

# THE CASKET.

\$1 Per Annum.

A Catholic Journal Non-Partisan in Politics.

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Fifty-first Year.

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## THE CASKET.

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13

The Sacred Heart Review calls attention to the fact that there is one crown that has been worn more often by popes than by princes, and that is the crown of the Popes. A majority of the wearers were of humble origin.

It is reported that the king has complained to his Ministers of the condition of Ireland, and that certain changes made in the staff having charge of Irish affairs are due to his interference. What will Mr. Blakeston say to that?

All the Catholic papers are commenting upon the recent utterances of President Elliott, expressing his disappointment with the results of the public school system. From all, or any of those papers, President Elliott might, if he would, gather the truth that schools in which God's name is never mentioned cannot send forth good men.

Canon Fremantle (Anglican) suggests that the people who were raised to life by miracle were not really dead, but in a state of trance. He asks whether it would be irreverent to believe this. He does not ask whether it would be foolish; but he will be fully assured on that point also. It is time for the man to stop reading for a while and take fresh air and exercise.

The International Congress of American Scientists in session in New York have been wrestling with the problem of the age of an Indian skull discovered in Lansing, Kansas. They are completely muddled over it, yet these very men, or men like them, undertake to decide the age of the world and to contradict the Bible on no better evidence than that on which they are now disagreeing.

Now the Dominion Iron and Steel Company has called upon the town of Sydney to enforce the Scott Act, on the ground that their men are losing too much time through drunkenness, the question arises whether the Provincial Workmen's Association could not do something in this matter. It should not be impossible to make sobriety and proper attention to work essential conditions of membership in the Association.

The refusal of Premier Balfour to grant even one day of the present session of Parliament for discussion of Irish affairs is a strong argument for Home Rule. There cannot help being a congestion of business at Westminster when the Imperial Parliament, whose time could be fully occupied in dealing with a strictly imperial matter, persists in usurping the duties of a local government for Ireland,—not for England or Scotland, but it remembered, but only for Ireland.

A special cable despatch to the N. Y. Sun says that Queen Alexandra, in consenting to act as godmother to the infant son of the Duke of Manchester, expressed herself in this wise: "I will be delighted to be godmother to your little son."

We don't believe the Queen ever used the exact words here attributed to her. If she did, the Queen's English is not the King's English. "I will be delighted to be godmother to your little son," would make sense; "I will be delighted to be godmother," is nonsense.

When the names of the commis-

sioners, appointed by President Roosevelt to arbitrate the difference between the Pennsylvania miners and their employers, were announced, no name was hailed with greater satisfaction, by Protestants as well as Catholics, than that of Bishop John L. Spaulding of Peoria, Illinois. Bishop Spaulding is recognized as the most scholarly prelate in America, and as a deep student of sociological problems in particular. It seems almost certain now that the honor done him by the Chief Executive of his nation will be followed by a still greater honor from the Pope, the nomination to the archbishopric of Chicago.

In the article on Technical Education which appeared in our issue of October 16th, we omitted to mention that Laval University is about to establish a technical school in Montreal, the buildings to cost \$110,000. The late Senator Villeneuve bequeathed \$25,000 for this purpose. It is unlikely, however, that this school will receive many pupils from the Maritime Provinces, as the instruction will be given in French. It would be worth while though, for every young man to learn French with a view to attending such a school. Those who go to Paris for art study must learn it, and why not Nova Scotians anxious to get a technical education in Montreal.

We are not obliged to go out of the Province to meet men who, being under contract to find news for the daily papers find it in their imaginations when not to be found elsewhere. The press and cable news associations, however, are the world's wholesale houses for the supply of falsehoods. Witness the recent fake story of Probst and his report about Lourdes, in which an obscure dry goods clerk of a town in France, was raised, just for a moment, into world-wide notoriety. The modern daily paper does not pretend to be truthful. All of them print the wildest rumors and many of them candidly admit that they make up "copy" in default of news.

When charges of proselytizing were made against the American teachers in the Philippines, loud and indignant was the denial. Rev. John J. Wynne, S.J., editor of that excellent magazine, the *Messenger*, now supplies to the press some extracts from the History used in the United States and in the islands. This book asserts that the Spanish friars had been for centuries "instruments of spoliation and oppression," that they contradicted the principles of Christ by "their shameless and dishonourable doctrines," that they learned of the native rebellion through the confessional and used this knowledge to warn the Spanish authorities. Here is proselytism with a vengeance, and denial of it is no longer possible. What are American Catholics going to do about it?

The *Outlook*, a journal which has no reason or inducements, other than those supplied by a spirit of fair play, to favour the Irish Nationalist party says:—

There will be no permanent peace for the country or for the English Government until some kind of Home Rule is adopted. The basis of the present agitation is agrarian, as has been largely the basis of all Irish agitations; but united with that is the determination of the Irish to secure for themselves the same kind of direction of their own local affairs that is conceded to English and to the Scotch. That this concession will ultimately be made there is small reason to doubt.

Had Nova Scotians been obliged to endure the land system of Ireland for even fifty years there would not be to-day in this Province, a score of men loyal to the crown. Yet Ireland sends her regiments to fight Great Britain's foes in every quarrel that besets her.

The *Ave Maria's* special correspondent with the pilgrimage to Lourdes gives a detailed account of several miracles wrought at our Lady's famous shrine during the past summer. Among them is the case of Mrs. August Notermann, a Belgian lady who has lived for twenty years in London. For the greater part of this time she has suf-

fered from cancerous tumour, pronounced incurable by the physicians. Several times she has been at death's door. Against the wishes of her husband and son she went to Lourdes last August and was immediately cured. This cure, says the correspondent, "is one of the sensations of the hour" in London. As the *Pall Mall Gazette* remarks, it cannot be said that this cure occurred in an out-of-the-way place, or that the facts are not borne out by medical evidence. The testimony of her husband and son and neighbors, of the Sisters who befriended her, the physicians who treated her, and the priest who administered to her the last sacraments, may be had for the asking.

The editor of *The Presbyterian Witness* has found a man after his own heart in a certain Rev. Mr. Galton who rails at the Papacy in the columns of *The Fortnightly Review*. He cites this Mr. Galton as saying that there are no fewer than one hundred and fifty Catholic priests in England who are ready to revolt against the "Roman Court," and that "the leader of this movement has commissioned me (Galton) to speak for him." The *Witness* conveniently forgets to tell its readers that the article in the *Fortnightly* was shown to be a hoax very shortly after its appearance in the early days of September last. Mr. Galton proved to be an ex-priest, "the leader of this movement" a suspended priest, and the remainder of the one hundred and fifty as mythical as the tribe of tailless monkeys conjured up in a pre-historic past by the scientific imagination of Darwin. It is convenient to be able to omit such trifling details as these; but is it honest? Or, if ignorance be pleaded, is it journalism?

When St. Thomas of Aquin lay dying in the monastery of Fossa Nuova, he begged to be removed from his bed and placed upon the floor, that there he might receive the Holy Viaticum. As the priest approached with the Sacred Host, the Saint cried out: "I firmly believe that Jesus Christ, true God and true Man, is present in this august Sacrament. I adore Thee, my God and my Redeemer; I receive Thee, the Price of my redemption, the Viaticum of my pilgrimage, for whose honor I have studied, laboured, preached, and taught." The Real Presence in the Eucharist has ever been the belief of Catholics, and is so vital a part of our creed that no one can be a Catholic who does not believe it as firmly as did St. Thomas. But how few Catholics are there who come even within measurable distance of having so vivid a realization of the Divine Presence in the Holy Communion as the great Saint of Aquin had!

Rev. Dr. Reuben Parsons, whose valuable contributions to Church History—"Some Lies and Errors of History" and "Studies in Church History," have earned the gratitude of all Catholic students, has now published the first volume of a Universal History which promises to be a work of the very greatest value. This first volume of more than six hundred pages covers the period from the Creation of Man to the Fall of the Roman Empire. Unlike Dr. Parsons' other works it is not professedly controversial and indeed cannot in the space it proposes to take up discuss disputed matters very fully. Nevertheless, the author may be depended upon not to allow falsehood to pass unchallenged, and how much he can do with a mooted question in a brief space may be seen on pages 418 and 419 of the present volume, when he sums up the evidence for and against the orthodoxy of Constantine the Great. Awaiting the opportunity to give this valuable work such a notice as it deserves, we shall for the present be satisfied with informing our readers that it is published for the author at Yonkers, New York, and that it should find its way into every library in the land, (the libraries not merely of Catholics but of all men who wish to read history written by an honest investigator whose sole desire is the presentation of truth.

John Alexander Dowie is still in trouble. The County Probate Court have demanded the payment of \$50,000, for which the heirs of an estate are suing; and, having other financial obligations to discharge, he has issued the following touching and convincing appeal (we use the word "touching" in a sense in which it is familiar to many readers; and we do not say of what the appeal convinces us).

I do not ask for gifts to help the great financial and commercial institutions of Zion, but I lovingly direct you, as God's minister and your general overseer, to come immediately to our help by making immediate investments or immediate advances to the fullest extent of your power.

If it is not convenient for you to invest in Zion stocks, I shall be glad for you to lend upon my personal note, my signature to which controls every cent of the \$23,000,000 of Zion's assets.

We shall receive sums of \$5 and upwards for periods of three, six, or nine months, as may be most convenient. These notes will bear interest at 6 per cent. per annum, interest payable quarterly if desired, or payable with principal when the note matures.

I am sure that the response to this appeal will be prompt and large, and I send it forth in full faith that every one of you will realize at this time the unity of the spirit in the bond of love and peace, of faith and hope, and of joyful co-operation, which characterizes Zion everywhere.

Upon which, a leading journal, being apparently convinced (in the sense indicated), but not touched (also in the sense indicated), remarks:—

Despite the better showing in assets than was expected, the suspicious minuteness and immediacy of this demand for five dollars from everybody everywhere is at least more indicative of the beginning of the end than of the "general financial stringency" throughout the United States, to which the necessity for these loans is *ex cathedra* attributed.

One of the most prominent and admired men in the United States to-day is John Mitchell, President of the United Mine Workers of America. Prominence and admiration have come to him; he has not sought them. A citizen of Indianapolis who knows him very well tells us that he is the most modest and retiring of men, even shrinking from publicity. If he knew you intended to meet him on a certain street corner and congratulate him on his share in bringing the great strike to an end, he would go through an alleyway to avoid you. He is in everything the opposite of the vulgar, loudvoiced, bully of a "walking delegate" described by the operators and their friends. At the first conference with President Roosevelt, it was the operators who were the vulgar, loudvoiced bullies, while Mr. Mitchell showed himself a quiet, courteous gentleman. He was seen to still better advantage at the miners convention, called to decide whether arbitration should be accepted and work resumed. He told the delegates that he could not promise that all strikers would get back their places, that no battle was ever fought without some losses. This plain and honest speech, free from all superfluous rhetoric, had its effect. One delegate sprang up and said: "If I can't get my job back, I can look for another. Let us go to work and give the American people some coal." John Mitchell has the confidence of all the mine workers in the United States, and of the presidents of the soft coal companies with whom he makes an annual agreement on behalf of the men. If the hard coal operators do not trust him it is because they are not trustworthy themselves.

A well-known English Methodist, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, tells, in *The Methodist Times*, of the widow of an Austrian Ambassador at the Court of St. Petersburg, who became a convert to Methodism. "Many years ago," he writes, "she heard, by what men call an accident, from the lips of an obscure Methodist preacher in Austria, that 'God is Love.' The revelation of that truth changed her whole life, and she became one of the most sincere and devout Christians we have ever known." This woman is supposed to have been a Catholic, like the vast majority of her countrywomen, before she became a Methodist. Mr. Price Hughes does not say in terms that the Catholic Church fails to inculcate the

distinctive doctrine of the gospel of Christ, that "God is Love." But he does say it by implication. But how could this Austrian lady have been in ignorance of that doctrine until she chanced to hear of it from an itinerant Methodist preacher? And yet, what has been the burden of the Church's preaching, in season and out of season, since the days of the Beloved Disciple himself if not this very truth that God is Love? This story of the Austrian widow is of a kind with the stories retailed by proselytizers in the Province of Quebec about Catholic men and women who first learned from them, forsooth, that Jesus, is the only Saviour. As if every Catholic child did not know this! There are more ways of killing a cat than hanging. There are more ways of telling a lie than saying out bluntly the thing which is not. The man who lies outright is, as it were, a robber, who may be, in his way, "a jolly good fellow." The man who lies by implication and innuendo is a sneak thief, and incomparably the meaner man of the two.

Because the play chiefly referred to in the following passages was recently produced in Nova Scotia and praised by papers that are paid to praise everything that comes along, and do so with perfect unscrupulousness and unintelligence, we offer an apology for quoting them at length:—

"Comment on this subject has been liberally furnished, and much additional consideration of a theme so noxious can, perhaps, be spared. The play is a rank offense against good taste and good manners, absolutely trite in its teaching, and diffusive of nothing but shame, dejection and disgust. Many judges have proclaimed its prodigious excellencies are considerable; but, even though they were as colossal and stupendous as the everlasting hills, they would not redeem a fabric that is vulgar in subject, depressing and disheartening in moral influence, and utterly useless in practical effect."

The above is from *The New York Tribune*. The *New York World* spoke as follows:—

*The New York World* of the 27th inst., referring to the latest "Problem Plays" presented by Mrs. Campbell's English Company and to other similar plays, in concluding an editorial on the subject, says:—

"If all theatre-goers had a capacity for straight seeing and clear thinking the evil effect would be less. They would not be deceived by the false philosophy and the lime-light glamour. Sins against a woman's soul and body are not wiped out by hysterics after detection. Vice is not more heroic than virtue though it dies to slow music in the last act. And no matter with what pictorial and artistic effects it may be presented, adultery is not a fit theme for plays which young and old, the innocent and vicious, are alike invited to hear. In these days of nasty novels and dirty dramas it is increasingly difficult for parents and guardians to know what books they can allow their young people to read and what theatres they may safely permit them to attend."

