he wrote: "The true chemist sees God in all the manifold forms of the external world. In the consideration of the variety and beauty around him, the scientist must ever feel himself necessarily drawn to an admiration for that Eternal Wisdom whose beneficence has permitted him to obtain a knowledge of the beauties of this creation. Under circumstances in which the veil through which the causes of things are seen becomes thinner, the scientist cannot fail to admire ever more and more the splendour of the Divine Light which has made the wonders of creation visible." Michael Faraday, whom Tyndall called the greatest experimenter that the world has ever seen, and whom the German physiologist Du Bois-Reymond called the greatest physical discoverer of all time, was one of those deeply religious Protestants who, we like to think, belong to the soul of the Church. Hans Christian Oersted, of Copenhagen, who laid the foundation of magneto-electricity, said in one of his lectures: "Most other religions have taken up a hostile relation to the mental development of the human race. Our holy Christian religion, on the contrary, attaches itself most intimately to this development. In most cases the conflict that has been supposed to exist between Christianity and scientific discovery has only been a question of human misunderstanding on the one hand, or the result of a too thoughtless license in the expression of the extent to which scientific discovery has gone."

Within a week from the announcement of Oersted's discovery of the influence of electric currents upon the magnetic needle, André

Continued on page four.

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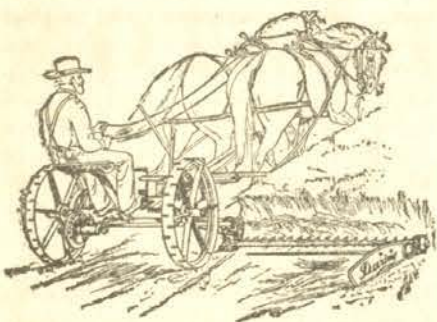
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The Lesson of the Disaster.

Every great calamity, such as the burning of the General Slocum, that involves the sudden death of many men, women and children, is sure to draw adverse comments on Providence from a certain kind of people who seem to be irritated at not having confided to them in a special manner the inscrutable and teleological designs of the Supreme Being, the Creator of all things.

Such critics are not shocked by the fact that thousands of human beings are, in one manner or another, passing out of this phase of existence every day, as other thousands are coming into it. They are not so shocked by the death of thousands in the East by the war there. How are we to account for the different effect on the critic's feelings, and on those of all of us, from a like cause—the death of a like number of our fellow beings, though in a different manner, and one geographically near, the other remote? It is because one is near and the other remote, because in the one case we hear the cries and see the mangled victims and in the other we get only the report unilluminated by the particular events that appeal to the feelings? Mere difference in distance cannot be a reasonable cause for difference of shock, or of its presence in one case and its absence in the other. The cause, then, of the difference in the effect on us of two essentially similar events—the removing of a thousand fellow beings from this phase of existence—is not rational, but sentimental.

The same is to be said of the difference of effect on us from the manner of death. The cause is not rational but sentimental. The soldier, dying under the flag and in defense of his country, with the shout of victory on his lips, excites to enthusiasm and patriotism; the child dying in the midst of flames crying for his mother and crying in vain excites us to pity and tears. On careful analysis it will be found in the last resort that the difference of effect on us of these two deaths arises not from the fact of death but from the difference in manner and circumstances, and is founded in sentiment, not in reason. The child excites our sympathy because of its helplessness, but all are equally helpless when Death points his skeleton finger at us or sweeps his scythe, the hero and the infant, the conqueror and the conquered.

The Slocum calamity shocked the sentiment and excited the sympathy of the community more than the report of an equal number of deaths in the war in the East has done, because the latter is remote and therefore less vivid, and because we can discern in it human motives and purposes as the cause; we find agents in our own order of existence to put the blame upon. The former was nearer, more intimately associated with us, and consequently more vivid and nerve shocking. The impugners of divine Providence felt the shock to sentiment in common with their neighbors, and there being no evidence of immediate human motive or purpose in the awful event, they attribute it to God. They make their wounded sentiment the criterion of the goodness and wisdom of the Supreme Being, and argue that he either is not, or that he is, unjust. But sentiment thrown out of equilibrium by some event is not a valid basis of reasoning when discussing the profound problem of existence and life and their relation to their cause. Sentiment has no more place in the solution of such problems than tears have in solving a problem in geometry. Sentiment was given to us for a wise purpose, but that purpose is not the investigation and acquisition of truth. Reason was given to us for that purpose, and therefore we must dismiss sentiment from consideration and turn to reason. Those who impugn divine Providence because some events in this initiatory phase of everlasting existence do not chime with their sentiments, are like the art critic, who, after witnessing the introductory scene in a drama, immediately on the temporary fall of the curtain, proceeds to criticise the whole drama as stupid, unjust, and its author as incompetent, because of some event he did not see the purpose of. Such a critic of course only demonstrates his own incompetency. He would be told by his employer that to give a just criticism he must defer his judgment till he sees the whole drama played out and the curtain fall.

Such rational advice should be strongly impressed on him who undertakes to criticise the drama of human existence and its author. To be competent to judge he must wait till the play is played out. Only then can he know the design of the author and whether it is noble or ignoble, wise or otherwise.

This life, this phase of human existence, is but the initiatory scene in the vast drama of creation. In contemplating this drama in its vast totality reason is dazed, reels, unless it receives some light, some hint from its author of his ultimate design.

The Creator is Master of all that He brought into existence; his right therefore over all is absolute by reason of his Act of Creation. He alone, by right as well as by power, assigns us our place, and if He wills to move us from one department to another in His universe, He is amenable to Himself alone. This moving from one department to another we call, for want of a better word, death; but not in the sense that it is the end of life, for life continues under other conditions. The Creator loves what He creates, for it is the realization of his thought in time and space, just as the artist loves the conception to which his genius has given form and color. But the love of the Creator for His creature surpasses the love of the artist for his work as the infinite surpasses the finite. However things may appear to our limited

vision we should form no judgment in the absence of the necessary data, but trust with confidence born of the highest reason that He whose love of His very idea of us impelled Him to call us into being, does not cease to love us now that we are, and that He does and will do for us what His infinite wisdom knows to be best for us, in whatever department of His glorious universe we may be—providing we make our finite will accord with His infinitely perfect will. That is our main business in the journey from nothingness to eternity. God makes His will known to us by His revealed laws, and it is the highest economy on our part to be less critical and more obedient.—New York Freeman.

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- John Egan, " 1 00
- Alex McLean, " 1 00
- Jos J McKannon, " 1 00
- Stephen McNeil, " 2 00
- Hector McNeil, Dan, " 1 00
- John G Francis, " 1 00

For additional acknowledgments see page 5.

THE MASTER MECHANICS PURE TAR SOAP heats 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. Mrs. Montreal.

Hair Splits

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for thirty years. It is elegant for a hair dressing and for keeping the hair from splitting at the ends."—J. A. Gruenfelder, Grantfork, Ill.

Hair-splitting splits friendships. If the hair-splitting is done on your own head, it loses friends for you, for every hair of your head is a friend.

Ayer's Hair Vigor in advance will prevent the splitting. If the splitting has begun, it will stop it.

\$.10 a bottle. All druggists.

What Protestantism Has Done.

"Protestantism in Cuba?" exclaims a correspondent of the Boston Transcript. "Why? What good would it do there? If the good it has wrought elsewhere, heaven help the Cubans! Protestantism is nothing but a disorganizer and a pathway to infidelity and atheism. This is the only reason of its existence. As a positive moral force, it is a farce. It has never converted a single nation, but it has unconverted Protestants themselves with a holy vengeance. Berlin has 75,000 churchgoers out of 2,000,000 people; London 400,000 out of 6,000,000, and so on. 'Without baptism you cannot enter heaven,' says the scripture, and lo, thanks to Protestantism, nearly 60,000,000 people in the United States are not baptized, and, consequently, castaways forever. A nice system (for the devil) that produces such results—results as fatal to the heathen as to the Christian. Protestantism found the Sandwich Islands with 400,000 people. Where are they now? Gone. A million Maoris in New Zealand. Where are they now? Gone. Seven million Indians in the United States. Where are they now? Gone.

On the other hand, the friars found 300,000 natives in the Philippines four hundred years ago, and there are 9,000,000 now; 12,000,000 Indians south of the Rio Grande, and there are 50,000,000 now. 'By their fruits you shall know them.' In view of such facts, we think Protestants should leave 'Booriboola Gha' alone and confine their proselytizing to unfortunates nearer home. An American is just as well worth saving as a Cuban or a Chinaman any day."

At the Athletic Sports, held on the 9th July at Partrich, Scotland, Mr. A. A. Cameron won first prizes by putting the ball, 20 lbs., 41 ft. 1 1/2 in.; throwing the weight, 28 lbs., 62 ft. 10 in.; throwing the hammer, 22 lbs 2 oz., 96 ft. 8 in. In a wrestling match (Graeco-Roman style) between A. A. Cameron and George Lurich, Russia, one fall, after a severe contest lasting fully a quarter of an hour, one of the judges gave a fall in favor of the Russian, while the umpire gave an opposite finding. G. Lurich is said to be the premier champion wrestler of the world and renounced weight-lifter, who, amongst others "has conquered Hackenschmidt, Bullion, Raoul le Bourchior, of France; Paul Bellingier of Belgium; Peterson, Denmark; and Kock, Germany."

Crown Tailoring Co.

THE CROWN TAILORING CO. is still leading in Custom Clothing. Hundreds of samples to select from. Thirty per cent cheaper than other Tailors. All parcels prepaid.

Cleaning and Pressing Clothes Done on the Premises.

J. C. CHISHOLM, Agent. Opposite Copeland's Drug Store, Main St., Antigonish.

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 interval, forty acres pasture; twenty acres woodland, balance under cultivation. For further particulars and terms apply to C. E. GREGORY, Barrister, Antigonish.

CARRIAGES!

