

THE CASKET.

\$1 Per Annum.

A Catholic Journal Non-Partisan in Politics.

\$1 Per Annum.

Fifty-second Year.

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6

The *Independent* very properly places the *American Brewer's* warm commendation of Bishop Potter's connection with the Subway Tavern in its humorous column.

The Teachers' Convention at Hawkesbury, we understand, was quite uneventful, just a plain, practical study and discussion of the ways and methods of imparting knowledge, without any sensational papers or "amusing incidents."

Mr. Sidney Herbert, of St. Bonaventure's College, has been chosen as the first Rhodes Scholar from Newfoundland to Oxford. Two other St. Bonaventure Students, Messrs. White and Power, were qualified for the scholarship, having gained an exemption from the Oxford Responsion Examination.

The will of the late J. J. Long, of Collingwood, Ontario, gives \$10,000 to St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, and \$25,000 to the Archbishop of Toronto for the education of young men for the priesthood. Those of our readers who are making their wills might do well to remember that there is a hospital at Glace Bay which is well worthy of a legacy, and that the Bishop of Antigonish has no funds at his disposal for the education of young men for the priesthood.

The interest taken by all classes of people in Glace Bay and the adjacent towns in making the recent Mercantile Fair in aid of St. Joseph's Hospital a success, shows that the record of good work already done by this excellent institution has made a deep impression on all those who are acquainted with it. The value of a first-class hospital to any community, but especially to a community in which accidents are so frequent, is incalculable.

When people find on the doorsteps or in the porches of their houses an envelope containing a sample of medicine warranted to work wonderful cures, the wisest course they can take is to put the medicine in the stove. If relief from severe pain is promised in a few minutes, it is probable that the drug is some variety of morphine and extremely dangerous unless administered under medical supervision. If some other results are guaranteed, it may be well to remember that the hideous practice of abortion is forbidden by human as well as by divine law.

"You were Britain before we joined you, but after that you became Great Britain," was a Scotsman's laughing boast to an English friend. Certainly John Tamson's bairns have done their share in governing the Empire. Today four of the most important leaders in Church and State are men who were born north of the Tweed: the Prime Minister, the leader of the Opposition, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York. Indeed we might say the leaders of the Opposition for Lord Roseberry seems to have nearly as much influence in Liberal councils as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

The *Ave Maria* tells us of a paper prepared under the auspices of certain life insurance companies in England by Mr. Roderick Mackenzie Moore. Full statistics were taken, over a generation or more, of many thousands of individuals in two great groups of Moderate Drinkers and Total Abstain-

ers, each group being as nearly as possible of the same number, average age and social condition. Mr. Moore's investigation extends over sixty-one years and includes 124,673 individuals, and as a result he regards it conclusively proved, "That the abstainers show a marked superiority to the non-abstainers throughout the entire working years of life, for every class of insurance policy, and for both sexes."

We have frequently had occasion to criticise some of the editorials of the *Montreal Star*, but hitherto we have felt proud of the decency of its news columns. It was therefore with angry surprise that we read among the headlines of a recent despatch: "Another Wretched Woman Who Has Dared To Be Human." The story from which this nauseating phrase is taken, was written by a correspondent of the *London Daily Mail* but does not excuse the *Star*. The Harmsworth sheet has been a yellow journal from the beginning, but Graham & Co. have until now tried to keep their paper decent. When a woman runs away from the husband who does not love her and has ill used her, "she dares to be human," indeed! Novelists and playwrights of a certain class have excused, extenuated, sometimes defended, all forms of the social evil down to common prostitution; but we have been accustomed to something better from our Canadian newspapers. The *Daily Mail* correspondent goes so far as to call the wretched woman's paramour "a fearless, gallant gentleman," and to ask for three cheers for him. Truly a "gallant gentleman," who wrote a book telling all about the wretched woman's troubles with her parents and her husband and gave it to the press for all the scandal lovers of Europe and America to read!

A notable event of the year was the Catholic Congress of Sioux Indians, held near the mouth of the Cheyenne River in South Dakota, from the 22nd to the 24th of July. About twenty-five hundred Indians assembled in camp, listened to addresses from both white men and red men, all delivered in the red men's language, and passed resolutions worthy of the Federation of Catholic Societies. The gathering was also taken advantage by Bishop Stariha of Lead, S. D., to administer confirmation to one hundred and sixteen candidates. It is interesting to observe the names which the Sioux have bestowed upon their missionaries. The Benedictine Fathers Bernard, Bede, and Ambrose are known respectively as Pehijila, Yellow Hair; Ehake Tamaheca, The Last Lean One; and Hokshina Pesto, Pointed Boy. The Jesuit Fathers, Dignan and Lindebner, are called Puti Sapa, Black Beard; and Ate Cistilla, Little Father. Father Vogel of the Cheyenne agency, who had charge of all arrangements for the congress, is known as Zitkala Cistilla, Little Bird. "Delegation after delegation of Indians came to the bishop and begged for priests," says Father Ambrose Mattingly, O. S. B., in his account of the congress in the current number of the *Messenger*. "How his willing heart ached to comply with their requests! But where obtain the means? There is only one Mother Catherine Drexel; only one, whose millions have been devoted to the uplifting and civilization of the Indian. Who will dig up the buried talent and invest it in the noble and interest-bearing enterprise of Christianizing these bronzed children of the prairie?"

When "the man in the street," in a violent outburst of passion, calls upon his Maker to consign some one to everlasting torment, we are quite willing to believe that he rarely means what he says, nay that he would be indignant if any one took it for granted that he did mean it. Nevertheless, we do not hold him excused. Much less do we hold him excused who, professing to be a scientist and a philosopher, loses his temper so badly in the midst of a scholastic debate that he uses language which would be shocking even if heard in a tavern brawl. If Mr. McLeod had used such language in any legislature in the world, he would have been compelled either to

withdraw it or to withdraw his person from the assembly and no plea of being goaded to desperation by his adversaries would avail him. A fortnight elapsed between the time when he uttered the words and the time when THE CASKET took notice of them. Had he, during that period, offered the explanation which he offers now, we should have regarded it as an apology, albeit an ungracious one, for the offence he had given, and should have let it go at that. Since the explanation is tardy as well as grudging, we feel free to say that it is not satisfactory. The absence of capital letters, like the presence of quotation marks, cannot be detected in an oral utterance. Mr. McLeod should, therefore, have given his hearers at the Convention some such notice as this: "Gentlemen, I have just used a phrase which, since the beginning of the world, has been applied only to the Deity, and written in capital letters. I assure you, however, that I did not mean to refer to the Deity at all. I used the words in a purely Pickwickian sense, and the reporters will do me an injustice unless they write them in small letters." [This paragraph was to have been published last week, but the manuscript got mislaid.]

The *Presbyterian Witness* has at last grasped the significance of Papal resistance to Italian usurpation. It says:

There are signs that the attitude of Pius X towards the Italian monarchy is likely to be different from that of both his predecessors. He is not insisting on the restoration of the temporal kingdom. What he wants is security in his communications with the Roman Catholics of all countries. His aim is not to be a king among other earthly kings, but to be secured in the free and unobstructed discharge of his spiritual functions. The problem is, how this can be secured.

What Pius X wants is what Pius IX and Leo XIII wanted. They did not see how security of communication with their spiritual subjects could be preserved if such acts as the spoliation of the Papal States were condoned by the nations of Europe. As to wishing to be an earthly king, it is absurd to suppose that the Pope claimed more authority over Italians than Jehovah did over the people of Israel. Yet He yielded, though in displeasure, to that people's desire for a king. It must always be remembered that the people of the Papal States never expressed any wish to form part of the new kingdom. They were annexed whether they would or not. If Uncle Sam wanted to annex Canada, he would begin by declaring that Canadians wished him to do so; and, if necessary, he would send a few men over here who, after a pretence at acquiring citizenship, would say "We the people of Canada desire union with the United States." This would be Uncle Sam's game, and in playing it he would only be imitating the statesmen who created United Italy. Or rather, the statesmen imitated the game which Uncle Sam had already played with Mexico in the matter of Texas.

Among the resolutions passed by the American Federation of Catholic Societies, in its recent Convention at Detroit, the following seem to us especially noteworthy:

We propose this solution of the educational problem, so far as we are concerned: 1st. Let no public moneys be paid out for religious instruction in any school; 2d. let the educational per capita tax be disbursed for results in purely secular studies only, in our Catholic schools, our teachers receiving their salaries as other teachers receive theirs; 3rd. to ascertain these results, let our schools be submitted to State or city examinations. Thus will the great principle of our government, "No public moneys for sectarian purposes," be preserved intact.

While it is right that Sunday should be a day of rest from labor and legitimate recreation, it is imperative that it should be recognized also as the day prescribed for special service of God. We commend the action of public and private employers who are striving to arrange their work so as to lessen the necessary labor of their employees on Sunday. We deplore the growing disposition among many of the American people to treat Sunday as a day meant only for pleasure, and not to be distinguished from the other days of the week, ex-

cept as it conduces to opportunities for enjoyment.

The American Federation of Catholic Societies, realizing that the maintenance in their integrity of the cherished principles of liberty in our republican government depends not alone upon the intelligence of the citizens, but upon the free and honest expression at the polls of their individual choice of men and measures, deplores the extent to which bribery and corruption have been permitted to affect the result of elections; and we urge upon all Catholic citizens of our country, individually and collectively, to use every legitimate influence to check the evil and to secure and maintain the integrity of election as the foundation of all free institutions.

When Mgr. Nozaleda, lately Archbishop of Manila, was appointed to the see of Valencia, all the anti-clericals of Spain protested uproariously that he had been a traitor to his country in the Philippines. When this was proved to be a slander, they said no friar must be a bishop in Spain. The very same men some years ago acknowledged that the friars were the strongest bulwark of Spanish power in the Philippines, and Governor Taft declared that this was the secret of Filipino dislike for the friars. Finding themselves beaten at every turn, the anti-clericals grew desperate. Rodrigo Soriano, editor of *El Radical* of Valencia, published over his own name an imaginary description of Archbishop Nozaleda trying to take possession of his see and being torn to pieces by the mob. Such open incitement to assassination would be punished with heavy fine and imprisonment in Great Britain, and even, we fancy, in the United States; in Spain it can be practised with impunity. And Soriano is not merely a journalist; he is a deputy to the Cortes, a member of the Spanish Parliament. Mgr. Nozaleda was not assassinated; but Premier Maura, who had persisted in sustaining his appointment, was twice attacked and once wounded during his visit to Barcelona with the King. A few days previously, Blasco Ibañez, editor of *La Publicidad* of Barcelona, had written in his paper: "This man is predestined not to die in bed." The debate on the Valencia appointment brought out the interesting fact that some of the very men who now charge the friars with having lost the Philippines to Spain, had stated several years ago that it was the Freemasons who were stirring up the Filipinos to rebellion. Senor Canalejas, one of the most violent anti-clerical leaders, visited both Cuba and the Philippines to study the causes of disaffection, and wrote editorially in the *Heraldo* of July 1, 1896: "The Masonic lodges that did so much to help on the insurrection in Cuba have caught up the Filipinos in their nets. These Filipino Masons set out by cutting away from the church, they end by rebelling against the state." And they were encouraged in this by the Masons of Spain. Indeed it would appear to have been the policy of the latter to bring about the loss of the colonies in order to facilitate the establishment of a republic at home. Sagasta was both Prime Minister of Spain and Grand Master of Freemasonry in the peninsula. He was warned time and again of the likelihood of the Americans attacking the Philippines and of the unpreparedness of the islands for resistance; but he paid no heed to the warnings. The surrender of Santiago is almost as mysterious an affair as the surrender of Metz; Bazaine, we have lately been told, surrendered on the secret bidding of the Empress; and there are those who believe that Linares had similar orders from the Spanish Government.

The debate on the Nozaleda appointment took place some months ago. Now we find the Maura Government attacked for having yielded to clerical influence in passing an Act for the better observance of the Lord's Day, prohibiting trade, bull-fights, and the publication of newspapers on Sunday. The Socialists are pleased, says the correspondent of the *London Standard*, but the Liberals are not. For these latter, anything which meets the approval of the clergy or is inspired by them is wrong. As a matter of fact, the Catholics of Spain,

like those of France, are shamefully apathetic about public affairs. They are divided into five parties and seem unwilling to unite even in the face of an aggressive enemy. The Jesuit weekly, *Lectura Dominical* of Madrid, describes the situation thus: "The base-minded crowd the public meetings, fill the low concert halls, monopolize the press, and push themselves to the forefront as representatives of public opinion. The high-minded, the men that really and truly follow conscience, that slowly but surely weave the warp and woof of the great social fabric of a nation, that should shape the hearts and form the minds of Spain; the men of deep and sincere patriotism, pure and holy love, where are they? For the most part they sit at home and do nothing for Spain; as if, forsooth, they had no voice at all in the affairs of State. . . . Hid safe and sound within the four walls of their homes, they look on with fear and trembling at the torrent of falsehoods and calumnies gluts the ways that should be clear for truth; they look on and do nothing, worse than nothing,—they bring into their homes the very sheets that have wrought so much desolation and deception among the children of Spain." This is a sad state of affairs, and the outlook is not made any brighter when we see that of the 5,000 free-thinkers who met in a Congress in the confiscated Roman College on the anniversary of the fall of Rome, 300 were Spanish republicans.

TALKS WITH PARENTS.

VI.

When speaking of the use of the rod we mean to signify the various forms of corporal punishment which the prudence of ages has found to be useful in dealing with children. The particular form which commended itself to the "Modern Mother" whose vagaries first suggested our publishing these "Talks," is the one which we like least, viz., solitary confinement. To lock a child up in a room alone for several hours seems to us a punishment fraught with danger. The modified form of this punishment described by Kipling in his "Wee Willie Winkie,"—a study of boy life as admirable as his "Stalky" stories are detestable,—seems to present some advantages, however. "Wee Willie" was the little son of an English officer in India, and loved the ways of the army. To keep him in order, his mother made him a sort of military uniform, on which she sewed good conduct stripes according as he merited them, and these were removed again for bad behaviour. If he did something deserving of severer punishment he was put under "arrest" and obliged to give his "parole" that he would not go beyond certain bounds until released. This is not practical, of course, for any of our parents, but Mr. Kipling very probably drew the picture from life, and it shows how a wisely loving mother may devise modes of correction to fit the character of her children. Confinement cannot do any harm if accompanied by a task, as is the custom in boarding schools, where idle or wayward pupils are deprived of part of their holiday and given so many pages of a book to copy out. This has the special advantage of making the punishment fit the offence. Another form of correction which has this great merit is the old-fashioned custom of sending to bed without any supper a child who has been guilty of gluttony, has wantonly wasted good food, has stolen sweetmeats, etc., and has continued to do these things after repeated warnings. Some parents say they cannot bear to lay a hand on their children unless they lash themselves into a rage. This is precisely the time when you should not inflict the punishment of whipping at all, for you are likely to do it too severely, and your children will think that you are merely working off your own bad temper at their expense. But surely the depriving of a child of some pleasure you intended to give it, the sending of an unruly boy supperless to bed, can be carried out without any feeling of anger.