A play which calls for treatment like that from the New York press is recommended by unscrupulous local papers to Nova Scotia play-goers. And yet, we are not surprised. Most people know that press notices of fifth to tenth rate strolling players are uniformly laudatory, in this Province. Money does it—and a big bill for advertising.

Premier Balfour's motion to apply automatic closure by compartments to the Government's education bill was agreed to in the House of Commons Tuesday by 222 votes to 103. Following this method the bill must be passed by November 28. A vigorous amendment to the motion made by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Liberal leader, which drew fighting speeches from Colonial Secretary Chamberlain Mr. Balfour, Mr. Askwith and many others, was defeated by 284 votes to 152.

The new East River bridge, in process of construction between New York and Brooklyn, was damaged to the amount of at least half a million dollars Monday night by a fire that for hours raged 355 feet in the air on the summit of the great steel tower on the New York side. No lives were lost. The fire was caused by a workman carelessly throwing a lighted match into a pile of oily rags.

Some Indian rajahs are willing to send troops for Britain's aid, to Somaliland.



Marconi Talks of His Work.

SYDNEY, N. S., Nov. 1.—William Marconi the man who made wireless telegraphy practical, consented to-night to give the Sun some information regarding his work on board the Italian cruiser Carlo Alberto and his plans for the future. He was seen at his station at Table Head, where for the next two weeks he will devote his time to installing new apparatus and in experimenting between this station and the Carlo Alberto and, he hopes, between Table Head and Cornwall, England.

The station at Table Head is situated on a cliff rising sixty feet from the waters of the Atlantic, and it was on the cliff that Marconi was met. During the afternoon the inventor had superintended the shipment of his new instruments to Table Head and had inspected the station.

"I conducted experiments all the way across," he said, "and met with very good results, especially in transmitting and receiving messages between the cruiser and the Poldhu station. We were in constant communication with the station for about two hundred miles, which was as far as the strength of the instruments on board the warship would send. Messages had been received at a much greater distance, however.

Exactly how far Marconi would not say, more than that it was over 500 miles. Great improvements, he said, had been made in the instruments since he had first announced his discovery to the world, and during the nine days of the voyage experiments tending to further improvements were constantly being made. Heavy gales were encountered during the voyage, which, while they did not affect either the instruments or transmission of messages, interfered seriously with new work.

No messages have been sent from or received at Table Head, as the instruments have not been placed there, and the report, which gained credence some time ago, that there had been messages flashed across the Atlantic was utterly false. It is for the purpose of testing both the Table Head station and the one at Cape Cod that Marconi is now here, and he hopes to be able to place both stations in a position for commercial business before he returns. He will remain here two weeks and if he has time to get the apparatus in perfect working order he will conduct experiments with Poldhu. Otherwise he will wait until his return from Cape Cod, which will be some time in January.

In answer to a question regarding the possibility of wireless messages being read while in transmission, Marconi said:

"As you know, in wireless telegraphy the waves are of certain vibration, and in order that messages might be read the rate of vibration would have to be known. If the frequency of the vibration was changed often it would be rather difficult for any one who had not the key, as it were, to read the message. Still, I don't deny that it might be guessed once or twice."

As to the future of wireless telegraphy Marconi said that he hoped that it would be a good one, the system would be cheaper and easier in operation than the cable system, the expense being only about 10 per cent. of that of laying cables. At present he was trying not for speed, but for the completion and perfection of the system. There are now, he said, thirty-five stations situated in all parts of the world, England, Italy, Holland, Germany and America, the Congo and in the Dutch East Indies. Including the ships there were seventy in all. Seventeen ships were equipped for commercial purposes and twelve land stations.

To a suggestion that a ship fitted with the apparatus be placed some two hundred miles off Cape Race so that vessels might be reported to Table Head, Marconi gave instant acquiescence. He considered the idea an admirable one, and all that was necessary for its execution was that some one pay for the ship. That the success of wireless telegraphy had been demonstrated Marconi felt convinced. Messages had been received on ship up to 1,551 miles and signals up to 2,000.

The Italian Government, which used the system largely on its warships, was so assured of its success that it granted a subsidy of £40,000 a year while the English Government paid royalties for the use of the instruments on their warships. Messages had been successfully sent across 1,000 miles of land and over the highest peaks of the Alps. The American Marconi Company was incorporated with a capital

of \$6,000,000 and a Canadian company would soon be organized, he said.

Marconi again expressed his deep gratitude to the King of Italy for granting him for six months the use of the Italian cruiser Carlo Alberto at an outlay of £10,000 a month. In closing the interview he said that after a week he would announce the results of his experiments here.—N. Y. Sun.

Bishop Spaulding's Discourse.

A special dispatch from Scranton, Pa., to the N. Y. Sun of Nov. 2, says: There was a great crush at the St. Peter's Cathedral this morning where Bishop Spaulding of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission was announced to speak. It was the first opportunity that many in this city had of seeing the members of the commission and they turned out by the hundreds, men of all denominations, many from the cities and towns up and down the valley. It was simply another indication of the intense interest that the people of this region are taking in the doings of the commission.

The commissioners occupied front seats and were evidently much pleased with the eloquence, force and theme of the Bishop. There was a great gathering of priests in the sanctuary, including Bishop Hoban of the Scranton diocese. The musical features, too, were elaborate.

The theme of the Bishop was "Man's Love for Man and the Rights of Property." The application of his remarks to the task before the strike commission was so plain that every one understood. He said in part:

Infinite power is the power of, kindness in justice. The essentials of life are therefore a kindly love, helpfulness and faith. I intend that there is no deeper thought than this. Whether we look beyond or within one cannot escape the idea of cause. We cannot escape the idea that what appears is not merely what is; but that beyond and above all things there must be a cause, known or unknown, from which all things spring and to which all things must in some way return.

Since the visible universe springs from an invisible cause we must think that cause is love. Love creates all harmony. Love alone creates beauty. The more one considers nature the more we see it is harmony, not a chaos; not disorder.

The quality of a man's love is the test of his nature. A man's worth is not what he has most of. Consecration to God and to truth is the test of a man's life. We must seek and understand what the man really does. We love the things which we are always thinking of. We are taught to know ourselves and if we know ourselves, what is our purpose? What is it that I look upon as ideal? What is our permanent thought? What is the goal we are striving for? Is it something material? Is it money, things to wear, or to feast upon, or distinction? Is it to appear among men in something that will lift us up in their estimation?

The quality of such a man is material. If he be a fop, he does not need serious attention. What our Lord aimed at in sending His Son upon this earth was to create a new life in man. It is the tendency of all education to bring unto God what is his talent. Our Lord wanted to make us feel that we were under the eye of a Father whom we cannot escape. The more we think of it the more we are made His children.

We can sin against love although we hurt nobody else; against our body, which is the seat of an immortal [soul]. Lust kills all that makes life pure and fair. To love our neighbor as ourselves means every human being, whatever be the color of his skin and whatever tongue he speaks. We are to constantly do him good and never hurt him.

"Thou shalt not steal!" All the world has grown up to recognize the right of property. Every thing that we have has come down to us. We must therefore respect the law of property.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness." Calumny is worse than death. If the quality of our love is spiritual there could never be any jealousy or strife, but if we strive after material things we become extremely jealous, because the thing held by one cannot be held by another. If this desire is not watched over with care it becomes greed, and last, a turning to things in which no human being can find joy. The man who is always seeking to possess more goods becomes hard, metallic and material.

The law of life is the law of love of God, of home, of the Church and of country. Society is not possible unless men love one another. It is then representative of God Himself.

An Edifying Letter.

There is so much that is edifying in the following letter, and it is put in so pleasing a way, that it seems a pity not to publish it, though the writer never dreamt that it would find its way into print:

S. H. NOVITATE, Los Gatos, Cal., Aug. 17, 1902.

To Mr. and Mrs. McPherson, Springfield, Ant., Co. N. Scotia.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I lately received a letter from Bro. Hingston of Montreal informing me that Bro. Hugh had returned thither in a very weak state, and that it was only a question of days when he should leave us for a better life. I was much moved by the news; I felt sad and lonely, and yet, at the same time, I felt a gladness that would not admit of tears. I am glad for Bro. Hugh's sake, I am glad for your sake, and I am glad for my own. Let me explain: I am glad for Bro. Hugh's sake. St. Bernard says of the religious state: "The holiness of religious life causes him who is engaged in it to live more purely, to fall less often, to rise sooner, to live more carefully, to treat with God more familiarly, to die with greater confidence, to be sooner purified, and to be more gloriously recompensed." This is the state to which God elected Hugh, and in which, though he has lived but a few years, he has fulfilled a long time. Like St. Aloysius, he is called home young, lest the evil of the world should stain his heart. Only twelve months ago, he bound himself forever to God by the three vows. He gave his own self and all he had to his Lord, who, not to be outdone in generosity, gave him the choicest graces in return. He gave him the remission of all his past faults. If alms-giving, according to the Scriptures, remits sin, it follows that to give one's self remits all sin. In his vows Hugh became the spiritual spouse of Christ to whom he belonged entirely and to whom he could say, "Thou art all mine, and I am all Thine." "My beloved to me, and I to my beloved." Yes, surely, he was all God's. He gave Him the long life which his robust health promised, to work for Him in whatever part of the world he might be sent, in Alaska or in India; to work for Him in any office, as teacher, or preacher, or missionary, among blacks or whites, Christians or pagans. And now at the beginning of his labors he is called to rest. He has not done the work he desired, but God looks at the good-will, not at the action, and rewards accordingly. He has laboured one hour in the vineyard and he receives the pay of those who toil until the evening. God has raised him from the vileness of the world to place him with the princes of his court, with his father, St. Ignatius, with St. Francis Xavier, St. Stanislaus and so many others of his own religious family. Like them he has fought the good fight, he has finished his course and there is no reason to doubt that the crown of victory is laid up for him. Like St. Peter he can say: "Behold we have left all things to follow Thee;" and like him he will hear the answer "Amen, I say to you, that you who have followed me, when the Son of Man shall sit in the seat of His Majesty, you shall sit also upon twelve seats, judging the twelve tribes of Israel. He who shall leave his house, brothers or sisters, father or mother . . . for my name's sake, shall receive a hundred-fold and an everlasting life." Bro. Hugh has left his father's house and now he can say: "I rejoice at the good things that were said to me: I shall go into the house of the Lord."

I am glad also for your sakes. Were your son called to fill some high place in the world where his influence might profit you, people would call you happy. But I say that you are much happier to have a son who has influence with God in Heaven, who knows your troubles better than he could have done on earth and who can pray for you more effectually. Besides you have presented him to God, and God in taking him to Himself shows that he accepts the gift, and that he will reward you for it.

Lastly I feel glad for my own sake that Bro. Hugh is leaving us. For I encouraged and helped him to enter the society, and I feel sure that he won't forget to pray for me. I feel confident moreover that he will obtain of St. Francis Xavier that others from St. F. X. College may enter the Society.

Still after all has been said, poor human nature will cry out, and though you may see clearly that the blow is for your good, yet you cannot but feel it keenly. Offer then your sorrow to God in union with that of Jesus and Mary on Calvary, and remember that in God's mercy, you will soon see Hugh in Heaven.

Good-bye, yours in Christ, R. CHISHOLM, S. J.

Eat what you like.—Give the digestive organs some work to do. These functions need exercise as much as any part of the human anatomy, but if they're delicate, give them the aid that Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablet afford and you can eat anything that is wholesome and palatable—60 in a box, 35 cents.—S

The skill to make and that to cure a wound are different things; but the former is the one which belongs to most people and often attracts most attention and encouragement.

Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse. Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best bred in the company.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

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

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC FREE VALUABLE BOOK ON NERVOUS DISEASES and a Sample bottle to any address. Poor get this medicine FREE! Koenig Med. Co., 49 Franklin St., Chicago Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle; 5 for \$5

Big Things Not Done in a Hurry.

Anyone can hold out a dumbbell for a few seconds, but in a few more seconds the arm sags. It is only the trained athlete who can endure even to the minute's end. For Hawthorne to hold the people of "The Scarlet Letter" steadily in focus from November to February, to say nothing of six years preliminary brooding, is surely more of an artistic feat than to write a short story between Tuesday and Friday. Three years and nine months of unremitting labor devoted to "Middlemarch" does not in itself afford any criterion of the value of the book, but given George Eliot's brain power and artistic instinct to begin with, and then concentrate them for that period upon a single theme, and it is no wonder that the result is a masterpiece. "Jan van Eyck was never in a hurry," says Charles Reade of the great Flemish painter in "The Cloister and the Hearth." "Jan van Eyck was never in a hurry, and, therefore, the world will not forget him in a hurry."—Atlantic Monthly.

Itching, Burning, Creeping, Crawling Skin Diseases relieved in a few minutes by Agnew's Ointment. Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves instantly, and cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Eczema, Ulcers, Blisters, and all Eruptions of the Skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in all Baby Humors, Irritation of the Scalp or Rash during teething time. 35 cents a box.—7

Mr. Fussy—I don't see why you wear those ridiculously big sleeves, when you have nothing to fill them. Mrs. Fussy—Do you fill your silk hat?

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

None are so hard to please as those whom satiety of pleasure makes weary of themselves; nor any so readily provoked as those who have been always courted with an emulation of civility.

A GUARANTEED CURE For All Forms of Kidney Disease.

