

THE CASKET.

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20

Americans are beginning to talk of Kuropatkin's splendid defence, and they say it appeals to American soldiers. The truth seems to be that some one has whispered that the Philippines are within easy reach of the Japanese navy.

The sentence beginning at line twenty, last column, first page of last week's issue should have read as follows: "And as the Ruthenians are in communion with Rome, this shows that the Latin liturgy, communion in one kind, and the celibacy of the clergy, are not dogmas of Catholic faith, as so many Protestants suppose, but merely rules of discipline."

A prominent reviewer, after eulogizing one of the most influential of evil novelists, justifying his work as directed to the remedy of evils, claiming that he did much to emancipate the novel, etc., etc., ends by saying: "The flagellation of vice in those novels does not appear to have had any widespread effect." In other words, the powder was good, the calculation perfect, the gun the best, the gunner an expert, but no object aimed at was ever hit, and nothing but a bad smell resulted. And it is with such reasoning as this that modern critics awe the world to silence.

Mr. W. S. Lilly would not be convinced by the Bishop of Limerick's citations from the best Latin lexicons that the author of the Latin life of St. Pius V in the Bollondist collection meant anything else by *de medio tollere* than the assassination of Queen Elizabeth. But learning from Father Pollen, S. J., that this Latin life is merely a translation of an Italian life, and that *de medio tollere* represents the Italian word *levare*, Mr. Lilly expresses himself as satisfied that there is here no question of assassination. The controversy has done no credit to Mr. Lilly either as a scholar or a critic.

The Washington correspondent of the *New York Herald* says that there is a marked change of feeling towards Japan, not only among the public at large, but in official circles both civil and military. The most striking and probable of the reasons he gives is that there is a "conviction that Japan represents the occupation of the Philippines, and will some day draw sword" against the United States. Britain will ere long find equally cogent reasons for withdrawing her sympathy also from Japan; for it does not require a great stretch of imagination to fancy Japan resenting British power and prestige in the East. It may be that Britain will have a more formidable rival in the East than Russia has ever been if the Japanese successes are continued.

We are disinclined to quote any of the Hearst papers as authority for any statement. But Jack London, who represents the *New York American* in Manchuria at present, is known to be an honest recorder in forceful language of the facts which he observes and the deduction which he draws from them. He has now been studying the Japanese for some time, and he declares:

Religion, as a battle for the right in our sense of right, as a yearning and a strife for spiritual good and purity, is unknown to the Japanese. Measured by what religion means to us the Japanese is a race without religion. Yet it has a religion. . . . The religion

of Japan is practically a worship of the State itself. Patriotism is the expression of this worship. The Japanese mind does not split hairs as to whether the Emperor is Heaven incarnate or the State incarnate. So far as the Japanese is concerned, the Emperor lives, is himself deity. The Emperor is the object to live for and to die for. The Japanese is not an individualist. He has developed national consciousness, instead of moral consciousness. He is not interested in his own moral welfare except in so far as it is the welfare of the State. The honor of the individual *per se* does not exist. Only exists the honor of the State, which is his honor.

This agrees with the testimony of other travellers and writers, Englishmen and American, whom we have quoted in these columns at various times in the past six months.

The funniest papers in the United States are those that never know how funny they are. The *Brooklyn Eagle* says, in deprecating Judge Parker's remarks on the independence of the Philippines: "The intelligent Filipinos already know pretty well that if they make rapid advancement they will some time become self-governing, probably independent." The "intelligent Filipinos" probably realize about this time how slight their chances are of ever becoming independent. They surely begin to know something of the character of their Uncle Samuel.

Here is another unconscious humorist: "It begins to look as if the neutrality of China, so diplomatically guarded by Secretary Hay in his circular note of last February, exists more in theory than in fact." The Russians and the Japanese seem to have forgotten that Secretary Hay was guarding China with his pen.

We invite the attention of our friend the editor of the *Presbyterian Witness* to the article on the last National Pilgrimage to Lourdes which we have reprinted in this issue from the pages of the *Ave Maria* of Notre Dame, Indiana. Therein he will find that a sceptical physician, the editor of a review devoted to the study of hypnotism, admits that cures are wrought at Lourdes and also admits that he cannot explain them. True, he talks of hypnotic suggestion, but he does not deny that the greatest medical hypnotist in the world, Bernheim of Nancy, frankly acknowledges that hypnotic suggestion can not effect the instantaneous cure of ulcer of the stomach, a cure which took place while Dr. Berillon was at Lourdes; nor many other cures such as are recorded after rigorous medical examination. We do not ask our Halifax friend to admit that these cures are miracles, which show that God is pleased with the honour paid to her whom He chose to be the mother of His Son; for this would necessitate his becoming a Catholic at once, and we know he is not prepared for so sudden a change. But we do ask him, as a matter of common honesty, to give over attributing all these cures to fraud or to neurotic influence, and to take the position of the sceptical physician who believes the cures genuine and inexplicable.

Some of the most vigorous and most refreshing articles to be found in any of our exchanges are those which appear on the first page of the *Catholic Record*. If we seldom refer to them, it is because we almost invariably entirely agree with them. But we cannot entirely agree with the views expressed in the article on Catholic Societies which appeared in the issue of Oct. 8th. We suspect that the writer has some particular societies in his eye, and not wishing to be too severe on the members of these, has set forth in a general way what he intended should have a particular application. It goes without saying that church and school are the first needs of every parish, and nothing else should be attempted till these have been supplied. But then the problem presents itself, how to keep the young men in touch with the church, how to hold the boys from the time they leave school till they are married and have domestic interests of their own. If they frequent the

saloon, the pool-room and worse places, it is not always from a desire to be "fast young men," but simply because they have no home which affords them more than a place to eat and sleep, or because the home does not satisfy their legitimate wish for recreation or lays too much restraint on their bubbling animal spirits. It is all very well to urge young men to stay out of the saloon and the other places; it is very much easier to do it when you can point out places where all that they may lawfully look for can be had without the mischievous accessories. We firmly believe that clubs for boys and young men are one of the great needs of the age. That our fathers got along without them is no argument; they are needed now. The men who met in the Franciscan Tertiary Conference at Leeds the other day are men who have made a deep study of social problems, and one of the resolutions which they passed was: "That Tertiaries should take a special interest in promoting and helping the working of clubs, guilds and brigades, for the welfare of the Catholic young men and women and boys of their respective parishes, under the direction of their priests." And the Capuchin Father Outhbert, one of the foremost priests in England, said in his paper on Education: "If the Sunday School is necessary for our children, so too is the club necessary to enable the Church to keep a hold upon our youths in those dangerous years which follow childhood, when the character becomes more firmly moulded and shaped. Should we have the misfortune to lose our schools, the Club and the Sunday School will prove the most efficient means of guarding the faith of the rising generation. Even as it is, I believe them necessary to complete the work of a mission; but in view of the dangers ahead of us, they become more than ever a necessity. . . . The immediate duty of the laity, therefore, is to rally round the bishops in defence of our schools, and to awaken to the need of exercising to the full their civic rights, especially at parliamentary and municipal elections. A further duty is entailed upon them to assist their priests in the organising of Sunday Schools and clubs." The *Record's* remark that those who patronize these societies should build the halls themselves, would not have been made did the writer believe in the need of Catholic societies as Father Outhbert and his English brethren do. Protestantism lives to-day with the life of its Y. M. C. A. and kindred societies; in the churches it is dead. Does anyone suppose that these societies are supported by those who need them and use them? Pierpont Morgan a year or two ago paid off every Y. M. C. A. mortgage in New York at once; and he did not do it for show, but because he thought it was worth doing; but we have no Pierpont Morgans. To any wealthy Catholic who offered us a large donation for a church, we should feel inclined to say: "give it to us for a college or a society; we can build our churches with the pennies of the poor." But where there are no wealthy Catholics, or where they are ungenerous, or unwise in their generosity, the pennies of the poor must still be asked for to build our society halls and club-rooms, if these be as necessary as we, and many others with us, believe they are. If the complaint is made that smoking, cards, dancing and billiards are not things which "stimulate Catholics to know and to do," we must remind the complainant that the first step to sanctity is to avoid mortal sin. It is not only those who would never amount to much in any case, that go down in the whirlpool; but many who were capable of better things if a saving hand had been extended to them in time. Young men cannot always be serious; if they must have frivolity, let them have it amid surroundings where frivolity does not merge into vice. If they have the proper stuff in them, they will take advantage of the opportunities which the club offers them to improve their minds. At any rate the rooms of a Catholic society are a safer "camping

ground for the ambitionless" than they can find elsewhere. Laymen who help in the salvation of souls through social work must be content with the priest's fare,—hard labour with, apparently, small results. A total abstinence society is well worth having if it reforms only one man; a parish club is not in vain if it turns one youth from the road to perdition.

THE GENERAL ELECTION.

Now that a general election is at hand, we cannot do better than republish an article which appeared in these columns in the issue preceding the election of 1900.