The Agency for Antigonish of the well-known

McLaughlin Carriage Co.

has been transferred to me, and I have just received one carload of these splendid Wagons. The McLaughlin Carriages are already extensively used and highly approved of in this county. Intending purchasers will do well to call and see for themselves before purchasing.

W. J. LANDRY, Court Street, Antigonish.

Professional Cards

HECTOR Y. MacDONALD, Barrister, Solicitor, Etc., PORT HOOD, C. B.

DR. M. F. RONAN, Dentist, Office: Old Halifax Bank Building. Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania.

DR. C. S. AGNEW, DENTIST. Office, over Cope and's Drug Store. Office Hours, 9 to 12 and 1 to 4.30.

W. F. MCKINNON, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. OFFICE: Building lately occupied by Dr. Cameron. ANTIGONISH, N. S.

E. LAVIN GIRROIR, LL. B. BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR. ANTIGONISH, N. S.

BURCHELL & MCINTYRE, BARRISTERS AND NOTARIES. OFFICE:—Burchell's Building, SYDNEY, C. B. CHARLES J. BURCHELL, LL. B. A. A. MCINTYRE, LL. B.

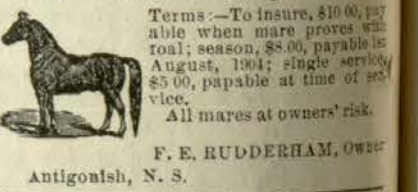
D. C. CHISHOLM, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC. Agent for North American Life Insurance Company. Also for Fire and Accident Companies. Office: Town Office Building. MAIN STREET, ANTIGONISH, N. S.

Joseph A. Wall, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC. MONEY TO LOAN ON SATISFACTORY REAL ESTATE SECURITY. OFFICE: THOMSON'S BUILDING, ANTIGONISH, N. S.

MARBLE and GRANITE WORKS. First class workmanship and satisfaction guaranteed in all kinds of Marble and Granite Cemetery work. Prices to Suit all. Designs and prices on application. JOHN McISAAC, St. Andrews, Antigonish, N. S.

SIMON W.

No. 19141. Race record, 2:25. 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. Ninian Street, cross long bridge from D. McIsaac's forge.



Terms:—To insure, \$10.00, payable when mare proves with foal; season, \$8.00, payable in August, 1904; single service, \$5.00, payable at time of service. All mares at owners' risk. F. E. RUDDERHAM, Owner, Antigonish, N. S.

Farm for Sale.

The subscriber offers for sale the well known Farm, situated at

BRILEY BROOK, this County.

consisting of 239 acres, 88 acres of which are cleared and in a good state of cultivation, the balance being covered with heavy timber, hardwood and fencing material. It contains a good Dwelling House and Barns, with abundant water.

Also for sale, thirteen head of Cattle, 100 Horses and a few Sheep, and good Farming Tools, either with or without Farm. For further particulars address H. M. SPEARS, Antigonish, N. S.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, June 12th, 1904, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: LEAVE ANTIGONISH. No. 56. Mixed for New Glasgow and Truro, 11.30 " 29 Express for Halifax, 12.00 " 85 Express for Sydney, 12.15 " 55 Mixed for Mulgrave, 12.30 " 88 Express for Truro, 12.45 " 19 Express for Sydney, 1.00 All trains run by Atlantic Standard Time. Twenty-four o'clock is midnight. Vestibule sleeping and dining cars on through Express trains between Montreal and Antigonish. Maritime provinces. Moncton, N. B., June 9, 1904.

THE FOLLY OF LAMAR.

(HENRY C. ROWLAND, IN McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.)

Miss Muriel Hampton gracefully descended the precipitous steps of the Pullman and surveyed her immediate surroundings with interest, if not with admiration. A very extended examination was denied her, for the sparse piney woods straggled almost to the station platform, and the narrow trail, which seemed to be the only direction of escape, was swallowed up at some indefinite point in the near perspective.

The gallant Pullman conductor with the musical brow and silky, black mustache regarded her with a sympathy too deep for words, obliged as she was to quit his comfortable car for such desolate surroundings. In the brief minute before the start of the train he essayed a simple word of condolence.

"Yes, miss," said he, seeking to voice her unspoken thoughts as he followed her eyes to the meager woods; right here it looks like a tumblerful of tooth-picks, but 'tain't all as bad as this. Over 'raoun' Dunbar it's a right pretty country. When you-all see Kunnel Downes, kindly give him my best regards and compliment him fo' me on bein' able to welcome his chahmin' niece after five yeahs' seph'ation."

He bowed gracefully and, gripping the rail with a sinewy hand, went from the sand to the platform in one agile spring.

The girl stepped back clear of the train, which was about to leave; then her attention was suddenly taken by a broad-shouldered young man whom she had noticed on the train and who was just then in irate remonstrance with a stalwart baggage-master, who, standing in the door of his car, seemed bent on breaking the world's record for "putting" the sixty-pound valise. As if in repartee the engine hooted at him derisively, the bell clanged in accord, and an unwieldy object struck the sand at his feet with a crash of bottles which told him that his kit-bag had not been overlooked. Miss Hampton repressed with difficulty a wild impulse to dash back into the sheltering car; then came a swift panorama of weary faces in the windows glancing at her in apathetic contempt, and she was left alone with her contemplation of the piney woods.

The square outline of the last car was compressed into the distance and a plethoric but nervous razor-back saw led her offspring cautiously from under the platform and, wandering pensively to the girl's dressing-bag, eyed it sadly, as one who recognizes the habiliments of a departed friend. The piglets looked upon it hopefully, speculative of its succulence. Miss Hampton fearing cannibal propensities, fluttered her skirts and cried "Shoo," whereupon they all faced her, granting animosity. She picked up a stick and threw it at them, at which they wheeled with military precision and scampered for the woods, hurling insult back over their shoulders.

A plank creaked behind her and one approached whom she correctly surmised to be the station-master. He was old and scraggly and blasted, and in all ways resembled one of the pine trees, save possibly in aroma, which was more of the tobacco-sheds. There was a humor in his eye and a quaver in his voice, which was high and peevish. His accent and manner of talk was that of a negro.

"Has there been a trap here?" inquired the girl, withdrawing into an unconscious quarantine from this malodorous victim of blight.

He turned upon her his rheumy eye. "T' which?"

"Has there been a carriage here?" she asked impatiently, as one demanding of right a negative reply.

"Um-no," he made querulous answer; "they ain't been no rig here only Kunnel Downes' " (as though that particular vehicle could have no interest for her). "He seen th' fast section traipse through 'n' reckined thar wa'n't no mo' a-comin', 'n' git. He come fer thish-yer other gem'man," indicating her fellow passenger at the other end of the platform. "Travelin' sales-lady?" he inquired, fixing the girl with a glance of senile cunning.

Miss Hampton's long gray eyes narrowed with displeasure and a spot of olive red appeared in either cheek.

"Is there a tr—a horse and carriage to be had here?" she inquired, a quiver of anger in her deep voice.

"On'y mine, 'n' he done engaged that a ready. Mebbe he mought tote yu as fur as Dunbar—"

The girl swung her back to the old man, too proud to have him see the tears of anger and disappointment that filled her eyes. After a slight pause of mental vacuity, which sometimes passes for thought, he turned and shambled away, disappearing behind the station. Miss Hampton entered the waiting-room to consult the time-table. While so engaged she was treated to a dialogue occurring just without.

"She's a lady drummer," came the voice of the station-master with the insistence of age.

"A what?" said a deep musical voice. Evidently in the vocabulary of the speaker the only "drummers" were the orthodox martial kind and a cock-bird of the grouse species that squats on a log which he hammers with his wings.

"A lady drummer!" snapped the old man peevishly; "one o' them female wimmen critters that goes a-gallivantin' 'raoun' the kentry sellin' faces an' didies an' bunnets an' sich like. Her box of samples come last night on the local—"

Their voices died in the distance as they walked away.

Muriel might have found a certain humor in this snap-shot diagnosis of her identity if she had not just discovered that there was no other train out of the place that day. As it was, her heart was filled with a sudden fury

against all things made, chiefest of these being the distant uncle who had entrusted the care of her reputation to a creature moved only by reflexes. Toward the antique station-master she felt only the impersonal sort of disgust that one might have for any pestiferous beast of a low grade of intelligence.

She walked out of the station formulating a classic word which carries the tongue to the roof of the mouth. A physiognomist would not have classed an evenless of disposition among her more conspicuous charms. The downward twist at the corners of her wide mouth, and the gleam of white teeth between habitually parted lips bespoke dangerous qualities beneath, and the oliveted flush under the long, gray eyes should have been a danger-signal that any one might read. Being hungry for some intelligent being upon whom to throw the burden of her wrongs her heart gave a malicious purr of joy as she saw, approaching, her fellow-passenger.

He was broad and Anglo-Saxon, with short, crisp yellow hair, and the negligé of his sparkling raiment bespoke a carelessness of detail which in that section would be regarded as an insult to democracy. There was albeit something glad and joyous in his manner which might have swept away the maiden's pique had it not been for his first ill-chosen words.

"The station-master tells me that you wish to go to Dunbar—" He paused in some doubt as the retroussé tendencies of the Grecian nose became more pronounced and the curved black eyelashes half hid the long gray eyes.

"The station-master appears to be gifted with the far-sightedness of advanced age," replied Miss Hampton, addressing the young man's woollen cap.

For a moment his mind was off in pursuit of her meaning; failing to overtake it he tried another trail.

"I have engaged his rig to drive to Colonel Downes' plantation, and if you will let me take you as far as Dunbar—" Again he hesitated in some bewilderment, for an odd smile of malicious pleasure had appeared upon the attractive lips of the strange lady. His Boston accent had not been lost upon her and she foresaw the sport of much baiting; however, his decency demanded that he be given another last opportunity.

"And why are you so determined to get rid of me at Dunbar?" In the honeyed voice and subtle smile his Boston conventionalism saw only an ill-timed coquetry, to which, although alluring, he hardened his heart as became his inborn conventionalism.