We the undersigned Druggists are fully prepared to give the following guarantee with every 50 cent bottle of Dr. Pettingill's Kidney-Wort Tablets, the only remedy in the world that positively cures all troubles arising from weak or diseased kidneys:— "Money cheerfully returned if the sufferer is not relieved and improved after use of one bottle. Three to six bottles effect astonishing and permanent cures. If not relieved and cured, you waste no money.

C. M. HENRY, Druggist, Antigonish, N. S.

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Dr. McGehee's Kidney and Cough Powder

For the cure of the most distressing and dangerous diseases of the kidneys, bladder, and lungs. It is a powerful diuretic and cathartic, and acts like magic in all cases of kidney disease. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and is sold by all druggists. Price, 25c. per box. Sold by J. D. Copeland Druggist, Antigonish.

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I consider your Ethiopian Rheumatic Oil a wonderful preparation, and shall certainly recommend it to all my friends. Yours truly,

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In Fair Bohemia it is always Spring.

In fair Bohemia it is always spring,
Forever there the buds of hope unfold,
Forever there the birds of promise sing
Their clear-toned canticles in wood and wild;

OUTSIDE THE WAR RECORD.

(Gabriel Francis Powers, in The Catholic World Magazine.)

They were painting away for dear life in the last room of the Colonna Gallery. You know which one it is; that room where the gilt, damask-covered chairs, Venetian candelabra, Persian rugs and Florentine cabinets make a sort of curio museum or sanctuary of sixteenth century art infinitely precious to artists.

"I see you coming," Barrias observed, as he painted away at the chandelier. "There's that nice island of Cuba there lying south of you, a fat morsel. You provoke the war and take Cuba in the name of mercy and human right. Ay de mi!"

"Nothing of the sort. Didn't you declare war yourselves? We're for justice."

"Yes, and the rest of the holy virtues. For fifty years presumably there has been feeling between you and us in Cuba. My dear Alec, things of this kind are brought on by slow degrees. I suppose we should stop speaking to each other now that our countries are in jeopardy."

"I don't think we need to stop; at all events, not till we have had to quarrel. We can't share the same views."

"No, we can't. But we two are for art, aren't we?—art, eternal, serene, immutable: what do we care for politics? If it were not for my brother I should close my ears to the very name of war."

"Your brother?"
"Yes; he's in the army, and I would not exactly care to have him shot for me. That's the only thing that troubles me in the whole concern."

"In the Spanish army?"
"Why, of course, in what army do you suppose?"

"I don't suppose anything. I was just astonished. I don't believe you ever mentioned him before."

"Perhaps not. You have a brother yourself, haven't you?"
"Yes, I have, very much so. A young scoundrel who used to wear my clothes, steal my neckties and give me a dance generally. If it comes to real fighting that kid will go and enlist immediately. I know him and can tell. And then my mother will write me letters."

Barrias had stopped painting. "Ross, if it really comes to that . . . your brother and my brother, you know . . ."

"Well, we can't help it, can we?"

Barrias shrugged his shoulders and resumed his work.

"How was it you never mentioned him?" inquired Ross presently. "I hadn't an idea you had a family."

"Family is a large word for it. He is all I have. He is a good deal younger than I am and I brought him up. He's a full-fledged lieutenant now, so I was able to leave him to himself. I'll show you his picture this evening, if you care to see it."

The picture, when Barrias tossed it across the table to his visitor, was a

small, yellowed photograph of a very young man in Spanish uniform. He had Barrias' dark, thoughtful eyes and presumably his pale complexion.

"Nice-looking boy," pronounced Ross. "So that is the Spanish uniform?"

"Yes, for the infantry."

Ross was looking more at that than at the likeness. At home the President was calling for volunteers, volunteers, and Ross had an ache at the bottom of his heart for what the next ocean mail might bring.

"I'll show you my youngster," he said, and stumbled into his own room in the dark. How's that?" he inquired proudly.

It was a beautiful face, typically American in the lines of the forehead, brow, cheek and jaw; a boy of eighteen or nineteen, with a resolute mouth and manly eyes; yet lurking between the eyes and the mouth were the possibility of humor and of a softness of mood not displeasing at his years.

"Fine head!" exclaimed Barrias. "Really fine. Young Octavius with a good deal less of sensitiveness and a big lot more of will. I congratulate you, Alec."

"Oh, thanks! He's nothing out of the way. But I do think myself that some of those modern boys of ours come queerly near the classic. There was a fellow in the Art School in New York—"

But with him we have no concern.

His own words recurred to Ross on the morrow. He was crossing the Piazza di Spagna early in the afternoon and a familiar voice called after him.

"Hello, Mr. Ross—hello!" Ross stopped and waited. "Hello, Jimmy!" he echoed pleasantly, and he thought to himself that he knew few faces as good-natured and yet as ugly as that of this American lad. Jimmy's just then was like the sunrise. "Have you heard the news?" he asked breathlessly.

"No; what?"

"Big victory; the Spanish fleet wiped out; a tremendous victory, you know!"

"Who told you?"

"We were up at the Embassy this morning—pop and me—don't you say a word about it, you know, but they had just got the wires and they were all going out for drinks, and—and—they were just grinning fit to split themselves. Oh, Lord! don't I wish I was in Chicago to-day."

"Rome's no good after all, is it, Jimmy?"

"Oh! Rome's all right; but there are no soda fountains, and no chewing-gum, and—and—no boys. And when it comes to time of war—I felt I'd just got to tell you about it or bust."

I'm glad you told me, Jimmy. Where did you say it was?"

"Ma—Ma—is there a name like Manila anywheres?"

"Manila? In the Philippines?"

"Gosh! I don't know. But they've smashed the Spanish ships. Say, let's go and tell them!"

They were a camerata of students from the North American College.

"I thought you were to keep it quiet?"

"Oh, George! So I am. The papers haven't got it yet, but I'd give anything to go and tell those boys. Wouldn't they just holler!"

As Ross sauntered home he wondered how poor Barrias would feel about it, and decided he need not tell him.

On the morrow even the Roman papers reported briefly a naval battle and a victory of the Americans at Manila Bay. Barrias pointed out the paragraph. "I know," answered Ross briefly; "I saw it."

"Looks like business."

And Ross answered quietly, with a sort of swing in his voice: "You bet!"

When fuller accounts came in a certain inevitable reserve grew up between the men. Neither wished to offend the other, and this fact with the subject uppermost in their minds made conversation slightly constrained. Each watched for the postman in the morning with a hunger and keenness that were almost painful.

On the 10th of May, as he dressed, Ross heard his name called from the next room. He went in as he was. Barrias lay in bed wan-eyed and heavy.

"Ross," he said, "I believe I'm ill. I had an awful fit of shivering in the night and the most horrible dreams ever made."

"You've got indigestion."

"Think not. I haven't been eating for three or four days."

"Then you've been worrying about this blamed war. You ought to know better, Barry; really you ought. You look like the devil."

"I have been worrying, but it's not that. I feel ill; ill through and through. When you are dressed I want you to go down and ask a friend of

mine, a doctor, to come up and see me. He lives quite near here."

"All right, old man. I'll be ready in just five minutes."

Ross looked rather grave as he walked down to the physician's house. He looked still graver when he followed the physician out of the patient's room.

"Clear case of typhoid fever. He must have been drinking bad water or something of that kind. Has he any friends?"

"One or two artists at the Academia di Espania, I believe, and myself."

"He ought to have a trained nurse."

"I don't think he could afford it." After a pause Ross added: "Nor can I. You know the kind of fellows we are, doctor, artists, and living from hand to mouth. I'll do what I can for him, willingly."

"Can you sponge him?"

Brought brutally face to face with a practical fact Ross' breath failed him. His hard head and enormous common sense rescued him. "I suppose so," he said. "I will try."

He little knew that he was constituting himself for eleven long weeks nurse, valet and factotum. When he discovered what this little matter was going to be; a very sick man, an exacting doctor, no leisure, no possibility to work and a wear and tear he he had never been accustomed to, Alec Ross went through one of the black hours of his life. The temptation to "pitch it all overboard" was very strong, but in the morrow's first sunshine he was a man again.

When your father was tough Scotch and has handed down to you his large build and the pure breath of the brae and the mountain; when your mother has made you a Catholic because she herself is Irish; when you read every day, because you think it beautiful, a book called the New Testament, results will be brought about in your life. Ross came back to Barrias bedside in the morning.

"Alec!" the man cried, starting from a stupor.

"Yes—well?" The voice was very gentle.

"Why doesn't he write to me? Why doesn't he write to me?"

Then fuller consciousness dawned; "Oh! Is that you? Has the mail come in yet?"

"Not yet, Barry. I'll bring it up right away when it does."

"What are they doing—they, are they fighting?"

"No, there is no fighting. A new Spanish ministry has come to office under Sagasta. I think that's about all the news."

"Does your brother write?"

"Not he—young pig! I'd give him Hail Columbia if he were anywhere within reach."

The wan semblance of a smile stole into the Spaniard's face. "We both seem to be in the same plight," he murmured.

"That very day a letter came; but not for Barrias, and Ross did not carry it up, as he had said. It was from his

mother to say that Donald had enlisted. Alec knew all along that it would happen; he had himself forewarned his mother; but now the news did come he was half crazed by it, and would have given anything to be able to unbend himself in Barrias' sympathetic ears. By this time, however, he had learned wisdom. Seventy-first New York Volunteers! How sweet it sounded! Seventy-first New York Volunteers! How proud he was that that brat should be man enough to do this thing all by himself! And then; no! he was angry with him; angry because he had thrown up his position, angry because he had left their mother alone, angry because he envied him. And then the old strain of song resumed: Donald and the Seventy-first New York Volunteers! As Alec Ross looks back upon the war to-day it seems to him to be only a large, bare studio-room in the Margutta, with the wash-stand screened off and the bed pulled out into freer air; medicines upon the table; a man with a finely delicate Andalusian countenance, dark-set against the pillows, and then the whole air peopled with Donald and Donald and Donald. Silent thoughts, silent fears, wide-eyed anxiety at night; the wonder and the hoping and the trembling; those mails that never come; the newspaper reports, always so meagre, and that searching and scanning of the printed columns in breathless dread. This, this one room and his own solitary anguish, for Alec Ross were the whole war.

Somewhere about the fourth week he was a good deal upset to find that the business the physician called a "chart" presented a new phase. The line he, Ross, was to draw at dawn dipped down into a deep valley; by evening it had crept up as high as the top of the highest mountain.

"That's all right," said the man of science calmly. "This is about time for the recrudescence. Keep him as quiet as you can."

Ross wished the old doc would stay and try to do it himself. He had been in the habit of lying down upon a couch across the room from Barrias' bed; that night he knew he had better keep awake. He came and sat beside him, and Barrias roused himself to ask for a drink. Ross was obliged to hold the glass. "Miguel—Miguel" muttered the patient. "Why doesn't he come to me?" he repeated, peevishly, addressing himself to Ross.

"Why, I guess something has (hang it all! what's kept in Spanish?)—oh! yes, detenido."

Barrias looked hard, with eyes that did not know, into the face of his friend; then he turned to the wall and lay still. Ross got block and pencil and began to sketch a renaissance gargoyle. There was no reason for doing it, but he had nothing to read and he did not want to sleep. Presently Barrias began to mutter in Spanish again: "No, no; I tell you I don't care. Bless you, chico, it doesn't matter to me. I always wanted to go to Rome and

study. It will be just a splendid opportunity for me. If she won't mind? Ha! ha! ha!—if she won't mind! . . . Boy, if she had ever cared, I—Miguel, no, it isn't true. I'm not clearing out, believe me. You poor little rat; it isn't your fault. Our own mother loved you better. I'm just going to Rome to study. Oh! how it wearies me to say the old thing over. Miguelito, can't you understand?"

(Concluded next week.)

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 has been—phenomenal—40 doses 10 cents. They cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, and allay all stomach irritations.—5

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NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the estate of Christopher McDonald, late of Antigonish, Merchant, deceased, are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned, as all out-standing accounts must be closed at once.

RODGERICK CHISHOLM, JOHN S. MACDONALD, HUGH MACDONALD, Executors.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, Oct. 12th, 1902, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Includes LEAVE ANTIGONISH, No. 56 Mixed for New Glasgow and Truro, 2 Express for Halifax, 85 Express for Sydney, 55 Mixed for Mulgrave, 88 Express for Truro, 19 Express for Sydney.

All trains run by Atlantic Standard time. Twenty four o'clock is midnight.

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Moncton, N. B., Oct. 10th 1902



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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, NOVEMBER 13

THE TEMPORAL POWER.

If we were more grieved than we are that efforts for the restoration of the Temporal Power have proved unavailing, we should find abundant consolation in reading what many non-Catholic writers nowadays have to say about the Pope. The august "prisoner of the Vatican" is becoming the most conspicuous figure in the world for all Protestants. The loss of his temporal sovereignty has been wondrously repaired not only by the increase of spiritual authority in the household of the Faith, but by the growing respect and confidence of those outside the Fold—*The Ave Maria*.