We think it timely to lay before our readers this week some things to be seriously considered by them with regard to their duty as electors or electioneers. Familiarity with evil weakens the moral sense. The levity with which certain crimes, theft and adultery, for instance, are treated in public press, has made many newspaper readers callous to the great wickedness of these sins. And so it is with regard to another sin, the sin of bribery and corruption during an election campaign. We hear so much talk in a jocular way about "boodling," that we may cease to realise that there is anything criminal about it, or may even begin to think that the only sin in connection with it is the sin of being found out. It is therefore important for us, on occasions like the present, to have set before our eyes, in black and white, some plain statements of Christian morality on the subject of bribery. Such plain statements we find in a book published in 1895 by Archbishop Begin of Quebec for the guidance of his clergy. Under the heading of "Reserved Cases" we read as follows: "In order to repress the disorders resulting from electoral corruption, we forbid, under pain of grievous sin, the selling, giving or distributing of liquor for the purpose of influencing electors, and this from the day the writs are issued until the day of voting inclusive. The violation of this prohibition will be a specially reserved case, which cannot be absolved except by us or our Vicar-Generals. Every attack upon the liberty of the electors, whether by threatening them with the loss of their positions, or of some profit or advantage, or by agreements made during the time above specified, even though these agreements are not to be carried out until after the election, will also be considered a grievous sin and a reserved case. Those who during the same time sell their vote, or commit any assault upon their neighbour on account of the election, or give money or anything else to influence a voter, or to buy his vote directly or indirectly, or to prevent any one from voting, will also commit a grievous sin which will be a reserved case." That is, as stated above, they can be absolved by no one except the Bishop or his Vicar-Generals, or some priest specially authorized for the purpose. The sin of taking or giving a bribe for a vote is therefore, we are reminded by the same authority, a matter for confession, and the penitent must confess it of his own accord without waiting for the confessor to ask him whether he has done it or not.

From a pastoral letter of the late Cardinal Taschereau we make the following extracts which are very much to the point: "God will demand an account of your intention, of your choice, of your vote, of your words, of your acts, in the exercise of that important right to vote which the constitution of our country grants and guarantees you. God will therefore, one day, ask you for whom, why and how you have made use of this right. Not a word, not a step, not a thought, how hidden soever in your heart, shall escape his all-seeing eye.

"It is therefore extremely important that during the election which is about to take place, you should keep the laws of sobriety, justice, charity, truth and prudence, that your conscience may reproach you nothing at the hour of death.

"It can be truly said that the faults, committed on the occasion of elections, against truth, against justice, against charity, against temperance, are more grievous because of the consequences

which result therefrom, not only against the neighbour but also against the whole country.

"1. You know that it is a mortal sin to take a false oath. . . . Falsehood is not, undoubtedly, as grievous as perjury, but it may easily become a mortal sin because of its consequences. Do not calumniate your neighbour, repeat not the calumnies you may have heard. . . .

"2. Avoid all violence during election-time. . . . Do not to others that which you would not wish that others should do to you. Therefore, use neither violence nor threats. Those who have recourse to such means to secure the triumph of their candidate, will sooner or later be punished in the same manner, for the justice of God renders to every one according to his due.

"3. Drunkenness is always a degrading vice; but during election-time it should be more carefully avoided than ever. The reason therefore is obvious. The right of voting is a noble and important one; it should therefore be exercised with full liberty and knowledge. Whoever has the misfortune to get drunk, no longer knows what he says or does, and consequently cannot give his vote as a rational being. Moreover experience proves that intemperance is the cause of many perjuries, of violence, and sometimes even of bloodshed.

"4. Do not sell your vote. He who sells his vote dishonors himself. . . . To sell one's vote is treason against the public good; for it is a fault which tends to lower the character of a people; it is a means of favouring a candidate judged unworthy of one's vote; it exposes the country to be badly governed. To sell one's vote is to show that one knows not what it is to be an elector, that one is unworthy and incapable of exercising the right inherent to this title. To sell one's vote is to expose one's self to the danger of perjury. Therefore, to sell one's vote is a sin grievous in itself; and all who have the misfortune to become guilty thereof, should confess it with sincere repentance.

"Forget not, dearly beloved brethren, to beg of God to enlighten all who take part in the election, the candidates, the electors, the officers commissioned to enforce the laws. For yourselves, ask the grace to know what you should do, and to avoid carefully all the dangers attending these times of excitement. Engage your families to pray that, with God's blessing, this election may procure the greater spiritual and temporal good of our beloved country. . . .

"Our Lord asks: 'What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?' What will it profit you, dearly beloved brethren, to have gained an election through illicit means, fraud, falsehood, violence, corruption? . . . By faithfully following the advice we have just given you, you will avoid much remorse, procure the happiness of your families, the honour of your parish and country, and the prosperity of the whole country."

Perjury, giving or taking a bribe, are not reserved cases in this diocese, but they are just as sinful here as in the Province of Quebec. And the reasons why they are sins are everywhere the same. The man who sells his vote degrades his manhood, he is undermining the foundations of our system of government, he is working to put the worst, instead of the best, men into positions of power and influence—in one word, he is a traitor to his country. And a man who is a traitor to his country is a traitor to his God. If any of our readers have been weak or wicked enough to accept a bribe, we have just one word to say to him: You have no right to keep that money; give it back at once.

Hon. A. G. Blair, ex-Minister of Railways, has resigned as chairman and member of the Railway Commission. The resignation was wholly unexpected, and its announcement at a meeting of the Commission Board at Ottawa on Tuesday was a surprise. Just what Mr. Blair intends to do is not yet known. The New Brunswick Conservatives think he intends to re-enter politics and work against the Government's Grand Trunk Pacific Railway scheme.

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The Story of an Idiom.

(PROFESSOR OF YALE IN HARPER'S MAGAZINE.)

(Continued from last issue.)

There are two persons who are deserving of particular mention in connection with the early criticism of this idiom. Attention is due to the one because of his influence upon English lexicography, and to the other because of his influence over later grammarians. It was in 1755 that Dr. Johnson brought out the dictionary which goes under his name. No previous work of the nature, so far as I can discover, contained even an allusion to the locution under discussion. Their compilers either did not have their attention called to it or chose to refrain from committing themselves upon a matter which they were unable to comprehend. It is certainly not referred to in the dictionaries of either Dyche or Bailey, the two works of this kind which were in the widest use before the appearance of Johnson's. It would have been no injury either to the truth or to his own reputation had Johnson preserved the same reticence as his predecessors. On the subject he had two utterances, one under *have*, and the other under *rather*. The fifth definition which he gave of the verb was "to wish, to desire in a lax sense." Two passages were cited to exemplify the meaning, and of these one was the text of the Psalms previously quoted. Under *rather* he defined to *have rather* as meaning "to desire in preference." "This is, I think," was his added comment, "a barbarous expression of late intrusion into our language, for which it is better to say *will rather*." In these remarks Johnson not only showed ignorance—which, considering the time he wrote, was pardonable—but he displayed obtuseness, which is not a characteristic he was wont to exhibit. Still, he was addressing a generation even more unintelligent in this matter than himself. It is therefore not particularly surprising that these almost ridiculous statements should have been approved by several later lexicographers: that Sheridan, for instance, a quarter of a century afterwards, should be found repeating them in his dictionary and informing us that *had rather* is a bad expression which ought to be replaced by *will rather*.

The other writer alluded to was Robert Lowth, who died in 1787 as bishop of London. In 1762 he brought out a small work entitled *A Short Introduction to English Grammar*. Lowth was a man of ability and an eminent scholar in many fields; though it is well to remark here that English scholarship, as we understand it, can hardly be said to have existed in his day. Accordingly, while he knew a great deal more than his predecessors of the historical development of our grammatical forms, what he knew was not itself a very great deal. The consequence was that though he corrected some misstatements and removed some misapprehensions, he added both misapprehensions and misstatements of his own. It is a question, indeed, whether in the long run he did not do more harm than good. For Lowth was perhaps the first person, and certainly the first person of any recognized learning and ability, who devoted himself to the practice of pointing out mistakes or supposed mistakes of usage in the writings of eminent authors. Undoubtedly there is some justification for the course. Every great writer is liable, through haste or carelessness, or even at times through ignorance, to commit errors. But the difficulty with those who assume the office of critic is that in nine cases out of ten the so-called errors they fancy they find are not errors of the author in violating good usage, but errors of the censor arising from lack of knowledge of what good usage actually is.

Lowth was no exception to this general rule. In the original edition of 1762 he had nothing to say of the particular locution here under consideration. But in a later one he took notice of it. He found it by no means reducible to any grammatical construction. He then proceeded to account for its origin, and promulgated the theory that it almost certainly sprang from a mere blunder. The proper form was *I would rather*. This had been contracted into *I'd rather*, and then erroneously expanded into *I had rather*. In this manner the corruption had crept into the language. This precious piece of etymology, for which there is not the slightest justification in fact, became during a good share of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries a common, not to say the common, explanation of the origin of the locution. From Lowth's day down to Landor's it was fairly certain to be dragged into the discussion of the idiom by every one who objected to it. In truth, it was for so long a time an accepted solution of the riddle that the expression presented that it is not unlikely that it may be found lingering still in some quarters, in spite of the not infrequent expense which has been made of its falsity. In this country particularly it was adopted in the early editions of Webster's Dictionary—it has been discarded from the later ones—and owing to the great circulation of that work, was spread far and wide. From Worcester, too, it received a quasi-support.