Another mistake made through want
Continued on page four.

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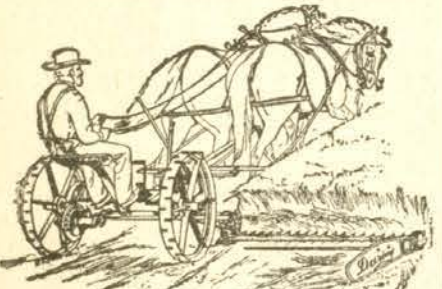
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has been transferred to me, and I have just received one carload of these splendid Wagons. The McLaughlin Carriages are already extensively used and highly approved of in this county.

Intending purchasers will do well to call and see for themselves before purchasing.

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Mountain Shrines of Mexico.

The age of faith and of pilgrimages is not ended in this fair land of Mexico. Shrines and relics all over the country are visited by almost innumerable hosts of the devout, and this year we have seen 5000 people coming from the state of Jalisco in one great excursion to worship at the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe, near the capital of the republic. Thousands more arrived from Michoacan, in western Mexico, from San Luis, Potosi, etc. These pilgrimages are a source of profit to the railway companies, and it is curious to reflect on the locomotive, type of all that is modern, aiding in the perpetuation of a mediaeval form of worship.

When the spring heats come on in the City of Mexico it is pleasant to think of the cool air and the cedar-grown sacred mountain of Amecameca, a couple of hours' railway ride away and at the very foot of the huge volcanoes which lift themselves in all their grandeur before the Sacro Monte, a famous vantage point for observing the snow-topped monsters, sleeping now, but, according to the Aztec chronology, bursting into activity every 300 or 400 years.

This little town of Amecameca enjoys a very pure air, and the smell of the cedars is perceptible. People live to a green old age here, and a local doctor assures me that there are at least four men in town who have reached an age beyond the century line. For all they live so close to the volcanoes of Ixtaccihuatl and Popocatepetl, the inhabitants of the town are quite calm in mind, and life flows tranquilly here. On one side the Sacro Monte, the scene of worship and pilgrimage; on the other the enormous mountain masses with their craters, glaciers and eternal snows.

One ascends the Sacro Monte by a winding road, stone paved and lined, at intervals, by stations of the cross; here one often finds people kneeling and saying their prayers, wholly oblivious of the mere sightseer. The road is picturesque in the extreme, and one stops now and then to rest and enjoy the magnificent view of the volcanoes opposite, the picture gaining in extent and impressiveness as one goes higher. On the crest of the hill is the Chapel of the Lord. In which is venerated an image of the holy sepulchre. The enshrined figure of the Christ is made of some very light substance, like the pith of a shrub, and can weigh but a few pounds at the most. Tradition tells that here, in a cave, dwelt Fray Martin de Valencia, one of the early missionaries to the Indians sent to Mexico, or New Spain, as the country was then called, by Pope Adrian VI. He was one of those earnest and kindly missionaries who won the hearts of the Indians and did much to protect them against the greed of the conquerors. The Sacro Monte would not be complete as a place of pilgrimage and devotion did it lack a hermit's abode.

But, traditions and legends apart, the place inspires the wholesome sentiment of veneration. Here is one of nature's grandest landscapes to be viewed in all peace of mind beneath the grateful shade of immemorial trees. Below is the town, resembling one of those toy cities laid out by children on the nursery floor, while rising above the roofs and towers are the volcanoes, which lose nothing of their almost startling impressiveness by this near view. All is dwarfed by these mountain masses, the town and this Sacro Monte, which seems a mere hillock in comparison.

You take your glass and scan at leisure the mountains with their belt of pines, their sandy tracts, and then the snow-line defining the limitation of all vegetation. You note the formidable glaciers, and can almost define the crevasses. Popocatepetl is not of very difficult ascent, for young girls have climbed it in the company of guides and friends; but Ixtaccihuatl, or the White Woman, is another matter. To reach its highest point thousands of steps in the ice must be laboriously cut, and the climb is not devoid of danger. Tourists and even residents rarely attempt to climb this redoubtable hill. It is left for expert mountaineers.

The humblest Indian toiling up the road which winds around the Sacro Monte, as he stops to wipe away the perspiration gathered on his face, turns to gaze upon the mighty volcanoes. All is here so still, hardly a sound rises from the town beneath, and the faraway whistle of the locomotive seems an impertinence.

It is when a great pilgrimage of devout people comes up from the hot country, down Cuautla and Yautepac way, that one can enter into the very spirit of the mediaeval pilgrimages of Europe. The inspiration is the same, the faith as sure and the mood as unquestioning.

The crowd is wonderfully well-behaved, and the young people require no prompting as to conduct from the older people. They are almost all Indian people, with here and there a man or a woman of white blood. They bring their food in baskets and cloths, and all look well fed and contented. Poor they all are, but it is a happy, and, in a way, a prosperous poverty. I mean that no essential is lacking to genuine human felicity. Each family down in the tierra caliente has its little house, its domestic animals, its bit of land and the charm of flowers.

Look on some of these excellent Indian dames, rotund of girth, as they rest after climbing the steep road. Their faces are essentially good; they have come here in fulfilment of a vow, and their minds are now at ease. Mothers in Israel all of them, as much as if they were good New England women who had borne sons and daughters and minded their bringing up piously. Kind eyes and cheerful faces of the simple Indian women of

Mexico! one may never forget them. Arrogant white men may wish to "drive them off the face of the earth," but one may fear that no other women more beloved of heaven would take their places. Mostly are their faces full and the wrinkles few. Under their wide sombreros they smoke a little cigarette as they rest and contemplate their fellow-pilgrims. The chatter is of the journey, of the steepness of the road, of husbands and children.

The men are often of massive build, though some are thin, and all wear short jackets or white blouses. They, too, have pleasant faces, and show no signs of our unprofitable modern fret. They have come to the Sacro Monte in a true spirit of devotion, and their talk is in a low voice, as if they felt the sacredness of the place.

The young girls are often pretty, in the placid Indian way; and they have indulged in bright ribbons and other innocent coqueries of adornment, which attract the young men who follow them with their eyes. Slender as palms are many of these Indian maidens from far below in the country of the orange groves and sugar cane. It is a long distance in years between their delicacy and the ample proportions of their mothers. There is something sweet, gentle and pensive in the faces of the Indian girls, and yet at times one detects the effort, characteristically feminine, to charm the young men. But there is no boldness, nothing to criticise in their behavior. It is clear that these Indian people have their standards of conduct. Modesty in the maiden is demanded.

Reverently the pilgrims visit chapels and shrines, say their prayers and listen to the exhortations of the priests. They have come not for a season of gaiety and pleasure, but for a religious object, and they have the Indian sense of devotion and respect for holy things. Nowhere in the world could a more orderly crowd be found. There is a simple dignity in the Indian character which contrasts favorably with the boisterous and ill-timed hilarity of a white crowd in the far North. The Indian has no humor for cheap witicism; he is a serious being, and impressive in the presence of the grander aspects of nature.

Say that these people are "uncivilized!" To my thinking, they are very civilized in all essential things. They are polite to one another; they respect authority, civil and religious; they are kindly to the stranger and behave admirably. It is only in crowded towns and cities, and near to the white man and his liquor shops, that the Indian degenerates and sometimes shows signs of toughness. The country-bred Indian is unperverted, and vastly to the credit of the Indian of rural Mexico is it that, despoiled by the early Spaniards and robbed of his rightful inheritance, he has preserved his dignity, his reverence for what is grand in nature and noble in the realm of faith.

Notice in this great crowd on the Sacro Monte the seriousness of the people, the kindly salutations, the subdued voices and the general air of the assemblage, as if in some vast temple. Their faith is firm and unshaken; of modern assaults on religion they know nothing; the Christian story remains for them whole and full of inspiration. It is the faith of children, and surely the women's faces show a restfulness and cheerful confidence indicative of the hearts at peace.

The day wears on; the whiteness of the snow on the volcano summits is changed to a rosy flush; the wind rises and the trees are strangely agitated; the air grows perceptibly cooler. The cadence of the pilgrim band and the clergy give the signal for departure, and down the steep road the people go, still quiet, no one speaking in a loud voice, and all as if filled with the spirit of the sacred place. The locomotive will take them back, away down there in the hot country, to their homes, to those little homes under the palms and the orange trees, where bright flowers glow by gateway and by door, and life will begin anew for every man and woman of the happy country.

Strengthened all will be for the trials of our common human lot, fortified are they against temptation, and the faith of all is freshened and increased. If we are sceptics we should, in all decency, stand apart and do nothing to trouble the hearts of these poor Indian people. Neither agnostics nor "advanced" clergymen have anything to offer these people worth a hundredth part of what they have a faith that sweetens life, softens the blows of human fate, and shows them in rare moments, as when on the summit of the Sacro Monte, a glimpse of heaven itself.—F. R. Guernsey, in Boston Herald.

Humorous.

"If you don't stop talking," cautioned the husband, "I'll not be able to catch any fish."

"That's funny," answered the wife. "When a girl angles for a husband she has to talk a great deal."

"I know. But there's a difference between fish and lobsters."

"Is your husband up yet?" inquired the early morning caller.

"I guess he is," replied the stern-looking woman.

"I'd like to say a few words to him."

"So would I. He hasn't come home yet."

Bleeker—"Huh, you evidently think you know it all."

Meeker—"Not guilty. But there was a time when I thought I knew a little."

Bleeker—"When was that?" Meeker—"Before I was married."

A Cough

"I have made a most thorough trial of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and am prepared to say that for all diseases of the lungs it never disappoints."

J. Early Finley, Ironton, O.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral won't cure rheumatism; we never said it would. It won't cure dyspepsia; we never claimed it. But it will cure coughs and colds of all kinds. We first said this sixty years ago; we've been saying it ever since.

Three sizes: 25c, enough for an ordinary cold; 50c, just right for bronchitis, hoarseness, hard colds, etc.; \$1, most economical for chronic cases and to keep on hand.

J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Drunkenness in England.

The chief cause of England's industrial decay, the real ghost in the cupboard, is without any doubt whatever, our great national hobby, drunkenness—the one national and universal panacea for the ills of men and women, old and young, high and low, rich and poor.

On this hobby our direct expenditure last year was 180 millions, about £25 per family (\$125), plus the cost in poor rates, homes, refuges, police, prisons, hospitals and asylums for the devotees of the habit. But what is the cost to the country, from an industrial standpoint, in brain and muscle, in the dead-ended mind, the blunted intellect, the unsteady hand, the unreliability and unpunctuality of a habit invincibly established behind centuries of tradition, and winked at by employer as well as by employee?

The artisan, the backbone of the country, is in a plight still worse, for in addition to his general ignorance, his narrow horizon, his antiquated tools and methods, his unalterable conviction that he has nothing to learn, he must meet the brunt of the warfare handicapped by his intemperance.

And worst of all, we are in very actual possession of twelve millions, about one in four of our population, who are in abject poverty, too incapable for anything, even for anarchy; men and women who stand around the streets of our large cities by the hundred thousand, bold, bloated, dissolute, black-eyed, sinful, dishonest, degraded, debauched, never sober except by accident, incapable of self-respect, and content to dwell in filth and rags indescribable.—Margaret P. Murray in Contemporary Review.

A Brave Boer Boy.

The story of a little Boer boy who refused to betray his friends, even on the threat of death, is told by Major Seely, M. P., as an illustration of deeply-rooted love of freedom and of country. It happened during the Boer war.

"I was asked," said Major Seely, "to get some volunteers, and try to capture a commandant at a place some twenty miles away. I got the men readily, and we set out. It was a rather desperate enterprise, but we got there all right. I can see the little place yet, the valley and the farmhouse, and I can hear the clatter of the horses' hoofs. The Boer General had got away, but where had he gone? It was even a question of the General catching us and not we catching the General. We rode down to the farmhouse and there we saw a good-looking Boer boy and some yeomen. I asked the boy if the commandant had been there, and he said in Dutch, taken by surprise, 'Yes.' 'Where has he gone?' I said, and the boy became suspicious. He answered, 'I don't know.'"

"I decided then to do a thing for which I hope I may be forgiven, because my men's lives were in danger. I threatened the boy with death if he would not disclose the whereabouts of the General. He still refused, and I put him against a wall, and said I would have him shot. At the same time I whispered to my men, 'For heaven's sake don't shoot. The boy still refused, although I could see he believed I was going to have him shot. I ordered the men to 'Aim.' Every rifle was leveled at the boy. 'Now,' I said, 'before I give the word, which way has the General gone?' I remember the look in the boy's face—a look such as I have never seen but once. He was transfixed before me. Something greater almost than anything human shone from his eyes. He threw back his head, and said in Dutch, 'I will not say.' There was nothing for it but to shake hands with the boy and go away."

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" 85 Express for Sydney,	17.32	
" 55 Mixed for Mulgrave,	19.30	
" 86 Express for Truro,	17.57	
" 19 Express for Sydney,	13.0	

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Moncton, N.B., June 9, 1904

Na Treighibh a' Ghaidhlig.

The following stirring appeal to Highlanders and their descendants to perpetuate and honor the Gaelic language...

LUNNEAG

Togaibh! togaibh! canain ar d'uchas; Togaibh a suas 1, tha i ro chluistich; Togaibh gu daingean 1, 's bithibh ri baighell; Hi no ro togaibh 1, suas leis Ghaidhlig!

'Si canain na h-olge, 's canain na h-ais; Bi canain ar sinnsir, bi canain ar coail; Ged tha i nis aosda, tha i reachdmhor is trein; Chado chaili clith, 's cha do strìochd i fo bheim. Togaibh! togaibh! etc.