This is a kind of statement that would give pain to the Holy Father if he saw it, and it is in any case an unfounded statement. In this matter of the Temporal Power, the one need of the Church throughout the world is that the Holy See be independent of the kingdom of Italy. The case was different when Europe was Catholic and the power of the Papacy in Italy was paramount. Then the Church stood in need of the influence the Popes wielded in the politics of Italy and the large subsidies they were enabled to advance for the purpose of saving other Christian countries from subjection to the Turk. But under present circumstances the great need is independence of the Government of Italy. If there were even a suspicion that the great influence of the Holy See could be unduly used to further the political interests of Italy abroad, the old cry about subjection to a "foreign potentate" would resound through the world with renewed vigor. Last year M. Brunetiere thought it worth while to discuss at length the danger of a movement toward a national Church in France. As things are now, the danger is remote. But if the people of France had any ground for suspecting the Holy See of being under the thumb of Germany's ally, the danger would soon cease to be remote. An indication of the trend of things is seen in the sharp distinction made by the Law of Association between those religious orders which are confined to France and the orders which have their centre of government outside of France. Clauses of special severity are directed against the latter. The principle of this distinction is essentially anti-Papal, and the spirit of it is active in every other country. Hence it is a vital necessity of the Church, not only that the Holy See be independent of the Government of Italy, but also that this independence be visible and above suspicion. Now, there are only two ways by which we know that this independence can be attained. It can be secured by the Temporal Power, and it can be secured by continual open conflict between the Holy See and the Government of Italy. What the future has in store for us in the way of arrangements hitherto unheard of, we do not know. History is silent on the point, and it is useless for us to speculate about it. For a thousand years independence was had by means of the Temporal Power. Since 1870 it has been attained by open conflict with Italy. We know of no other way. But is this open conflict a small matter? From one end of Italy to the other it rages continually,—in education, from the common school up to the university; in the army and navy; in the civil service, in city councils, and all governing bodies; in the press of the country; in economic movements, embarrassing the social action of the Church; in family, social, and business life. And this conflict, with its inevitable disastrous results to the faith of Italy and to the souls of millions, finds ample compensation in the praise bestowed by Protestants upon the Holy Father! Our friend's estimate of the value of such praise is extravagant. And what is worse, the attitude assumed is an ungrateful one. In every other country, when there is conflict between Church and State, the Catholics of the country have the helpful consciousness that they are fighting for themselves and for their own religious interests; but in Italy at present the combat is carried on primarily in the interest of the Church in other countries. The first object of it is to

protect us against the baneful accusation of being a foreign Church. It were small wonder if zealous priests throughout Italy cried out that we Catholics of other countries should not allow our national jealousies to inflict so ruinous a conflict upon them; but what have they not a right to say when they find that we, who are at peace because they are at war, proclaim to the world in our magazines that the present state of things is altogether to our liking? And there is another aspect of the conflict which concerns us even more vitally. Rome is the central seat of Catholic ecclesiastical government. The Pope is assisted by an army of well organized officials. There are in Rome three vast blocks of buildings in which are the offices of those officials, namely, the Vatican, the Cancellaria, and the Propaganda. Even Leo XIII could not rule the Church well if he had not behind him efficient departments of government in these places; and the efficiency required depends on the qualities of the men appointed to fill the various offices. Hitherto the Holy See has had practically the whole nation to choose from in making these appointments, and the Cura, as it is called, is well manned. But let us suppose that the present conflict goes on until the choice becomes seriously restricted, until the best talent of the country becomes absorbed by the secularized ideals of "modern progress," until only those are available who are out of touch with the life of the nation and therefore likely to be narrow-minded. This is the direction in which things are moving, and it is a direction which bodes grave evils to the Church throughout the world. Some will ask: Has not the Holy See the whole world to choose from? We answer, no; not at present. As long as Catholics in other countries remain indifferent to the question of the Temporal Power the Curia must remain preponderantly Italian. The arguments which Cardinal Manning advanced at the last Conclave in proof of his statement that, under present circumstances, the Pope must be an Italian, are simply unanswerable; and what is said of the Pope in this respect must be said of the Curia as a whole. Individuals, of great prominence, such as the late Cardinal Ledochowski, there may be; but, as things are, the conflict in Italy would be many times more injurious than it is if the Curia, as a whole, were a foreign body. We thus seem to be on the horns of a dilemma, and both horns are sharp; but we know that God protects His Church and will guide her safely over every crisis, even while her own children, through ignorance or apathy, refuse to lend Him their co-operation.

**THE DECATHOLICIZATION OF THE IRISH PARTY.**

We have before now pointed with pride to the action of the Irish Parliamentary Party in voting with their political enemies when Catholic interests were at stake. We cannot feel proud of them to-day. In spite of Cardinal Vaughan's appeal to Mr. Redmond, in spite of Cardinal Logue's warning that after French Freemasons and Jews the English Nonconformists were the deadliest enemies of Catholicity in Europe, the Nationalists have decided not to help Mr. Balfour pass the education Bill which would give relief to English Catholic schools. Mr. Davitt answers Cardinal Vaughan's appeal by an open letter to Mr. Redmond in which he points out, what is perfectly true, that English Catholics have always been numbered with the bitterest opponents of Home Rule. Being aware, however, that this would not afford the slightest justification to himself and colleagues for voting against, or abstaining from voting for, a measure to benefit English Catholics, he has recourse to the grossest misrepresentation of the Education Bill. He declares it as unfair to English Nonconformists as the tithe system was to Irish Catholics. It is hard to characterize this statement of Mr. Davitt's as anything else than a deliberate lie. For he knows very well that all the Churchmen and Catholics ask is that their own schools, which they have established with their own money, shall receive from the state a subsidy equal to that received by the Board school, on the ground that they are rendering the state the same service as is rendered by the latter. If the Board Schools are preparing future citizens for the State, so are the denominational schools. If the Board Schools deserve remuneration on this account, so do the denominational schools. If the Education Bill becomes law, it will leave the Board Schools just as they were before, attended and governed by Nonconform-

ists and infidels; it will leave the Voluntary Schools as they were before as far as pupils and management are concerned,—that is it will leave them attended and governed by Churchmen and Catholics,—but it will place them on the same footing as the Board Schools in regard to equipment of buildings and payment of teachers, for the reason that they are giving the same amount of secular education, which is the only thing the State can take cognizance of, as is given in the Board Schools. No Nonconformist pupil will be obliged to receive Anglican or Catholic religious teaching; when Mr. Davitt says they will he is simply stating what he knows is not true. And when he tells us that the Board Schools are not anti-Catholic, we can only say that we have more reliance on the word of Father John Gerard, S. J., than we have upon the words of any politician. It is as a politician, not as a Catholic, that Mr. Davitt has spoken, and apparently he is the spokesman of the party. He says that the Home Rule cause is to be preferred before any other, and he has certainly struck a strong blow for it on this occasion. If the majority of Englishmen are opposed to Home Rule, it is because they believe it would mean "Rome Rule." The present attitude of the Irish party ought surely convince them that this is not to be dreaded. When John Redmond, Michael Davitt and their colleagues refuse to hearken to the advice of Catholic bishops on a question purely religious, there is not much fear of their being controlled by ecclesiastical authority in matters purely political.

**HYMENEAL.**—At St. Ninian's Cathedral, on Wednesday morning, Nov. 5th, Alexander Purcell, this town, and Miss Mary Ellen McKenzie, daughter of William McKenzie, of Beech Hill, were united in the holy bonds of wedlock by the Rev. M. McAdam, Curate of the Cathedral. Miss Annie Gillis, Pinedale, cousin of the bride, was maid of honour, and Mr. Roderick Smith, attended the groom. After the ceremony the bridal party and a number of friends repaired to the home of the bride's parents where they were cordially greeted by friends of the bride. After a sumptuous dinner the happy couple took the noon train for Sydney, where they will reside. The bride was the recipient of very many useful and valuable presents, which showed the high esteem in which she was held by her many friends, who wish Mr. and Mrs. Purcell a long and happy wedded life.

At St. Ninian's Cathedral, Antigonish, on November 4th, the Rev. Joseph McDonald, Rector of the Cathedral, united in holy wedlock Mr. Alexander Hassey, of Brown's Mountain and Miss Mary B. Cameron of Salt Springs.

At Lochaber, on October 30th, by Rev. Fr. Doyle, John M. Kell of Cross Roads, Country Harbour, and Miss Jessie McDonald, of Antigonish, were united in the bonds of matrimony. Mr. Allen McGillivray supported the groom and Miss May McDougall the bride. After a sumptuous dinner at Hotel Sears, the wedding party proceeded to the hotel at Country Harbour, Cross Roads.

At the Cathedral, Providence, R. I., Miss Annie Henry, of Providence, and Mr. Roderick R. McDonald, son of Mr. Ranald McDonald, Pleasant Valley, Ant., were united in holy wedlock at High Mass by Rev. Father McGee. Miss Mary Agnes Roche was bridesmaid and Mr. Hugh McGillivray was groomsmen. After the ceremony a reception was held at 438 Fountain Street, where the young couple will reside. They were the recipients of a large number of valuable presents.

**Personals**

Rev. Fathers Campbell and Crumley, of the Diocese of Chatham, are in town, the guests of the College.

Rev. James Fraser, P. P., St. Andrews, and Rev. D. Chisholm, P. P., Heatherton, left on Monday on a trip to Boston. They will be absent three weeks.

Mr. John R. McDonald and his sister Mrs. Archie McDougall, returned to their homes in Heatherton last week, after spending four weeks visiting relatives and friends in Boston and vicinity.

**OFF TO ROME.**—Mr. Joseph MacNeil, of Victoria Mines, C. B., left here Tuesday, for Rome, where he will enter the College of Propaganda. He completed his third year in the College last year, and took Grade B. at the Provincial Exams, with a very high aggregate. He enters upon his studies for the priesthood at the Propaganda for the Vicariate of St. George's, West Nfld. He takes passage at New York, Saturday, for Naples on the Furst Bismark of the Hamburg American Line.

**AN ADDITIONAL** Contribution, \$4.25, for the Church of the Rosary, Lepanto, from the Parish of Red Islands, C. B., has been received.

**ORDERS TAKEN**

: : : FOR : : :

Wreathes, Cut Flowers, Etc.

—AT—

**HENRY'S DRUG STORE.****FURS. FURS. FURS!**

We control the sale of the Celebrated Moose Head Brand Furs for Antigonish. These goods are well known to be unexcelled for quality, finish and style. Our stock is large and comprises the newest and latest styles.



EDNA

**Bear Boas,  
Sable Ruffs,  
Capeines,  
IN ALL COMBINATIONS OF FURS.  
Gauntlets, Muffs,  
Capes and Collars.  
Fur Capes and Fur-Lined Capes.**

**Ladies Fur Coats**

IN

PERSIAN LAMB,

RUSSIAN LAMB,

ELECTRIC SEAL, with Sable Collars  
and Lapels and Plain.

Raccoon and Australian Raccoon.



BERNICE

**Ladies' Cloth Jackets.**

Our exhibit of Ladies' Jackets is magnificent. All up to date styles, showing complete in the most striking effects, from

**\$3.00 to \$10.00.****Misses and Children's Jackets and Reefers,**

All New Styles and Colours from \$1.00 to \$8.00

**Ladies' Raglanet Shower-proof Garments,**

In the newest Styles and Shades. Don't fail to inspect these.

**LADIES' TAILOR-MADE SUITS**

in new Styles and in all Colours.

**DRESS GOODS.**

In all up to date goods, plain, fancy designs. All weights and colours. New French Flannels for Blouses; New Trimmings and Laces. A beautiful display of French Flannel and Silk Waists.

**Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear**

is sold by all dealers on a positive guarantee

**Not to Shrink**

If it does shrink in the wash

**YOUR MONEY BACK**

All styles and sizes. In making the goods unshrinkable nothing is added to the cost to the wearer.

**A. KIRK & CO.,  
ANTIGONISH.**



General News.

The post offices of Canada handled 31,978,000 letters in the past year.

The town debt of Sydney is about \$847,500.

Lanenburgh's bank catch of cod this year is 190,000 quintals.

Sir Wilfred Laurier will leave in a few days for Hot Springs, Va.

The Dominion Parliament is expected to meet early in February.

The mad Mullah has achieved some trifling successes in Somaliland.

Large shipments of cordwood are going from Bay of Fundy ports to the United States.

Fournier, found guilty of murder in the Yukon, is sentenced to be hanged on July 20th.

Mrs. Hugh O'Reilly died in Montreal last week, aged 107. She had not a gray hair.

The Venezuela revolutionists were defeated by the Government troops last week.

In the by-election in a division of Liverpool, Eng., the Government held the seat with difficulty.

Mr. T. B. Flint has been appointed Clerk of the House of Commons in the place of the late Sir John Bourinot.

Apparently the new House of Representatives, U. S. Congress, will have 35 Republicans and 179 Democrats.

R. Prefontaine of Montreal becomes Minister of Marine and Fisheries and Mr. Sutherland goes to the Department of Public Works.

Two men were found guilty at Montreal last week of circulating and printing counterfeit \$1 Dominion notes.

An average of 800 hogs a day are being slaughtered at the Dominion Packing Co.'s factory at Charlottetown.

An election will be held in Yarmouth County on December 3 to fill the vacancy caused by the appointment of Mr. Flint, M. P., clerk of the House of Commons.

The telegraphers on the I. C. Railway are demanding an increase of their pay. A committee representing the telegraphers have waited on Mr. Blair at Ottawa.

The Liberal Association of Halifax has decided to tender a banquet to Hon. W. S. Fielding, who is expected to visit Nova Scotia in the course of a few days.

In the Molineux trial on Friday, a woman identified another person than Molineux as seen by her in the post office with the now celebrated package in his hand which contained the poison.

Norman Sampson, aged 15, son of Abraham Sampson, of Grandique, Cape Breton, and Mark Beard, aged 18, of Two Rivers, N. S., were lost by the sinking of their vessel in collision off Cape Cod light last Thursday.

Virginia Gobeile, keeper of a private hospital, Montreal, is arrested on a charge of murder, in neglecting a man till he starved. She claims to treat patients on Seventh day Adventist principles.

The fire at St. Pierre, Miq., turns out not to have been so bad as was first reported. The Cathedral and a number of other buildings were burned. There are indications that the Cathedral was set on fire.