In England, however, grammarians and lexicographers were, as a general rule, somewhat chary about committing themselves on the question of the propriety of the locution. This is true in particular of the early ones. Some of them clearly refrained from saying anything about it because they knew not what to say. On the one side was the adverse decision of the great literary autocrat of the times. On the other, they could not fail to observe that the expression had been regularly used by the best writers; and that even Dr. Johnson himself, four years after the denunciation of it in his dic-

tionary, had fallen, during a temporary lapse into the English idiom, into the employment of it in his *Rasselas*. "I had rather hear thee than dispute," says the prince to Imlac, in the course of that not altogether exciting narrative. Men of literary eminence, indeed, were not often likely to display hostility towards a locution which they themselves were in the habit of using consciously or unconsciously. In this matter the practice of English authors has been generally much more creditable than the attitude of English scholarship. The latter has constantly allowed ignorant criticism of the idiom to be made without entering any protest. Men have in consequence been led to assume that the censure of it has not been questioned because it cannot be questioned. Take as an illustration of too frequent comment the remark of Mrs. Orr, in her life of Robert Browning. She quoted a passage from a letter of his in which he used the expression. "I had better say," then she informs us that Mr. Browning would have been very angry with himself if he had known that he ever wrote *I had better*. If he did not know that he had written it, he was inexorably ignorant of his own poetry. Assuredly if he took pains to make himself familiar with that, he would have been furnished with several opportunities for being angry with himself for using both *had better* and *had rather*.

It seems, indeed, rarely to occur to purists that an expression which is heard everywhere from the lips of cultivated men, which has also, as authority for its employment, the usage of the great writers of our speech, must have justification for its existence, even if they cannot comprehend what that justification is. In such cases we are bound to accept on faith, even if sight is denied. But in this instance sight is not denied. That the idiom in question is in accordance with the requirements of the most exacting syntax an analysis of any one of the three locutions specified, wherever it occurs, shows conclusively. Let us take, for example, the *had rather be* of the text from the Psalms which has been already given, and subject to examination each one of its constituent parts.

In regard to the first of these three words two things are to be taken into consideration—its grammatical character and its meaning. At the outset it is to be observed that *had* is here not an auxiliary, but an independent verb. Furthermore, it is in the past tense of the subjunctive mood and not of the indicative. The use of this subjunctive form has never died out, though its place is usually taken by *would have* or *should have*. Yet, if in later times its employment has become more restricted, it cannot be called uncommon, especially in conditional sentences. In the rising of Lazarus described in the Gospel of John, both Mary and Martha are represented as saying to Christ, "Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." "But for delays of the press he had had this answer some months ago," wrote the great scholar Bentley. So Byron represents the pirates, at the close of their song in "The Corsair," when deploring the fate of their comrades, as exclaiming, while they divide the spoil,

How had the brave who fell exulted now!

It is needless to multiply illustrations. In fact, the instances where *had* is thus employed, though not common in colloquial speech like *would have* or *should have*, are so frequent that its occurrence creates no ambiguity and causes no surprise.

As regards the meaning of the verb in this particular locution, it is to be said that the original sense of the word *have*, which is to add a material thing in one's hands, underwent a natural extension to holding a conception in the mind. Hence it came to mean "account," "esteem," "consider," "regard"; to signify, in fact, the idea which is often expressed by the word *hold itself*. In this respect it has gone through precisely the same course of development as the Latin *habere*, and the corresponding verbs in various other languages. In English it remains no unfamiliar usage. The phrases "had in reverence," "had in contempt"—for the verb of which we might substitute *hold*—are heard not infrequently and do not strike us at all as peculiar. Combining, therefore, what is implied by the grammatical form and the meaning, the *I had of I had rather be* can be exactly represented in ordinary English by "I would hold, or deem,"

So much for the first word; now comes the second. Few need to be told that *rather* is the comparative of both the adverb *rather*, meaning "quickly," "early," and the corresponding adjective *rather*. The positive forms of each practically died out long ago. When they appear now, they appear as archaisms; indeed, Milton's "rather priores that forsaken dies" is the one passage which has made the word familiar to most modern ears. Further, the comparative *rather*, while common as an adverb, is hardly known with us as an adjective. It is, in truth, to the particular idiom under consideration that it is now almost entirely restricted. There is but little difficulty in tracing the development of meaning which took place. *Rather* strictly signifies "quicker," "earlier." But when a man wishes to have something more speedily than something else, it is generally safe to say that he has for it a distinct preference. Accordingly, the tradition from the sense of "quicker" into that of "more desirable," "preferable," was both natural and easy. That it was actually made we know outside of this particular idiom; but here it has found its regular mani-

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It follows that *I had rather* is precisely equivalent to "I would (or should) hold more desirable (or preferable)." An *it* might be inserted between the verb and the adjective, to denote the following clause; but it is not necessary, and is here omitted, as in several other like phrases. We come finally to the last word *be*. This is not only an infinitive, but it is now invariably the pure infinitive. Originally, however, it was not such in all cases. In the earlier period the sign to frequently accompanied it, as it did also the infinitive when following *had liefer* and *had better*. There was a good deal of variation in the use of this particle. When the sentence contained two clauses, each with an infinitive of its own, to sometimes preceded the first verb and was omitted before the second. More frequently it was omitted before the infinitive of the first clause, and inserted before that of the second. The former construction is seen in the following lines, with modernized orthography, from Chaucer:

Liefre I had to dien on a knife
Than thee offendè, true deare wife.
The other mode is exemplified in the text of the Psalms now under examination. But while both these practices existed, the preferred one was to drop the *to* altogether. In process of time this became the exclusive one, as we find it to-day.

As a result of this analysis, the passage of Scripture in which *had rather be* is found can be legitimately paraphrased, so as to exhibit clearly the grammatical character and construction of that idiom. This done, it would read as follows: "I would hold (or deem) it more desirable (or preferable) to be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." An explanation essentially similar is true of any sentence in which the archaic *had liefer* occurs. *Had better*, however, stands upon a somewhat different footing. In the verb has regularly the sense of obligation which does not belong to it, as found in the other two locutions. To *have* to do a thing, implying that it is a matter of duty or of policy to do it, and not one of mere inclination, is a usage of the word which has existed from an early period and is current to-day, at least in colloquial speech. It is this which is found in *had better*, and it is this which makes it impossible to substitute for it *would better*.

One further observation remains to be made in connection with an idiom of this general nature. In the three examples of it which have been considered, *liefer*, *rather*, and *better* are, as we have seen, not adverbs, but adjectives. This is also true of the superlative best in *had best*, and of the positives good and lief in the expressions *had as good as had as lief*. The last-named locution maintained itself in usage after *had liefer* had died out, and still flourishes as vigorously as it did in the days of its youth. But in all these phrases the words have seemed and still seem to the popular apprehension not adjectives, but adverbs. Especially is the observation true of *had rather*. With this feeling on the part of the users of speech, it could be predicted with certainty that adverbs would be resorted to and not adjectives, if any new locutions were formed in imitation of the old ones. Such a result has shown itself in the extension of the idiom which has taken place. In our later speech we find *had sooner*, *had as soon*, and *had as well* employed, and the first two in particular have come to be used extensively. About the propriety of employing these there is some chance for controversy; in the case of the others there is really none.

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A MISDIRECTED LETTER.

Frederick Weston sat at his office desk and laughed till a clerk from the outer office thrust in his head by a movement of uncontrollable curiosity, withdrawing it again with a muttered excuse, though not without having seen his employer convulsed, indeed, by laughter. There was no apparent cause for his merriment, unless it might be an open letter which he held in his hand. He read it over and over again, with increasing amusement, until a sudden thought occurred to him. He had been reading what was not meant for his eyes. He referred to a city directory, put the letter into an envelope, sealed and redirected it. When it was stamped, he sent it forth by the inquisitive clerk, who read upon it the address of a lady:

MISS-BLANCHE LEWIS, -Wabash Avenue.

Having done this, Mr. Weston dismissed the matter from his mind, being presently absorbed in the multifarious affairs which claimed the attention of the head of an immense mercantile concern. But when it was time to leave his desk, he took off his office coat and carefully adjusted an immaculate tweed, replacing his necktie, and, as he did so, surveying his iron-gray hair and a complexion somewhat weatherbeaten by the storms of almost fifty years with a smile of cynical humor.

The following morning's post brought to -Wabash Avenue two letters for Miss Blanche Lewis. The one was an epistle written by herself to an intimate girl friend, now masqueraded back to her in a bold, masculine hand. The other was a funny little note from the aforesaid feminine correspondent, declaring that she had received, evidently by mistake, a business note written by Mr. Frederick Weston, applying for a position as stenographer in his vast establishment. She further declared that she had sent on the note to its proper address.

While Blanche Lewis perused first one, then the other of these communications, the hot blood surged into her face; she bit her lip and uttered more than one exclamation of annoyance.

"Oh, what will he think! How can I ever go near him now? And that tiresome Alice must go and send on the note asking for an appointment!" Her cheeks still burning and her breath coming quickly with vexation and distress, she turned once more to the misdirected epistle which she had written to Alice, and which had so obviously fallen into the wrong hands, and read it over again:

"MY DEAREST ALICE: I am just now trying, it is true, for a position as stenographer, but I am so dead tired of working and living and dressing upon a pittance and seeing mother and the children want for almost everything, that I am resolved to bend all my energies toward securing an aged millionaire, widower preferred. Just picture me arrayed in purple and fine linen, driving in my own carriage, occupying a mansion and presiding at elaborate dinner tables. Is it very conceited to say that I think I should cut quite as good a figure as half the millionairesses in Chicago? I have good abilities, I am well educated, as girls go, just twenty-four, and of respectable folk.