"Why—er—isn't that the only place where—" There was a fatal hesitation. "Where I might be able to sell my wares?" she replied swiftly and with a certain wicked glee. He had lost his chance—the bridges were burned and now for a sweet revenge. "I am not so sure of that. I understand that there is a rich old planter not far from Dunbar—said to have more money than common sense, and also a daughter."

"I think that you are mistaken," replied he of the fair hair, inwardly reflecting on the Colonel's celibate state. "That is, I have never heard of her. He has a niece, I believe, but she has been abroad for the last few years—"

"Possibly in her behalf I might interest the Colonel in something in the millinery line," she suggested eagerly; "especially if you would be good enough to introduce me."

An involuntary shudder shook the stalwart frame of the proper young man. "We carry a very select stock of French lingerie and silk openwork hosiery; perhaps you would like to see some. I have a few samples—" She feinted in the direction of her dressing-bag.

The dismayed gentleman made a hurried gesture of dissent.

"Oh, thanks awfully—but, really, you know—I am—er—a bachelor—he grew somewhat incoherent—" and don't know much about those things—"

"Really?" exclaimed the girl with an inflection of exaggerated surprise. Although not caring for their purport, the Bostonian was forced to admire the soft Southern intonation of her voice. He grew rather red in the effort to recover his self-possession, but was successful notwithstanding.

"A gentleman's education is rather limited in the North," he replied, with the faintest possible inflection on the word "gentleman." The color was quickly transferred to the dusky cheek of the girl, whose pique had carried her rather farther than she had intended. Anger at his calm acceptance of the foolish old station-master's diagnosis of her walk in life, added to her ability at any time to fall back on her true position as the niece of his prospective host, had combined to produce a rather daring diablerie to her behavior. His well-bred reproof failed to act as oil to the troubled waters.

"You are very kind," she replied, starting off on another track; "most kind." There was a treacherous sweetness to her new tone. "As there is no other conveyance it is a choice between spending the night in the depot or accepting your offer." She paused as if in some doubt as to the lesser of the two evils.

"Don't be silly," he remarked in a tone that caused her to glance at him with a new interest. "The old fellow's gone after his rig. You can't stay here all night, you know—it's quite out of the question!"

He walked away and a few minutes later she saw him transporting his somewhat voluminous luggage into the station.

Before long the venerable station-master appeared from the woods, driving a horse apparently as antique as himself, hitched to a buggy each wheel of which appeared to rotate in

a different plane. The young man, after bestowing one critical glance upon the outfit, quickly abandoned the idea of transporting anything except the lady, her valise and himself, plus one rifle and a Mauser repeating pistol with which to slay such game as they might encounter upon their march. The rest of his plunder he helped the station-master to stow in the depot. This done, he assisted the silent lady into the shuddering vehicle.

The station-master coyly wished them a pleasant journey; then, as they were unable to progress faster than a walk, he accompanied them as far as his cabin, pointing out the finer qualities of his animal on the way, and bidding them a final farewell at the turn of the road. For a while they drove in silence, the horse treating the gentle admonitions to hurry with the contempt which they deserved from his Southern viewpoint.

"Can you suggest any way of hurrying him without undue cruelty?" asked the man desperately, after the horse had defied all efforts to arouse his somnambulism for the past mile.

"Suppose you stop talking to him," replied the girl tentatively; "possibly he finds your conversation fatiguing."

He ignored the sally. "He is certainly slow," he replied.

"Yes," she assented; "is it. One might almost fancy that one was at a Boston tea."

"You come from Boston?" he asked, thrusting in the dark.

"Yes," she answered swiftly; "whenever I am unfortunate enough to find myself there."

There was another thought-laden pause. Presently the man remarked: "We're not getting on very fast. I'm afraid that we'll hardly reach Durbar before—"

"The shops close?" she interrupted swiftly. "Well, in that case I may get you to drive me on to Colonel Downes'; I can't afford to waste the whole day, you know."

"Suppose I fire off the pistol?" he suggested; "it might frighten him a little."

"You might hit him. Suppose you get out and walk," she returned; "that would lighten the load and might encourage him to try a trot; then, once started, you might slip in behind without his noticing it."

"I'll try the walking part, at least," said he and leaped forthwith to the ground.

"There's a fly on his neck," he called presently from a little way behind the buggy. "Knock it off with the whip, please. We can't afford to make him carry any extra weight."

He paused, reaching down to fasten his shoe. There came the light flick of the whip and an ominous rattle of wheels. Looking up in surprise he saw that the malignant horse was striking away at a long swinging trot.

"Hold on!" he called.

"I can't!" came the prevaricating reply. "He thinks he's running away!" The gentleman started swiftly in pursuit, and after a sharp run overtook the shambling horse who, having once essayed a hitherto untried realm of speed, seemed to enjoy the exhilaration, as possibly recalling the long, dead days of his youth.

"It worked rather well, didn't it?" said the girl over her shoulder. "If you stay where you are I don't believe he'll know the difference."

"What worked?" puffed the man, a bit peevishly.

"Why, you're getting out of course. Didn't you do it to see if we couldn't make better time?"

"Yes, but I wouldn't have tried it if I'd thought that he was going to run away."

(To be continued.)

Fifty Years of an Actor's Life.

In his "Fifty Years of an Actor's Life," the late Mr. John Coleman tells many stories which I read first in a couple of volumes he published nearly a score of years ago. Among them was this characteristic story of Charles Kean: An actor named Richards, when he ought to have been on the stage as Seyton in the fourth act of "Macbeth," was telling funny stories in the greenroom. There was a "dead stick," and Kean was furious. He growled up and down the stage like a tiger, growling, "Where's the brute? Send him on that I may kill him!" At last Seyton hurried on.

"What's your grace's will?" he inquired in great trepidation.

"Saw you the weird sisters?" fiercely inquired Kean.

To which Seyton ought, of course, to have replied, "No, my lord." But with a desire to make matters agreeable to the irate tragedian, he replied, "Yes, my lord!"

Quite taken off his balance, Kean gasped, "the d—I you did! Where are they, then?"

Utterly unmanned, the wretched Seyton replied, "I'll show your majesty, if you'll deign to step round the corner."

Of course, not another word of the scene could be heard, but when they made their exit Kean let fly and anathematized Seyton. That gentleman, however, was quite equal to the occasion.

"Although I admit I am to blame," said he, "yet the fault was yours, sir."

Partridge's comments in "Tom Jones," on that actor's Hamlet.

"Which of the players did you like best?"

"The king, of course," replied Partridge.

"The king! Why all the world agrees that Hamlet was played by the best actor ever seen upon the stage."

"He the best player!" cried Partridge with a contemptuous sneer. "Why, I could act as well myself. I am sure if I had seen a ghost I should have looked in the same manner, and done the same as he did. And, then, to be sure, in that scene between him and his mother, where you say he acted so fine, why, Lord help me! any man—that is, any good man—that had such a mother would have done exactly the same. The king for my money! He speaks all his words distinctly and half as loud again as the other. Anybody may see he is an actor."

This delightful criticism of Partridge's recalls that of George II. upon 'Richard III.' when Garrick acted in that play before his majesty. Garrick, who, inspired by the presence of royalty, had acted the part with extraordinary power and passion, hurried to the royal box at the close of play to receive the compliments he had earned so well. All the old German said, however, was: "Mr. Garrick, I do love dat lord mayor. Capital lord mayor! Fine lord mayor dat, Mr. Garrick. Where did you get such a capital lord mayor?"—T. P. O'Connor, in the Chicago Tribune.

SCOTTISH CHIEF.

This fine horse will stand the season at Hugh Cameron's, North Lochaber NEWTON CAMERON, Owner.

Advertisement for Sovereign Lime Juice. Features an illustration of a glass of juice and text: "3 for a Cent. Three delicious summer drinks for one cent. Two teaspoonsful of Sovereign Lime Juice to a glass of ice water, sweetened to the taste, makes the most healthful, the most satisfying, and the most refreshing, of all hot weather beverages. And 3 glasses cost only 1c. Sovereign Lime Juice is the pure juice of finest West India Limes, with the natural flavor of the fresh ripe fruit. 10c, 15c, 25c AND 50c BOTTLES. Sold by Grocers and Druggists. Refined and bottled by SIMSON GROS. CO., LTD., HALIFAX, N.S."

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World's Fair, ST. LOUIS.

Travel via St. John and Canadian Pacific Wabash, SHORT LINE. Direct to the main gates. GOOD HOTEL IN THE GROUNDS.

THROUGH SLEEPERS

St. John to Montreal, - \$2.50 Montreal to St. Louis, - 6 00

RETURN RATES FROM ST. JOHN: \$30.50 Ticket, Good for 18 Days 40.70 Ticket, Good for 60 Days 48.80 Ticket, Good to Dec. 15, '04

Send for Descriptive Pamphlets and Time Tables. C. B. FOSTER, D.P.A., C.P.R., St. John, N. B.

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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. ALSO A FEW

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.



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

\$24

In easy instalments pays for a three-months' course during the summer season.

One Month's Trial FREE!

Full information sent free to any address. Write to-day.

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First-class both for Domestic and Steam purposes.

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HALIFAX TO BOSTON, Wednesday's 3 p. m. and Saturday's midnight Halifax for Hawkesbury and Charlottetown Wednesday 9 p. m. From Boston Tuesdays and Saturdays at Noon.

Through tickets for sale, and baggage checked by Agents Intercolonial Railway. For all information apply to Plant Line Agents, at Halifax. H. L. CHIPMAN, General Manager.

Cattle Disease.

HAVING been instructed by the chief Veterinary Inspector to deal with all cases of Pictou Cattle disease

When occurring in Antigonish County 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.

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A Nice Line of Finished Work and Latest Designs to Select From.

Get our prices before placing your order J. H. McDOUGALL, Box 474, New Glasgow, N. S.

FOR SALE.

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.

ISRAEL.

The famous and well-known trotting stallion Israel, race record 2:19, 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 30th and 31st of May.