The Supreme Court of the Transvaal has declared Kruger's proclamation of October, 1899, that rent and interest were not to accrue during the war, to be invalid, and this decision has caused consternation amongst those interested, who are many.

Alfred McDougall, late solicitor to the Treasury of Ontario, was arraigned in the police court there last week on a charge of stealing \$6,500 from the succession duties fund, of which he was clerk. He was remanded to goal and no bail accepted.

The famous Molineux trial in New York was finished on Tuesday. The prisoner was acquitted, the jury being out only thirteen minutes. Molineux was charged with the murder of Katherine J. Adams by sending a package of poisoned candy to her through the mail. His first trial lasted three months.

Mason, the society man, arrested for the murder of Clara A. Morton at Waverley, Mass., was discharged on Tuesday, by Judge Almy. A young negro, named L. O. Perry, has also been arrested on the same charge. He has been identified as the man who pawned the watches of Miss MacPhee and Miss Morton, the two girls who were lately murdered.

Miss Annabel Hubbard, a maiden lady of 75 years, formerly of Arichat, was on last Saturday awarded \$500

damages in an action for assault committed on her by Chief Messenger Payson of the Local Legislature during the last session of the House. She had a petition before the House in respect to certain lands in Richmond county and while the petition remained unconsidered persisted in trying to ascertain what was to be done in the matter until she was forcibly ejected.

Speaking on Monday evening at the annual banquet given by the lord mayor of London, Premier Balfour referred to the splendid services rendered by the colonies during the South African war, which showed, he said, that they were not mere sleeping partners in the Imperial firm. An unanswered question, however, was whether war would be followed by a not less successful peace. The premier said he looked to the future of South Africa in a hopeful but not a too sanguine spirit, as every source of wealth there was practically dried up.

He said he believed much good would come of Colonial Secretary Chamberlain's visit to South Africa, which would be only the first of a long succession of such visits, and that the time was not ripe for closer constitutional relations between the colonies and the mother country. Mr. Balfour declared that he knew nothing about the "fantastic bargains" invented by the press upon the occasion of the visit of "a great and friendly sovereign to his nearest relative," Emperor William, according to the Premier, had no political motives in coming to see King Edward. Dealing with the situation in Somaliland, Mr. Balfour said that waterless wastes and fanatics were always difficult problems to deal with, but that the Somaliland question was not of great importance in the national development except as it brought into high relief the friendly feelings of Italy towards Great Britain.

The premier congratulated Lord Lansdowne upon the commercial treaty with China and the Japanese alliance. He said that he believed that every great power in Europe was not only desirous of peace, but firmly resolved that peace should be maintained. He deprecated international prejudices of any land, especially the anti-English feeling on the continent over the Boer war as endangering the concert of Europe, "which, in the past, has been a great instrument of peace and which is destined to play an even greater part in the progress of the civilization of Christendom than it has during the years recently elapsed."

STEAK 10 cents per pound, and beef cheap, wholesale by the quarter, side or carcass at Bonner's Market.—adv.

Cape Breton Notes.

Supreme Court opened at Sydney, on Tuesday, and County Court at North Sydney same day.

Some of the ministers, at Sydney, are trying to stop the street cars from running on Sunday.

The N. S. Steel Co.'s men are asking an increase of 10 per cent. They claim that this will only put them on the same level as other Cape Breton miners.

At Sydney, on Monday, a man named Michael McNeil was found guilty by Judge Doid, of having assaulted Angus McNeil and done him bodily harm. Sentence was reserved.

The Walcott Hotel at Sydney was sold by the Sheriff on Monday. It was purchased by Douglas Bros., contractors, for \$4,313, subject to a first mortgage of \$6,000 held by the Canadian Permanent and Western Canada Mortgage Co.

IONA CHURCH FUND.—Rev. R. McInnis, P.P., Reserve Mines, \$40; Capt. Rodk McNeil, Gloucester, \$10; Mrs. P. McNeil, Baddeck, \$10; Neil McKenzie, Christmas Island, \$2; Hector J. McNeil, Dominion, No. 4, \$5.

Resolution of Condolence.

At a regular meeting of Branch 279, C. M. B. A., Lovers, N. S., the following resolution of condolence was unanimously adopted: Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, to call to His eternal reward the beloved wife of our highly esteemed Brother Daniel Gillis;

Resolved, that, while bowing in profound submission to the will of an all-wise Providence, and praying eternal rest to her soul, we join in extending to Brother Gillis our sincere sympathy in his sorrow and pray that God may give him strength to bear his heavy cross with true Christian patience and resignation; Further resolved, that copies of these resolutions be sent to Brother Gillis and spread upon our minutes, also sent to THE CASKET and Canadian for publication.

MICHAEL MARTIN, } Committee.  
JAMES MAHOONEY, }

DEATHS

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

At Taylor's Road, on Oct. 25th, ALEXANDER JOSEPH, infant child of Angus and Margaret McDonald, aged 19 days, &c.

At Merland, Mission of Tracadie, on Saturday, 8th Inst., MRS. JOSEPH BEACMONT, aged forty-two years. She was a pious and devout Catholic. May she rest in peace.

At Mayfield, N.S., on Tuesday, 4th Inst., MARGARET, beloved wife of RONALD McDONALD, aged 85 years. Fortified by all the rites of the Church, she passed peacefully away, leaving a sorrowing husband, two sons and three daughters to cherish her memory. May she rest in peace.

At Sheet Harbor, on the 21st October last, in his fifty-second year, consoled by the last sacraments of the Church, ANDREW McDONALD, son of Angus McDonald (alias), formerly of Caledonia Mills, N.S. At an early age deceased went to Sheet Harbor, where he secured a responsible position in connection with the lumber mills. By his industry, honesty and strict attention to duty, he won the good will and respect of all his acquaintances and fellow workers, all of whom deeply regret his demise. Besides his father, two brothers and three sisters, he left a sorrowing widow and family of eight children to mourn their loss. May his soul rest in peace.

At Broad Cove Mines, Inverness County, on 5th November instant, after a lingering illness, borne with true Christian resignation, MARY AGNES, the beloved daughter of DONALD and CHRISTINA MCISAAC, in the 24th year of her age. The deceased was the oldest of Mr. and Mrs. McIsaac's excellent and interesting family, and was a model young lady in every Christian respect. She was buried at Broad Cove, on Friday, the 7th instant, after a Requiem High Mass celebrated by Rev. A. L. McDonald, P. P. The deep sympathy of the community goes out to Mr. and Mrs. McIsaac and their surviving children in their great loss and bitter bereavement; but their paternal loss is the glorious gain of her for whom they mourn. Her whole life was an edifying preparation for death—not death, indeed, but life eternal. Requiescat in pace.

IT PAYS TO USE

SAXON BLEND TEA.

Remember it is only a pleasure for us to give you a FREE SAMPLE.

We have confidence in its good quality, because we are daily told of it, and so will you, if you once use it.

It costs no more than you are paying for inferior tea.

Why not get value for your money by using the best? Try it and you will have no other.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AT

T. J. BONNER'S.

MASS WINE—ST. NAZAIRE.

Certificate of

LOUIS NAZAIRE BEGIN,

By the grace of God and favour of the Apostolic See, Archbishop of Quebec.

According to the report made to me quiet recently by the Priest who has been charged to examine the

WINE OF ST. NAZAIRE

MANUFACTURED BY THE FIRM OF

A TOUSSAINT & CO.

of Quebec, I am in a position to say that it has been found pure and such as may be recommended for use in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

Given at Quebec, under our seal and sign-manual, this 15th day of February, 1902.

L. N., ARCHBISHOP OF QUEBEC

WEST END WAREHOUSE. Fall Announcement.

We wish to thank our many customers for their liberal patronage bestowed on us since we started business, and beg to announce that we have every Department of our Warehouse well filled with seasonable Goods and ask a continuance of their patronage.

DRESS GOODS.

In this our leading Department we are this season showing the most complete range we have yet shown, including the following lines:

- Heavy Frieze Cloths, in all the leading colours, 52 to 56 inch, beginning at 75c
- Venetian Suitings, in Black, Gray, Fawn and Navy, 48 to 50 inch, beginning at 75c
- Vicuna Suitings, in the fashionable colours, 42 to 52 inch, beginning at 25c

Our Dressmaking Department is under the supervision of Mrs. McDonald, who has given universal satisfaction in the Garments she turns out. Costumes, Mantles, Capes, Skirts and Brides' Dresses made up to order at short notice. Charges moderate.

MILLINERY.

Our Millinery Department is again this season under the management of Miss O'Donoghue, who has given such general satisfaction the past three seasons, that it requires no further comment. In this Department we are showing a large and varied assortment of the leading American and Canadian styles in Ladies' and Children's headwear.

FUR GOODS.

LADIES' COATS in Raccoon, Australian Coon, Electric Seal, with Sable collars and reverses, Astracian and Dogskin. FUR RUFF AND CAPARINES, in Sable, Electric Seal, Opposum and Conev.

BEAR BOAS, 108 inch. long, Ladies' Cap and Muffs in leading Furs. GENTS' FUR COATS, in Raccoon, Australian Coon and Wallaby.

A large assortment of Men's Fur Caps, Gauntlets, Gloves, &c. We carry a full range of Ladies' and Gents' Gloves, in Kid, Wool and Cashmere. Ladies' and Gents' Hosiery, in Wool and Cashmere. Children's Hosiery and Gloves a speciality.

LADIES' READY-MADE GARMENTS.

Ladies' Costumes, in all the leading colours, beginning at \$7.00

Ladies' Skirts, in Black and Navy, nicely trimmed, as low as 1.75

A large range of Ladies' Coats, in Oxford Gray, Black, Navy and Fawn

Also a good range of Misses' and Children's Coats.

READY-MADE CLOTHING.

This is the time of year when every man and boy wants an OVER-COAT or REEFER. Come and look at ours. Buy one and be happy.

Raglan Rainproof Coats are the newest thing for Fall wear. We carry them in all sizes in leading shades.

Men's, Youths and Children's Suits in great variety. As we buy from the best makers the styles and prices must be right.

UNDERWEAR.

This Department is filled with a large variety of Ladies', Children's and Gent's Underwear.

Standfield's Unshrinkable Goods is a leading feature of this department.

BOOT and SHOE DEPARTMENT.

We carry a larger and more varied stock in this department than any house in the trade. Prices the lowest, quality the best. Ask for the "Sovereign Boot" for Men and Ladies. Every pair warranted.

Rubbers and Rubber Boots for Men, Women and Children.

HOUSE FURNISHINGS.

We sell more Furniture than any house in Eastern Nova Scotia. Why? Because we carry the best assortment at the lowest possible price. The people are the judges.

We can furnish your house from attic to cellar. Carpets of every description from the Milton Rug Carpet at \$1.25 yard to a Hemp at 12c. yard.

If you want a good warm All-wool Blanket get the Glendyer make, every pair a seller.

CROCKERYWARE DEPARTMENT.

In this department will be found all that is required to make the housewife happy. Dinner Sets, Tea Sets, Toilet Sets and Lemonade Sets. Glassware of every description.

Parlor Lamps, Hanging Lamps and Kitchen Lamps, Butter Crocks, Cream Crocks and Jem Jars, &c.

GROCERY DEPARTMENT.

We carry a nice line of Staple Groceries, including a high grade of Blended Tea, put up in 5, 10 and 20 lb. caddies. Special price on Granulated Sugar, put up in 100 lb. bags.

MAIL ORDERS DEPARTMENT.

We solicit orders by mail which will receive our special attention. Write for Samples and Prices which will be sent first mail after order is received.

CHISHOLM SWEET & CO

Antigonish, Oce. 13, 1902.



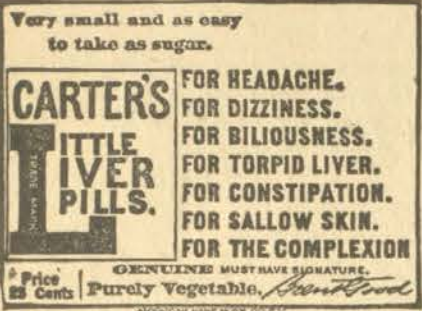
# ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

## Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

*Asunt's Food*

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.



CURE SICK HEADACHE.



### NICELY LAUNDRIED.

In the domestic art of laundering, "Once well done is twice done." Because we give our work extra care, it lasts twice as long before needing to be laundered again.

Nothing is more trying than to have your fine linens spoiled in the wash. If they are to be laundered, bring them to us. We will attend to the rest.

### D. CHISHOLM

NEW MACHINERY. NO WORK TORN. FIRST-CLASS SATISFACTION GIVEN.

New Glasgow, N. S.

M. L. Cunningham, Agent, Antigonish, N. S.

## Pure Gold Jelly Powder

Joyfully Quick.

Flavored with

### PURE GOLD EXTRACTS

Always true to name.

AT YOUR GROCER'S.

## COWAN'S

PERFECTION COCOA ROYAL NAVY CHOCOLATE PURE, HEALTHFUL

## Good Health.

This is the season for cleansing the blood. We have just received a large stock of

### Sarsaparilla Compound

ALSO :

Paine's Celery Compound.

Patent Medicines of every description

Pills, Ointments, Combs, Brushes, Soap, Perfumes, Sponges, Maltine Preparations, Emulsions, Pipes, Cigars, Tobacco, Etc.

ALSO :

A full line of SPECTACLES of the Best Quality.

Physicians Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

Mail Orders promptly filled. House Telephone No. 7.

## FOSTER BROS.

Druggists, Antigonish.

Remember the place, opp. A. & C.