Tha mor-shruth na Bearla a' bagradh gu cruith, Ar canain 's ar d'uchas a sblagadh a suas; Ach sea-sbh gu dileas ri canain ar gaol; 'S cha'n fhaigh i am bas gu ruig doireadh an t-saogh! Togaibh! togaibh! etc.

A chianna na Ga'dheal! lùthibh seasambach diùth, Bi gualaidh a chile a' cospadh gach clui; O' seasaidh gu gaisgeal ri canain ur gràdh; 'S na treighibh a' Gaidhlig a nis no gu bràch. Togaibh! togaibh! etc.

O, togaibh a bratach gu h'ard anns an tìr, 'S bithibh litrichean maireannach sgrìobht' air gach cruith; Cha treig sinn a' Ghaidhlig 's cha chail i an deò; Canain mhuirneach ar d'uchas, cha treig sinn f'ar beò. Togaibh! togaibh! etc.

PELEG MYRICK'S PIANO.

(JOSEPH C. LINCOLN, IN AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE.)

(Continued from last issue.)

"You'll do nothing of the kind!" The shout came down through the hatchway. "That man gets six dollars and no more. Come here, you—whatever your name is—and help me down this ladder."

"Help yourself," said Peleg, shortly. "I'm busy."

A pair of stout legs arrayed in skin-tight pepper and salt trousers, the latter at "half-mast," appeared at the top of the ladder. Then, perspiring and groaning, the rest of the Pettibone figure followed the legs. Mr. Myrick was thin and "Uncle Dolph" was fat, and the "Sunday suit" was, to say the least, a tight fit.

Supper was soon ready. The spider-bread, hot and soggy, was on the table, as was also the salt mackerel, fried in pork fat, and the tea. There was condensed milk in the original can and sugar in a broken mug.

"Uncle," exclaimed Agnes, "you're not going to eat that fish? Think of your dyspepsia."

"Suppose I'm going to starve?" demanded the old gentleman, his mouth full. "Of course I'm going to eat it."

After supper Peleg washed the dishes. Then Mr. Pettibone observed that he was going to bed.

There were two bunks in the loft, one at each side, and Mr. Myrick contrived to rig up a curtain—it was an extra blanket—between them. The guests climbed the ladder and their host sat down to ponder. He got out the fiddle and essayed a tune, but a howl from the loft cut it short.

"What kind of a devilish noise is that?" roared the Tea-Lead magnate. "Stop it this minute!"

This thrust in the tenderest part of his affections was very close to the final straw, but Peleg thought of the young lady and swallowed his wrath, charging it to the Pettibone account, however. Then he threw off his outer garments, improvised a bed on the floor from an old fish net and some oil skins and turned in for the night.

He was awakened early in the morning by the noise Mr. Pettibone made in descending the ladder. To Peleg's question as to where he was going, the visitor replied that he was going out of doors where he could smell something besides fish. Mr. Myrick, being thoroughly awake by this time, sat up on the heap of net and oil skins and lazily began to dress.

Suddenly he heard the little window of the loft thrown open and Miss Somers' voice as she called, in apparent alarm: "Uncle! Uncle Dolph! What are you doing in that boat? Where are you going?"

The word "boat" acted on Peleg like a springboard. He bounded into the middle of the room and shot out of the door. And this is what he saw:

The catboat with sail set and anchor apeak, was moving toward the entrance of the cove. At the tiller sat Adolphus Pettibone, with serene confidence and triumph beaming from his expansive face.

"Don't be alarmed, Agnes," he called, patronizingly. "I know what I'm about. I shall sail over to Gull Harbor and catch the morning train, and I'll send some one back after you. Well," he shouted, as Peleg came racing to the beach, "you see what you get by trying to rob a man, don't you? You won't be paid even the six now. There ain't many that get ahead of me, I'll tell you that."

But Mr. Myrick paid no attention to this taunt. Instead, he jumped up and down and waved his arms.

"Look out!" he bellowed. "Keep her off! Off! Off-shore, you lubber! There's a rock there! Keep her off, I tell you! Oh, by Judas! There you go!"

Now Mr. Pettibone was, in some degree, used to a boat, but he wasn't acquainted with the waters of Wrack Island cove. The word "rock" frightened him, and, instead of "keeping her off," he pushed the tiller the wrong way. The catboat headed nearer to shore; there was a shock and a muffled, ripping crash. The boat stopped with a jerk, and began to sink, as well she might, for there was a two-foot hole in her side.

"Oh, help him!" screamed Miss Somers. "He'll drown!"

The catboat sank more swiftly, and suddenly her stern went under. But it sank only a foot or two, hung on the sloping rock and then capsized. With a shriek the capitalist went out of sight, but he reappeared in a moment, spluttering. The water only reached his shoulders.

"Wade ashore, you thunderin' idiot!" bellowed Peleg.

The command was obeyed, and when the dripping Adolphus reached the beach he was met by such a hurricane of abuse as he had not heard since he was a boy mule-driver on the towpath.

"You everlastin', bald-headed fool of a sculpin!" roared Mr. Myrick. "Now you've done it for sure. That leaky skiff of yours ain't fit to go another mile in; my dory's out of commission and you've stove the catboat. I cal'late you'll stay on this island for one spell now. Shut up! I don't want to hear a word out of you. Wade in there ag'in and help me get her off the rocks or I'll hold your mud-head under till you've drowned. Come—move!"

And the "Tea-Lead King" obeyed, while the stub-tailed dog barked derisively.

III.

Harry Bradley went up to Loon Pond after pickerel that day. He had another week of vacation, and he thought he might as well make the most of it. His interview with the great Pettibone had resulted very much as he expected, but it was not worrying him greatly, for he knew the young lady's sentiments and believed that in time he would win even in defiance of the autocratic uncle. The latter's taunt concerning the lack of "business sense" did irritate him, however.

He returned to the village about six o'clock that evening, and, seeing a bigger crowd than usual at the post office, stopped to ascertain the cause. Anyone of a dozen was willing to tell him.

"Old Pettibone's skipped out," declared Ira Perry, waving a copy of a Boston newspaper. "Skipped out or drowned, they ain't sure which, though most folks think he's skipped. He left his place over at the harbor to row 'cross to the depot and catch the train to Boston. His niece—that Somers girl—went with him. There's a whole lot 'bout it in the paper. Seems the Tea-Lead folks was goin' to have a meetin' to-day—mighty important—somethin' 'bout a dividend. They say the company's been losin' money and that maybe old Pettibone's cleared out a-purpose. Anyhow, there was a steam yacht off here yesterday and she went away last night. The stock market's crazy—all sorts of stories 'round. Tea-Lead Common's gone down much as twenty dollars a share. Bill Daniels has got home and he says there ain't no truth in it, but—"

The young man didn't wait to hear another word. He threw his fishing tackle over a fence and ran every step of the way to Gull Harbor. There he found another crowd, wildly excited. Reporters were among them. From one of the latter he learned that no trace of the skiff or its occupants had yet been found.

"They're goin' to get a steam launch and start on a regular search," said the newspaper man, "but it isn't worth while, I think. There have been all sorts of rumors about the Tea-Lead Company for some time, and now the old man's gone. That yacht being here yesterday makes it all the more fishy. It would be a mighty good time to buy the stock if it should be straight, after all," he added.

Later in the evening, Bradley, haggard and alone, in a sailboat, was cruising aimlessly about the bay in the moonlight. The launch had not yet arrived. He sailed farther and farther from shore suddenly in the distance he saw the low, black line of Wrack Island and steered for it, but without hope. As he came close in by the pines on the little hill a dog began to bark.

"Boat ahoy!" shouted some one from the shore.

The young man hailed in reply. "Have you seen anything of a skiff with two people in it last night or this morning?" he asked.

"Well, I should say I had!" was the answer, in a tone of deep disgust.

"Oh, Harry! is that you?" called another voice—a feminine voice.

Mr. Myrick had the good taste to turn away when the young man stepped ashore. When he did face the newcomer, the latter asked him: "And where is Mr. Pettibone?"

"Oh, he's in bed, curled up with dyspepsia. I cal'late the salt mack'rel didn't set well. You can't git him away too soon for me."

Mr. Bradley, with Miss Somers on his arm, took a few steps in the direction of the shanty. Then he suddenly stopped.

"By George!" he exclaimed, and then repeated it. His next remark was the apparently inexplicable question: "Agnes, do you believe you could content yourself on this island for one more day?"

"Why, Harry! I don't know what—"

But Mr. Bradley interrupted her with an eagerly whispered explanation that seemed to be a lengthy one. She replied just as eagerly. Then, after a little more conversation, still in whispers, the young man turned to Peleg.

"Mr. Myrick," he said, "what price would you charge to keep Miss Somers and her uncle at your house here until to-morrow evening?"

"Price! The lady's all right, but I wouldn't keep that—everlastin', cross-grained, pigheaded old critter here another hour for nobody; not unless I had to."

"But Mr. Myrick," it was Miss Somers that spoke, "wouldn't you keep us here another day if—well, if Mr. Bradley should pay you enough to buy a piano?"

"Enough to buy a pi—enough to buy

a piano? What are you talkin' 'bout?"

"Look here, Myrick," said Harry, "there is a reason why I don't want Mr. Pettibone to leave this island yet. If you'll keep him and this young lady as boarders until to-morrow night, when they will be called for, and if you can arrange it so that no one will know they are here until that time, I'll pay for the best piano you can buy. Is it a trade?"

"Gosh!" exclaimed Peleg, staring into the speaker's face. "Do you mean it? Gosh! You bet it's a trade."

Two hours later the steam launch passed Wrack Island. Peleg hailed her from the point below the pines.

"What are you cruisin' round for this time of night?" he asked.

"Did a skiff pass here with two people in it last night or this morning?" asked some one from the launch.

"There ain't no skiff passed this island," answered Mr. Myrick.

It will be noticed that he was speaking the exact truth.

IV.

If the reader is a bull, or a bear, or a lamb—yes, even if his acquaintance with the Wall Street Zoo is no closer than that obtained through the daily papers, he will remember with what a "boom" the stock market opened on the morning of the ninth of July. "Tea-Lead Common" went up and up like a skyrocket. The reason of this ascension was that Adolphus Pettibone had been found. The papers were full of it. He had been found the night before by a young man named Bradley, who discovered the capitalist and his niece upon an island whither they had drifted in the skiff. That afternoon the deferred meeting of the Consolidated Tea-Lead Company was held, and the statement made public showed the corporation's business to be in such a flourishing condition that the price of its stock soared still higher.

On the following Monday the "Tea-Lead King" received an unexpected call at his office from Harry Bradley.

"I have been thinking over what you said to me in our interview of last week," said the young man, "and I called to tell you that I have acted upon your advice. I put all of my ten thousand into Tea-Lead Common at about the lowest figure it touched on the eighth. As I bought on margin, I got hold of a good deal. I have since closed it out at a profit sufficient to more—a good deal more—than double my capital. I thought I would tell you this because I knew you would be glad to see that I had developed the "business sense."

"Humph!" grunted the astonished Adolphus, "I don't know about that, either. Seems to me you took a good deal of risk. How did you know that the stories of my running away weren't true?"

"Oh, I didn't buy until I had found out where you were. You see, I called at Wrack Island on the evening of the seventh and—"

"You did! You did! Where was I?"

"I believe you were in bed fighting the dyspepsia, and I thought another day's rest and—plain food would do you good."

"Well, of all the—Get out of this office! Plain food! Get out, before I—"

Mr. Bradley was just opening the street door when a hurrying office boy caught up with him.

"Mr. Pettibone wants to see you again," said the boy.

Harry entered the sanctum rather cautiously. But the great man offered no violence. Instead, there was a grim smile on his face.

"See here, young man," he said, "I don't know but that you've got more business sense than I gave you credit for. Sit down. I want to talk with you."

If you are down in that vicinity next summer it will pay you to sail over to Wrack Island and hear Peleg Myrick play "Mrs. McLeod's Reel" on his new piano. The piano is a "hummer"—Peleg says so.

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

Good Use of the Eyes.

A very holy man, an Italian bishop, had in his lifetime to struggle with the severest trials. Such a victory did he gain over himself as to betray not the slightest sign of impatience, of worry or of fear. "What, then, is your secret that, whatever happens, you are always so calm?" asked one day an intimate friend. "My secret is a very simple one," answered the old man, "I only make good use of my eyes, that is the whole story of it."

"How so," said the other, "explain."

"With the greatest of pleasure," replied the Bishop. "First, I lift my eyes to heaven and remember that is the place I must strive for with all my might. Next I cast my eyes upon the ground and think what a small plot of it I shall one day occupy. Then I cast a glance out on the world and reflect what a countless number are worse off than I am. Forthwith it is evident that I must suffer in silence and peace and that I should be bitterly in the wrong if I murmured or complained." Try it yourself, dear reader, at least for once.—The Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Faulty Kidneys.—Have you back-ache? Do you feel drowsy? Do your limbs feel heavy? Have you frequent headaches? Have you failing vision? Have you dizzy feeling? Are you depressed? Is your skin dry? Have you a tired feeling? Any of these signs prove kidney disease. Experience has proved that South American Kidney Cure never fails.—6

The Poison of Evil Literature.

Two Catholic papers, since the present century dawned upon us, not four years ago, and was dedicated by the then reigning Pontiff, Leo XIII., "all to Jesus Christ," have contained some remarks in which we find room for considerable reflection. Says one:—

"Catholics should be dissuaded from ventilating their grievances in Protestant newspapers, and they should love the Church, study her history, and side with her. Finally, they should not read lax books or papers, but should safeguard their faith as they would their chastity, and aim at being humble, obedient, and docile."

Says the other:— "Probably there is no people in the world more calumniated than the French, and more misunderstood. . . . And unhappily, their literature, the most brilliant in the modern world, seems to be leagued with the devil in presenting false views of the French and the French people. . . . M. Zola, whose books are on the Index, presents a society in which there is no restraint."