Parties en route to and from Tracadie wishing to breed will find him Monday mornings and Tuesday evenings at John B. Macdonald's, stables, Heatherton. Service fees: Single, \$4.00; season, \$6.00; to ensure \$8.00. All mares at owner's Risk. F. H. RANDALL, Owner. JAMES KELL, Groom.

ESTABLISHED, 1852

THE CASKET,

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

M. DONOVAN, Manager.

Terms: \$1.00 per Year in Advance.

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

THURSDAY, AUGUST 4.

"ELECTRICITY AND ORTHODOXY."

(Continued from page one.)

Marie Ampère, of Paris, demonstrated that magnetic effects can be produced by electric currents alone without the aid of magnets. This is the principle which forms the basis of electro-dynamics. What sort of man Ampère was we learn from Frederic Ozanam, to whom he used to say: "How great is God, Ozanam! How great is God, and how little is our knowledge." He had some religious struggles at one time in his life, but after that, says the great literary critic, Saint-Beuve, who certainly did not admire him any the more for his being an earnest Catholic, "during the years which followed, up to the time of his death, we were filled with wonder and admiration at the way in which, without effort, he united religion and science, faith and confidence in the intellectual possibilities of man with adoring submission to the revealed Word of God." When Ozanam expressed his surprise that Ampère, though an old man and working hard, should observe fast days most scrupulously, the great electrician simply answered, "You fast; why shouldn't I?"

Charles Augustin Coulomb, who discovered the law that magnetic attractions and repulsions are inversely as the squares of the distances, lived in the time of the French Revolution, when rationalism caused so many to break away from their old moorings, yet he never gave up his belief in Providence. George Simon Ohm, the discoverer of the law with regard to electrical resistance, which has enabled the makers of electrical machines to secure the best possible efficiency for them, was a pupil of the Jesuits, taught for twelve years at their College in Cologne, and there made his discovery. James Clerk Maxwell, whose treatise on electricity and magnetism is regarded as one of the greatest works on the subject, was a monthly communicant in the Church of England. Werner von Siemens, who discovered the principle of the dynamo machine and elaborated the theory of the submarine cable, spoke in a scientific meeting a short time before his death of the wisdom of the Creator, and the humility of mind produced by scientific study in the presence of so much to know and so little known. William Thompson, Lord Kelvin, is acknowledged to be the greatest living master of physical science. He has done a great deal to develop and perfect the submarine cable and his compass and sounding-machine have made his name honored by mariners. A notable utterance which he made last year, in the face of materialistic scientists, was published in these columns at the time, but is well worth reprinting: "Science positively affirms creative power. It makes every one feel a miracle in himself. It is not in dead matter that we live and move and have our being, but in the creating and directive power which science compels us to accept as an article of belief. Modern biologists are once more coming to the acceptance of a vital principle. They know God only in his works, but they are absolutely forced by science to admit and to believe with absolute confidence in a directive power, in an influence other than physical, dynamical, electrical forces." Lord Kelvin declares that those who refuse to believe in the Creator have no alternative except the theory of the fortuitous course of atoms. When a young man, he asked Liebig, then the greatest chemist of the day, whether he believed that the flower which he had plucked by the roadside could have come into being by chance. To which Liebig replied that he would as soon think that a botanical book describing the flower had come into existence by a chance arrangement of letters, words, chapters and pages.

When the International Congress of Electricians met in Paris in 1881, they appointed a Commission to fix upon a system of units to be used as measures of electrical energy, believing that this was needed for the practical development of the science. The names given these electrical units are the volt,

the ampère, the ohm, the farad, the coulomb,—and thus the names of the greatest electricians are happily and inseparably united with the science to whose progress they devoted their lives. Every one of those whose names are honoured in this way was a sincere Christian; every one except Faraday was a Catholic. Dr. Walsh has done us a valuable service in laying these facts before us. "There is an easy way," as he says, "for the mediocre scientist to attract attention. He simply makes the announcement that the last discovery does away with certain of the old religious principles, and makes religion generally something that old women may cling to, but with which sensible men in the midst of modern scientific progress cannot rationally and with entire candour have anything to do. The number of these is legion. But it is as well to say at once that no one of them has ever made a really ground-breaking discovery. There is not the type of mind that is likely to make fresh discoveries. It requires a simpler, and honest, and less self-conscious intelligence." Every one of the men mentioned in this article broke fresh ground; but none of them tried to prove the moral law only a physical law for the sake of getting rid of the obligations which the moral law imposes; none of them had a craving for notoriety. Therefore, while they became great scientists, they found it easy to remain good Christians.

Action Urged.

Editor Casket:

SIR,—From all quarters of the County come reports of a great shortage in the hay crop. On an average, the yield is hardly one-half, while with very many one-quarter is a liberal estimate. Grain and root crops are hardly up to the average, and so the farmer has been asking himself since some time what are we going to do about it?

Well, what are we going to do about it?

Shall we stand around and miserably grumble and idly predict certain ruin? Shall we await winter with a blind and groundless confidence that something is bound to turn up? Shall we plunge our hands in our pockets (plenty room for them there next Spring), and say we don't give a rap, come what may? Or shall we show that we have, after all, some interest in each other's welfare and join in a concerted effort to stem the tide of ruin which all admit is approaching? The occasion imperatively calls for action, and the farmers of Antigonish County should be equal to the occasion. "What are we going to do about it?"

We can sell off our stock at slaughter prices and put up with the consequences of such a depletion in our main source of revenue—be putting up with it for the next twenty years, or, we can wait till next spring and buy hay at twenty dollars a ton and smile or grumble while we are paying for it the rest of our lives. We certainly can do this.

But are we going to do it?

Not if we are alive to our best interests; not if we are honest with ourselves; not if our motto is *progress*. We must expect drawbacks but that is no reason why we should not unite manfully and meet difficulties fairly and squarely. Better stand up and fight than sit down and cry.

Now, we have a Farmers' Association for Antigonish County with representatives in each district. This organization represents the intelligence of the farmers of this County, and has for its aim the promotion of the interests of the whole farming community.

I have no doubt that the Farmers' Association could do much for the County in the present crisis if given a hearty support by the farmers themselves.

Might not, then, a meeting be called for an appointed day and ways and means discussed and measures concerted to bring hay and other cattle feed cheaply into the County.

If I am correctly informed, hay is selling in the Province of Quebec at the rate of six dollars a ton. By waiting till next spring and buying from local dealers we shall probably have to pay twenty dollars a ton. Why wait if we can better ourselves? And we cannot better ourselves if we do not make the attempt.

Of course, freight will be a consideration. I am confident, however, that Government, viewing the critical stress of the situation, would be only too pleased to reduce freight rates to a minimum. I have no time, Mr. Editor, to discuss the question further, but one thing at least is clear: the farmers of Antigonish County are face to face with an alarming situation, and they owe it to themselves, to be up and doing.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor,

Yours truly, FARMER.

Lord Dundonald sailed from Quebec on Friday afternoon on the Allen line steamer Tunisian.

An enormous concourse from all parts of Ireland was present at the ceremony of the re-opening of Armagh Cathedral, after four years' work of redecoration which included the covering the entire walls with mosaic pictures. Cardinal Vanutelli, as the delegate of Pope Pius, and many Irish and foreign prelates, the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, John Redmond, John Dillon, Timothy Healy and other prominent persons were present. Some rioting by Orangemen occurred after the service.

To the Editor of The Casket:

Dear Sir,—Mass was celebrated for the community on Sunday last at Lourdes by the Rev. Fr. Coady of Havre au Bouche. The rev. gentleman was on his way to Caledonia Springs, and thus happened to supply the place of the Rev. W. B. McDonald, the resident pastor, who has since been his travelling companion to the same health resort. Both priests were present, as they also were at the evening devotions afterwards. There was so pleasing an incident in connection with the journey that I, though a stranger in the parish, would with many others thank you for its publication in your very excellent journal. The people of the mission presented Fr. McDonald with a handsome pecuniary donation to defray all expenses, and, and availed themselves of the occasion to wish him pleasant hours of travel and a happy return in renewed health to continue his labors amongst them. I have heard his public acknowledgment of their generosity; and also listened with much interest then and since to the words in which they expressed their appreciation of his presence and work during the many years he has been in charge of the congregation. It is a fact like this, and words like theirs that bespeak the sacred relation that should ever subsist between priest and people, and which so happily does exist generally throughout the diocese. Submitting the matters to public notice can have no evil, and may have many good effects.

A CASUAL VISITOR.
Lourdes, July 27, 1904.

Town Council.

A meeting of the Council was held Friday evening.

The following accounts were ordered to be paid:

Repairs to streets and bridges, \$190.07; D. McDonald, work on water weir, \$4.38; freight and trucking, \$2.28; Alex. McDonald, plank, \$13.80; Allan McDonald, James River, hemlock plank, \$56.01; K. Sweet & Co., pipe, \$9.95; Guest & Chrines, Rotherdam, valves, etc., \$5.48; T. McAvity & Son, St. John, valves, \$16.65; J. Matheson & Co., New Glasgow, galvanized pipe, \$52.63; Thomas Somers, \$12.78; A. G. Jocelyn, trucking, \$1; Rev. H. Macpherson, analysing beer, \$5; Municipality, maintenance of poor and insane, \$257.95; N. S. Hospital, maintenance of insane, \$90.06; repairs to reservoir, \$33.67; labour on streets, \$28.62.

Three applications from poor for aid were received. Two applications were granted, \$1 each per week, one grant being retroactive two months; the third application was allowed to lie over for a future meeting.

Archibald Harrington, J. F. Cunningham and Henry Smith were appointed assessors for the current year. Archibald Harrington, John C. McNaughton and James McNeil were appointed Revisors.

The Recorder was instructed to ascertain if legislation existed whereby all telegraph and telephone companies could be compelled to place wires within the Town on one set of poles.

The Clerk was instructed to ask for tenders for scraping and painting the four iron bridges in Town.