"As to the obliging widower who will transform me into a queen of society, it matters very little what he is like, so that he be gilded, gilded, gilded! Triple plate! Wasn't there some old king long ago who turned into gold, or could turn things he touched into that metal? Well, he's the very sort I am looking for. Perhaps he may limp, or he may squint, or be blind of one eye, a little deaf, a trifle rheumatic. What does it matter, if his purse and his bankbook be in good condition? You, with your ideas of 'love in a cottage,' will hold up your lily-white hands in horror at my mercenary self. But the truth remains that I am weary of poverty, and I shall not ill-treat the millionaire, though I know he will be execrable. I detest him already, odious old man, with a limp and a squint, blind, deaf, and rheumatic, and yet holding on to life with a fierce grip. I shall do him credit, though, and ride smiling beside him in our carriage. He won't be able to see how I look, by the way, if he's blind. But that doesn't matter. I shall be a model wife and not mind him at all if he's cantankerous, as, of course, he's sure to be. Good-by, dearest. Wish me success in discovering my millionaire, and, in the meantime, as I must be sordid and try to live upon a salary, pray that I may get the position of stenographer. I had written to Mr. Weston, of the great mercantile house - another tiresome, old tramp, I suppose.

"Ever yours lovingly, "BLANCHE LEWIS."

Blanche Lewis crumpled the letter angrily in her hand and began to pace the room.

"What will that odious Mr. Weston think! If he should chance to be a widower or anything, why, goodness me, he may imagine that it is with a view to that I am trying to get in as stenographer. In any case, it puts me in such an absurd light!" She sat down and forced herself to think more calmly over the situation. She finally persuaded herself that it was very unlikely that so busy a man as Mr. Weston would take time to read the nonsensical scribbling of one girl to another, and she was confirmed in this view of the affair on receiving by that afternoon's post a very staid and very formal note from Mr. Weston, type-written and couched in the strictest business terms, asking her to call upon the following day.

Quite reassured by the formal tone of the note, Blanche Lewis resolved to call at Mr. Weston's establishment upon the succeeding day. Next morning she made a most careful toilet, in

a severely plain fashion, suitable to the occasion, but which chanced to be particularly becoming, and which set off to the best advantage her fine figure, her gift of "style." Her soft, lustrous brown hair appeared in shining waves under her walking hat, her creamy complexion, ordinarily colorless, was suffused with a delicate flush, and her brown eyes sparkled from the exhilaration of the walk.

When Mr. Weston looked up from his desk he saw a young Hebe, who, by her beauty, her freshness, her healthfulness, seem to diffuse a charm over the prosaic office. This, with the interest already excited by her letter, caused Mr. Weston to regard her visit as a pleasurable incident in the day's happenings. He bade her be seated with a brusque civility which was almost grim.

"I understand from your note that you wish an engagement as stenographer? Have you had any experience, Miss Lewis?"

"I have been over a year with Long, Mills, Lawton & Co.," answered Miss Lewis, conscious of an unwonted timidity by reason of that unlucky letter.

"You have a reference from that firm, I presume?" Mr. Weston inquired, and he extended his hand for the letter of recommendation, which Miss Lewis at once produced. Having read it carefully, he remarked:

"That is quite satisfactory. I have besides a few lines from my friend, Mr. Leonard Devlin, who tells me that he is well acquainted with you, and seems most anxious that you should secure this position."

"Oh, yes; Mr. Devlin is an old friend of ours," cried Blanche, brightening up. "It was so good of him to write."

Mr. Weston did not think it necessary to inform her that Mr. Devlin spoke of her as a "glorious little girl," but he said instead:

"I shall now dictate, if you please, a few paragraphs, till I find out your rate of speed before definitely entering into an engagement."

Blanche Lewis felt herself upon her mettle to justify Mr. Devlin's recommendation and her own merits as candidate for a responsible position in an important house, and she acquitted herself wonderfully well. Mr. Weston was, in fact, surprised at her skill.

At last he laid down the newspaper. Miss Lewis transcribed her notes, and he declared, with a perfectly businesslike and formal gravity, that he found Miss Lewis very well fitted for the post of stenographer, and that he should inquire at once in what department her services could be utilized. He rang the bell and requested the attendance of Mr. Brown. That worthy, a grizzled veteran, who held every employee of the place in awe, appeared promptly, surveyed Miss Lewis without appearing to do so, and silently awaited his employer's pleasure.

"Mr. Brown," said the head of the firm, "this young lady is desirous of obtaining an engagement as stenographer. A friend, whom I very much wish to oblige, recommends her, and she has a satisfactory reference from Long, Mills, Lawton & Co."

He paused a moment, for some inexplicable reason, scarcely liking to own that he had departed from invariable custom in personally examining a candidate.

"I dictated a few paragraphs myself to Miss Lewis," he said at last, in an offhand tone, "and I find that she is really an excellent stenographer."

Brown's face expressed nothing, though it was quite possible that he saw a reason in the appearance of the young woman herself for his employer's unusual course of action.

"I think there is a vacancy upstairs," Mr. Brown said. "But I shall inquire."

He withdrew, perfectly aware that Mr. Weston had decided for himself to engage the young candidate, and marveling somewhat at this sudden interest on the part of a man who was notoriously indifferent to female charms. When he had gone, Mr. Weston, relaxing ever so slightly from the decorous gravity of his manner, observed, smiling:

"I think, Miss Lewis, you may feel assured that you have been successful in securing the position of - stenographer."

The twinkle in the steel-gray eyes regarding her, and the slight pause before the final word, proved to Blanche Lewis, who was singularly quick of perception, that Mr. Weston had, indeed, read at least a portion of that unlucky letter. To her own vexation she felt the hot blood mounting to her cheeks, while her tongue was powerless to frame a suitable reply. Mr. Weston, without appearing to notice her embarrassment, began to speak of the salary which his house usually paid to stenographers, and to Blanche Lewis the terms seemed surprisingly liberal. She said so frankly, and Mr. Weston declared that it was their custom to pay all employees liberally, expecting the best service in return. At that moment Mr. Brown reappeared, announcing that he had a vacancy upstairs in the junior partner's office, and the matter was definitely settled. Miss Lewis was to report for duty on Monday following. When she got out in the street she mentally relieved her feelings by indulging in a very tirade against Mr. Weston.

"That odious man!" she said to herself. "He was laughing at me and 'putting me in my place,' I suppose, when he said that I was successful in securing the position of stenographer. Oh, how I hate him already! I wish I could refuse the post. I shall never feel comfortable there - but, then, the salary."

On Monday morning, according to agreement, Miss Lewis arrived and was taken in charge by Mr. Brown, who assigned her to a post of duty in the junior partner's department. She

was kept very busy, and had no more than a brief, passing glance occasionally of the head of the firm. But as time went on, Mr. Weston assumed, in her eyes, almost abnormal proportions as to his importance, social and financial, the vast operations of his house, his extreme cleverness and high reputation for integrity in the mercantile world, and his generous, fair, and courteous treatment of those in his employment. It is very little wonder that, to the mind of a young creature shut in by circumstances to the narrowest possible sphere, something like a halo gathered around the head of Mr. Frederick Weston.

One day there was a press of important work. Mr. Weston's spectacled young man was detained at home by illness, and Mr. Brown at once suggested that Miss Lewis should take his place. Mr. Weston assented with outward carelessness, but with an inward tremor, and a disturbance in the cardiac region, to which Mr. Weston had been long a stranger. Miss Lewis answered the summons to the office with a nervous trepidation, which she successfully controlled, and worked away for an hour or two under Mr. Weston's rapid dictation. She was not, however, at her best. She seemed far less quick than usual, and made a number of mistakes, which would have been quite unaccountable to Mr. Brown.

When she had finished and was taking up her book preparatory to departure, Mr. Weston leaned back in his chair and surveyed her in his usual deliberate manner.

"Miss Lewis," he said, "I am afraid Brown has been overrating you. You are not nearly so good a stenographer as I thought."

The blood rushed impulsively to the girl's face, and then left it pale, as a vision of losing her situation flashed into her mind.

"I am very sorry," she said. "I don't feel quite myself to-day. I fancy it is the heat."

"No," said Mr. Weston, gravely. "It is, I think, that the position of stenographer does not suit you at all. I have, however, something else in view, and, with your permission, I shall call upon you this evening and talk the matter over. Will you be at home?"

"Yes," said Miss Lewis, faintly, "and I shall be glad, of course, of your advice, if you find that I do not suit my present position."

"What is your address?" Mr. Weston inquired, carefully noting it down in his memorandum book, and dismissing the stenographer with his customary gravity.

He presented himself at the Lewis' dwelling, shortly after eight, announcing that he had a business appointment at the Palmer House with a man from New York precisely at nine. After the interchange of a few commonplace, the visitor said:

"I have been hearing a great deal about you from my friend, Devlin, and my manager, Mr. Brown, is most eulogistic as to the character of your work, but I am not at all satisfied that you are suited to the position of stenographer."