Notwithstanding all this, however, we have been not a little surprised to notice the calm familiarity with which some of these unpleasant French authors are named, and commented on, by youthful writers in some of our youthful contemporaries—our college magazines. What praise of men whose works, we should like to suppose, they had never seen! What vaunted knowledge of their clever short stories, their incisive style, their magic power? Yet report has it that during the Berlin Congress, the present German Emperor expressed to Jules Simon, and in "unstinting language," his disgust at Zola's methods and his popularity. Simon says that he tried to defend his countryman by saying that Zola was "an incomparable storyteller and an excellent observer." To this the Emperor replied: "I know very well that he has many strong points; but, unfortunately, it is not to these that he owes his success, but rather to the immoral and filthy things with which he poisons his writings. Now it is just Zola that France at this moment prefers to all other writers. He it is who arouses such an enthusiastic admiration, and this gives to us foreigners the right of forming a very strong opinion on the subject of the state of morals in France."

Moreover, report also has it that the largest number of such books is not really sold in France, but to buyers in other lands!

A distinguished author, just before he passed into that world where things are viewed in a clearer and sterner, a truer light than many a literary student views them here, left an article, published after his death in a leading New York periodical, wherein he said a few words that bear now with tremendous force on this sort of reading only too prevalent today. In them a voice of deep warning speaks literally, as it were, from the valley of the shadow of death, to ears that will heed. He is writing of a certain French poet over whose verses he had been lingering until late one night; and, with extraordinary frankness, he lays bare his soul to the public, concerning the influence of those fascinating lines of word-music on his own heart and mind—an extraordinary revelation, caused, perhaps, by a will higher than his own, in order that, after the death whose nearing tread he guessed not, he might warn us with a courageous and daring valor that few would care to emulate in life.

With the descriptive part of the article we have here, however, nothing to do, fine as the word-picture is of the night in a tree-top hammock-bed. The part we wish to draw attention to is this:—

"It was rather late, eleven o'clock or past, when I mounted to my hammock. . . . 's poems, those strange red roses of evil, with their ineffable fascination and their melodious and yet serpent-like movement had led me like a lamp in the tent, filling me with a hideous yet delicious poison. The poet of evil strikes like a serpent hidden in a spray of tropical bloom. His lines are forked tongues, his words are fangs, and yet how sweet and beautiful! I lay awake a long while under the spell of what I had been reading."

The words of an English writer on "Character" occur to mind just here:—are they too strong? "People to whom these books are really distasteful must be foolish, indeed, needlessly to inflict on themselves the annoyance of such reading; if such reading is not distasteful, the readers are not pure, and need to abstain." No wonder a Catholic paper has said: "As many Catholic parents are not sufficiently educated to exercise proper control over the books read by their children, some arrangement ought to be made in every city parish whereby priest or teacher would be enabled to keep a watchful eye on the literature taken by Catholic children from public libraries. We have been surprised and shocked to see immoral novels and other bad books, even such as are on the Roman Index, read by Catholic children in the family circle, the parents being absolutely ignorant of their character, and utterly helpless as to how to stop an abuse which they felt themselves powerless to control."

Yet how are we to account for another Catholic paper that, in its literary corner, asks its readers questions on one of the worst of England's poets—for instance, "What poet had written a life of him that is virtually a defence of his shortcomings?" and again: "Name some of his poems that you have read. What do you find the characteristic note? In what rank among the English poets would you place him?" Is there, indeed, no need of an "Index Expurgatorius"?

if the consciences of men and women can not avail to sting them into avoidance of evil in literature? Ought books of this nature to be placed in the hands of our young people, to be by them commented upon, praised and quoted?—Sacred Heart Review.

Pill Sense.—It stands to reason that Dr. Agnew's Little Liver Pills will crowd out of the market many of the nauseous old-timers. A better medicine at less than half the price is all the argument needed to keep the demand what it has been—phenomenal—40 does 10 cents. They cure Sick Headache, Bilioussness, and allay all stomach irritations.—5

Meandering Mike—"Say, Lew, I've got a notion to write a poem." Lazy Lew—"Don't do it. De productions uv litter'y fellers is called 'works.'"



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

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6.

TALKS WITH PARENTS.

(Continued from page one.)

of prudence is the showing of partiality towards some children. Children differ from one another in character and disposition as they do in looks; and it is quite natural that you should like some of your children better than others because of their more agreeable qualities. This feeling of preference is not a sin of itself; nevertheless you must keep it down and not allow it to have any influence with you in your outward government of your children; for it would be a sin of injustice, and a great sin, to show more favour to one than to another simply because one has greater natural gifts than another. Partiality is bad on every side,—bad for those to whom you show favour, because on the one hand you make them disliked by those who are less favoured; and on the other hand you spoil them, they become selfish and stubborn, they disobey you readily because they know your foolish fondness will overlook anything they may do. In the end it is more than likely that they will repay you for this foolish fondness by treating you with neglect or even with harshness. Again, the partiality which you show to some of your children is very bad for the others; for, when they find themselves neglected and despised, their natural love for you will begin to grow cool; when they are corrected by you even with good reason, they will put it all down to your dislike for them; and they will have feelings of jealousy, envy, even hatred for those of their brothers and sisters whom you like best. And so your partiality is laying the foundation for discord and disunion which may never have an end.

But, you will ask, is it not right to show special favour to those who deserve it? Yes, but only to those who really deserve. And children do not deserve special favour because they happen to be prettier or cleverer than their brothers and sisters. You may show special favour to good children, for then the others will see that they have only to be good to be treated with equal favour; but you should never show any special favour to cleverness or good looks, because then the others will see themselves shut out from your favour without any fault of their own, and they will have bitter feelings towards the favoured ones and towards you their parents. Even when the preference is a just one, you must be careful not to show it in too noticeable a manner. Herein also, if prudence is not used the consequences may be serious. We have an example of this in the history of Jacob and his sons as told in the Old Testament. Jacob loved Joseph much better than the others, and with good reason. But he showed this preference very indiscreetly, by giving him finer clothes than the others; and this made Joseph's brothers so bitterly jealous that they sold him for a slave, and made their father believe he had been killed by a wild beast. You should most earnestly desire to have all your children love you, and to have them good friends with one another. And you cannot have this if you show partiality.

Another very important thing is that father and mother should perfectly agree in the government of their family; for if they do not, it will be impossible to bring up the children well. A carriage drawn by two horses goes along well if both horses are pulling their best in the same direction; but if one is pulling well and the other holding back, the carriage goes badly; worse still, if the two are pulling in opposite directions. If the father thinks the mother is too soft and easy with the children; if the mother thinks the father is too hard and severe; if you disagree between yourselves as to what ought to be done, and above all if you are so imprudent as to disagree before your children,—what is the result? The result is that you are despised by your children, and that correction is made impossible, since the children have reason to believe that one of you will protect them when the other wishes to punish them. It is therefore of the very greatest importance that both parents should be perfectly agreed in the education of their children. Or if you sometimes disagree, discuss the matter in secret until you have come to an agreement, but never let the children even suspect that there has been any disagreement at all. Otherwise, the words of our Saviour will be surely fulfilled: "Every kingdom divided against itself shall be made desolate."

The Teachers' Normal Institute.

In continuing my brief notes, I herewith send you the different programmes. You will observe that, the forenoon exercises comprise regular school work, in nearly all subjects from Grade I. to VIII. Classes were taught from bright, intelligent looking children, belonging to the schools of the place. It is needless to say that each lesson was calculated to show improved methods. A few minutes for discussion of such methods were usually allowed after each lesson.

The afternoon exercises were more of the character of lectures than teaching. They were certainly all able and attentively listened to. It would be difficult to criticise any of the lessons given, being all of a high order. Some lessons, however will appeal to us in rural sections, as being of more practical importance than others.

Of these, Prof. Connolly's excellent lesson on "Mensuration of Surfaces," could scarcely be over-estimated; Miss Ethel Dickson's lesson to junior grades in arithmetic and Miss Mary C. McDonald's lesson to grades V and VI in the same subject, were all exhibitions of admirable skill. Miss Eva Dillon's lesson in reading to grades II, III and IV was a revelation to many old teachers. The manner in which she held the close attention of her pupils and obviated almost all trace of the deplorable "sing song" habit of pronouncing words so common among young reading classes, were marked features of her work, and very properly commended by several of the teachers present. Space will not permit full justice being done to the excellence exhibited in the work throughout.

E. B. Smith, Principal, Port Hood Schools, held the attention of "The Institute" on "mechanical drawing," "construction and use of scales" and also a most practical lesson in "measurement of distances and map-drawing."

The afternoon lectures were of the highest order. Rev. A. Macdonald, D. D., St. Andrew's, Antigonish, gave his lecture on "Shall and Will;" Dr. John Cameron, Antigonish on "Physiology;" Dr. G. U. Hay, St. John, N. B.—himself a writer of history,—gave an admirable address on "History in Rural Schools," and Bessie G. Jamieson, Canso schools, an explanation and illustration of her method of teaching the "art of writing." The writer was favoured with a sample of the work done by her method—a sight of which only could satisfy as to the excellence of it. Miss Oattie Smith, Normal School, Truro, gave some valuable instructions on "free hand drawing," charming the audience with her inimitable work on the black-board.

As already stated, Prof. A. G. Macdonald, President of "The Institute," who so ably conducted the proceedings, invited short discussions on the different methods of teaching shown. The leading educationists present took part in these friendly comments, such as A. H. McKay, Supt. of Education, Prin. Soloan of the Normal School, Prin. Campbell of Truro, and others. Of the regular members of "The Institute" who took part also, were Prin. Smith, Port Hood, Prin. Creelman of Sydney, W. D. Cameron Dunmore, Antigonish, and many others.

At a proper stage of the programme, a general vote of thanks was unanimously carried and tendered to the several gentlemen who came from outside and so ably helped to make the meeting a success.

Inspector McNeil, being unavoidably absent, owing to indisposition, sent a message regretting the fact, which was read by the President.

A motion, expressing sympathy with Mr. McNeil, moved by Mr. W. D. Cameron and very feelingly seconded by Inspector McKinnon—his lifelong friend, was unanimously adopted, a copy of which was ordered to be forwarded to him forthwith.

Rev. Mr. McMillan, of East Bay, being unavoidably absent from the Public Meeting, appeared on Friday. He very encouragingly addressed the meeting, expressing his hearty sympathy with its object. He also deprecated the action of some school boards, who refused consent to their teachers to attend and become active members of the association stating that for himself, he should have a much higher opinion of those who attended than those who didn't.

The afternoon of Friday was mainly devoted to resolutions.

A strong resolution, moved by Prin. Creelman, disapproving of the tyrannical action of school boards in preventing teachers from attending, was seconded by W. D. Cameron, who urged the Profession to first have respect for themselves, by asserting and exercising special rights accorded them by the School Act. This attitude was the primal necessity in order that it should command the respect of "School Boards" as well as that of others. This resolution was passed with great applause and duly placed on record.

The last resolution called for a meeting next year, the appointment of a "Managing Committee" of whom Prof. Macdonald is President, the date and place of meeting to be decided later, after which the session of nearly one week was brought to an appropriate close by singing "The National Anthem."

It would be base ingratitude on my part, to conclude this hurried report, did I not express my deep appreciation of the great kindness shown to the visitors by the good people of Port Hawkesbury. In fact, the citizens all seemed to devote their time, and even their means, to make our visit pleasant from the time we arrived till we left. On the afternoon of Thursday we were furnished with two pretty steamboats for an excursion on the strait. For nearly three hours, we enjoyed this delightful trip, viewing the picturesque scenes, from the ad-

most frowning yet majestic "Cape Porcupine," pretty Port Hastings, Port Mulgrave and the pretty views lying between, all constituting a panoramic view that must make a delightful impression upon the lover of the beautiful in nature.

Yes, we were delighted truly,—playful and happy as any school children. We sang, we listened with pleasure to first class bag-pipe music, we even danced. No wonder,—when we returned to the wharves,—we gave "three rousing cheers for the captain of the steamer, for Prof. Macdonald and for the piper, best wishes to all, glad to meet and very sorry to part.

ZERO.

Our Schools.

Dr. Cameron's letters regarding the course of studies have created widespread interest. It is simply absurd to maintain that school children can have but the most superficial knowledge of so many branches of learning as are forced upon them in this Province. The course of studies should be revised carefully without delay.

There is another subject which ought to receive the especial attention of our educationists. It is the salary of teachers. How in the world can we have good teachers in our schools unless we give a living wage to them? Our country's Parliament should look carefully into this phase of the school question. Can our Legislature be said to be doing its duty by our children—whose education it has practically assumed—when it fails to make adequate provision for the salary of teachers? Certainly it can not. What are the facts with regard to the salaries of teachers in Nova Scotia? One fact is that nine out of every ten of our most capable teachers have actually been forced to go on "strike" because, and simply because, they could not make a living at teaching. As a case in point there lives in my neighborhood right here a gentleman who has been forced to abandon the teaching profession and "move to the mines" for the simple reason that he could not make enough money at teaching to support himself and his small family. This man taught school for 23 years he liked teaching so well that he would willingly go back to it to-morrow if possible; he was so well liked as a teacher that he would gladly be received back to take charge at any place where he once taught; he did not spend 25 cents a year in liquor; and yet this first-class teacher was obliged to take up his baggage and say good-bye to the common schools where he could do so much good. He was forced to say to the school children—the future hope of our country—something like this: "Much as I should like to serve you; much as I love the school-room; much as I regret this unnatural divorce; yet, remember, I can not afford to continue teaching for teaching's sake; I must live. Therefore, to my sorrow, I must try my hand at something else." This gentleman has no doubt many brothers in this Province who could speak similarly.

Question: Will our Legislature take any practical step at all to remedy these evils? Yours, etc.,

COMMON SENSE.

Dominion No. 3, N. S., Sept. 26th, 1904.

Canadian Bank

SECURES A VALUABLE CONTRACT FROM CUBAN GOVERNMENT.

The contract awarded a few days ago to the Royal Bank of Canada for the payment of the cheques that are to be issued to the holders of the certificates of the army of liberation, was yesterday formally signed by Mr. J. Garcia Montes, the secretary of the treasury, on behalf of the Government of the Republic of Cuba, and Mr. F. J. Sherman, the manager of the bank in this city.

The payments of the cheques are to be made in Havana, Pinar del Rio, Matanzas, Cienfuegos, Santa Clara, Santiago de Cuba Baracoa, Gibara, Guantonamo and Remedios by the bank's agents in those cities. It is understood that the distribution of the first \$10,000,000 will begin on October 1st, and the cheques, payable to bearer, being issued in the principal towns of the island, will be paid at one of the above named cities nearest to the point of issue.