The Electric Light Company gave notice that after August 31, 1904, when the Town contract terminated, the terms now prevailing for street lighting would not be continued. Mr. D. G. Whidden, the manager of the Company, was present, and made a statement on the subject, which was a brief review of the conditions obtaining in the matter of street lighting since his assumption of the management, five years ago. At that date the Town was paying \$500 per annum for an all-night service of 25 32-candle-power lights, the contract having two years to run. He entered into an arrangement whereby the contract was extended three years and the number of lights increased by ten, for same yearly rate. Since an additional light was installed, the price therefor being \$15 a year, making the cost \$515 for a yearly service of 36 lights. He claimed the Company had not made any profit for upwards of four years because of the advance in the price of coal which took place about that time, the increase being from \$1 per ton to \$2.25 at the mine, or about 125 per cent. The Company, he said, would contract for a continuance of the present service for \$22 per light per year, but would not accept lower than \$700 for furnishing a smaller service. The Council did not discuss the matter, the members agreeing to defer action until next meeting.

The situation in respect to the Town's water supply was discussed. The Water Superintendent gave in a report, showing some work performed at the reservoir, leaks stopped, etc., and announcing that the system is in good condition. He verbally supplemented the report, stating that the water in the lower dam was 18 inches below the waste way floor and was falling during the dry time about four inches per day, and, because of the water's surface becoming smaller, was liable to drop even more rapidly. He, however, thought if the weather became broken the gain in consequence would stop the decrease. He was asked if it was possible to increase the supply, and replied that it could be done either by adding to the storage capacity of the dams or by increasing the sources of supply, suggesting that the Clydesdale River be connected with the reservoir. He estimated the cost of connection at between \$6,000 and \$9,000. From further statements made by the Water Superintendent the Council deemed it imperative that steps should be taken to increase the supply, and a committee was appointed to interview riparian owners on the Clydesdale.

Parliament, it is expected, will prorogue on Saturday.

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.

WOOL!

WANTED.

A large lot of - - -

Butter and Wool.

We will pay 20c. per pound for Wool in exchange for goods at CASH prices

We carry a full range of the - - - - -

HEWSON

and - - -

Oxford Tweeds.

Nice Patterns and Extra Good Values.

A. KIRK & CO.,
ANTIGONISH.

At Home
KEEP or Traveling
STANTON'S
PAIN RELIEF
HANDY.
It is a Never Failing Remedy for INTERNAL and EXTERNAL Use—Immediate in its Action and Safe to Take.
Rheumatism, Cramps, Colics, Neuralgia, Diarrhea, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, Faceache, Chilblains, &c., &c.
When purchasing PAIN RELIEF do not fail to ask for, and see that you get STANTON'S, for sale everywhere. Price 25 cts per bottle.
McGALE'S BUTTERNUT PILLS FOR FAMILY USE.
For sale everywhere, 25c per box or by mail on receipt of price.
Sole proprietors, THE WINGATE CHEMICAL Co. Limited, Montreal, Canada.

Good Health.
This is the season for cleansing the blood. We have just received a large stock of
Sarsaparilla Compound
ALSO
Paine's Celery Compound.
Patent Medicines of every description
Pills, Ointments, Combs, Brushes, Soap, Perfumes, Sponges, Maltine Preparations, Emulsions, Pipes, Cigars, Tobacco, Etc.
ALSO
A full line of SPECTACLES of the Best Quality.
Physicians Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.
Mail Orders promptly filled.
House Telephone No. 7.
FOSTER BROS
Druggists, Antigonish.
Remember the place, opp A. F. I. &

INVERNESS IMPERIAL HOTEL,
INVERNESS, C. B.
New House Airy Rooms. Nice Sea View. Bath Room, Hot and Cold Water. Sample Rooms and Stabling in connection.
L. J. MacEachern, Prop.



Bargains in Bicycles.
Second-Hand Wheels
\$7, 10, 12, 15 and upwards.
NEW WHEELS
\$25 AND UPWARDS.
A Few Special Bargains in Ladies' Bicycles.
SUNDRIES and REPAIRS
WRITE FOR PRICES.
ACME BICYCLE AGENCY,
NEW GLASGOW, N. S.
September 6th
is opening day at the
Maritime Business College,
HALIFAX, N. S.
Write for 1904-05 Calendar to
KAULBACH & SCHURMAN,
Chartered Accountants.
Be sure to get Cowan's. Sold by grocer
Cowan's
Cocoa and Chocolate
Confectioners also have them, buy the best.

Pius X and the Workmen.
Last Sunday afternoon, June 12, Pius X, was particularly gratified, for he was to address a distinctively workingman's congregation. Over thirty years ago Father Domenico Jacobini, who died as Cardinal of Holy Church and Vicar General of Leo XIII, started a workingmen's club here in the Eternal City, which has thriven wonderfully ever since, and which now numbers no fewer than five hundred thousand members in all parts of Italy. Indeed, the organization flourished better in some of the dioceses outside of Rome than in Rome itself. Father Sarto worked so hard to develop it in his native diocese of Treviso, that when the different branches united a year and a half ago in preparing a manifestation in honor of the Jubilee of Leo XIII, Treviso was the banner diocese of Italy in the work. Leo XIII died before the work of obtaining signatures and subscriptions was finished, and it was only last Sunday that both the one and the other were presented to the Sovereign Pontiff. Pius X. had ordered his Maestro di Camera to distribute 10,000 tickets of admission to the Cortile della Pigna—an immense square in the centre of the Vatican capable of containing fifty thousand persons. The number of persons who found their way to the rendezvous was perhaps nearer 15,000 than 10,000, for the workingmen in many cases brought their wives and children, and the guards at the entrance were not particularly rigorous. Shortly after six o'clock the Holy Father entered surrounded by the chief members of his court, and by Cardinal Ferrata. A great outburst of cheering broke from the crowd, and the Pope made that familiar, easy gesture of his right hand which is so characteristic of him and which means to say that he would like to give his hand to all present. Then an address was read by one of the heads of the Association, twelve huge volumes containing the names of five hundred thousand workingmen who expressed their devoted homage to the Pope were presented, and the Holy Father began his reply. He began in the usual way by thanking those present, and praising the work of the Roman society. He bade them to fight the battles of the faith, and to strengthen, as far as possible, the numbers and activity of the Catholic Associations—and then, without more ado, he plunged into the Gospel of the Sunday:
"Of great comfort and consolation," he said, "is the gift of the signatures of five hundred thousand workingmen who have united in one heart and in one mind to defend the Catholic faith; but this consoling fact will produce still greater and more lasting fruit if everyone of you will give himself with all his energy to a holy apostolate, for thus his example and activity will be increased tenfold. And there is only one way for doing this. We learn it to-day in the Gospel of the parable of the Good Shepherd, who, having lost one of his sheep, leaves the rest, and goes in search of the missing one. When he finds it he comforts it and takes it back to the fold, content with the conquest he has made. So must you, Christians, do likewise: everyone of you must make an apostle of himself, remembering that it is your duty to take an interest in your neighbor. If you find in your own workshops brothers, who, although working side by side with you do not belong to your ranks, you must look upon them as sheep that have been lost, and you must treat them not with hard words or with vigor, but with that brotherly love which is the noble device of your Association. And since you concern yourself with the needs of the body, all the more reason why you should concern yourselves also with the things of the spirit, and with this end specially in view you must strive with holy zeal to bring those who work with you into the fold of your Association. In this way those half million of Workingmen's signatures may in a single year be increased until they become millions, and your activity, which is the emanation of mutual charity, will be poured out again upon yourselves, for the Holy Spirit says: 'He who saves a soul, saves himself.' To lead souls to God by means of Christian charity is a cause of holy joy, it is a day of victory, it is the choicest of acquisitions, the most precious of treasures. This is the fruit I shall expect from you after this happy meeting to-day: this is the recommendation which the Father gives to his children; this is what is asked of you by the Vicar of Christ himself. I thank you again for the proofs of affection you have given me, and that you remain forever firm in the faith, firm in the principles of your religion, I invoke upon you, and your labors and your families the Apostolic Benediction, which I bestow upon you with all my heart."
The Pope's sermon lasted about ten minutes, and it made an extraordinary impression. In a few simple words His Holiness explained the power for religion that may be exercised by the laity. The early Christian Church was propagated wonderfully by the example and the apostolate of the laity among their pagan fellow workers. Pius X. believes that the same apostolate will be as fruitful for the Church to-day—and his words are as applicable to the United States as they are to Italy.—*Vox Urbis, in New York Freeman.*
Lever's Y. Z. (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap. Powder is a boon to any home. It disinfects and cleans at the same time.