Blanche Lewis did not very well know what to answer to this, and merely said:

"I am very sorry." "Well, to be perfectly frank with you, Miss Lewis, I once read a certain letter which you addressed to a confidential friend. I began to read it inadvertently and continued to the end. In it you expressed your views with regard to life, jestingly, of course. But I think your views were correct."

He paused, as if waiting for some word, and there was once more the twinkle in the gray eyes, but Blanche Lewis, fairly overcome with confusion, made no attempt at a reply.

"Yes; you were quite right," Mr. Weston went on. "Marriage, generally speaking, is the safest career for a woman, and in this country a wealthy marriage is always within the possibilities to one who has, you must pardon the personality, so many attractions as yourself. One thing I wanted to ask you this evening - are you still desirous of being the wife of a millionaire?"

"Sir," cried Blanche Lewis, "this jesting is very much misplaced in our relative positions, and I beg of you to understand that I will submit to no impertinence."

Mr. Weston nodded his head approvingly. Of course, she was quite right, and how extremely becoming to her was the momentary flash of anger.

"You are mistaken," he said, gravely. "I mean no impertinence whatever. I am simply putting matters on a business footing. I have, as I said, an appointment, and can spare just twenty minutes more."

He glanced at his watch as he spoke, replacing it in his pocket.

"Now, to put the matter in a nutshell, if you are still disposed to marry a millionaire, I am at your service. I am old compared to you. Millionaires usually are, especially if they have made the money themselves. It is a fatal defect in their composition. But as you explained to your friend, you are about tired of poverty and of a struggle which is, in fact, a poor business for any woman. I am a bit tired of mere money-getting, which has occupied me for so long, and I fancied we might hit it off together. What do you think?"

He laughed in an embarrassed fashion, looking at her steadily through those steel-gray eyes which he could make as expressionless as he chose, and went on hurriedly, as if to cover the obstinate silence in which Blanche Lewis persisted.

"I quite agree with you that you would cut a better figure than the wife of any millionaire I know, and, as you observed, what the millionaire is like matters little. Only let me add if he be a decent sort of fellow, who will

treat you well, and, as additional security, a fairly good Catholic, with a certain amount of conscience."

He extended his hand in farewell. Blanche gave him hers. He held it an instant, saying somewhat wistfully: "Ah, Blanche, Blanche, time was when, with all your beauty and all your charms, I would only have taken you on condition of love for love, but now I confess that I will be thankful to have you on any terms. May I come to-morrow for my answer?"

Blanche Lewis answered, as it were, mechanically: "Yes; that will be better. I want a little time to think. It is so sudden!"

He went away and Blanche Lewis did her thinking with a vengeance. Next morning a note was received by Mr. Brown at the establishment announcing Miss Lewis' resignation from the post of stenographer. That afternoon she took a walk with Mr. Weston in the direction of the lake, from which the millionaire went home happier than he had ever expected to be. Miss Lewis' friend Alice received a second letter, which read as follows:

"MY DEAREST ALICE: I am the luckiest of sinners. You are getting love in a cottage. I am going to have it in a palace. I dreamed of a millionaire and thought that even if he were ugly, old, and crabbed, I would have married him to escape poverty. I know now that I could never have done such a thing. But I have done better. I have fallen in love with a millionaire whom I prefer to any other person in the world. He is simply an ideal man - honorable, high-minded, generous, good Catholic, and so wonderfully clever, a merchant prince and a prince among merchants. Best of all, he is very much in love with me. At first he put romance and all that sort of thing out of the question, but when he found that I really cared for him, during our walk by the lake, he confessed that he had fallen in love with me on first reading that misdirected letter. We are to be married in a month. Mother is delighted. It is such a good thing for her, poor soul, and for us all!"

Alice laughed and cried a little over her friend's good luck and at the fact of mercenary Blanche suddenly turning sentimental. Leonard Devlin, too, on hearing the news, rushed in to his wife, waving Mr. Weston's letter in the air.

"Hurrah!" he cried. "Weston's going to marry Blanche Lewis. He knows a thing or two. He's a shrewd fellow, but, by George, my dear, this is the best deal he ever made."

"An to think," as Blanche Lewis put it, "that it all came about through a misdirected letter." - Anna T. Sadlier, in *Bensiger's Magazine*.

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

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20.

THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION.

The World's Fair at St. Louis is drawing to a close, but it is now, in the last week of October and the first weeks of November that Canadians will find the weather conditions most suitable for a visit to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. The ostensible purpose of the Fair is to commemorate the purchase by the United States from France in 1803 of the territory known at that time as Louisiana. The centenary should have been kept last year, but the Exposition was not ready; just as the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, to have been held in 1892 to commemorate the fourth centenary of Columbus' discovery, did not open till 1893. What was called Louisiana in 1803, now embraces the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, portions of Colorado, Wyoming and Minnesota, and the Territories of Oklahoma and Indian Territory,—nine whole States, three parts of States, and two Territories. The sum paid was eighty million francs,—about \$16,000,000,—and twenty million of these went to American claimants. It was Bonaparte, then First Consul of France, who proposed the sale, and when it was concluded he said: "I have given to England a maritime rival which will sooner or later humble her pride." The Louisiana Purchase added nothing to the maritime influence of the United States, but it certainly contributed very materially to the growth of that mighty nation which is to-day Britain's greatest commercial rival.

The Louisiana Purchase Exposition is better fitted than any previous Exposition to give an idea of a nation's vastness. Twelve hundred acres of exquisite landscape, including primeval forests and cultivated plains, hills and valleys and natural watercourses, form a setting for the Exposition buildings such as Chicago or Paris never saw. Many of the buildings are so beautiful in design that it seems a pity that they must be torn down so soon, but even the great resources of the United States could not afford to keep them permanently in repair. Entering the grounds, as most visitors do, at the Plaza St. Louis, one sees a spirited equestrian statue of the King after whom the Exposition City was named, the King whom Napoleon declared to be one of the two greatest Kings France ever had, Louis the ninth. The statue is inscribed to: "The Lawgiving King whose Name is Honoured by Sovereigns of a New World." But the statue itself reminds us of St. Louis the Crusader rather than the Lawgiver. Farther up the Plaza the statues of Joliet and De Soto face each other,—the former, co-discoverer with Marquette of the Father of Waters; the latter, the dauntless explorer of the mouth of the same mighty river which separated the Territory of Louisiana from the United States, and in the days before railway-building made St. Louis one of the richest cities in the country. At the end of the plaza we are on the banks of the lagoon at the other side of which is the Festival Hall and Terrace of States, each of the States and Territories formed out of the ancient Louisiana being represented by a statue. Down the steps leading from the lagoon to Festival Hall rush at night the waters of the artificial cascades, which come closer to imitating Niagara than one would suppose anything designed by man could do. The cornices and mouldings of all the buildings are studded with electric lamps, and when these are lit at night, the fountains playing, the cascades pouring down their waters, the waters of the lagoon covered with a variety of craft, among them gondolas from the Grand Canal with genuine Venetian gondoliers singing their barcarolles, the scene is one whose beauty no words can describe. These water effects are the distinctive beautiful feature of the St. Louis Exposition, as the electrical displays were the distinctive feature of

the Pan-American at Buffalo.

To visit all the Exposition buildings would keep one busy for a month. A general view of the exterior may be gained in a trip on the electric cars of the intra-mural railroad, and then one may decide which portion of the Exposition he desires to study most carefully. A loyal British subject, of course, will take pleasure in viewing Queen Victoria's Jubilee presents, on exhibition in the Administration Building, and a Canadian will draw a long breath of pride as he sees in the Agricultural Building the booth made of native grains which so well symbolizes Canada as the "granary of the Empire." Those who have never had access to art galleries will have an opportunity of seeing paintings by some of the foremost living artists of the world. The outdoor statuary is by American sculptors, and almost all of it is executed in staff, so that it has not a permanent character. Statues of Pierre LaCade, the founder of St. Louis; of Thomas Jefferson and Robert Livingston, who as President of the United States and Minister to France respectively, negotiated the Louisiana Purchase; of Napoleon, who surrendered the territory for France; of Father Marquette, the intrepid discoverer of the Mississippi whose waters made the territory so valuable; these are peculiarly appropriate to this Centennial Exposition. The statue of Napoleon, by Daniel Chester French, is artistically the best of the number; it represents him sitting with a map on his knees, apparently in melancholy thought on the necessity of parting with Louisiana for the sake of raising money to fight England. The groups of statuary are American not only in workmanship but in subject. The strongest is H. A. McNeil's "Physical Liberty" on the main cascade of which he is the sole decorator. It represents an Indian running side by side with a buffalo. Almost as good are Solon Borglum's "Indian Medicine Men Dancing" and "Cowboy at Rest." Even the group which vexed exceedingly the soul of the editor of the *Cosmopolitan* is entirely in place; for the three drunken cowboys "shooting up the town" symbolize the reckless, joyous lawlessness which is so typically American.