### "And a Little Child Shall Lead Them."

"One day," said a priest whose labors covered a period of more than forty years, "I observed a strange little lamb among my flock when I came to hear the catechism. He was not entirely unknown to me, however; I recognized him as the son of a neighboring politician—a man noted for his violent and extravagant opinions, famous as a club orator, a denouncer of priests and so on. When I had finished with my class I went over to the child, sitting alone on one of the back benches. He arose politely with cap in hand. His eyes looked sad, his cheeks pale, his clothes though of good quality and well-made were put on carelessly and were very much soiled. One could see at once that this poor child lacked a mother's care.

"You go to school?" I inquired. "Yes Father, I do." "But not to the Sisters?" "No Father. Papa does not like the Sisters or the Brothers." "You have come here, I suppose, to learn something of your religion." The child looked at me as though not exactly understanding. "You wish to hear about the good God?"

He made a gesture of indifference. "Why then do you come here?" I asked, "if you are not desirous of learning something of God and His holy Mother—the Blessed Virgin?" Suddenly his face became animated—the sad eyes sparkled.

"Yes, Father," he said almost in a whisper. "Some one told me that the catechism children all had a mother—the Holy Virgin. That whether they had one at home or not, it made no difference, they would find one here. I was glad when I heard that, and so I came. Two large tears rolled down his cheeks as he added:

"Oh Father, I need a mother so very, very much."

The cry of that sorrowful young heart touched me deeply. "Wait till the other children have been dismissed and then I will speak with you again," I said. When they had gone I returned to the little stranger.

"Come," I said, "I am going to take you to your mother." He gazed at me again as though not comprehending. "To her," I continued, "who will take the place of your mother." I conducted him to the chapel, which the children of Mary had but that morning adorned for the feast of her Nativity. When the boy raised his eyes to the beautiful white marble statue crowned by a diadem of gold, and standing in the midst of the loveliest offerings of the garden he exclaimed:

"Oh, how grand! how beautiful! Do you think she will really take me for her little boy? She has one already in her arms—a dear little baby! Perhaps she does not need me; but oh, I have so longed for a mother, and now that I am ill, I want one more than ever."

"You are ill, then? I said. "I remarked that your face was very pale."

"Oh yes, I am ill," he replied. "I have something here in my side which hurts me very much. The doctor says I may not go to school any more."

"How old are you?" I inquired. "I am nearly nine," he said.

"And you can read?"

"Oh yes, I can read very well. I have gone to school since I was five. Papa thought it was better, so that I should not be so lonely at home. The cook told me that if papa would only let me come here I should find a kind mother. So I ran away this afternoon and came here."

"My child," I said, "you should not have done that, your father may be displeased."

"If you think so, I shall not tell him. He might not let me come again."

"Oh no, you must not do that. It would not be right to deceive him. Tell him that you have been here, and before you go I will give you a little catechism, and lesson to study. If you wish the Holy Virgin to be your mother you must learn all about her and the Infant Jesus."

"Who is the Infant Jesus?" he asked.

"The child you see in her arms. He is God."

"Oh well, give me the book, if you please, and I will learn it."

I gave him the catechism. He came back next day. His father was away from home he said; he had not been able to tell him. He knew the three questions I had given him to learn very well. The next day, I gave him four, the next five. On the following afternoon he did not come. Every time I had seen him he appeared paler, more exhausted, and had a perceptible difficulty in breathing. So a week passed and he came no more. At the risk of incurring the displeasure of his father,

I resolved to pay a visit to my little friend, who, I felt certain, must be ill. The servant ushered me into his room immediately. He was lying on a couch near the open window, looking very ill.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come, Father," he said, extending both his thin little hands. His catechism was lying on the pillow beside him. "Now you can hear my lesson," he said. "I have taken a new one every day, and papa has helped me with it."

"Is it possible, dear child," I said. "How did that happen?"

"I am so weak, you know, I can hardly see any more. The day before yesterday I could not read at all. And then papa came home and I told him about it. He was not cross at all. He said he wanted to do everything that pleased me, and I told him you said that if I wanted to have the Blessed Virgin for my mother I must learn about God and religion."

"What did your father say to that, my boy?"

"He said that was right—if I liked it. He took the book then and repeated the words over and over again until I knew them by heart."

"I am pleased to hear that, my boy," said I.

"Father," said the child, "I know now what religion means, and I know, too, that my father does not believe in it. That is why my mamma was so unhappy before she died—two years ago. And I know that I am going to die; I shall have two mothers in heaven—my own and the Blessed Virgin."

I heard a heavy sigh behind us. The father had entered quietly, and now stood looking down at the sick boy. He received me very politely. When I left he accompanied me to the door and asked me to come again.

"The child is dying," he said. "There is no hope for him—let him have what consolation he wishes. His mother would have liked it."

I went to see him daily after that. In a month he was ready for his First Communion—and death for him was ready also.

The day before he received his Lord for the first and last time his father said:

"Edmund, yours is a good innocent soul; you have faith. Ask the Blessed Virgin in whom you believe to cure you and I promise that I too will become a Christian."

The boy looked at him intently. "No, papa," he answered, "I do not want to be cured. I do not like to leave you, but I am longing to see my two mothers in heaven. If I lived I might grow up to be a bad man."

"Like your father," said the sorrowing parent, bitterly.

"No papa," answered the child. "I do not think you are a bad man, but you have told me that once you were a little boy like me, saying your prayers every night and morning and loving the Blessed Virgin. How can I tell that I would not do the same if I should grow up to be a man?"

"You are right, Edmund. It might all happen as you say."

"But papa," the boy went on, "I will do this: I will ask the Blessed Virgin when I get to heaven to change your heart and make it like a little boy's again. And I am so sure she will do that, papa, that I am in a hurry to die, so that it may come to pass."

The father said nothing, but as he turned away from the couch I could see how hard and unyielding was the look that overspread his countenance.

When the final hour came the child passed quietly away in his sleep. The grief of the father was intense. Throwing himself upon the dead body of his son he uttered the most awful imprecations, defying a God, who he declared did not exist, and objugating in the most outrageous manner the Mother whom his dead boy had so tenderly loved.

At the end of a fortnight he came to me—transformed. Something had impelled him, he said. He had fought against it, but vainly, and now, with the deepest sentiments of penitence, he asked to be reconciled to the God he had so long abandoned.

"The little boy in heaven has not been idle," he said. "Not his mother, since he went."

His conversion was complete—he became as eloquent and influential for the good cause as he had been for the bad, and from that time till the day of his death was an instrument for the spiritual and temporal benefit of his fellow parishioners. To what can such a change be attributed save to Mary Immaculate, through the prayers of an innocent child?—*The Rosary Magazine.*

Use Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) to wash woollens and flannels,—you'll like it.

### The Horse Understood.

Broadway cars and vehicles were blocked in a jam. The old horse wouldn't move. His driver stood alternately staring at him in despair and beating him with a heavy whip. But neither blows nor words would move him; he laid back his ears and stood still. A crowd gathered, watched and commented.

"Build a fire under him," suggested one.

"Stick a pin in him," advised another.

Again the driver laid on the whip more heavily than before. But it was no go. Just then a man stepped out of the crowd.

"Let me have a try," he said.

He walked up to the old horse and laid his hand on his head.

"Come on, old boy, buckle down to it," and he patted him gently. The horse turned his old head and looked at the stranger.

"Come," he continued, "have another try, buckle down to it," and he stroked his neck.

The old horse understood at last. His limbs gave a quiver and the truck moved ahead.—*Exchange.*

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

Once give your mind to suspicion and there is sure to be food enough for it. In the stillest night the air is filled with sounds for the wakeful ear that is resolved to listen.

## A Lady Says : PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND Has Been Worth Hundreds of Dollars To Me.

### A Happy and Complete Cure After Eighteen Years of Awful Agony

All weary and disheartened sick people and those who have lost faith in the remedies they have used in the past, because none of them have given indications of cheering results should now be filled with a strong determination to make use of the one medicine that cures disease—the new agent of new life that saves hopeless and despairing sufferers after all other agencies and means fail.

The thousands of victims of tormenting neuralgia after reading the testimony of Mrs. G. H. Parker, of Winona, Ont., must see, that to avoid a continuance of suffering and the possibility of sudden death, it is absolutely necessary to use Paine's Celery Compound, the only medicine that successfully banishes neuralgia and kindred nerve diseases. Mrs. Parker says: "I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia for nearly eighteen years, and my sufferings at times were so bad that words fail to describe them. After having tried a host of remedies, I was persuaded to use Paine's Celery Compound. I am happy to say that I am now a different woman and completely cured. I can recommend Paine's Celery Compound; it has been worth hundreds of dollars to me."

Sunlight Soap will not burn the nap off woollens nor the surface off linens.

## SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar.

## TO LET.

Rooms over Mr. Hellyer's and Miss Cunningham's stores.

W. H. MACDONALD



### Professional Cards

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

**J. C. CAMERON GILLIS,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
OFFICE: Gregory's Building, Boards at Queen Hotel.

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

**J. A. BOYD, LL. B.**  
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.  
ANTIGONISH, N. S.  
Office: Church Street, next to Kirk's Block.

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

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

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

**McNEIL, McNEIL & O'CONNOR**  
Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.  
P. O. Box 292,  
HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

DANIEL McNEIL  
ALEX McNEIL, M. A. LL. B.  
W. F. O'CONNOR, LL. B. B. C. L.



### IN HOTEL LIFE

you want all the conveniences of home, and many that some homes never afforded. All these we afford you at the

### OLD SMITH HOTEL,

Port Hood, whose homelike surroundings and perfect table make it the ideal place for permanent residence or transient guests. Rates \$1.00 per day, and special rates by week.

### FRASER'S MEAT MARKET

lars some of the nicest

### ..HAMS..

ever offered the Antigonish public.

OUR OWN CURING.

JOHN FRASER, Manager.

### NOTICE!

The partnership heretofore existing between C. B. Whidden and C. E. Whidden is dissolved by the death of his senior partner, C. B. Whidden. The business will be carried on by the latter. The subscriber under the style of C. B. Whidden & Son, to whom all debts due the firm are payable, and by whom all accounts owing by the firm will be paid.

I have to thank my many friends for their liberal patronage and respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

C. EDGAR WHIDDEN

Referring to the above, we beg to give notice that it is necessary that all accounts due should be at once settled by cash or note of hand. All indebted to us will kindly call at our office without delay and arrange a settlement of their accounts.

And greatly obliged,  
C. B. WHIDDEN & SON.  
Antigonish, Ju no 30th. 1902.



"Catholic" and "Roman Catholic."

The following article appears with the writer's name in the current American Ecclesiastical Review. We are greatly mistaken if it has not been penned by the same hand that wrote a series of notable articles for THE CASKET on the same subject two years ago, entitled "The Catholic Name."

Father Hughes' article on this subject in the September number is confusing. It begins by showing that the Vatican Council rejected the form of words: Roman Catholica Ecclesia, and ends by maintaining that we are not at liberty to reject the form of words: The Roman Catholic Church. How does it happen that we are not allowed to do what the Council did? The confusion results from neglect or ignorance of a clear distinction which was insisted on in the discussion of the Bishops in Council, and which interpreted the form of words finally adopted. The first of the thirty-six bishops who spoke against retaining the words, Roman Catholica Ecclesia, began his discourse as follows:

"I should like to omit the word Roman; or, if the Fathers insist on using it, then I would add other words, such as Catholica, and so arrange them that it may be made evident that there is here no question of the distinctive name of the Church, but only a description of the Church, that is an enumeration of the notes of the Church, but we may seem to favor the error of those who teach that the Catholic Church consists of three Branches, and that each of the Branches can claim to be called Catholic."

This is precisely what the Council did. It rejected the form, Roman Catholica Ecclesia, and it adopted the form, Roman Ecclesia, and it adopted this, not as modifying the name of the Church, but as giving an authentic description of the Church. The name of the Church has always been nothing but this: The Catholic Church. The Vatican Council did not modify this name. It did not add the word Roman to the name. It simply teaches that the word Roman has a legitimate place in a full description of the Church, like the word Apostolic of the Nicene Creed. We are free to repudiate the name "Roman Catholic Church" because the Council rejected it. We are not free to repudiate the word Roman in a description of the Church. There is no development of "Catholic" into "Roman Catholic." The Council rejected the latter. If there is any development, it is that of the unum of Nice into Romanam of the Vatican.

One who keeps the simple distinction between name and description in view, does not need a fifteen-page article to guide him in the matter. He has simply to follow the example of the Council, and repudiate Roman Catholic as a name or title, while admitting that the words one, holy, Apostolic, and Roman, are all appropriate and on occasion obligatory in describing the Church. The country in which The Ecclesiastical Review is published may be described as wealthy and democratic; but it would be absurd to insist that one or both of these descriptive words belong to the name of the country. The name is: The United States of America. Descriptive words are added when, and only when, occasion calls for them. Similarly, the name of the Church is: the Catholic Church. The descriptive words, "one," "holy," "Apostolic," "Roman," "visible," "infallible," etc., are properly used when, and only when, occasion calls for them.

A Study of Tails.

"For a year or more I've been making a study of tails," said a naturalist. "You would be surprised to know what an absorbing, endless subject it is. "What interested me in tails? Why, I had a friend who had his tail cut off." "Your friend was a monkey," suggested the listener. "By no means; he was a man and

lives in Florida to-day. I see you think I am joking, but if you will drop into any hospital they will show you a skeleton of the genus homo that has a tail. There have been instances where the tail was quite long, say 6 inches, and outside instead of beneath the skin.

The tail in apes is a marvellous affair. It is really a fifth hand. By it the monkey swings itself from tree to tree.

If you want to see wonderful tails study the lizards. I have one that is brown, but its tail, as long as the body, is a beautiful turquoise blue. Some of these long tails are life savers.