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

The Broad-Minded Woman.
Prudery is related to modesty as superstition is to faith. The truly modest woman, while safe-guarding a woman's most precious treasure by reasonable precautions, is too busy with the duties of her state to be constantly and morbidly on the look-out for temptations. She keeps the house of her soul so full of angels that there is no room in it for the tiniest of demons. The woman who wishes to be modest, but whose brain and hands are insufficiently occupied, sees temptations and dangers in matters most innocent.
The wise woman does not proclaim in words her love for purity,—a virtue so delicate that it shrinks from the mention of its own name,—but her manifest pre-occupation with the things which are honest and lovely and of good report sufficiently attests her place among the clean of heart.
Prudery is essentially narrow-minded and pre-occupied with self. It is always apprehensive, shying at shadows, like a badly-trained horse. Real purity and modesty are broad-minded and sensible, not imagining evil where none exists, but so effectively armored as to turn the darts of the most wicked one, when really assailed by them.
But there is moral evil, known and acknowledged as such by all, into which no good woman ventures: conversations positively evil or dangerous, the study of degenerate art; novels and dramas viciously suggestive. To be sure there are women whose primal notion of breadth and strength of mind is in their ability to hear, see and discuss everything; and who unhesitatingly brand the discreet and delicate minded woman as narrow.
There are vast realms of swamp and quagmire, to say nothing of dumping grounds and guano islands which are sufficiently indicated by the surveyor's danger signals; or which have no legitimate interest except for the sanitarian. There are even many natural facts which are worse than profitless studies for any but doctors and nurses. For the unprofessional to discuss them is but to debilitate alike the nerves and the intellect.
In the endless making of books, with a view to big circulation and profit, many writers,—a shamefully large number of women among them,—have sought originality at the cost of decency, and pandered to the numerous readers who like to indulge a depraved taste quietly, or who defend incursions into forbidden realms on the plea of "art" or broad-mindedness. Now no mind is broad enough to harbor cleanliness and filth simultaneously.
It is silly to plead the need of a certain amount of knowledge in order to help the victims of evil courses. As well might a woman insist on dwelling for a time in the vermin-infested huts, and drinking the liquid sewage of Pharl, that she might qualify herself to uplift the degraded womanhood of Tibet. So easy is the decent of Avernus, that to all such experimenting, it is fair to adapt the words of the poet:
"Thou shalt lower to its level day by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with clay."
There are a host of subjects that a good woman can afford to be ignorant of. Her sorrow is when knowledge of them is forced upon her. How beautiful to men and angels is the woman, either in youth or maturity, on whom a coarse joke or a word of double meaning falls flat!
It is truly broad-minded and courageous to make one's escape from suggestive conversation; to admit ignorance of a novel or play, however much in vogue, which offends Christian morality. Anent a vile novel, current ten years ago, the late Mrs. Sherwood remarked: "Once, hearing so much about it, I was a little ashamed to say I had now read it; now I am greatly ashamed to say I have."
Many women who have no hankering after forbidden fruit; who, as a matter of mere personal comfort—to say nothing of higher considerations—would much rather keep clean minds and souls, still make unworthy concessions to some social intimates lest they be set down as "narrow" or not up-to-date. Why be so lacking in good honest backbone as to buy an alleged work of art which offends your eyes every time you glance at it, which may be a real occasion of sin to unformed or weak minds, and a cause of well-justified scruple of conscience to your own soul? Why read a book which only revolts your reason, and brings disgusting images before you when most you would be devout and at peace, because some woman in your club has talked it up and demanded your opinion? Why cherish the unfortunate illusion that a certain license of speech is permitted to a woman after she has reached maturity? The Psalmist set no age limit for that watch before his mouth and that door about his lips, when he besought of God that his heart might not incline to evil words to make excuses in sin. Christ set no limit of age or state for the blessedness of the clean of heart. Rather as bodily uncleanness is the more repulsive in advanced years, so that innuendo and suggestive speech sometimes misnamed "broad."—*Boston Pilot.*
The Great Seal of England.
Although Queen Victoria has been dead for several years, yet, astonishing though it may appear, her great seal still continues to be used for the sealing of all official documents. This is in accordance with precedent and has led to a good deal of confusion among historians, since ancient documents are often found bearing the seal of sovereigns who have died as many as ten and fifteen years prior to the date recorded therein.
The new great seal of King Edward will not be ready until the end of this

year, and instead of being made of silver, as has always been the case since the days of William the Conqueror, nearly 900 years ago, it is, for the first time, being made of finely tempered steel. It consists of a pair of dies six inches in diameter and three-quarters of an inch thick. When it is required for the completion of any state documents, the dies are closed, melted wax is poured in, and the great seal is ready to be attached to the document to which it is to give official value.
The great seal is the emblem of British sovereignty and is used on all solemn occasions when the will of the monarch is to be expressed. Its impress in wax is attached to every royal charter, warrant, or official document bearing the sign manual of the sovereign. It is used for all acts of state, for writs to summon parliament, for the ratification of foreign treaties, and such documents have no legal value unless sealed with the great seal.
That is why King James II., on his flight from England, deliberately dropped the great seal into the Thames, knowing that there was nothing which he could possibly do that would cause so much inconvenience to the government which had deposed him, as the absence of the great seal and the impossibility, therefore, to summon parliament or to undertake any sovereign act until a new one was engraved. If he dropped it into the Thames rather than take it away with him to France it was because he felt almost certain that he would be captured before he ever reached the mouth of the river.
The great seal is confided to the custody of the lord chancellor, and there are all sorts of statutes still in force providing penalties to be imposed upon him in the event of his not taking proper care thereof. Thus one of the offenses for which Cardinal Wolsey was impeached and punished during the reign of King Henry VIII, was that he had violated the law by taking the great seal out of the kingdom with him while lord chancellor. Lord Chancellor Eldon was in the habit of sleeping with the great seal under his pillow, and on one occasion when his house was destroyed by fire, he hurried it into the garden and buried it for safety in a flower bed. "But," says Lord Campbell, "what between his alarm on Lady Eldon's account, and his admiration of the housemaids in their vestal attire, he could not remember the next morning the spot where he had hidden the seal, and you never saw anything so ridiculous as the whole family engaged in probing and digging about the gardens until the seal was found."—*Marquise de Fontenoy.*

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.

J. H. STEWART,
ANTIGONISH, N. S.
AGENT FOR
Francis Drake's
BEVERAGES.
which will be supplied at Factory Prices.
Ginger Ale,
Lemonade.
Cream Soda,
Klub Soda,
Champagne Cider,
Orange Phosphate,
Sarsaparilla.
Lemon Sour,
Orange Cider,
Ironbrew,
Fruit Syrups,
Lime Juice,
Vino, Etc., Etc.,
N. B.—Picnics will find it to their advantage to get quotations from me.
J. H. STEWART,
Agent Francis Drake,
New Glasgow, N. S.

FOR SALE.
A number of Wood Lots owned by the undersigned at Pleasant Valley For Terms and particulars apply to McIsaac & Chisholm, Barristers etc., Antigonish.
ANGUS MCGILLIVRAY, Donald's Son, Cross Roads Ohio.

Carriages Farming Implements Harness.
Just received 1 carload of Carriages from William Gray & Sons, Ltd., Chatham, Ont. These carriages have been in service throughout the Dominion for nigh fifty years, and are giving genuine satisfaction wherever used. The works have consequently grown and are to-day the best in Canada. The wagons are guaranteed for service and are strong, yet beautiful and graceful in construction.

CONCORDS, RUBBER TIRES, PIANO and CORNING BOXES.
The Reliable
Massey-Harris Farm Implements.
HARNESS,
Good stock, selected specially for durability.
An examination of these goods is respectfully solicited.
D. McISAAC.

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,
Solicitor of Miss Alice Whelan.

PIC - NICS.
Again to the Front with our Large Stuck of Picnic Supplies.
Everything you could possibly want at prices that defy competition. All drinks sold at factory prices. We are agents for Bigelow & Hood's famous Temperate Drinks, 10 Flavors, the best in Nova Scotia. Fruit Syrups—5 flavors. Cigars, Confectionery, Fruit, Picnics, etc. etc. We can tell you how much stuff you want if you give us an approximate idea of how many people you expect, as we have a thorough experience. And remember, all goods left over and in good condition, can be returned.

BONNER'S GROCERY.
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 root 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
MRS. CHRISTY CHISHOLM
Antigonish Harbor.

AT
FRASER'S MEAT MARKET
are some of the nicest
..HAMS..
ever offered the Antigonish public.
OUR OWN CURING
JOHN FRASER, Manager

SHERIFF'S SALE.
1904, A. No. 768.
IN THE SUPREME COURT:
Between SARAH A. GREGORY, Plaintiff
AND
HUGH D. MCGILLIVRAY, Defendant
a party appointed to represent the heirs of Donald McGillivray.
To be sold at Public Auction by the Sheriff of the County of Antigonish, or his deputy, at the Court House at Antigonish, on
Friday, the 12th Day of August, 1904,
at eleven o'clock in the forenoon.
pursuant to an order of foreclosure and sale made here in dated the 4th day of July, 1904, and in force before the day of sale the amount due to the plaintiff on the mortgage sought to be foreclosed hereinafter together with costs to be taxed, be paid to her or her solicitor.
ALL the estate, right, title interest and defendant and of all persons represented herein by the said above-named defendant, or any of them, and of all persons claiming or entitled by, from or under them or any of them, of, in, to or out of all that certain lot, piece or parcel of
LAND
situate, lying and being at Bear Malignant Cove, in the County of Antigonish and bounded as follows: That is to say, on the North by lands of Angus McNeil and lands of William McLaughlin; on the East by lands of Douglas McIsaac and lands of Maggie McIsaac; on the South by lands of John and Malcolm McDonald; and on the West by lands of Ronald McGillivray, containing three hundred acres, more or less.
Term—Ten per cent deposit at time of sale; remainder on delivery of deed.
D. D. CHISHOLM,
High Sheriff of the County of Antigonish
C. ERNEST GREGORY,
Plaintiff's Solicitor.
Antigonish, N. S., July 5th, 1904.

Stories of Paul Kruger.

Stephenus Johannes Paulus Kruger, the last president of the Boer republic, was one of the empire builders of South Africa and the lifelong enemy of Cecil Rhodes.

He lived long enough to see the death of his greatest enemy and to witness, in lonely exile, the triumph of the greatest foe of his people.

Of Paul Kruger much has been written about his wonderful feats of endurance, his fearlessness as a lion hunter, his marvelous strength, his bravery as a soldier, his ability as a ruler, his skill as a diplomat.

In personal appearance "Oom Paul" could not be called handsome. He was over 6 feet high, but fat and unwieldy, and had a waddling walk.

When ready for an interview he lighted a long clay pipe and puffed at it frequently and vigorously.

His famous decision in a case of inheritance as in another vein and worthy of Solomon's judgment.

At 18 years of age for a small wagger over a straightaway course of 700 yards he actually outran a good horse ridden by an opponent.

One of his most celebrated performances was an all day race against a number of Kaffir chiefs, the pick of that tribe, the course as laid out covered eighty miles.

Mr. Kruger, when a young man, was out hunting hart beasts one day with a rifle which had not been used for a long time.