In the gallery of Fine Arts, lovers of portraits may see Chartran's "Riche-lieu," Millais' "Newman," Oulless' "Manning," Brown's "Monsignor Patterson,"—rather a study of episcopal robes and altar furniture than of the man,—Van Lenbach's "Bismarck," Keller's "William II;" or, if historical groups please them better they may study the two huge canvases of Van Werner representing the Berlin Congress, and Von Moltke surrounded by the Emperor and other distinguished personages in his nineteenth birthday. Readers of the Greek and German epics will remember them when they see Lord Leighton's "Clytemnestra" and Chartran's "Siegfried,"—the latter being perhaps the most life-like painting in the whole Exposition. Youths who delight in dreaming of battles will be reminded that "war is hell" if they see the "Furor Teutonicus" of Paul Joannits, the "Battle of Worringen" of Peter Janssen, "The Cross" of Albion Egger-Lienz, or the "Battle of the Standard" of Sir John Gilbert. There is less grimness and more heroism in the two pictures by the Edinburgh artist, Robert Gibb, which show how the British defended the Chateau of Hongomont at Waterloo, and how the Guards saved the colours at Inkerman. Those who prefer to feast their eyes on a beautiful landscape painting will perhaps find nothing to please them better than David Murray's "Braes of Yarrow." Ogilvie Reid of Edinburgh is well represented by the best scene of "Prince Charlie's Flight," and the superb figure of a piper called "The Gordon's Warning."

Religious subjects are more frequently treated than we had expected, the pictures which appealed to us most strongly being "The Kiss of Judas" by the Belgian artist, Jacob Smits; the "Sorrow of Mary Magdalen" by J. J. Lefebvre; the "Apparition by the Sea of Galilee" by Lucien Stoltz; "Maundy Thursday" by Sir James Linton; "St. Hubert" by Wilhelm Rauber; "Confirmation" by Neo Bordignon; "To the Sanctuary" by Celestino Gilardi; "Old Man at Prayer" by Arturo Noci; "Under Marcus Aurelius" by Emilio Magistrelli. The last named, realistically depicting the crucifixion of a Christian youth, is bitterly ironical upon those who try to set the Stoic Emperor by the side of Our Lord.

When your wife, daughter or yourself are cold after driving to Town, run into Bonner's and get a cup of hot beef tea.

Cape Breton Notes.

The Dominion Government has chartered a dredge belonging to the Dom. Coal Co. to do work at St. Peter's canal.

C. B. County Scott Act Inspector J. J. McDonald has been doing some pretty effective and thorough work around Sydney No. 3 and Little Bras d'Or during the past few weeks. Three places at No. 3 and one at Little Bras d'Or were closed.

On the 12th fire broke out about 11.30 at night in the store of Kirk & Whitman, Commercial street, North Sydney and although the damage to the building by the fire was not very great, the stock was almost ruined by the water.

James Hubert Fraser, a young man belonging to Ferrona, Pictou County, who was employed as brakeman on a Nova Scotia Steel Co.'s train, was run over and killed Tuesday. His body was found beneath the wheels of a car, one arm being nearly torn off.

A fatal accident occurred at No. 3 colliery, Sydney Mines, Thursday afternoon, when Simon Jesso was instantly killed by a fall of stone while at work in the pit. At the time of the accident Jesso was engaged in loading for Loyal Skinners. Deceased was a son of Thomas Jesso, Little Bras d'Or and was nineteen years of age. A coroner's jury says death was due to an accidental fall of coal.

Peter McLean, James McLean, John McDonald, Michael Fennell, and Peter A. McNeil, were painfully burnt Friday night by an explosion of gas in the Reserve colliery. They were engaged in drawing pillars in the North deep of the French slope, and were making good progress. Shortly after eleven, a crush of coal occurred and the pillars began to give way. The men immediately hastened out of danger; but the fall of coal evidently opened up a pocket of gas, which rushed out, down the air way, and in passing the men, was ignited by their lamps, and exploded, burning the men about the face and hands.

Travelling at the rate of about ten miles per hour, an east bound special in charge of Conductor McDonald, crushed into another special in charge of Conductor Wilkins, bound west, and going at about the same rate on Saturday. The accident, which is more serious in its consequences than any that has yet occurred on the Cape Breton division of the I. C. R., occurred on a trestle about three quarters of a mile east of McKinnon's Harbor. As a result, John Edward McNeil, brakeman on McDonald's train, is dead, and Wilkins's driver, Dan McDonald, who was caught between the lever and throttle, is at Brookland's Hospital with a broken arm and leg, besides having a narrow escape from the fate of poor McNeil, who was scalded to death by the escaping steam. McNeil was a young man of 23 years of age, and a native of Big Beach, near Grand Narrows. Seeing the headlight of the approaching train he attempted to jump, but was too late. He lived for about 15 minutes after the accident, during which time he suffered untold agony, which it was pitiful to behold. He had been caught by a leg and arm between the engine and tender, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that the perilous task of removing him was effected.

The War.

Terrible fighting with appalling loss of life has been continually going on the past nine days. The attack of the Russians, made early last week, was met by the Japanese with great stubbornness and they have it appears from first reports succeeded in driving the Russians back towards Mukden again. As the fighting still continues the result of the battle is not determined, though it looks at the present time as if the Russians are undergoing even a worse defeat than that which they met at Liao Yang. The Russians report they hold Lone Hill, claimed to be the key position of present fighting ground. At this point great carnage occurred, it being successively re-taken by both armies. The loss of life cannot be given, even approximately. The Japanese say the Russian loss is fully 30,000, their own 10,000. Trains are rapidly conveying the wounded in large numbers back to Harbin. Port Arthur is still tenaciously holding out against desperate assaults, though the navy on the harbour is reported to be suffering from heavy mortar guns which the Japanese have placed at points from which they are able to drop shells into the harbour.

The Russian Baltic Sea fleet passed the southern extremity of Langeland Island Oct. 17th. The Danish cruiser Heimdal exchanged salutes with the Russian flagship and then accompanied the Russian vessels to the northward. The fleet comprises twenty-four ships. Shortly afterwards the vessels anchored in Langeland Belt to take in coal. Three steamers were awaiting them.

The Halifax *Herald* has this to say about Smily who entertains in College Hall, Saturday night:—"As to our old acquaintance, Mr. Smily, that gentleman seems to have tapped an inexhaustible supply of wit and humor. It might go as a saying in Halifax that 'Smily never repeats.' Although here so often, each time he presents an entirely new programme."

Smily, at College Hall, Saturday night, has no equal in America as an entertainer.

Bulk cocoa, half the price of canned cocoa at Bonner's.

Don't fail to see the Seven Sutherland Sisters at Henry's Drug Store, commencing Monday, Oct. 24th.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Fencing.

Barbed and Plain Wire; Poultry Netting, all widths; Iron Gates; Fencing for Cemetery Lots; Brass and Iron Beds; Springs; Institution Beds; and Mattresses of all kinds.

MUNRO WIRE WORKS, Limited.

NEW GLASGOW N. S.

THE ANTIGONISH DRY GOODS STORE.

A. KIRK & CO'S

Grand Display

OF

Fall Millinery

THE LATEST Parisian Hats and Bonnets.

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Imported Millinery Novelties.

A beautiful Range of Outing and Street Hats.

ALSO

Ladies' Suits and Mantles.

THE CELEBRATED

MOOSE HEAD FURS, ETC.

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

A. KIRK & CO.

General News.

Alfred Putnam, ex-M. P. for Hants, is dead. The world's forest area is estimated at 2,500,000,000 acres. Hon. I. J. Tarte will not be a candidate at the ensuing elections. Thomas Kickham, of New Glasgow, a native of P. E. Island, fell from a staging at the Ferrona iron works on Saturday and died from his injuries an hour after. He was married but three months ago to a Miss Fitzpatrick of Trenton.

At Boston Mass., on 14th inst., the House of Deputies of the Episcopal General Convention, as a committee of the whole, voted 214 to 101 in favour of reporting to the House the canon amendment forbidding the re-marriage of any divorced person.

The political sensation in Montreal is the news of the sale of La Presse. The paper announces that a joint stock company has been formed with a capital of \$1,100,000. The capitalists will be American. La Presse is the great Montreal French daily. It was favourable to Laurier. Hereafter it is to be independent.

At a meeting of St. John's merchants week before last the price of cod fish was advanced, and is now quoted per quintal:—Merchantable large, \$5; Merchantable small, \$4.00 to \$4.50; Mederia large, \$4.40; Mederia small, \$4.20; West India, \$3; cod oil, in hardwood casks, \$70 to \$78 per ton; in soft wood casks, \$80 to \$76 per ton.

At Cleveland, Ohio, on 11th inst., Schnepf, a Bohemian, taking his two children, Emma and Joan, 4 and 3 years, into the cellar of their home, killed them by shooting them in the temple. The children had been gagged to prevent an outcry. Schnepf then went to the cemetery where his wife, who died a year ago, is buried, and shot himself in the head. His wound is not believed to be fatal.

James Fielding, for years cashier of the Imperial Oil Company of Montreal, was arraigned before Judge Choquet on a charge of stealing \$71 from the company. This sum does not nearly represent the aggregate stealings of Fielding. He admits having embezzled \$3,000 of the company's money and an investigation of his books is being made before he receives his sentence. He had absolutely nothing to say when arraigned except in answer to the charge he replied: "I am guilty."