Here is a lizard that when alarmed jerks off its tail, and the disconnected tip will bound about like a snake for from five to eight minutes. It is so active that it easily attracts the attention of an enemy while the lizard escapes. Then comes the strangest part of it. Another tail grows on the lizard, and sometimes two when the vertebræ have been fractured.

The long, snakelike tail of the iguana is its weapon. The alligator uses his tail to knock food into its mouth.

Did you ever notice the tail of a fish? Well, there is a lot in it; it is a study of a lifetime alone, a marvellous organ, a screw propeller.

One of the sharks, the swivel-tail, has a tail as long as the shark itself, and with it the animal cuts down small fry. But it is nothing to the tail of the whip-ray.

Its tail is exactly like a long, slender bone whip running down to a fine point. I have seen a man's foot cut to the bone by one lash of this tail.

Another fish has a tail that looks like the long black hair of an Indian. In others the tail goes down to a point. The most beautiful tail is that of the Japanese carp. It is a beautiful veil which floats about like lace. Some fishes have one, some two and some three tails; some horizontal.

The most wonderful of tails? The beaver's which is used to make dams. No hand could be defter than this huge paddle.

Tails, as a rule, are of use. They are accessory limbs and are sometimes armed with spears or javelins, as in the scorpion. It has a long tail armed with a sting like the point of a needle.

Some of the wasps have tails which are knives, and poisoned ones at that, as effective in putting an enemy to sleep as the syringe of a physician when loaded with morphine. They don't kill, but merely stun; then the wasp deposits its eggs in the animal. Other insects have tails with which they bore into wood, and I can show you one that breathes through its tail.

In all probability the most beautiful tails are seen among the birds, as in the peacock, the argus pheasant, the birds of paradise and others. The tails of horses, cows and others are fly brushes. The ant eater has a tail like a brush that makes its owner imitate a brush.

The tail of a dog is its accessory tongue; and speaks with it and is understood. The rattlesnake has a musical instrument on its tail.

A Test of Credulity.

To the October Century, Eliot Gregory ("The Idler") contributes a paper whose explanatory sub-title is "a gentle diatribe against the commendation of Americans in Europe." Commenting therein on the matter of woman's conquering a place in society, the writer says: "Success of this kind in America is apt to turn on how much money the candidates will spend and the tact they display in its disbursement. In England it mostly depends on whether the newcomers are thought 'amusing' or not. In France and Italy it is simply a question of creed, and titled portresses at Society's gate exact a curious entrance fee." This last statement suggests the idea that "The Idler" is vindicating his own claim to be received in English society; he is certainly somewhat "amusing," although probably he does not mean to be so. In fact, he proceeds to give several paragraphs of evidence supporting the preposterous assertion regarding French and Italian society.

For instance, "a well-born Baltimorean just back from a season at Cannes" recounted her experience to him the other evening. This Southern maiden, it seems, found the foreign girls of her own age very pleasant. They asked her to drive, to look her to golf, and home with them to luncheon. Before long, however, their conversation was always "turned to the Church." They sent this guileless American damsel little pamphlets to read, and "clever young priests began to call," until finally our Baltimorean

suspected their nefarious design—or, to use her own expressive phrase, she "caught on." Then she informed the zealous proselytizers that, "being contented with my own creed, I haven't the faintest idea of changing,"—and forthwith "was dropped by all the affable swells with a completeness difficult to surpass." The next paragraph of this well-born young lady demands reproduction in full:

This struck me as so funny I took the trouble to look into the matter, and discovered that convert-making is a mania among smart people abroad. There is, it appears, leaving aside all the benefits in the next world, a nicely graduated scale of decorations conferred by their Church for workers who bring stray sheep into the fold, especially such animals as have fine coats of wool. These orders are highly prized, and the swells stop at little to obtain one.

We respectfully submit that this is hardly precise enough to satisfy the intelligent reader. It ought, in simple fairness to the Holy See, to be further stated that in addition to granting an "order" to every successful proselytizer of any non-Catholic, Leo XIII. personally presents the converter of an American Protestant with 5000 lire (\$1000), a choice mosaic from the Vatican Museum, and an indulgence to commit two burglaries, five ordinary thefts, or three assassinations, at the option of the "swell." Seriously, we should really like to know who is responsible for the foregoing hoax. "The Idler," the well-born Baltimorean, or some fun-loving foreign maiden. The great and only Barnum steadfastly averred that the American people like to be humbugged; but surely some impostures are too gross for even the United States market. —The Ave Maria.

Stop The Cough and Work off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

Bad Spelling.

Only 56 out of 141 freshmen at the Northwest University were able to pass an examination in spelling. They were tested with ordinary words, not with difficult and perplexing ones, and the test was too much for the most of them. Probably similar examinations at almost any American university would show substantially the same results. Spelling is not an accomplishment in which college youth excel. Nor do the graduates of the common schools distinguish themselves in this useful, but now somewhat superciliously regarded branch. The letters of the average public school graduate or university graduate are likely to be prolific in bad spelling.

Prof. Clark of the Northwestern University says the trouble is with the so-called "scientific" method of teaching spelling. The public schools turn out graduates who have learned with great pains how not to spell. The undergraduates of the colleges probably spell a little or considerably worse than the public school children.

But the great thing is the method. Nothing can equal the pity which the enthusiasts of the new method bestow upon children who have learned to spell without reliance upon it. Spelling is nothing; method is everything. Let us remember that, when we come across a fantastic or blundering speller. The worse he spells, the more superior is the method by which he came to that pre-eminence as a muddler and twister of orthography.—The Sun.

IT MAKES PRIZE BUTTER WHEREVER USED.

The best, most thorough and most successful butter-makers in the world, score their victories and triumphs when they use Wella, Richardson & Co.'s Improved Butter Color which always gives the true golden tint of June. If you have not yet used this perfect color, you are behind the times and cannot command the highest market price for your butter. Try it in one churning, and you will see why the majority of butter-makers insist upon using "the kind that has no mud." Refuse all imitations and substitutes. Ask for Wella, Richardson & Co.'s Improved Butter Color that make prize butter.

SYMINGTON'S EDINBURGH COFFEE ESSENCE

makes delicious coffee in a moment. No trouble, no waste. In small and large bottles, from all Grocers. GUARANTEED PURE.

HOUSE FOR SALE!

House on College Street, containing seven rooms and kitchen. House in good repair. Apply to DAVID SOMERS, Antigonish, March 13th.

Cardinal Gibbons on Sunday.

In his sermon on the American Sunday at the cathedral, Baltimore, on the 2nd inst., Cardinal Gibbons said:

It has been the boast of our country that in no nation of the world was the Christian Sabbath better respected than in the United States, but a close observer cannot fail to note the dangerous inroads that have been made on the Lord's Day in this country during the last thirty years.

Look at the railroad lines in this country. Not only are the passengers carried on Sundays, which I believe is unavoidable, but freight trains are in full operation. This traffic involves the employment of thousands of conductors, firemen and engineers, as well as freight handlers, on the Lord's day. Then observe our system of electric cars. These lines are in full blast on Sundays, and the conductors and motormen have to serve the same number of hours on that day as on week days.

Let us view the average business man of America in our day. He is in a state of habitual feverish activity. He rushes through life at full steam. The one aim of his existence is to become rich. Money making is not the means, but the end of his life. He increases his wealth not so much for the love of it as from the fascination attached to the accumulation of a fortune. On Sunday mornings, as he is debarred from the conventionalities of life in going to his place of business, he seizes the morning paper and devours its contents of twenty or thirty pages, its news of stocks and bonds, or pleasures and amusements, of crime and scandal until the whole being is saturated with this unhealthy diet. Like animals gorged with food he spends the morning in a comatose condition.

There is no class of people on the face of the earth that is more in need

Colds

"I had a terrible cold and could hardly breathe. I then tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and it gave me immediate relief." W. C. Layton, Sidell, Ill.

How will your cough be tonight? Worse, probably. For it's first a cold, then a cough, then bronchitis or pneumonia, and at last consumption. Coughs always tend downward. Stop this downward tendency by taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

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.

For Sale or To Let.

A Dwelling House, with lot and Barn, on West street, Antigonish, within five minutes' walk of Church, Schools, Post Office and stores. It contains ten rooms, and has been lately renovated. Apply to M. DONOVAN, Antigonish.

NOTICE.

The shoeing establishment opening a Horse Shoeing Substitution on his premises, Sydney Street, on October 20th.

Personal attention will be given to the business and satisfaction guaranteed. DOUGALD M'CAEACHEN, formerly Cape George.

GOOD - BYE TO WHISKERS

on your pots and pans, if you use PORT HOOD COAL. The Coal that makes a hot fire quickly and lasts well.

The cleanest Coal on the market.



Lasts a Lifetime.

That is just what they say of Vapo-Cresolene. The vaporizer is practically indestructible, and the Cresolene is certainly not expensive. This way of treating affections of the throat is most economical, and is also most effective. Our little picture illustrates how it's used. You put some Cresolene in the vaporizer, light lamp beneath, and then breathe in the soothing, healing vapor. For whooping-cough and croup it's a perfect specific.

Vapo-Cresolene is sold by druggists everywhere. A Vapo-Cresolene outfit, including the Vaporizer and Lamp, which should last a lifetime, and a bottle of Cresolene, complete, \$1.50; extra supplies of Cresolene, 25 cents and 50 cents. Illustrated booklet containing physicians' testimonials free upon request. VAPOR-CRESOLENE CO., 135 Fulton St., New York, U.S.A.

of the repose and spiritual refreshment of the Christian Sabbath than the citizens of the United States. Now, the best antidote for relieving this spiritual fever and for removing the dust which adheres to the soul from daily contact with the world will be found in the refreshing and invigorating bath of religious meditation.

BOWELS, Digestive Organs. Regulated and rendered healthy and active by an occasional dose of MCGALE'S BUTTERNUT PILLS

For Sick headache, Bilious attacks, Constipations; Foul and Disordered Stomachs they have no equal . . .

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE, 25c PER BOX. OR BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

STANTON'S PAIN RELIEF, AN INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL REMEDY. Cures Rheumatism, Colic, Sprains, Neuralgia. FOR SALE EVERYWHERE. PRICE 25c PER BOTTLE. Sole proprietors, THE WINGATE CHEMICAL Co. Limited, Montreal, Canada.

Highest Price Paid for Wool

IN EXCHANGE FOR TWEEDS, FLANNELS, DRUGGETS,

We pay the Freight.

Write for Samples if you have Wool for Sale. We will save you money.

D. G. Whidden & Co.

ANTIGONISH WOOLLEN MILLS; ANTIGONISH, N. S.

NOTICE!

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

J. C. FRASER, M. D. East Weymouth, Mass.

May 5th, 1902.

A Life Company

That has no stockholders to absorb its profits. That pays dividends to its policy holders only. That guarantees equitable cash and paid-up values. That grants liberal loans on security of its policies. That provides for extended insurance automatically. That grants 30 days of grace to policy holders to pay premiums. That holds reserves on a higher basis than required by law. That imposes no restriction on travel, residence or occupation. That pays all claims promptly and in full at maturity, and That has a successful and honorable record of 30 years.

Such a company is

The Mutual Life of Canada

with OVER THIRTY-ONE MILLION DOLLARS of insurance in force and over FIVE MILLIONS of assets.

ALEX. G. BAILLIE is general agent for Cape Breton Island, and will be happy to furnish rates, plans, etc.

Board of Directors.

Robert Melvin, President, Guelph; Alfred Hoskin, K. C., 1st Vice-President, Toronto; B. M. Britton, K. C., M. P., 2nd Vice-President, Kingston; Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, P. C., G. O. M. G., Premier of Canada, Ottawa; Francis C. Bruce, M. P., Hamilton; J. Kerr Fiske, B. A., Toronto; E. P. Clement, Berlin; W. J. Kidd, B. A., Ottawa; Geo. A. Somerville, London; Hon. F. W. Borden, M. D., Minister of Militia and Defence, Ottawa; Hon. J. T. Garraway, K. C., G. O. M. G., Wm. Snider Waterloo.

"A false friend is worse than an open enemy." A shoe with a good upper, and a bad sole, is worse than cheaper looking, but more honest, footwear. The Makers' price on the sole protects you against deception, when you see that you get—"The Slater Shoe" Goodyear Welted. W. K. CUNNINGHAM, Sole Local Agent



**NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.**  
 For Sale—Draft Mare and Colt.  
 House to Let—Dougal McEachern.  
 Notice—L. J. McEachern.  
 Auction—Stock.  
 Hides, Geese, &c., Wanted—Thos. Somers.

**LOCAL ITEMS.**

CHOICE celery at Bonner's—adv.  
 FOR SALE, one horse 3½ years old.—Somers & Co.—adv.  
 HIGHEST PRICE in cash paid for hides and pelts.—Somers & Co.—adv.  
 NINETY barrels apples, \$2 to \$2.50 per barrel, at T. J. Bonner's.—adv.  
 SPECIAL OFFERING of ladies' ready-to-wear hats at A. Kirk & Co.'s. adv.  
 TO LET, the Ledbetter house on Main Street. Apply to Jane Scott Taylor, Victoria Street—adv.  
 THE COLLEGE FOOT-BALL TEAM went to Halifax yesterday to meet the Wanderers.

THE TERN SCHOONER "Brooklyn," Capt. O'Hara, has arrived at Rufriqui, Africa, from Boston. Charles Whidden, son of D. G. Whidden, Antigonish, is second mate of the "Brooklyn."

THE DOMINION IRON & STEEL COMPANY have decided to take hold of the iron ore property in this County. They will at once examine the titles to the property, and if satisfied with them will enter into a contract whereby they can work the property on a per ton basis.