It was the effort of his life to keep the government of the Transvaal in the hands of the Boers and to keep the outlanders, as all foreigners are termed in the Transvaal, outside of all public affairs.

Five miles from home a full grown panther sprang from the bush. The frightened oxen bolted nearly upsetting the two wheeled cart.

Once, when he was chasing a buffalo bull and his horse had brought him close to the game the buffalo, stumbled and fell into a wallow filled by recent rains from a muddy pool.

Once upon a time before the Transvaal was a republic, there was a famine in the land and a party of hunters was organized to seek for hartebeeste.

Taking a native he left the party, and after an absence of several hours returned and told his comrades that he had prayed and that in three days' time the Lord would send them game in plenty.

On the occasion of his first visit to England "Oom Paul" wore the broad

the hunters had great store of meat to take home.

From that moment Kruger was a greater hero than ever, and was regarded as specially favored by the Lord.

It was not until long afterwards that the native who accompanied him into the bush told the story that Kruger, instead of praying during his seclusion, make straight for the nearest Kaffir kraal, and, calling the head men, informed them that there was a large force of Boers on the other side of the bush, who had sent him to tell them that unless they, the natives, beat up game for them within three days they should all be shot.

As president of the Boer republic Kruger was the arbiter of all the petty disputes his people chose to bring to him.

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On the occasion of his first visit to England "Oom Paul" wore the broad

felt hat, the short jacket, and "veldt schoon" (shoes of untanned leather) which form the usual and recognized costume of a dopper. On his return he met the astonished gaze of his friends clad in a high hat, a long black cloth coat, and the boots worn by ordinary civilized men.

A Noble Scottish Family.

Admiral Lord Walter Kerr, who ceases in October to be Naval First Lord of the Admiralty, has been promoted to be an Admiral of the Fleet.

Born in 1830 a younger son of the seventh Marquis of Lothian, Lord Walter Kerr was twelve years old when his mother, an early adherent of the Anglican revival, was received into the Catholic Church.

Lord Walter himself was away from home. He had entered the Navy at the age of thirteen, and was then in the Baltic, graduating, under the guns of the Russians, in the School of War.

As an athlete his physical powers of strength and endurance were almost beyond belief.

HERRING.

CHOICE NO. 1 JULY HERRING For Sale at right price.

SALT COD.

C. B. Whidden & Son

Mail Contract.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on FRIDAY, THE 9TH SEPTEMBER, 1904, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week each way, between ANTIGONISH and BALLANTYNE'S COVE

WOOL! WOOL! FOR SALE.

A large quantity of wool wanted for which highest prices will be paid. I have a well selected assortment of NOVA SCOTIA TWEEDS, (made from native wool) English and Scotch Tweeds, Worsteds and Panting.

Ready-Made Clothing, which I offer cheap for cash or in exchange for wool. Get my prices before disposing of your wool elsewhere.

THOMAS SOMERS.

"BAY VIEW FARM." Formerly known as the "Biglow Farm." Situated at Antigonish Harbor containing 350 acres - 100 under cultivation, remainder woodland and pasture.

FARM FOR SALE.

An excellent farm formerly belonging to the late Charles Tait, containing 80 acres, well wooded and watered, with house and barn, situated in Grosvenor, Guysboro Co. For particulars apply to the heirs, MRS. ALEX. O'NEILL, Frankville, N. S. Or MRS. ALEX. McKEOUGH, Linwood, N. S.

NOTICE.

HEWSON PURE TWEEDS

ARE STYLISH and WEAR BEST. Try Hewson pants. They will wear and surprise you. Antigonish dealers have our goods. HEWSON WOOLEN MILLS, Limited, AMHERST.

Bank of Nova Scotia.

(INCORPORATED 1832.) CAPITAL, \$2,000,000 RESERVE FUND, 00,000 HEAD OFFICE, - - - - - Halifax DIRECTORS: JOHN Y. PAYZANT, President. CHAS. ARCHIBALD, Vice-Pres. R. L. BORDEN, G. S. CAMPBELL, J. WALTER ALLISON, HECTOR MCINNIS, H. C. McLEOD.

A Branch of this Bank is now open on Main St., Antigonish. General Banking business transacted. Interest paid on deposits at current rates. Savings Bank Department. A. G. MACDONALD, Manager.

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 1/2 teaspoonful of Pendleton's Panacea, stirring it each time before you take it.

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

INCORPORATED 1869 Savings Department Capital and Reserves \$6,192,705 Total Assets \$25,100,000 General Banking Business Transacted. Drafts and Letters of Credit issued. Correspondence solicited.

ANTIGONISH WOOD-WORKING FACTORY.

ESTABLISHED 1884. REBUILT WITH NEW MACHINERY, 1901. Doors, Windows, Mouldings, and Finish, All kinds. Birch and Spruce Flooring. Lime, Laths, Plaster, Etc., Etc. JOHN McDONALD Proprietor

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Exhibition—Halifax. money found—David Guthro. Farm for Sale—Angus Beaton. Prices cut—Palace Clothing Co. Teacher Wanted—Alex McLean. Teacher Wanted—James Chiasson. Teacher Wanted—James Strahan. Teacher Wanted—James P. McNeil. Teacher Wanted—Mark L. Richard. Teacher Wanted—Douglas McKinnon. Property at Auction—F. H. MacPhie. Teacher Wanted—Charles Monbourquette. Clothes Pressed Half Price—J. C. Chisholm. Tenders wanted—W. D. Lawrence, Town Clerk. Tenders Wanted—D. C. Chisholm, Town Clerk.

LOCAL ITEMS.

SCHOOL TRUSTEES in the Counties of Antigonish and Guysboro, can get the County fund to which their sections are entitled by calling at the office of the Municipal Treasurer for their District, or by giving their order.

THE TOWN COUNCIL will hold a meeting to-morrow evening, when, it is understood, the demand made at the last meeting for an increase in the yearly street lighting rates will be referred to a public meeting of the ratepayers. Reference to the demand is given another column.

THE ELECTION, held triennially, by the Order of St. Martha to select officials, took place on last Friday. Sister Martha M. Faustina was re-elected Mother superior, and Sister M. Theodore was elected Mistress of Novices.

A GENERAL MEETING OF THE BOARD OF Trade was held at the Court House on Monday evening. A number of names were added to the list of membership: R. D. Kirk and C. E. Gregory, barrister, were appointed delegates to the convention of Boards of Trade of the Maritime Provinces to be held in Moncton on August 17th; a vote of congratulation and thanks was ordered to be tendered our Dominion representative for his success in having prevision made for a new post office and station for the Town.

PROVINCIAL SCHOLARSHIPS.—The following were successful in the recent examinations: James Boyle, Merland, St. F. X. College student, Grade B, aggregate 657; John A. McDonald, Havre a Bouche, St. F. X. College student, B, aggregate 557; Harold Robinson, Town, St. Ninian Street school, B, aggregate 551. Miss Christina Chisholm of Antigonish, pupil at Mt. St. Bernard's Convent, received Grade A, with aggregate of 1055, making 90 points in English literature.

HYMENEAL.—On July 26th, 1904, Rev. F. J. Chisholm, P. P., united in wedlock Dan J. McLeod of Dunvegan and Mary B. Collins of S. W. Margaree, John C. McLeod and Maggie F. McDougall, supporting the groom and bride respectively. After Nuptial Mass, the party returned to the home of the bride's parents where everything was done to entertain the large crowd of invited guests, and where all enjoyed themselves until the sun's declining rays gave gentle notice that the long July day was drawing to a close. In the evening, the bridal party, accompanied by their relatives, left for their future home at Dunvegan, followed by the best wishes of their many friends. A number of nice presents testified to the esteem in which they are held.

At Heatherton, on Tuesday, the Rev. D. Chisholm, P. P., united in matrimony Miss Eliza Grant of Bayfield and Mr. John Strong of Antigonish. The bride was supported by Miss Cassie Grant and the groom by Colin McKenzie. The bride received a number of beautiful wedding presents. The happy couple will reside in Antigonish.

THE SERIOUS SHORTAGE in the hay crop in Nova Scotia is receiving the attention of the members of the House of Commons from this Province. A letter from Mr. C. F. McIsaac, M. P., says they have joined in a request to the Minister of Railways for special freight rates on hay from Quebec and other points having an abundant yield and on live stock leaving the Province for Western markets. It is to be hoped that the seriousness of the shortage is fully realized and that the reduction in rates will be adequate. It is expected the various agricultural societies and the Municipal Council will join in an effort to secure hay at the lowest possible rates. We have had a series of prosperous years, and the result is much live stock, including horses. These animals must be sacrificed, to a large extent, if earnest steps are not taken to meet the present deplorable condition.

THE FOLLOWING young ladies, pupils of Mt. St. Bernard's, succeeded in taking scholarships at the recent Provincial examinations: Christina Chisholm, A, aggregate 1053. I. Macgillivray, B, aggregate 556. R. Macdonald, B, aggregate 530. J. McIntosh, B, aggregate 512. M. A. Chisholm, B, aggregate 504. M. M. McKenna, B, aggregate 493. A. Macdonald, B, aggregate 464. A. Doyle, B, aggregate 418.

The grades C and D candidates have not yet obtained their results. Miss M. MacEachern and Miss R. Macdonald, pupils of Mt. St. Bernard, also succeeded in taking first rank M. P. Q. diplomas, the former with an aggregate of 213, the latter with an aggregate of 202. All who took up supplementary examinations were likewise successful.

HOUSE AND BARN BURNED.—At Pomquet, on Sunday last, about one o'clock p. m., the house and barn of Manuel Landry were totally destroyed by fire. There was no insurance. How the fire originated is a mystery. It started in the barn and had made considerable headway before it was discovered. A stiff breeze of wind was blowing at the time, and as the house was right in the path of the flames and within one hundred feet of the burning barn, and no water

near, it was impossible to save it from the devouring flames. Mr. Landry's loss is a heavy one. Besides the buildings, he has also lost all his farming implements, carriages, harness, etc., as well as the most and best of his household furniture. Mr. Landry will rebuild, and its to be hoped that all his friends will extend him a helping hand.