In a few days the new branch of the bank at Camaguey, where are situated the offices and workshops of the Cuba company, will be opened under the management of Mr. R. W. Forrester, who has so ably discharged the duties of assistant manager of the Havana and Santiago branches of the bank. The opening of this branch in the most important of the interior cities of Cuba, should prove a great benefit to the rapidly growing American population in the province of Puerto Principe, which has had until now absolutely no banking facilities.

The action of the Government in naming the Royal Bank of Canada as its disbursing agent, for the proceeds of the \$35,000,000 loan, and entrusting it with the distribution of such a large sum has met with general approbation, not only from the many friends of the management in this city, but from the commercial element of other cities in Cuba where the bank is so well and favorably known. The Post heartily congratulates the directors of the bank on this, their latest success, which is undoubtedly the result of the able and conservative management which has directed the affairs of this institution during the five years it has been operating in Cuba.—Havana Post.

Dr. Benjamin Russell M. P. for Hants County, has been made a puisne judge of Nova Scotia. Hon. D. A. McKinnon, M. P. for Queens, P. E. I., has been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the Island, and Sir Richard Cartwright has been appointed to the Senate.

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.

THE ANTIGONISH DRY GOODS STORE.

A. KIRK & Co's

Grand Millinery Opening

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

Friday and Saturday,

OCTOBER 7th and 8th.

THE LATEST Parisian Hats and Bonnets.

AND

Imported Millinery Novelties.

A beautiful Range of Outing and Street Hats.

ALSO

Ladies' Suits and Mantles.

THE CELEBRATED

MOOSE HEAD FURS, ETC.

All are invited to see the finest showing we have ever made.

A. KIRK & CO.

General News.

Dawson City had a \$200,000 fire on the 29th Sept.

The fire insurance companies lost \$361,000 in the two recent fires in Halifax.

The fruit in the Annapolis Valley is turning out better than was expected a few weeks ago.

John Morrison, a white man, was lynched at Kingstree, S. C., on Saturday, for the murder of William Floyd.

Aulay Morrison, M. P., a native of Cape Breton County, has been appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court of British Columbia.

The British torpedo boat destroyer Chamois has been lost off the Island of Cephalonia, in the Mediterranean. All on board were saved.

Alderman John Pond, Chairman of the London General Omnibus Company, Ltd., was last week chosen Lord Mayor of London, for the ensuing year.

The new ice breaking steamer built by the Government for service in the St. Lawrence river, between Quebec and Montreal, has sailed from Scotland for the St. Lawrence.

The Judge in Massachusetts who fined a secretary of the British Ambassador, has been ordered by the American authorities to apologize. The fine will be repaid.

Sir William Harcourt, the noted English statesman and leader in the Liberal party, died at his home at Oxfordshire, Eng., on Saturday. Though in poor health, his death was unexpected.

On September 28, in a disastrous rear end freight train collision on the Grand Trunk Railway, at Eastwood, five miles east of Woodstock, four members of the train crews were killed and one fatally injured.

Sir Willam McGregor, the new governor of Newfoundland, arrived at St. John's on Monday, and met with a warm reception at the landing. It is understood he brings the assurance of the ratification of the Anglo-French treaty by the French Chamber this month.

The dwelling at Whitehead, Guy., owned and occupied by Hugh P. Munroe and family was burned to the ground Saturday night, with nearly all its contents. Mrs. Munroe, in attempting to save clothing, etc., from the room, narrowly escaped death from suffocation. Loss, \$2,000; no insurance.

A distressing fatal accident happened on the track between New Glasgow and Stellarton about midnight Monday. John McDonald of New Glasgow and Daniel Hood of Stellarton were struck by a special freight train. McDonald was killed and cut to pieces. He was about 25 years of age and the son of a widow. Hood had four ribs broken and other injuries. He will recover.

Four sisters and one brother named Grey have been arrested this week at Bedford by the Halifax police. They have been telephoning Halifax merchants to send goods to people residing along the line of the I. C. R. When the goods were thrown off the train at the Stations, the girls, who were hiding near by, carried them off at the first opportunity. Two of the girls were caught in the act.

At Adams, Mass., on Sunday, while Right Rev. Thomas D. Beaven, Roman Catholic Bishop of Springfield, was laying the corner stone of St. Stanislaus Polish church, a floor collapsed, precipitating one hundred and fifty persons into the basement. A dozen persons were injured, several possibly fatally. Bishop Beaven and several of the priests assisting him were slightly hurt. About 7000 persons attended the ceremony and one hundred were on the floor, which covered the basement.

Responsibility for the wreck of the Sunday School excursion train on the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railway at Glenwood, Ill., July 31, when 18 persons were killed more than 100 others injured, has been fixed by the Grand Jury. It indicted for manslaughter Frank E. Hoxie, engineer; Frank Casper, conductor, and Charles H. Wright, brakeman of the freight train which caused the accident. Frederick Whitman, train dispatcher, and Patrick Costello, fireman of the freight train, were exonerated. Disobedience of orders was given as the cause of the indictments.

The Inverness Railway and Coal Co., of Nova Scotia, have entered an action against the Canadian Lines, Limited, for \$5,437, and have obtained a seizure before judgment against the steamship Lake Simcoe. This supplements a seizure which has already been made against the Lake Simcoe, which vessel is under time charter to the Canadian Lines, Limited, being the property of Elder, Dempster and Co. This latter seizure was made by the Dominion Government, the action arising over the escape of Syrian immigrants held for deportation. Some thirty-four of these immigrants escaped after they had been returned aboard the steamer for deportation. The Department of the Interior has therefore taken action against the Lake Simcoe for the sum of \$26,000. The Inverness Railway and Coal Company furnished coal to Lake Simcoe on her last voyage to the St. Lawrence. The steamer was afterwards allowed to sail.

The report of the Committee of Organization of the Irish Reform Association, which was adopted at a meeting presided over by Lord Dunraven, at Dublin, on Friday, has been issued. The report outlines an important scheme for the devolution of

the Irish Government in finance and local business. It suggests the conclusion of an Irish financial council composed of twenty-four members under the presidency of the Lord Lieutenant, and with the chief secretary for Ireland as vice-president, twelve members to be elected by groups of existing parliamentary constituencies and twelve to be nominated by the Crown; one-third of the members to retire every three years. The functions of the council will be to administer the \$30,000,000 expended annually on Irish services, parliament, however, retaining a controlling power, enabling the House of Commons to reverse the council's decisions. The report further suggests that a statutory body should be created, consisting of Irish representative peers and Irish members of the House of Commons, in addition to the proposed financial council, and to which should be delegated all private bill legislation affecting Ireland and any other Irish business that might be referred to it by Parliament. The report concludes with suggesting the submission of its proposal to a royal commission.

War News.

The Japanese are not making rapid progress in their march on Mukden. Scouts of the two armies are having daily skirmishes, but no serious fighting has taken place near Mukden since our last issue. It is believed the next great battle will be fought at a pass a few miles north of the present Russian position.

At Port Arthur fierce fighting is daily in progress. The Russian garrison has made several desperate attempts to recapture the positions commanding the chief water supply of the city, so far they have failed, though the Japs have suffered terribly. One battalion, 4000 men, was annihilated, only 11 escaping, according to the London Daily Telegraph's report. Japanese guns are now able to throw shells into the harbour, and the Russian ships are suffering in consequence. It is thought they will soon be forced to make another desperate sortie.

Personals.

Dr. A. A. Macdonald, Roxbury, Mass., is spending a few days in Antigonish.

Mr. Thomas Phelan, School Inspector for Cape Breton County, was in Town this week.

Dr. Cameron, Mabou, the Conservative candidate in Antigonish County, arrived in Town on last Saturday, to take up the campaign work.

Mrs. R. Fennell of St. John's, Nfld., was here last week to visit her daughter, a pupil at Mt. St. Bernard. Mrs. Fennell has gone South for the benefit of her health.

Miss M. Isabella Chisholm of Boston, returned home on Wednesday after spending a few weeks with friends at Black Avon. She was accompanied by her brother, Archibald.

Among the Advertisers.

OYSTER stews at Mrs. McNeil's, West End Main St.

ROCK Salt and Linseed meal for horses and cattle.—at Bonner's

SHOE-REPAIRING done neatly and promptly at N. K. Cunningham's.

LOST, on Main Street, a lady's belt. Finder will please leave at this Office.

LOST.—On St. Ninian's St., front of watch case. Finder kindly leave at this office.

FOUND, on Main Street, a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. Apply at Henry's drug store.

Suits will be cleaned and pressed for 50 cts. in future at Chisholm's, Main St., Antigonish.

Try our maple and chocolate fudge, the biggest seller we ever had. Every body is buying it.—Bonner's Grocery.

MEATS, for choice beef and lamb in any cut, or by the quarter, side or carcass, go to Bonner's market.

Wanted to Buy—A horse for general purposes, weight about 1200 lbs. Must be sound and true. Wm. Chisholm, Marydale.

APPLES FOR SALE.—The Trappist Fathers, Big Tracadie, have a lot of very nice apples they wish to sell. For particulars address Fr. Eugene, Superior.

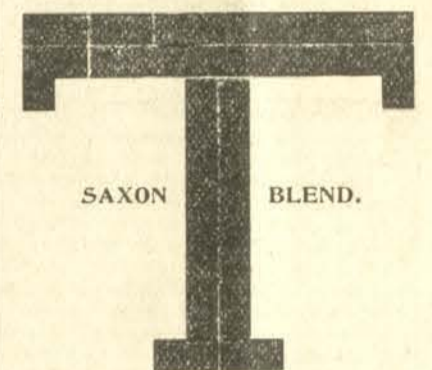
Acknowledgments.

- Rev J J Walsh, Mairdieu, \$1 00
D M McDonald, Arisaig, 2 00
George Ryan, Alton, 1 00
A P Bray, Caraque, N B, 1 50
Mrs C Gallant, St George's P E I, 1 00
Wm Smith, Antigonish, 2 00
Finlay McDonald, Glassburn, 1 00
Ronald McLellan, Sylvan Valley, 1 00
Frank De Young, Pomquet, 1 00
Dan McDonald, S E Lochaber, 4 00
Mary A McIsaac, Giant's Lake, 2 00
Dan D Fraser, Caledonia Mills, 1 00
Dan McPherson, Black Avon, 2 00
Alex McKinnon, Doctor's Brook, 1 00
Charles Boudro, Cambridge, 1 00
Hugh Campbell, Hay Cove, 2 00
Rev W J Doody, Springhill, 1 00
John D McDonald, Lismore, 2 00
Alex V Chisholm, Beaulieu, 2 00
Alex R Boyd, West Lakevale, 1 00
Donald McIsaac, Port Hastings, 1 00
Lauchlin McIsaac, Dummore, 1 00
Dan McDonald, Antigonish, 1 00
Mrs J W McDonald, Hedham, 1 00
Mrs Chas McLellan, Newtonville, 1 00
D McPherson, Ashland, 1 00
Mrs A Cameron, Lowell, 1 00
A D Gillis, Highgate, 2 00
Katie A McLellan, Newton Centre, 1 00
R L Wilkins, Antigonish, 1 00
Frank McKenna, Briley Brook, 1 00
William Jos McDonald, Marydale, 1 00
Mary Powers, Cambridge, 1 00
F McNeil, Winchester, 1 00
James E McDonald, Cardigan Bridge, 2 00
L Gillis Gloucester, 1 00
B D McDonald Eureka, 1 00
Mrs Margaret Bransfield, Montreal, 1 00
Stephen McLean, River Dennis Station, 1 00
Mrs John D Bates, Centre Harbor, 1 00
James Fitzgerald, Pine Tree, 1 00
Mrs John McDonald, Pine Tree, 1 00
Convent, Harbor au Bouche, 1 00
Ida Tompkins, N E Margaree, 1 00
John A McDonald, Beech Hill, 1 00
Angus Gillis, Arisaig, 2 00
Collin Fraser, Mulgrave, 1 00
Arch Gillis, Paso Robles, 1 00
Rod McNeil, Union P O, 1 00
C F Gillis, Cambridge, 1 00
J E Farrell, Glen Coe, 1 00
John W Chisholm, Glassburn, 2 00
Rev J Q Dolan, Milford, 1 00
Angus H Cameron, Sydney, 1 00
J A McFarlane, Grandfate, 1 00
Mary A Chisholm, Heatherton, 1 00
Rt Rev Mgr Daly, Halifax, 1 00
E McDonald, " 1 00
J P Flannigan, " 1 00
Mrs C S Lone, " 1 00
Frank Eden, " 1 00
J F Kelly, " 1 00
T E Kenny, " 1 00
Arthur Steel, McKay's Corner, 1 00

DEATHS

At Upper South River, on September 10th, SADIE, aged four years, beloved child of Mrs. and Mrs. Donald McDonald.

At Fairmont, this county, on Saturday, the 24th ult., after a protracted illness of two years, JAMES McDONALD, Ban, in the 61st year of his age. Consolated by the last rites of the Church, of which he was ever an exemplary member, he peacefully passed to his reward.



SAXON BLEND

is the best Tea on the market.

It has the flavour and strength which constitute a high grade Tea and makes it an article that will suit everybody.

Price wholesale, half and whole chests, : : :

21 1/2 c.

Quality Guaranteed. If not as we say return it.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AT

BONNER'S.

E. R. O.

Ethiopian Rheumatic Oil

CURES

Rheumatism

NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, INFLAMMATORY, MUSCULAR, LUMBAGO,

GOUT, STIFF NECK, SPRAINS, SORE THROAT, ETC., ETC.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

PRICE 25 CTS. and 50 CTS.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO

Paid-Up Capital, \$8,700,000 Reserve Fund, \$3,000,000

HON. GEO. A. COX, President. B. E. WALKER, General Manager. ALEX. LAIRD, Asst. Gen'l Manager.

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A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED

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Deposits of \$1 and upwards received, and interest allowed at current rates. Interest added to the deposit twice in each year, at the end of May and November. The depositor is subject to no delay whatever in the withdrawal of the whole or any portion of the deposit.

ANTIGONISH BRANCH

H. JEMMETT, Manager.

West End Warehouse.

Fall Goods Arriving.

Ladies' English, German and Canadian

FALL and WINTER JACKETS

Ladies' Costumes and Skirts

A Fine Lot of Ladies' Fall Weight Rain Coats FUR GOODS in Great Variety.