Seventy dwellings in San Marcial, 80 miles south of Albuquerque, New Mexico, have been wrecked by the floods of the past week and there is great suffering and destitution. The plight of the Mexican people in the surrounding valley is terrible, and hundreds must starve unless immediate help is furnished from the outside. The Santa Fe announces that it will require two weeks to restore train service between Albuquerque and El Paso.

The gale of Saturday and Sunday created havoc along the Newfoundland coast. Eleven schooners, so far, have been reported ashore, and much fishing property along the seaboard has also been destroyed. It is feared that other vessels have foundered. Anxiety is felt for the steamer Virginia Lake, of the Labrador mail line, which is several days overdue. She has on board several hundred men returning home, the fishery season being over.

The St. John Sun says:—The bank of Nova Scotia has embarked upon a vigorous campaign of moral reform among its staff. The last effort in the form of a circular issued from the head office to all the branches, forbidding any employe under twenty-one years of age using tobacco in any form. The rules apply not only to office hours, but is supposed to be adhered to at all times. This is a rather unusual step, and the managers of the other banks are inclined to regard it with a smile. Nevertheless it is thought to be a wise and commendable regulation.

The Liverpool Post, speaking of Liverpool as a fruit distributive center, says: "This season's first arrivals of Nova Scotia apples have brought phenomenal prices, realizing 24 shillings a barrel, best grades. The first steamer brought 54,000 bushels. The increased popularity of these apples proves that they are taking precedence over the English. In addition to the quality being exceptionally good they are put up in barrels, and can be depended upon. In consequence of the large home and foreign crops, Canadian or American apples must be sold cheaply on the other side if they are to compete with English fruit this season."

At Chatham, Mass., on 13th, driven down the coast by a north-east storm, the Nova Scotian schooner Wentworth was thrown upon Chatham bar and smashed to pieces in the terrific surf. It is believed that not a soul on board survived. At 7 o'clock next morning the body of a woman was dragged out of the breakers by the Government life savers, who had been waiting on the beach powerless to aid since the vessel went on the bar. At 8 o'clock another body, that of a man, was recovered. It is believed that the ill-fated vessel carried a crew of at least eight men, besides her skipper, Captain Priddle, his wife and three children. The Wentworth was a three-masted schooner, owned in Windsor, N. S., and was bound from Hillsboro, N. B., to New York, with a load of plaster.

The British Minister, Sir Ernest Satow, has notified the Chinese Minister of Foreign Affairs of an uprising in Tamingsu and Chantefu,

on the border of Shan Tung, Chi Li and Honan provinces. The uprising has ten thousand adherents. The foreign missionaries are seeking refuge. Yuan Sahi Kai, Viceroy of the province of Chi Li, has given orders for the suppression of the uprising. Trouble is apprehended in the province of Honan, where the officials are presumed to be ultra conservative. General Ma, military governor of the province of Chi Li, reports that the Mohammedans are showing symptoms of rebellion and that the Russians are attempting to complicate the situation by despatching troops for the protection of Russian subjects. The Minister of Foreign Affairs has entered a protest and has requested that the Russian troops be recalled.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., on the 14th inst. was started by a shocking murder on one of the public streets, the victim being Lillian Warren, aged thirty-five or forty years, a seamstress of that City, who was found with her head battered in and several ghastly wounds on her throat and neck. Lying beside the body was a blood stained axe, with which the crime had been committed. The horrible tragedy was committed during a heavy rain storm, and just at a time when the City was enveloped in darkness. Pownell Street, a short distance from the City Hospital, was the scene of the crime. Miss Warren, who bore an excellent reputation, was returning from her work, when she was struck down by the assassin, who had evidently lain in wait for his victim. The blows which were inflicted upon the helpless woman must have been dealt by a powerful man, as the skull was crushed in, and the neck cut half way through. Two arrests were made but no definite clew has been obtained at time of writing.

Among the Advertisers.

Hot beef tea at Bonner's, 5 cents a cup. Shoes promptly and neatly repaired at N. K. Cunningham's. WANTED, experienced stableman. Apply to T. J. Sears, Lochaber. Our new onions are in. Lots of 10 lbs. and upwards, 3c per lb. Bonner's grocery. FOUND, on the 12th inst., in Town, a sum of money. Owner will apply at Foster's drug store. Don't forget that Owen Smily, Canada's greatest laugh producer, will be at College Hall, Saturday night. Don't fail to see the Seven Sutherland Sisters at Henry's Drug Store, commencing Monday, Oct. 24th. Found, between South River and St. Andrew's, a sum of money. Owner will apply to C. J. Chisholm, Lower South River. FOUND at Tracadie, about a mile from shore, a two-masted whaleboat. Owner will apply to Abraham Myatt, merchant, Tracadie. Shoes neatly repaired while you wait, by A. D. McDonald, at rear of D. J. McDonald's store, corner of Main and Court Streets.

DEATHS

At Margaree Harbor, C. B., on Monday, the 10th inst., after a brief illness of diabetes, LEO DAVID, son of M. A. GUNN, aged six years. The gratitude of the afflicted parents is extended to neighbors and relatives who helped by their sympathy to mitigate the burden of their sorrow.

Valuable Farm for Sale.

The subscriber offers for sale that very desirable farm occupied by him at Williams Point. The property consists of 100 acres of excellent land, a large portion of which is under cultivation and the balance well wooded and watered. It is situated about 2 1/2 miles from Antigonish. There are on the property a good house, two commodious barns, an ice-house and carriage-house, all in good repair.

30 head of cattle, 2 horses, 25 sheep, a large quantity of farming implements, wagons, carts, etc., and of hay, grain and root crops.

For particulars apply to JOHN McDONALD, (John's son), Williams Point, October 18th, 1904.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Skinner's Cove Works" will be received at this office until Thursday, November 10, 1904, in-clusively, for the cutting of a channel and protection works at Skinner's Cove, Pictou County, Province of Nova Scotia, according to a plan and a specification to be seen at the office of E. G. Millidge, Resident Engineer, Antigonish, N. S., on application to the Postmaster at River John, N. S., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers. An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, for twelve hundred dollars (\$1,200), must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party tendering declines the contract or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, FRED GELINAS, Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, October 10, 1904.

Crown Tailoring Co.

Don't forget that The Crown Tailoring Co. is still to the fore with the latest Cloths for Suits, Overcoats and Frocks, etc. Cheaper than the cheapest. The best dressed people in Canada get their clothes made by the Crown Tailoring Co.

J. C. CHISHOLM, Agent, Main St., Antigonish.

NOTICE.

Farmers having Hams belonging to the New England Dressed Meat and Wool Co. are requested to bring them in to F. R. Trotter's Barn, Monday, Oct. 24th. HASTINGS & MAHONEY.

Acknowledgments.

- P F Webb, Harbor au Bonche, \$2 00
Angus D McPherson, Pleasant Valley, 1 00
Dan McRae, Malignant cove, 1 00
D A McPherson, Springfield, 1 00
A McGillivray, McAras Brook, 1 00
John Abriel, Pope's Harbor, 2 00
Stephen McDonald, Monk's Head, 1 00
Lauchlin McIsaac, Giant's Lake, 1 00
Dr A A McDonald, Roxbury, 1 00
Duncan McDonald, Antigonish, 1 00
E S McDonald, Fraser's Grant, 1 00
Donald McDonald, S Side Harbor, 2 00
Mrs D D Chisholm, North Grant, 2 00
M McLellan, Big Marsh, 1 00
Rod J Chisholm, Glassburn, 50
James McDonald, Maryvale, 1 00
Mrs James Purcell, Antigonish, 2 00
Jos Pettipas, A Bon Station, 1 00
Jos J McIntosh, Glace Bay, 1 00
A R McDonald, Albany, 1 00
Sr M Gertrude, Roxbury, 1 00
Rev J C Lafabre, Dominion Creek, 25
Mrs Chas Kennedy, New York, 1 00
Rev J W Brown, Halifax, 1 00
Mrs Mary Chisholm, Eureka, 1 00
Mrs Annie Mace, Sulphur Creek, 1 00
Dr. Alexander, Brookings, 1 00
Mrs L McIsaac, Lock Haven, 2 00
A D McDonald, Costello, 2 00
Rev Sr St Mary Genevieve, Huntigton, 1 00
Urban Monbourequetto, Lower L'Ardoise, 1 00
A C Sutton, Bayfield, 1 00
John T McIsaac, Glassburn, 1 00
Postmaster, Morvan, 1 00
James J Grant, Harbor, 1 00
Angus B McGillivray, Dunmaglass, 1 00
Alex McDonald, Syivan Valley, 1 00
Walter Carroll, Brookings, 1 00
Angus Campbell, Maryvale, 1 00
John R McDonald, Cambridge, 1 00
Collin Fraser, Mulgrave, 1 00
John McDoogall, Big Marsh, 2 00
Nellie McKenzie, Boston, 5 00
John J McDonald, Williams Point, 1 00
Rev John M Devcan, Salmon River, 3 00
M Boston, Galena, 4 00
Peter Gillis, Gillis Lake, 2 00
Neil McKenzie, Caledonia Mines, 1 00
P L McGillivray, Roman Valley, 1 00
Jeremiah Nolan, Truro, 1 00
Willie J McDonald, Roxbury, 1 00
Malcolm McTormack, Boisdale, 1 00
D Smith, Pictou, 1 00
Duncan McIntosh, Lower South River, 1 00
Lauchlin J McDonald, Heatherston, 1 00
Christopher J Chisholm, Summerisle, 1 00
C E Hamilton, Halifax, 1 00
Mary J Chisholm, Boston, 2 00
Mrs C Gregory, Antigonish, 1 00
Mrs Chas Kearney, Florenceville, 1 00
Michael Murphy, Bayfield, 3 00
Wm Stropie, Afton, 2 00
L J McIsaac, Sydney, 2 00
Alexander McDonald, Portland, 1 00
Mrs Jos McDonald, Fraser's Grant, 1 00
Sr St Henry, Oka, 1 00
Daniel McKinnon, West Merigomish, 1 00
Andrew Chisholm, Caledonia Mills, 1 00
Dan J McDonald, Harbor, 1 00
Angus McGillivray, Caledonia Mills, 25
J J McDonald, Kensington, 1 00
John H McDonald, Knoydatt, 1 00
Peter J Webb, Hyde Park, 1 00
Angus Cameron, McPherson's P O, 2 00
Arch J Chisholm, Glassburn, 1 00
Martin Durkin, Whitney Pier, 1 00
Joseph Gillis, Soldier's Cove, 1 00
Mary McDonald, Beverley Farms, 1 00
Dr J J Cameron, Antigonish, 4 00

Highest price paid in cash for hides and skins at Bonner's.