WHEN THE RATE of fire insurance upon farm buildings is so moderate it seems regrettable that our farmers throughout the county do not avail themselves of this means of protection. Loss by fire in the country districts is by no means infrequent and is usually attended with most disastrous results. Outside of the towns it is very difficult to provide means for fighting fires, and when a fire has once started destruction is pretty certain to follow. For the unfortunate individual whom its ravages visit, it usually means almost total ruin. By the expenditure of only a few dollars per year every farmer might protect himself from this class of loss. It is a matter of wonder why farmers do not insure their property against destruction by fire, and it is difficult to find a satisfactory solution of the problem. The failure to insure cannot be considered a matter of economy, as the losses of too many poor men have proved, nor is it a wise policy as may be seen from the examples of all the most prosperous and successful business men. By comparison the farmer's neglect to insure against fire appears quite inexcusable, for when this source of loss does visit him it is not only he himself who suffers but often his friends who cannot refuse aid in such circumstances.

Personals.

Mrs. Margaret K. Gibbs, of Vancouver, B. C., is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. J. White, Main Street, Antigonish.

Miss C. J. McDonald, Town, left on last Friday to spend a few weeks in Boston.

Mr. David McCurdy, barrister, Sydney, was in Antigonish a few days this week.

Mr. Lewis McDonald, of Heatherton, went to St. Ann de Beaupre last week.

Mr. Otto Sweet, of Boston, is in Antigonish visiting his parents.

Mrs. Dickenson and children, of New York, formerly of Hazel Hill, are visiting in Town.

Teacher Wanted

Wanted for the High Department of the L'Ardoise West School, a Male Teacher holding a first-class license. Apply, stating qualifications, to CHARLES MONBOURQUETTE, Secretary.

Teacher Wanted

Wanted, a Teacher for the Sugar Loaf, Aspy Bay, C. B., School. Salary, \$170. Apply, giving references to, JAMES CHIASSON, Sec. to Trustees.

Teacher Wanted.

A Female Teacher to teach English and French for Charles Cove School. Applications, stating salary, etc., will be received by, MARK L. RICHARD, Sec. of Trustees, Charles Cove, N. S., Aug. 1st, 1904.

Teacher Wanted

A Grade D Teacher wanted for Giants Lake School. Apply to ALEX McLEAN, Secretary.

AUCTION.

To be sold at Public Auction, on the premises, on Saturday, August 13th, 1904, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

The lot with buildings thereon situated opposite the Convent on St. Nialan St., Town of Antigonish, and owned by Mr. Hugh McGillivray. If desirable part of the purchase money can remain on mortgage. F. H. MacPHIE, Auctioneer, Antigonish, N. S., Aug. 2, 1904.

HALF - PRICE.

Suits of Clothes Cleaned and Pressed for 50 cents, during August and September, at J. C. CHISHOLM'S, Main St. Antigonish, opposite J. D. Copeland's

FOUND.

Found, on the 28th July, on the fast express going east, between Antigonish and Tracadie, a purse containing a small sum of money. The owner can recover same by proving property and paying cost of advertising. DAVID GUTHRO, Big Treadie.

Notice for Tenders.

SEALED TENDERS, endorsed "Tenders for School Building," will be received by the undersigned up to 12 o'clock on Saturday, the 13th Day of Aug., A. D. 1904

for the Erection of a new School Building in and for the Town of Inverness, according to plans and specifications to be seen at the Town Office, Inverness. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. W. D. LAWRENCE, Town Clerk, Inverness, July, 30 1904.

Farm for Sale.

The Subscriber offers for sale the well known farm situated at Pomquet River, consisting of 150 acres, 100 of which is well wooded and 8 or 10 intervals. For further particulars apply to ANGUS BEATON, 27 Lawrence Street, Brockton, Mass., or to FINLAY LEATON, Monk's Head.

Cape Breton Notes.

Tenders are called for a post office for Sydney Mines and for a \$70,000 I. C. R. station for Sydney.

"Old Home Week" at St. John's, Nfld., drew hundreds of visitors who were carried by steamers "Bruce" and "Glencoe."

E. B. Tomlinson, an Englishman, clerk at Vooght Bros., North Sydney, was drowned at Barrington's Cove, Sydney Mines, on Sunday, whilst swimming. Two of his brothers have died within a year.

Simon Lott, manager of the Dominion No. 3 colliery of the Dominion Coal company, has resigned and it is succeeded by M. A. McInnis, for many years in the clerical employ of the company at the general offices. The change takes effect on Monday. It is understood Mr. Lott's resignation was asked for by the company. There is also a change in the underground management.

TEACHER WANTED.

A Grade C or D male or female teacher for Hallowell Grant School Section, apply to DOUGALD MCKINNON, Secretary to Trustees, Hallowell Grant.

Teacher Wanted

A grade D teacher for North River School, Antigonish County. JOHN P. McNEIL, Secretary.

Teacher Wanted

A grade D female teacher wanted for Auld's Cove, Guysboro Co. Salary \$100. JAMES STRAHAN, Secretary.

Tenders Requested.

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon of the

13th Day of August, inst.

for the scraping and re-painting of the five iron bridges within the Town of Antigonish. The iron-work must first be THOROUGHLY CLEANED OF THE OLD PAINT AND RUST before being re-painted. Each bridge is to receive one substantial coat of suitable paint and the work must be done IN DRY AND CLEAR WEATHER.

Separate tenders will also be received by the undersigned within the same time for supplying suitable paint and oil for the above work—tenders to state kind and quality and price of paint per 100 lbs., and of oil per gallon. No tender necessarily accepted.

By order, D. C. CHISHOLM, Town Clerk.

TEACHER WANTED.

Wanted for Maple Ridge School Section, a Grade C or D teacher. Apply to, A. D. FRASEL, Secretary to Trustees, Maple Ridge, Ant. Co, July 26, 1904.

WANTED.

C or D Male or Female teacher, for Glendale School Section. Apply stating salary to, ANGUS CHISHOLM, Secretary, Glendale, Inv., Co. C. B.

INSURE

Nova Scotia Fire Insurance Co. A home Company and Nova Scotia capital. THE LOWEST RATES. R. R. GRIFFIN, Antigonish, Agent.

Selling at Cost.

During the months of July and August the subscriber will sell at cost for Cash or Produce only

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes

and lots of other articles usually kept in a General Store.

Bargains May Be Expected.

JAMES BROPHY, MORRISTOWN.

A HOLIDAY FOR ALL THE PEOPLE.

Nova Scotia's Exhibition, HALIFAX, SEPT. 7TH TO 14TH. \$25,000 IN PRIZES AND ATTRACTIONS \$25,000

New Features in the Various Departments. Liberal Premiums for the many Departments of Provincial Industry. Special Attention to Educational Features. \$4,800 In Purses for Six Days' Racing. Horse Show Events a Leading Attraction. Unrivalled Grand Stand Performances at Night. Lowest Fares on all Lines of Travel.

Entries Close August 15th and 20th. For Entry Forms and all Information, write to J. E. WOOD, Manager and Secretary, Halifax.

Cut all to Pieces.

MID-SUMMER CLEARANCE SALE!

A GRAT WRECK OF CLOTHING PRICES. OPPORTUNITY IS KNOCKING. BIG TALK, THERE'LL BE LOTS OF IT NOW, THE DISCOUNT SEASON IS AT HAND. WHEN WEEKLY ANNOUNCEMENTS APPEAR.

Do you want \$10.00 FOR \$7.50 \$12.00 FOR \$9.50

If so, don't fail to attend the Great Mid-Summer Sacrifice Sale of Men's and Boys' Good Clothing, Boots, Shoes and Gents' Furnishings. We are going to convert the balance of our Stock into Cash, if Low Prices will do it. We want the room and money for Fall Goods.



MEN'S \$6.00 SUITS FOR \$4.00. MEN'S \$8.00 SUITS FOR \$6.00. MEN'S \$10.00 SUITS FOR \$7.50. MEN'S \$12.00 SUITS FOR 9 50.

Similar reductions on Boys' and Youths' Furnishings, etc. LOT MEN'S FANCY AND WHITE SHIRTS reduced to 50 cents

During this Sale we will give from 15 to 20 per cent. off our regular prices on our entire Stock of Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes. Big discount for your money. Buy for your present and future wants.

PALACE CLOTHING CO.'Y, AND POPULAR SHOE STORE, ANTIGONISH.

HAYING TOOLS.

Now in Stock at

D. G. KIRK'S, HARDWARE EMPORIUM,

SCYTHES, RAKES, SCYTHE STONES, CUTTER SECTIONS, MOWING MACHINE OIL, ETC. SNATHES, FORKS, GRINDSTONES, GUARDS,

Just Received

Another large shipment of the Celebrated, SHERWIN WILLIAMS ready-mixed paint for all purposes. This is a pure Lead, Zinc, Linseed Oil Paint, thoroughly mixed, covers more surface to the gallon, easily applied and wears longer than any other. Try a gallon and be convinced.

Also in Stock

ENGLISH AND CANADIAN WHITE LEAD AND ENGLISH BOILED AND RAW LINSEED OIL

Mail orders and enquiries receive special attention.

D. G. Kirk, Antigonish, N. S.



Up to your Shoe Tops in Comfort

You can be if you buy your shoes at CUNNINGHAM'S. There's comfort for men and woman in the shoes we sell, and we show the very latest in stylish footwear.

N. K. CUNNINGHAM, ANTIGONISH'S EXCLUSIVE SHOE STORE.

Mason & Risch Piano.

Its marvelous sustaining and carrying quality, as well as the delicacy and evenness of action, make the Mason & Risch one of the truly great Pianos of the world.

The price is fair, neither high nor low. Pay by the month if you prefer.

MILLER BROS. & McDONALD Halifax, N. S., Moncton, N. B., Sackville, N. B.