Ladies' French Flannel and Cashmere

Shirt Waists.

See our window display of Shirt Waists and Shirt Waist Patterns. Some beauties.



MILLINERY !

First instalment of Ready-to-wear Hats. Latest American Styles.

Millinery Opening on the 7th and 8th October.

CHISHOLM, SWEET & CO.

Sept. 22nd, 1904.



BABY'S OWN SOAP
Pure, Fragrant, Cleansing
A Safe Soap for a TENDER SKIN
A good Soap for ANY SKIN
Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs.
MONTREAL.
There is no other just as good.

A Doctor in the House!
STANTON'S PAIN RELIEF
Will prove a faithful, honest and trustworthy FAMILY PHYSICIAN.
Sickness comes when you least expect it. In cases of emergency call upon STANTON, and you will get instant relief (Internal and External).
For Colics, Diarrhoea, Chills, Rheumatism, Sprains, Neuralgia, Toothache, Cramps, Sore Throat, &c., &c., it never fails.
For sale everywhere. Price 25 cts per bottle.
MCGALE'S BUTTERNUT PILLS FOR YOUR LIVER AND BOWELS.
For sale everywhere, 25 cts per box, or by mail on receipt of price.
Sole proprietors, THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO. Limited, Montreal, Canada.

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

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.

WOOL! WOOL!
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.
—ALSO—
BLANKETS, RUGS, ETC., ETC.
I also carry a large stock of

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. 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

BOOKING ORDERS

In advance for goods, is no unusual occurrence in good business houses. Did you ever hear of business men placing application with any school, before the opening of the term, for its trained students? We have several orders for good stenographers. All want first choice of the **MARITIME-TRAINED** students for '04-'05 class.
Our Syllabus mailed free for the asking.

KAULBACH & SCHURMAN,
Chartered Accountants.

Maritime Business College,
HALIFAX, N. S.

Be sure to get Cowan's. Sold by grocer
Cowan's Cocoa and Chocolate
Confectioners also have them, buy the best.

McCabe, Renan, and others.

What I have said, going to show that the Jesuits have very little responsibility for Voltaire's frivolous Deism and blasphemous hatred of Christ, has the more force from the fact that the main editor of the *Encyclopédie* was Bayle, a Protestant, less truculent in temper than Voltaire, but of the same tenor of opinion.

As much may be said in a general way, of the other two instances which the *Witness* brings up, namely, Joseph McCabe and Ernest Renan.

As concerns McCabe (whose book I have read from beginning to end) what the *Witness* says, is a very good illustration of a class of Protestant writers, much more respectable and less virulent than such people as Lansing, but of no great depth of research, and of censurable slowness in the application of the facts which they do pick up.

After mentioning that McCabe, having been a Franciscan, has become an atheist, disciple of Haeckel, the *Witness* proceeds: "Romanism in its continental form, where all sorts of superstition are developed, is apt to drive the intelligent into the dark abysses of infidelity, as in France and Italy."

The natural meaning of this is that McCabe, having been brought up under "continental Romanism," has been driven by its superstitious unreasonableness into atheism. Now McCabe is an Irishman, and his monastic life has been chiefly spent in Ireland and England. He nowhere intimates that his few years in Belgium had any particular effect on either his character or opinions, although he plainly thinks that his Belgian brethren are rather a stupid set. As to the English Franciscans, he thinks they are very much like so many Church of England clergymen, some admirably good, and highly intellectual; some very far from good; the bulk reputable and sincere, but not remarkable either in character or life, as the bulk of no human brotherhood can easily be. He thinks the monastic training of priests (except the Jesuit) rather behind the times, but he nowhere represents his own defection from God as due to any resentment over an inadequate or a superstitious education.

Of the Jesuits he has nothing disparaging to say, although he thinks it might be better if they were not quite so hard to train into line with the seculars and the other regulars. However, he does take it rather ill that the Jesuits believe that, as salvation consists in union with God, he who does not believe in God, the personal God, is not on the way to heaven.

McCabe's infidelity seems to be nothing different from infidelity in general, but to be, like other men's, a free moral choice between the two alternatives propounded by Marcus Aurelius: "God or Atoms: Which?" These two alternatives are as old as developed thought. Buddhism says: "Atoms!" Christianity says: "God!" McCabe was brought up to choose God, but has finally been pleased to choose Atoms. He has the full responsibility of his own choice, and he nowhere lays any part of it on "Romanism," continental or insular, Irish or English.

The same thing is true of Renan, except that he is much warmer in the affectionateness of his testimony to the admirable worth of his teachers, and of the priesthood generally. "I have never," says he, "known a bad priest." What George Sand says of the nuns who taught her, that they were the incarnation of everything that is excellent in religion, Renan seems inclined to apply to the universal priesthood, at least the priesthood of France, to which Father Hyacinthe, in a letter to me, seems disposed to add that of Ireland. Possibly his anti-German patriotism may make him hesitate to add the Austrian, above all the Tyrolean priests, who in point of moral blamelessness and pastoral attentiveness stand on a level with any. The *Spectator*, discussing the "Los von Rom" movement, doubts whether it can make much headway among a people that has priests so above scandal as the Austrian.

Both McCabe and Renan, although themselves unbelievers, think it by no means impossible, nor even improbable, that Christianity, which has already suffered at least two dangerous assaults from atheism, one in Dante's time, and one at the Renaissance, but overcame both, will overcome the present, determined as it is, and as the positivist Barthélemy-St. Hilaire predicts, will take possession of the planet. In that event these gentlemen seem to think that at least the leading Church if not the only one, will be the Roman Catholic. Renan, remarks some one, though not unfriendly to Protestantism, seems to view it as a little bit "off color." His way of thinking and speaking, as well as McCabe's, seems by no means to imply the feeling of a man, who, having once deeply and effectively believed in God and Christ, has been driven to revolt from them by the harsh rigor of the Catholic scheme. True, Renan says that, as concerns Inspiration, the little finger of Rome is thicker than the joints of Protestantism; but his defection from Christianity appears to have rested on far deeper grounds than that.

One thing is true. If a Protestant minister, in some denominations, especially in the Church of England, loses faith in the Gospel, it is not so hard for him to cover his unbelief with a conventional disguise, and to continue his functions. If this does not suit, he can become a Unitarian. Unitarianism is largely hospitable, alike to those who, with Stopford Brooke, though they have varied from the orthodox theology, remain firmly convinced that God is centrally revealed in Christ, and to those who, with President Andrew D. White, declare

their firm belief in the existence of God, but explain this to mean that there is a moral order of the universe, contemptuously styling all further requirements "sectarian shibboleths," as if any part of the Christian world, from the beginning, would ever have been content with this Fichteian formula.

Nay: Unitarianism is more largely liberal still. If a man says outright that he does not believe in God, Unitarianism shakes its head over him in a friendly way, but hardly repels him from its pulpits, at least in the West. It sympathizes more or less with that Socinian elder in Ulster, who could hardly believe that his brethren could be so inconsiderate as to turn away a popular preacher for such a trifle as his not believing in God.

Now it must be owned that the Catholic Church is much more rigorous than this. If a priest comes to deny God and Christ, she repels him from her altars and pulpits. Then, as on the continent he does not easily find such alternatives as an English or American Protestant, he naturally breaks with the Church. This seems hardly to furnish a very grave indictment against the Apostolic See. Not that I deny that there are many sad superstitions current in Italy and Spain, but I do not think that those priests and clerics who have gained note as enemies of the Gospel usually come from there.

The *Witness* ends up thus: "In Christ alone we have the 'fullness of the Godhead bodily.'" Unquestionably. And in what respect does Rome differ here from Geneva, Wittenberg, Lambeth or Edinburgh, at least as these were originally taught? What Geneva and Wittenberg teach now may be not very certain. It is not true, as Luther says, after all his years of conflict with Rome: "Many and mighty saints have remained under the Pope. The Papists have the authentic Creed, the authentic Sacraments, the authentic Christianity?" Then what does the *Witness* mean, except to insinuate, what it dares not declare, that to be in the communion of Rome is to be out of the communion of Christ, and to support this insinuation by various misinterpreted and misapplied facts? —Charles C. Starbuck, in *Sacred Heart Review*.

The New Head of the Paulists.

The current *Catholic World* contains a sketch of the recently elected superior of the Paulists, the Very Rev. George M. Searle, Ph. D. The election is chiefly interesting because Father Searle is the first not of the "old guard"—the actual founders of the community, the last of whom passed away in the person of Father Deshon—to be placed at the head of the order.

Father Searle, though born in England in 1839 of an English mother, is on his father's side of genuine Yankee stock; in direct male line from Robert Searle, who lived in Dorchester, Mass., in 1692; and through his paternal grandmother, on her father's side, a descendant of Thomas Dudley, first Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts, and on her mother's, of the celebrated Mrs. Ann Hutchinson, a cousin of the poet, John Dryden.

He was baptized in London, in the Church of England, and was brought to this country the following year by his parents, who died shortly afterwards, leaving the care of George and his brother Arthur, two years older—now professor at the Harvard Observatory—to their paternal uncle and aunt, with whom they lived in Brookline, Mass., until 1858. Both brothers were brought up Unitarians, as that was the religion of their foster parents.

At the early age of eighteen George Searle was graduated at Harvard College, a Phi Beta Kappa man, taking fifth place in the famous class of 1857, the man immediately preceding him being John Long, the former secretary of the navy.

The future Paulist superior early showed a remarkable interest in, and capacity for, mathematical studies, especially in the branch of astronomy. In the year of his graduation, at a special mathematical examination, he won a \$200 prize for a paper on astronomy, which attracted the attention of astronomers generally, and especially of the distinguished Dr. B. A. Gould—the greatest practical astronomer of America, who afterwards did such monumental work at Cordoba, Argentine Republic. (Indeed, Dr. Gould was anxious that young Searle should be his companion and assistant in that work.)

He was engaged on the American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac, as computer, till April, 1858; going then to the Dudley Observatory, Albany, N. Y., with Dr. Gould (where he discovered the asteroid Pandora), and being subsequently associated with the doctor in the work of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey until September, 1862.

Meanwhile his religious opinions were undergoing change. He returned to the church of his baptism, the Protestant Episcopal, in January, 1859, and after further study and reflection—an account of which may be found in the "Stories of Conversions"—he was received into the Catholic church, in Brookline, by Rev. Father Finotti, August 15, 1862.

In September of that year he was appointed assistant professor at the United States Naval Academy—at that time, on account of the Civil War, situated at Newport, R. I.—a position which he held for two years, having for his pupils many of the now famous captains and admirals of our navy.

In 1865, as the result no doubt of the first faint stirrings of a priestly vocation in his heart, he went to Europe and to Rome. It was the real Rome then, he it remembered—the Rome when the Pope was "il Papa Re"—when the benignant and gracious

figure of Pius IX. was often seen in the streets of the Eternal City, and the Sardinian usurper's hand had not been laid upon the Quirinal. Who can tell what potency the sights and associations and prayers of that six months' stay at the fountain of Catholicity had in shaping the future career of the subject of this sketch? A chosen companion and cicerone and fellow-lodger during his Roman stay was the well-remembered Father Arminelli.

Returning to America in 1866, George Searle was assistant for two years at the Harvard College Observatory, a co-worker with S. P. Langley, now the distinguished head of the Smithsonian Institution. Prof. Langley has not forgotten his old friend, and only a short time ago invited him to co-operate in the work of the Total Eclipse Expedition at Wadesboro, N. C., in 1900.

In 1868 the question of vocation seemed to be definitely settled, and the future Superior entered the Paulist Community March 31 of that year, and was ordained priest March 25, 1871.

Father Searle has never lost his interest in mathematical research. He has written treatises and scientific papers too numerous to mention. He taught mathematics in the Paulist House of Studies. He was the first Director of the Observatory at the Catholic University at Washington, and is still honorary professor of the higher mathematics there.

But it may be asked: "Is a mathematician necessarily the best religious superior?" To this it may be answered—first, that a man who is pre-eminent in one way is pretty likely to be above the average in other ways; and second, that Dr. Searle, the astronomer, is wholly subordinate to Father Searle, the priest. He is priest first of all, and the science of the saints has been studied by him as well as the Table of Logarithms. He taught theology for years in the Paulist Seminary. He has won signal distinction as a religious, as well as a scientific writer. Take the instance of his well-known "Plain Facts for Fair Minds." Of this notable contribution to Catholic apologetics no less than half a million copies have been printed and sold. Two other similar works are nearly ready for the press. In all the years of his priesthood no one of his brethren has been more assiduous in the discharge of the duties of his sacred office, or more regular and edifying in his observance of his rule. By the sick and poor of St. Paul's Parish his name is venerated and beloved; to his fellow-Paulists his example has been uplifting and stimulating; to his penitents he has been a loving father and spiritual guide; to his superiors always a wise and careful and discreet counsellor.

He is a preacher of exceptional ability. His sermons are what might be expected from a keen and logical mind. There is no attempt at fine language, no verbal pyrotechnics, no assemblage of overworked adjectives. They are clear and crystalline and to the point; and they always have a point. They are as straightforward and direct as a proposition of Euclid, without being at all dull, bien entendu; for Father Searle fortunately possesses a delightful and saving sense of humour.

Let us Have Publicity.

The easiest kind of moralizing, respecting the financial difficulties alleged to threaten the Catholic University, will, of course, be an insistence on more careful and businesslike investment and management of trust funds, less confidence in the honesty or sagacity of single individuals, the adequate bonding of treasurers, etc., etc.

But more fundamental, as a protective measure, than all this, would be the rule of publicity as to the financial affairs of such institutions, the rendering of annual accounts, the publication of receipts and disbursements, itemized schedules of assets and liabilities, all duly certified and audited.

The Catholic University is not the only Catholic institution that may be in need of a better financial ordering, nor are Catholics the only people whose church finances have, at times, gone wrong. But there is this peculiarity as to our Catholic institutions: They exhibit a greater reluctance as towards publicity, on their financial side, than any other institutions we know of.

The only report some of them are inclined to make to the Catholic public, upon which they depend, is "It's none of your business."

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As to the affairs of the Catholic University, pending more explicit advice, we pass no comment. But this we may say: had annual and full financial reports been made in the Catholic press—similar to the reports which the great life insurance companies publish every year—a critical situation would have been impossible. And this applies equally to all Catholic congregations, diocesan incorporations, charities, cemeteries, etc.—*Catholic Citizen*.