THE CONGO arrived at St. John's on Sunday, and sold cargo on Tuesday. Market continues good. She is now on her way to Mulgrave to re-load for St. John's. Parties wishing to ship should apply at once to C. B. Whidden & Son, as there is still a little space left.

A VERY INTERESTING lecture on the "Picts and Scots" was delivered by Rev. Father Brady in the League of the Cross Hall, Bridgeport on the evening of the 4th inst. The choir, under the direction of Miss Connolly, added to the pleasure of the evening by rendering some choice music.

THE BORING for coal at Judique, by Mr. Pearson, of Duluth, U. S., is so far quite satisfactory. At a depth of twenty feet the indications are quite promising. The discovery of a good workable seam of coal at Judique would greatly benefit this place.—*Hawkesbury Journal.*

THE BISHOP OF CHARLOTTETOWN.—The Rt. Rev. Charles MacDonald, Bishop of Charlottetown, paid a visit to Antigonish last week. He was the guest of Bishop Cameron. The Sisters of Mt. St. Bernard gave him an informal reception on Friday forenoon. He returned home on Saturday.

PING-PONG.—To-morrow evening a number of young ladies of the Cathedral Parish will conduct a ping-pong tournament at the College Hall. The receipts are intended for the Cathedral painting fund. Light refreshments will be served. Admission, 15 cents; admission and player's ticket, 25 cents. The Band will be in attendance.

GEORGE CUNNINGHAM went from New Glasgow on Saturday to Guysboro to be married on Wednesday to Miss Morrow, of Boylston. The night after his arrival he became ill, and at 8 o'clock Monday morning he died. His funeral took place on Wednesday, at 10 o'clock, the hour that was fixed for his marriage.

FIRE in the workshop of Mr. John McGillivray, carpenter, East end, on Tuesday afternoon, did considerable damage to the structure and also destroyed a lot of finished work, so that Mr. McGillivray's loss is heavy. The fire is thought to have originated from the stove while the proprietor was up town. The fire brigade arrived at the fire shortly after the alarm and soon had it out.

ACCIDENTALLY KILLED.—John McLellan, son of John McLellan of Big Marsh, Ant., was accidentally killed on last Saturday while at work tending a derrick in a quarry at Graniteville, Vermont. He was aged twenty years. He left home only last April. His remains arrived here yesterday. Much sympathy is felt for the bereaved family. May he rest in peace.

THE BISHOP OF HARBOUR GRACE.—The following item of good news regarding the health of Bishop MacDonald appeared in a St. John's, Nfld., paper at the close of last month:

We are pleased to learn that the esteemed Bishop of Harbor Grace, Bishop MacDonald, is slowly but surely gaining back his wonted health and strength, after the very severe illness through which he has but recently passed. For the past few Sundays he has been able to preach at the Cathedral and otherwise attend to his ecclesiastical duties. It is to be hoped that His Lordship will be spared many more years to minister to the spiritual requirements of his devoted flock.

VERY REV. ALEX. MACDONALD, D. D., V. G., addressed the members of the League of the Cross on Tuesday evening on Total Abstinence. Taking as his motto the words of Cardinal Manning, "Temperance is good; total abstinence is better," the Doctor pointed out the importance of temperance in its widest sense as one of the cardinal virtues, and also in its special meaning as applied to intoxicants, and made clear the many reasons that exist for practising that virtue in its highest form, that of total abstinence, which is for all the best and safest, and for many the only safe course. His address being comparatively brief he read for the meeting at its close that masterpiece of denunciatory writing—Robt. Louis Stevenson's Letter to the Rev. Dr. Hyde, the traducer of the martyr-priest of Molokai, Father Damien. The meeting accorded the Very Rev. Doctor a cordial vote of thanks for his address and reading.

THE INDOOR SPORTS at the College Rink, on next Tuesday evening, are creating much interest. The principal event, the three-mile race between John Lordon, Ireland's noted representative on the cinder path, and R. J. McDonald, champion on this side of the Atlantic, will be well worth witnessing. It will be a great contest of speed and endurance, and the winner will surely cover the distance in record time. Lordon, lately from the old country, where he is reported to have never been defeated, is in America for the purpose of winning fresh laurels. He will arrive here on Monday. The other events, open to the students, promise to be sharply contested. A feature of the night will be an exhibition of dumb-bell exercise. The class has been prepared under the direction of R. J. McDonald, who has taken a full gymnastic course in Boston. The track has been put in splendid condition. The convenience of the public attending is being carefully studied, and everything will be satisfactorily carried out. Tickets are for sale at Foster's Drug store. Admission, 25 cents; reserved seats, 35 cents.

A MEETING of the Town Council was held on last Thursday evening, principally for the purpose of taking action on the request of the N. S. Telephone Company for privilege to erect poles on the streets of the Town for a new telephone service. A motion was made that the request be granted. Coun. Donovan objected to granting the privilege unless the company would agree not to add to the number of poles now on Main street, and also agree to give a rate consistent with the extent of the service they would supply, claiming that as the number of subscribers here must necessarily be small, a lower rate should be fixed than in towns, such as New Glasgow, where a large number of telephones are in

**AUCTION.**

To be sold at Public Auction on the premises of the subscriber,  
**At 10 30 o'clock a m.,**  
**On Tuesday, 18th November.**  
 The following Stock:  
 3 Milch Cows, 1 Fat Cow.  
 2 Heifers, 2 1/2 years old.  
 2 Heifers, 1 1/2 years old.  
 3 Calves.  
 1 Mare, 14 years old.  
 1 Yearling Colt.  
 1 Mowing Machine (1 horse power).  
 1 Horse Rake, 1 Riding Wagon.  
 1 Pump 8 1/2 in. 1 Truck, with hay frame.  
 1 Cart Box, 1 set Working Harness.  
 1 set Light Harness.  
 Terms—Eleven months' credit with notes of approved security.  
 ALLEN MCISAAC, Morristown.

**AUCTION.**

The Fairmont Agricultural Society will sell at Public Auction, at the yard of M. L. Cunningham, Antigonish, on  
**Saturday, the 15th November,**  
**At 2 o'clock p m.**  
 The Short-horn Bull (Clifton), aged 5 years; weight about 1800 pounds; guaranteed a sure stock getter.  
 Terms—Five months' credit on approved notes.  
 By order of the Board of Directors.  
 A. B. DICKSON, Secretary.

**FOR SALE.**

One Heavy Draft Mare and her Mare Colt, very strong, age 14, no more. See and try her.  
 PETER DEL'REY,  
 Tracadie.

**HOUSE TO LET.**

A Good Desirable House on Pleasant Street, Antigonish, to let. Apply for further particulars to  
 DOUGALD MCEACHERN,  
 blacksmith,  
 Sydney Street, Antigonish.

**NOTICE.**

The subscriber intends moving his business to Broad Street, N. S., and therefore requests all indebted to him to make a settlement of their accounts on or before the 15th December.  
 The stock in trade will be offered at a reduced price for one month, for cash only.  
 Highest price paid for Hides, Wool, Tallow, Eggs, &c.  
 L. J. MCEACHERN,  
 Cape George, Nov. 12th, 1902.

**PHOTOGRAPHY.**

Life Size and Smaller Photographs are made at  
**WEST STREET, ANTIGONISH,**  
 —BY—  
**A McDONALD.**

use. Coun. Whidden thought it unfair to the present company who had undergone a large expense in acquiring the present service, and who were prepared to increase its usefulness without additional cost to patrons, to introduce a rival company. Mr. Winship, the Secretary of the N. S. Company, Mr. C. P. Chisholm, barrister, representing some 35 business men who had petitioned for the new service, and Mr. Griffin, barrister, representing the Antigonish Company, were heard. Mr. Winship assured the Council fewer poles would be used on Main street if the request was granted, as his company had an arrangement with the Western Union Telegraph Company whereby one set of poles would serve both lines on Main street. He also stated the rate would be \$18 for private houses and \$20 for business places while the number of patrons was less than forty, and \$20 and \$25 for any number above 40 but less than 75. The motion passed, the vote being 5 to 1. The matter of the setting off of fire-works on the streets was discussed. The Council felt the nuisance should be stopped. The matter was allowed to stand until it was ascertained if the sale of fire-crackers, etc., was legal.

FOOT-BALL.—Last Saturday's game of foot-ball between St. F. X. College and Glace Bay was the prettiest of the season. A number of the friends of the Glace Bay team accompanied the visitors. Their defeat last week of the Louisburg team entitled them to the claim of champions of the Foot-ball league of Cape Breton County for the present, and their standing at home rendered them confident of adding another victory at Antigonish to their list. St. F. X. showed up well in the half line, and a marked improvement was noticeable in the scrim. They heeled out well and the combination of the halves and quarters was fast and brilliant. The score was no indication of the relative strength of the teams, for the ball remained in Glace Bay territory throughout the greater part of the game, and crossed the line several times for safeties. The features of the first half were the dribbling by St. F. X. forwards, the long punting of McNeil, the full back, one of which carried the ball the length of the field to Glace Bay touch, and the drop for goal by A. Fraser. The second half was characterized by the grand rushes of St. F. X. halves and the dribbles of the forwards. Begg and Haley for the forwards and Dryden for the halves played exceptionally good games for the visitors. In this half the rushes and subsequent try by McKinnon were the special features by St. F. X. The score was 7-0 in favor of the College. The teams lined up as follows:

St. F. X. College.	Glace Bay.
D. McNeil, } Full Backs, { McEachern	
H. McDonald, } Dryden	
R. McDonald, } Halves { Bruce	
C. McKinnon, } Hanway	
J. Fraser, } Delaney	
McSweeney, } Quarters, { Harrison	
A. Fraser, } McManus	
J. H. McDonald } Begg	
McCormick, } Peppy	
McCluskey, } McMillan	
Joyce, } Forwards, { McCuish	
Allan, } McLean	
McIntyre, } Beattie	
McKenzie, } Murphy	
J. McNeil, } Haley	

**AUCTION.**

To be sold at Public Auction, on the premises of the subscriber, on Saturday, November 22, at 10 o'clock, A. M., the following stock:  
 1 Mare.  
 1 Horse, 4 years old.  
 3 Milch Cows.  
 2 Heifers, 2 years old.  
 2 Calves.  
 2 Yearlings.  
 1 steer, 2 years old.  
 10 Sheep.  
 Terms—Ten months' credit on approved notes.  
 STEPHEN MCDOUGALL,  
 Highfield, Ant.

**WANTED**

BY  
**Thomas Somers.**

1000 BEEF HIDES,  
 500 GEESE.  
 100 PAIRS DUCKS,  
 And a lot of Chickens,  
 For which the highest cash price will be paid

**STRAYED.**

The following animals have strayed from the premises of the subscriber:  
 1 Black and White Yearling Bull  
 1 Red-coloured Heifer, 1 year old.  
 1 Brown-coloured Heifer, 1 year old.  
 Anyone informing the undersigned owner of the whereabouts of these animals will confer a great favour.  
 DONALD BOYD,  
 Fraser's Mills.

**FOR SALE!**

A good Brood Mare, now with foal, from the thoroughbred Hackney Colton Sire.  
 WILLIAM THOMPSON,  
 Cloverville.

**SLEIGH ROBES.**



**Saskatchewan Buffalo Robes**  
**BEST ON EARTH.**

Take nothing in place of them. Do not believe any one who says they have something just as good. Tell them so in plain English too.

Saskatchewan Buffalo Robes have the Diamond trade mark, and are greater favourites than ever. Be sure you find manufacturers name on them, "Newlands & Co." in the diamond.

We carry as well a full line of

**Saskatchewan Buffalo Coats and Gauntlets.**

**D. G. KIRK.**

**FOR ALL THE**

PRESCRIBED SCHOOL BOOKS,  
 SCHOOL REQUISITES, COMMERCIAL STATIONERY,  
 DEVOTIONAL and OTHER BOOKS,  
 DAILY PAPERS, WEEKLY PAPERS, and MAGAZINES.

In fact for anything you may require that is usually found in a First-Class Book and Stationery Store, go to

**MISS C. J. McDONALD'S**  
 MAIN STREET, ANTIGONISH.

In case of sickness you call the best physician—if your watch is out of gear you go to a watchmaker—you wouldn't think of going to a Jack-of-all-trades in either dilemma. There's just as much necessity—and just as great advantages—in going to a "Shoe Store" when you want Shoes. The first advantage is that we can supply the Shoe needs of the entire family. Then you have the chance to compare for yourself the many different grades, qualities and prices. You can buy Shoes as a necessity or as a fancy. Then you can buy them at prices ranging from

**50 CENTS UP TO \$5.00**

as your inclination may direct. That's when and why our Store, which carries a large stock, lays claims for your trade. We have every different quality of reliable Footwear. We stand behind the quality, no matter what the price may be. We'll give and guarantee you the best \$2 Shoe—the best \$2.50—the best \$3.50—the best \$5 Shoe, and we'll show you a liberal assortment at every price.

**CUNNINGHAM'S SHOE STORE,**

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

Mr. S. L. Miller is about to dispose of his interest in the above firm to Mr. J. A. McDonald, his partner. Mr. McDonald will continue the business under the old name as above.

**THE PARTNERSHIP STOCK**

Consists of Pianos, new and old, Organs, new and old, Violins and MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS of all kinds, Music Books, Sheet Music, Sewing Machines, Gram-ophones, Phonographs, Musical and similar sundries must be **CLEARED IN 30 DAYS.** As our stock is very large, we must in order to accomplish this, make THE PRICE SUIT THE OCCASION.

Pianos, \$40 and up. Organs, \$25 and up. Violins, 75c. and up.  
 Sewing Machines, \$20 and up. Accordions, \$1 and up.  
 20 Pieces Latest Sheet Music for \$1.  
 Small Goods for the Taking Away.

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

**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.**