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A Convert's First Impressions.

Perhaps you will hardly credit it that many good Protestants believe the main part of a priest's attention is absorbed in external rites and ceremonies—such as vestments, genuflections, ablutions, and the like. I remember some years ago a Presbyterian paper (still living, I believe, despite its inanity) commented in a scoffing paragraph on the number of times a priest had to genuflect during Mass. Now, of course, not only is this notion ludicrously false, but the very reverse is the case namely, it is Protestant clergymen, here and in England, who expend a large part of their brain power, time, and nervous energy on mere questions of millinery and posturing, which otherwise would go in solid work for their Church; it is they who seem to be more concerned with how to do a service than with the thing itself—more taken up with the form than with the matter. Catholic priests do not need to bother themselves about the correct number of candles, or the proper moment for incense, or the colour of a chasuble. They are not filled with a dread lest they be not facing the East when reciting the Creed, or be standing at the "North side" rather than the West of the "Lord's Table." Their souls are not burdened with trying to remember where and how often they should genuflect or bow the head. Moreover, the faithful are not harassed with ritual riots, tortured with dark foreboding of innovations and protests and resignations, or kept in painful suspense on various occasions as to whether they should sit or stand, kneel or sing. There are no unseemly squabbles with Presbyteries and elders, beadies and organists, as to the proper "Order of Service." Easily, naturally, reverently, without fear and without distraction, Catholics apply themselves to their prayers and devotions in spirit and in truth. Order, they know, is fixed and settled by a supreme authority that does not err, and that is certain to prescribe the most beautiful rites and rubrics out of Heaven.

A second thing one cannot help noticing about Catholic worship is that it is eminently popular—by which I mean that it appeals most strongly to the people, is deeply loved and easily understood by them. Wonderful it always was to me to see the great crowds joyfully flocking in to Mass or Benediction, rich and poor, young and old, strong and infirm, those clad in purple and fine linen kneeling humbly beside those that were in rags. Such a thing is utterly unknown, as everyone confesses, in Presbyterianism. It is the subject of universal comment among Protestants that the Catholic Church is the only one in which distinctions of rank and dress are broken down. Presbyterians build their grand churches for fashionable congregations (see the lugubrious speeches in General Assembly year after year), whilst the poor must either be content with plain and cheap ones, or else be relegated to "Mission Halls." And, truth to tell, a vast number of people, having no manner of belief whatsoever in any consecration of buildings, prefer the unconventional meeting-house, where they are often refreshed with something more substantial and delightful than a sermon. The sight that may be seen any Sunday in a Catholic church of an indiscriminate multitude of classes and masses, met in the unity of the faith to assist on a common level at the offering of a common Sacrifice—the poor old beggar woman feeling as much at home and claiming as great a right in the gorgeous cathedral and all its treasures as she who enters glittering with jewels—I say such a familiar sight as this, not only never is but never will or can be, witnessed in the Presbyterian service. And the reason is obvious—because it is a purely human system of worship, and therefore human defects and weaknesses naturally find their place in it, and it cannot help introducing from the world even into the Presence of God those distinctions and separations between man and man which Our Blessed Lord declared were in Him for ever swept away only the supernatural system of the Catholic Church can triumph over them, and maintain and present before the world the equal value of every soul in the sight of the Most High.

But the worship of Catholicism is popular, not only in this sense, but also in being thoroughly understood and appreciated by the people. Every time I returned from Ireland I was advanced a stage on my progress to the Catholic Church: for what do you see there but the most beautiful and edifying affection for Our Divine Saviour and His Blessed Mother and His Holy Church, and an intense devotion to her services? Generally speaking, you would insult an Irishman there if you asked him whether he went to Mass. Yet we are told that they are simply mystified by the Mass and cannot follow it, and go to it blindly at the bidding of the priest! Michael McCarthy, whose book, I think, gave me a decided lift on my way to Rome, speaks in this vein, and glorifies Presbyterianism. Great heavens! If he only knew it from the inside! Once in the house of a very rich Glasgow man I met a nice old Protestant gentleman from the South of Ireland, and we fell to talking about religion there. He acknowledged it was most remarkable the multitudes that crowded to the Catholic church, some even having to kneel outside altogether, "but, added he, "you know, the whole thing is a mere show to them—it is all in Latin they can't understand it," and so on. "Indeed, now," said I, "that's strange; for I have been to Catholic chapels many times, both here and in Ireland and abroad, and what struck me was the extraordinary intelligence with which they followed the service—they seemed to act like one man, knowing exactly the

movements and actions, and—"Oh, well, of course; I have never been in a chapel myself—" Exactly! There you are! That is how calumny spreads. Here was a venerable Protestant, who had lived even to hoary hairs amidst a Catholic population in Ireland, a delightful old man in every other respect, calmly uttering this sweeping falsehood about Catholic worship without ever having been even as much as within a Catholic chapel. But I fear we must lay our account for loads of this kind of ignorance. It was no worse than the idea of those who gravely informed me that the sermon was always in Latin—of the woman who told me that, after anointing sick persons, the priest sealed them up, so that they got no more food, and were supposed to die—of the man who said to me at my conversion, "One thing I never liked about Catholics was paying money to the priest to get their sins forgiven"—or, lastly, of a dear relative, who said sorrowfully, "I suppose you think now we are all going to Hell," and was agreeably surprised to find that I was not compelled to hold that charitable doctrine.—Glasgow Observer.

Church and State in France.

M. Combes has at last promised to introduce a Disestablishment Bill next session. It is not, indeed, to stand at the head of the ministerial programme. Two other measures of great importance are to come before it. In October the Chamber is to take up the income-tax, in January it will go on to old-age pensions. When these questions have been disposed of, M. Combes will have his hands free for the task of separating Church and State. The advantages and dangers of this order of business are obvious. The separation is ardently desired by the Socialists, who are the Minister's most trusted supporters. By putting this question last, he makes it their interest not to defeat him on either of the others. No doubt the Socialists are also interested both in an income-tax and in old-age pensions. But in order to legislate on either question, M. Combes may have to make large concessions to the Moderate Republicans. The idea of an income-tax has never been popular in France, and only a very gentle application of the principle is likely to find favour with the Chamber. But what is gentleness to some will seem like surrender to others, and if M. Combes should be compelled to reduce the Bill to very modest proportions, the Socialists will want to have some strong reason furnished them for keeping him in office. The prospect of a Disestablishment Bill may be such a reason. There may be a similar need in the case of the Pensions Bill. The cost of any effective scheme must be enormous, and we may be sure that the Finance Minister will impress upon his chief the necessity of limiting the Bill to certain well-defined classes of the population. M. Combes' own description of it, as dealing with working class pensions, seems to indicate that it will affect only the artisans. But in that case it is not likely to find much favour with the peasantry, and in the end M. Combes may have to withdraw it, or to reduce it to a mere fraction of its original proportions. The Extreme Left do not love compromises, and it is quite possible that they might desert the Minister in a critical division out of irritation at what they would regard as his weakness. With the Disestablishment Bill still in front of them, their dispositions to take this course might be greatly weakened.

As these two questions are to be disposed of in advance, M. Combes may possibly contemplate Disestablishment with a light heart. It is on the cards, to say the least, that he may never get to it. It would not, indeed, be much to M. Combes' credit if he contemplated it with a light heart at any time or in any circumstances. However convinced he may be of its justice and its "human solidarity," whatever that may mean, it is a serious thing to de-throne religion from the place which, except for some ten years, it has immemorially occupied in France. In the only country in which the experiment has yet been tried, the conditions were altogether different. In Ireland the Established Church was the church of a minority, and the aggregation of Protestants in a single corner of Ireland made that minority seem even smaller than it was. But in France there is no religion to challenge the supremacy of the Catholic Church. There is, indeed, abundance of irreligion, but Disestablishment, based on the fact that a great many people do not belong to the Church, seems a somewhat unprovoked measure. The Church loses her shoes without anyone else wanting to step into them. It remains to be seen how far the majority of Frenchmen will like this change. Indeed, M. Combes himself seems to feel some anxiety on this head. In an interview reported in the *Matin*, he is made to repudiate all idea of a "pitiless proscription" of Catholicism. He does not mean to stand by the Bill prepared by the Committee of the Chamber. He proposes to deal generously by the Church, to leave her in possession of the fabrics, and to grant her "full opportunity to create an autonomous life under the restricting regis of common rights." What this last phrase means in the mouth of M. Combes it is difficult to say. Most people would regard the life led by communities, the members of which have joined themselves together of their own free choice, "an autonomous life." Yet, as we know, M. Combes is not of this opinion. He has made preparations for the introduction of the autonomous life by dissolving the religious congregations. It may be, however, that he is more disposed to allow an autonomous life to be led by Catholics, now that he has destroyed the form of it that he most dislikes. There is another passage in this interview which may possibly explain M. Combes' unexpectedly hesi-

tating attitude. He hopes that if Disestablishment is effected without shock or violence, it will bring to Parliament, and even to the Cabinet, "the support of the most timid." We understand this to mean that he looks forward to securing Socialist support for the Bill, because it separates the Church from the State, and Catholic support because it does this more gently than some other members of M. Combes' party would like. The prosecution of this middle course will need very careful steering on the part of the Government, and it is at least possible that some of M. Combes' extreme supporters may prefer to wait for a more drastic scheme, and vote against him in some critical division. It is possible, however, that the opposition to M. Combes' Bill will be weakened by the abstention of many Catholics. If, indeed, the near prospect of Disestablishment should arouse a wholly unexpected antagonism in the French people, the situation would be changed. But in the absence, the more than probable, absence, of anything of the kind, the expediency of maintaining such warring elements as the Church and the present French Republic, must, to some Catholics, appear very doubtful.

A section of M. Combes' friends wish to make out that the Pope is alone responsible for the present conflict between the French Government and the Vatican. More impartial observers will be inclined to hold that the author—at all events, the immediate author—of the quarrel is the Minister who first put an end to diplomatic intercourse between the two parties. Negotiations might have gone on for a long period without any sacrifice of dignity or freedom on either side. To summon a Bishop to Rome is hardly an intolerable piece of presumption in a Pope, and that he was not claiming more than he had power to insist on is shown by the fact that the Bishops of Laval and Dijon are both in Rome. It is possible to admit that in the circumstances M. Combes did no more than he was entitled to do, and at the same time to hold that he acted under the pressure of no necessity other than the need of keeping the *bloc* in good humour. If he hoped that the Pope would devise some means of stopping the quarrel before they had gone too far, he seems to have mistaken his man. Pius X. has no disposition to begin a fight, but he is equally disinclined to refuse one if he thinks that the other side is bent on it. Why M. Combes should have thrown off a yoke which all previous French Government had found an easy one, will remain unexplained until some candid Socialist reveals the kind and amount of pressure which has been applied to him. It is true, no doubt, that France has pretty effectually got rid of any pretension to be called "the eldest daughter of the Church." But we are not aware that the retention of the title would have done her any harm, and the relations with the Pope that were involved in it might occasionally have been turned to good account. As, however, M. Combes has taken the other view, the well-wishers of France—and that is now merely an alternative name for the English people—can but hope that he will remain under the influence of the more reasonable counsels which seem for the moment to have weight with him.—London Economist.

A Phase of Anglican Protestant History.

If Episcopalians (college professors or editors) will force us to consider old times, the proper people should draw the proper lessons. On the side of Episcopalians, in Ireland as in America, the fruitful lesson will be modesty—in view of the facts. Irritation can never be calmed, till they are admitted. Then, only, may we all be willing to forgive and forget, to live and let live. I subjoin, in illustration, and extract from Sir George Trevelyan's "American Revolution." It is not new, but it is true: "Ninety per cent. of the colonial population were Dissenters; but the Church of England by the middle of the eighteenth century managed to impose an Anglican establishment on every colony outside New England and to render existence everywhere as uncomfortable as possible to all except professed Episcopalians. Georgia, the youngest of the colonies was divided into eight parishes with stipends for Anglican clergy, although Anglican laymen were so few that only two Episcopal congregations

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could be gathered together anywhere in the colony.

Anglicanism was established in Maryland; and though the Proprietary family was Roman Catholic, and the colony had been expressly founded as a sanctuary for members of that faith, no sooner had the Anglican Church been forced on the province than Roman Catholics were excluded from office and forbidden the exercise of their religion. In the province of New Jersey, Lord Cornbury, vesting himself with supreme ecclesiastical authority, ordained the due performance of the Anglican ritual as by law established; though at the time the Church of England did not possess a single communion (sic) in the colony. This deficiency, however, was soon made good. "Under the rule of Lord Cornbury, places of worship, and religious endowments—sometimes by chicanery, and sometimes by arbitrary violence—were wrested from Presbyterians or Independents, and handed over to Episcopalians.—N. C. D., in the Cross.

INSURE

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

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

A GOOD START IN LIFE.

May be made at any time by enrolling at the

Empire Business College

TRURO, N. S.

where you can take one month's trial course Free, and prepare for one of the good positions that await our graduates.

Send to-day for Catalogue.

O. L. HORNE, Principal

Here's a Puzzle For Somebody

AND ALL ON ACCOUNT OF

"ROYAL HOUSEHOLD"

"The hold upon the people of Annapolis county which this 'ROYAL HOUSEHOLD' flour has secured of late is one of the most remarkable things I have seen in my eighteen years business experience," said an Annapolis county merchant who attended the Halifax Exhibition. I find that the majority of my customers absolutely refuse to take anything but "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" and I tell you it is almost a serious problem with some of us as to how we are going to sell the stocks we have of other fairly good flours.

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. Take as often as you feel you require. No Cough Syrup ever made can equal it for stopping a cough, and none so cheap. No remedy possible ever be taken that immediately stops the cough.

PENDLETON'S PANACEA

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

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

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

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.

Millinery—Miss Lizzie McDonald. Millinery Openings—A. Kirk & Co. Furnaces, Stoves, Etc.—D. G. Kirk. Ethiopian Rheumatic Oil. Sheep Wanted—F. R. Trotter.

LOCAL ITEMS.

REV. O. N. CHIPMAN, of Canso, will occupy the pulpit of the Baptist Church next Sunday morning and evening.—Com.

A CUCUMBER, weighing 3 lbs. 11 oz. grown in the garden of Edward Druhan Mayfield, was left at this office last week.

ON MONDAY last, Samuel McDonald, Postmaster, of St. Andrews, walked from South River R. R. Station to his home, a distance of 4 1/2 miles, in 1 hr. 2 min. Mr. McDonald is 83 years of age.—Com.

MR. A. D. MACINTOSH, B. A., of Bailey's Brook, N. S., has been awarded First Rank Honors in English at the Post-Graduate Examinations of St. Francis Xavier's College, of Antigonish, which were held in August.

MISS LIZZIE MACDONALD, for many years in the employ of A. Kirk & Co., has opened a choice lot of ladies' and children's millinery (purchased direct from the firm of Brock & Patterson, St. John, N. B.), one door east of Hon. C. P. Chisholm's law office. Custom solicited. Mail orders will receive prompt and careful attention.

THE COUNTY COUNCILLORS must seek re-election this year, their three-years term expires this month. Tuesday, Nov. 1st, will be nomination day. Polling will take place on Tuesday, the 15th of November. So far we know of but one new candidate, Mr. McKenzie, of St. Andrew's. He will seek election for Pomquet in place of Coun. Chisholm, who does not intend to become a candidate.

THE POTATO CROP is now well-nigh harvested, the fine weather of this week being very favorable for the work. The yield is exceedingly heavy, and the size of the potato is generally large, especially those that were planted late. One early rose variety grown in Town weighed two pounds five ounces, while under one top were five potatoes weighing ten pounds one ounce.

PRESENTATION.—On Wednesday, 28th Sept., the eve of his departure from River Bourgeois, Father Treunet was presented with a beautiful walking cane by the Children of Mary. The President, Mrs. W. S. Boyd, on behalf of the Society, read an address that was full of sentiments of regret for the loss of their beloved pastor and sincere wishes for his future welfare. Father Treunet, though only a short time at River Bourgeois, has won all classes not less by his scholarly attainments than by his zeal.

TENDERS for the erection of a new railway station at Antigonish are called for the 12th inst. The plans and specifications show the structure will be brick with grey freestone and granite trimmings. The size is 78x28 and 16 foot posts. On the front and rear there will be bay windows 6 feet deep and a verandah roof is to run round the whole building. The ladies and gentlemen's waiting rooms are very spacious, each being 30x21 feet. The building will be located immediately west of the present station, which is to be removed below the freight shed. The plans for the new post office are ready, and it is expected tenders for its erection will soon be invited.

THE FOLLOWING item respecting the recovery of Mr. John McGillivray of Brooklyn, N. Y., will be fully as pleasing to his many friends in his native Province where he is yet, though many years have passed since he left it for his adopted country, very favorably known:—"Capt. John McGillivray, master of the J. N. Robins Erie Basin drydocks, after a month's serious illness, is improving daily, which will be gratifying to the many who have made the acquaintance of this genial gentleman during his many years' service in connection with these docks. Lord Dunraven, Sir Thomas Lipton and all the other foreign America's Cup hunters, have had occasion to speak in the highest praise of Mr. McGillivray's skill in docking their yachts.—N. Y. Marine Journal.

THE OCTOBER SITTINGS of the Supreme Court commence on next Tuesday. Mr. Justice Weatherbee will preside. Following is the docket:

CRIMINAL JURY CAUSES. The King vs. John Burns, C. P. Chisholm for plaintiff; C. E. Gregory for defendant.

CIVIL JURY CAUSES. McKinnon vs. Grant, Jos. A. Wall for plaintiff; C. E. Gregory for defendant. McEachran et al vs. Nova Scotia and Mexican Mining Company, J. L. Jennison for plaintiff; W. H. Fullerton for defendant.

NON-JURY CAUSES. McPherson vs. McPherson, E. L. Girroir for plaintiff; Wm. Chisholm for defendant.

BENGOUGH, Canada's famous cartoonist and entertainer, will be at the College Hall, Antigonish, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 11th. This matchless sketcher has recently returned from Great Britain where his unique powers were greatly appreciated, and won for him the applause of the most cultivated audiences. His genius in this direction has been directed for many years in amusing and entertaining the public in the United States and Canada, and his success is such that he grows in popularity with each succeeding visit. All who wish to pass an evening in laughter should not fail to attend. He is also a comedian of rare attainments, his recitations in Antigonish on his last visit some ten years ago are yet delightfully remembered, indeed, as

the distinguished Dr. Robert McIntyre has said, they "Leave a good taste in the mouth."

THE HAY QUESTION.—That the scarcity of hay is great in this County has been amply demonstrated since our last issue. The Committee having the matter of purchasing hay in charge, have received orders and cash in advance for 250 carloads, about 3,000 tons, so that already about \$24,000 has been expended. How much more will be ordered it is impossible to say, but judging by the continuity in the rush of orders, there will at least be double the above quantity. Since our last issue the Committee has made a slight change in the price. Twenty-five cents was charged at first to create a fund to pay cost of ordering, bank exchange, clerical work, and delivery. As the hay is being ordered in car-loads and no expense will arise from delivery, the rate has been reduced 15 cents per ton, and those who paid the higher rate will have this item refunded. The hay is selling at \$7.60, \$8, and \$8.40 per ton.

PARLIAMENT was dissolved on last Thursday. The election writs were issued same day. Nominations will take place on Thursday, 27th inst., and polling on Thursday, November 3rd. The campaign is now in full swing. The Cabinet members and leaders in both parties are addressing meetings in the towns and cities of their respective Provinces. Mr. Borden, Conservative leader, has been speaking daily in Ontario. Messrs. Casgrain and Clarke, of Quebec and Toronto respectively, are holding public meetings in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Mr. Foster, ex-Finance Minister, is to receive a nomination for North Toronto, and will take active part in the public meetings of Ontario in the Conservative interest. Sir Wilfred Laurier opened the Liberal campaign in the Province of Quebec in his own riding, East Quebec, yesterday. Messrs. Fielding and Emmerson are addressing meetings in Nova Scotia, having already spoken at Amherst and Cumberland. The Sheriffs of Pictou, Guysboro and Antigonish have been appointed returning officers for their respective countries.

HYMENEAL.—On Monday morning, the 26th ult., St. Mary's Church, Lisimore, was the scene of a happy event, when the Rev. D. L. MacDonald, P. P., united in wedlock, Mr. John MacKinnon, of Bailey's Brook, and Miss Sarah McDonald, daughter of the late Angus McDonald, Esq., of the same place. The bridesmaid was attended by her cousin Jane MacDonald of West River, while Dan D. McGillivray did the honors for the groom. After a Nuptial Mass, celebrated by the Rev. Pastor, assisted by the Rev. J. J. McNeil, the bridal party repaired to the home of the bride where a sumptuous dinner was partaken of, after which the happy couple took the three o'clock train for Halifax. Their many friends wish Mr. and Mrs. MacKinnon a long and happy journey through life.

At St. Mary's Church, Mabou, Inv. Co., on Tuesday, the 27th ult., Mr. Alexander D. Rankin, of Port Ban, and Jessie Rankin, daughter of Angus Rankin, of Sight Point, were united in marriage by Rev. J. McMaster. The bride was attended by her cousin Miss Mary Rankin, while Angus J. Campbell did the honors for the groom. After the marriage the wedding party drove to the groom's home, where all enjoyed a pleasant afternoon. Their numerous friends wish the newly married couple many happy years of wedded life.

At St. John the Baptist Church, Thursday morning, Septembertwenty-ninth at 11 o'clock, Mr. Frank J. Donovan, Sydney, formerly of St. John, was married to Nellie E. Connolly, Millbank. Rev. John McLeod celebrated nuptial mass and performed the ceremony, after which the young couple and a large number of invited guests drove to the home of the bride's father, where a reception was held from twelve to three o'clock. Miss Catherine, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid and Dr. Dickey, St. John, did like honors for the groom. Mr. and Mrs. Donovan left on the 3.40 express for St. John and points west. On their return they will reside in Sydney.—New Glasgow Chronicle.

There was a very pretty wedding at Glace Bay on the 27th ult., when Martin Campbell of Glace Bay and Katie McKenzie, the popular niece of Rev. M. McKenzie, P. P., East Bay, were united in holy matrimony. The marriage was consummated in presence of Rev. A. Thompson of St. F. X. College assisted by Rev. R. McInnis of Reserve Mines. Miss Maggie McPherson of North Sydney was bridesmaid and F. N. McMillan groomsmen. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell will reside at Glace Bay.

A very pretty wedding took place Wednesday evening, Aug. 3rd, at the Church of the Blessed Sacrament,

Jamaica Plain, Mass., when Michael Walker of Roxbury led to the altar Miss Christina A. MacGillivray, daughter of Angus MacGillivray, St. Joseph's, Ant. Co. Rev. Father Maher officiated. The bride was attended by Miss Annie MacGillivray, Pleasant Valley, whilst Alex. Walker of Chelsea, Mass., did the honors for the groom. A most enjoyable evening was spent in the old Highland style at the home of the newly married couple, 3 Letterfield Place, Roxbury. May their married life be as honorable, tranquil and successful as their single lives have been.

The marriage took place at St. Paul's at 7.45 a. m. on Sept. 21st of J. J. Turnbull druggist, of Sydney, formerly of Antigonish, and Miss Daisy Stark, of Halifax formerly of Ingersoll, Ont., and daughter of the late James Stark, M. E., London, England. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. J. Armitage, R. D., and Miss Mand Hall was bridesmaid and Mrs. L. A. Somers, the bride's sister, who came from San Francisco to be present, matron of honor. A. A. McIntyre, of Sydney, acted as best man. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull left on a trip to Upper Canada after which they will take up their residence at Sydney. They received a large number of wedding gifts. The groom's gift to the bride was a diamond and pearl ring, and to the maid and matron of honor gold stick pins.—Morning Chronicle. Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull arrived in Town yesterday.

Bengough.

This was the first appearance in Boston of Canada's most popular humorist, and the entertainment proved to be one of the most unique and mirth-provoking ever given on the platform, in this city.—Boston Journal, Mar. 13, '91.

PAN CAKES.—We have just received a large quantity of buckwheat and graham flour. Our buckwheat is ground under a new process and makes pancakes white as snow. Try it.—Bonner's Grocery.

SHEEP WANTED.

By the subscriber, fifty heavy fat wethers, weighing 120 lbs. and over on

MONDAY, OCT. 10.

F. R. TROTTER.

New Millinery Store.

The subscriber begs to inform her many friends in Antigonish and elsewhere that she has opened a

New Millinery Store

Corner of Main and Acadia Streets, (one door east of Hon. C. P. Chisholm's law office),

where she has on hand a good stock of

Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats and Bonnets, Children's Hoods and Bonnets in Wool and Silk, etc.

All the stock was purchased from the well known firm of Brock & Patterson, St. John, N. B., and patrons will be sure to get the very latest styles.

Mail orders will receive careful and prompt attention.

LIZZIE McDONALD,

Late of A. Kirk & Co's.

DR. W. H. PETHICK

Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College, affiliated with University of Toronto.

May be Consulted on all Diseases of Domestic Animals.

OFFICE AND : POSTER'S DRUG STORE.

Residence, Church Street, Antigonish.

HAY! HAY!

Our buyer is now in Quebec and Ontario hay sections. Every car of hay is personally inspected before shipping.

QUALITY AND WEIGHTS GUARANTEED.

Direct shipment from Quebec and Ontario railway stations.

Write us for prices.

GUNN & CO., Limited,

19, 21 and 23 Campbell Road, HALIFAX, N. S.

Bargains! Bargains!

JUST ARRIVED

200 LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S COATS

THE VERY LATEST.

As the stock is large we are anxious to dispose of it and will make a much larger discount than usual up to OCT. 1ST. Come early and get the best selection. We have particularly good value in the following lines.

D. B. FRIEZE COAT, velvet collars, double tucks in back and front, with seven rows of stitching, mercerized linings, covered silk buttons.

GREY MIXED TWEED COAT, French backs, velvet collars trimmed with black kersey tabs, fancy sleeves and cuffs.

ALL WOOL FRIEZE COAT, handsomely trimmed with three tucks down back and front, side belts, gun metal buttons, lined with princess satin finished lining.

J. S. O'BRIEN, - - ANTIGONISH, N. S.

OUR FIRST CROW!

We're now ready for FALL BUSINESS.

We've got just the finest display of

Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, and "Toggery,"

that ever graced a Clothing House.

We'd like to place you inside of one of our smart suits or Handsome Overcoats, Crown you with one of our new Fall Hats, encircle your neck with an Elegant Tie, put Shoes on your feet, and then quietly lead you to the Mirror.

You'd certainly be surprised to learn what a handsome fellow you are.

Come in for a look and you'll say we are fully justified in crowing, long, hard, and often. We'll crow our other crows later, in the meantime we'll be looking for you

Palace Clothing Co.

AND POPULAR SHOE STORE.

Main St. - - - Antigonish, N. S.

FURNACES, STOVES and TINWARE.

D. G. KIRK'S HARDWARE EMPORIUM.

RANGES { ROYAL GRAND, HOME JEWEL, PRIZE, CROWN PRINCESS, CRYSTAL JEWEL, CHANCELLOR. COOK STOVES { MARITIME, OUR OWN, QUEEN, MICHIGAN, SUCCESS, NIAGARA, WATERLOO.

Also, a large assortment of Heating Stoves for wood and coal, including the celebrated Queen top draft heater for wood. This stove is made of Russia iron lined with steel, and is guaranteed to give satisfaction.

FURNACES.

Now is the time to have the old furnace repaired or a new one installed, we supply the best goods in this line and at moderate prices.

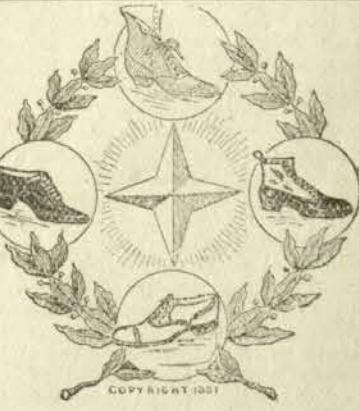
Estimates Furnished on all kinds of Plumbing and Heating.

D. G. KIRK, Antigonish, N.S.

THE FOUR CARDINAL POINTS

of a Shoe are fit, style, durability and price. You will find all these in our Shoes. Our new fall stock is the finest and largest ever shown in Antigonish and includes all the latest styles from the best makers.

First-Class Repairing done on Premises.



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

... THE ... 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.

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