WANTED.

A Boy to learn General Blacksmithing must be of good habits. Apply to A. D. McDonald, Maryvale.

NOTICE.

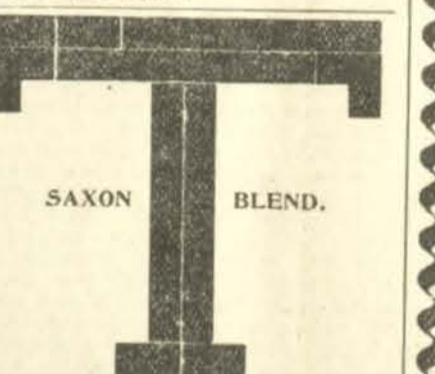
To whom it may concern: From this date on I will not be responsible for any stock bought by T. Buckley of Sydney.

HARRY SAMUELS. Glace Bay, Oct. 7th, 1904.

TAXES! TAXES.

Collectors of County Rates are requested to make prompt collections and returns to the Treasurer, as funds are required to meet urgent demands.

HUGH McLELLAN, Warden. F H McPHIE, Mun. Treas. Antigonish, Oct. 12, 1904.



SAXON BLEND

is the best Tea on the market.

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

Price wholesale, half and whole chests, : : :

21 1/2 c.

Quality Guaranteed. If not as we say return it.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AT

BONNER'S.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE. HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO. Paid-Up Capital, \$8,700,000 Reserve Fund, \$3,000,000. 110 Branches in Canada, the United and England. A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED. SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT. Deposits of \$1 and upwards received, and interest allowed at current rates. Interest added to the deposit twice in each year, at the end of May and November. The depositor is subject to no delay whatever in the withdrawal of the whole or any portion of the deposit. ANTIGONISH BRANCH. H. JEMMETT, Manager.

FALL and WINTER SUITS and OVERCOATS. Call and inspect our stock of Fall and Winter Suits and Overcoats and see what we are doing for the coming winter. In Overcoats we are showing the finest line in town, ranging in price from \$7.50 to \$18.00.

SEE OUR Mansfield Belted Overcoat with storm sleeve. This coat is a novelty and workmanship is superior to any we have ever handled. We invite your most careful inspection of this coat. For the modest dresser and other people we have a large range to select from, in Frieze, English, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds, at prices to suit everybody.

OUR Picadilly Brand Suits are made by one of the leading Clothiers in Canada. This is the line of goods that we handle and are anxious to sell, because we know what we are selling when we fit you to a Picadilly Brand Suit. We guarantee every suit we sell to be of the best quality, fit and workmanship. WE ASK THE MOTHERS TO CALL and see our line of Boys' Winter Suits, Overcoats and Reefers. This line is the largest we have ever shown. We know that if we have an opportunity of showing you our high grade clothing we shall make a pleased customer of you.

CHISHOLM, SWEET & CO. Oct. 10, 1904.

No other Soap has ALL the qualities of **Baby's Own**



King Baby Reigns!

Baby's Own Soap

Pure, Fragrant, Cleansing

The best for delicate skins

Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfs.

MONTREAL.

STANTON'S PAIN RELIEF

An INTERNAL and EXTERNAL Remedy for the immediate Relief and Cure of

Rheumatism, Cramps, Colics, Sore Throat, Diarrhæa, Faceache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, Neuralgia, Lumbago, etc., etc.

This is an internal and external Family Remedy, carefully calculated for general use, and should be kept in every household and in every traveller's grip-sack—do not overlook the fact that immediate attention to any ailment will save serious trouble, worry and expense. When a medical man is not at hand STANTON will do the work.

Soothe you and give you instant relief.

For sale everywhere. Price, 25 cts per bottle.

McGALÉ'S Buffernut PILLS
Cures Habitual Constipation,
Torpid Liver, Sick Headache.

For sale everywhere, 50c per box or by mail on receipt of price.

Sole Proprietors, THE WINGATE CHEMICAL Co. Limited, Montreal, Canada.

INVERNESS IMPERIAL HOTEL,
INVERNESS, C. B.

New House. Airy Rooms. Nice Sea View. Bath Room, Hot and Cold Water. Sample Rooms and Stabling in connection.

L. J. MacEachern, Prop.

WOOL! WOOL!

A large quantity of wool wanted for which highest prices will be paid.

I have a well selected assortment of
NOVA SCOTIA TWEEDS,
(made from native wool)

English and Scotch Tweeds,
Worsted and Panting.

—ALSO—

BLANKETS, RUGS, ETC., ETC.

I also carry a large stock of

Ready-Made Clothing,

which I offer cheap for cash or in exchange for wool. Get my prices before disposing of your wool elsewhere.

THOMAS SOMERS. NOTICE.

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

C. ERNEST GREGORY,
Collector of Miss Alice Whelan.

SPECULATION VS. INVESTMENT.

If you pay hard earned money for tuition in some schools, you may well speculate as to the returns you will get:

BUT money paid to us to MARITIME-TRAIN you, is a wise investment, and brings sure returns.

KAULBACH & SCHURMAN,
Chartered Accountants.

Maritime Business College,
HALIFAX, N. S.

Farm for Sale.

THE valuable farm at Salt Springs, Antigonish, known as the Stevenson farm. It is situated along the Main Road and but two miles from the Town of Antigonish. It consists of 150 acres of the finest farming land with good dwelling, barns and outbuildings. Thirty five acres is intervale, forty acres pasture, twenty acres woodland, balance under cultivation.

For further particulars and terms apply to
C. E. GREGORY, Barrister,
Antigonish.

Be sure to get Cowan's. Sold by grocer

Cowan's Cocoa and Chocolate

Confectioners also have them, buy the best.

The Modern Child.

Born scientifically,
Studied terrifically,
Clothed very carefully,
Dieted sparsely,
Aired systematically,
Bathed most emphatically,
Played with quite drearily,
Punished Spencerially,
Sweet infantilly,
Slept in gentilly,
Santa Claus banished,
Mother Goose vanished,
Where are the babies,
The real human babies,
The olden time knew!

Harnessed scholastically,
Drilled superdrastically,
Cultured prodigiously,
Lectured religiously,
Classified rigidly,
Reasoned with frigidly,
Loved analytically,
Listened to critically,
Dosed with the "ologies,"
Rushed through the colleges,
Crammed pedagogically,
"Finished" most logically,
Where is the childhood,
The fresh, happy childhood,
The olden time knew!

Children successively
Rearred thus aggressively,
Posing eternally,
Wearied infernally,
Planned for initially,
"Formed" artificially,
Will they submit to it?
Never cry "Quit!" to it!
Will not analysis
Stop from paralysis?
Fill our distraction
Ende with reaction,
Brings back childhood,
The bright, careless childhood,
The olden time knew!

—James F. Morton, jr., in Life.

The National Pilgrimage to Lourdes.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE AVE MARIA.)

The storm of persecution raging over France did not spare Lourdes, and the enemies of the Church loudly boasted of prohibiting this year's pilgrimage. The material prosperity of that Pyrenean region, however, is so dependent on the sanctuary that Premier Combes was compelled to allow Our Lady's worshippers to pray unmolested at the Grotto. Dr. Boissarie declared that up to the 19th of August there had been fifty-four trains more than at the same date last year. Thus the National Pilgrimage took place with its accustomed splendor,—nay, with increased faith and enthusiasm.

Almighty God mercifully granted many a request. One of the first in date and importance was the cure—almost a resurrection—of a Franciscan nun residing at Rue Dombasle, Paris. Sister Anne-Marie, aged twenty-five, belongs to a congregation of nurses of the poor. These Sisters accomplish much good in the working district of Vaugirard, and are beloved by the suffering poor, who look upon them as real ministering angels. Needless to say, their task is wearing.

Sister Anne-Marie, after a series of night-watches in June, 1903, began to suffer from irritation of the stomach and loss of appetite. On the 10th of November, just after dinner, she was seized with violent stomachic pains, like the plunging of a knife, accompanied by a severe fit of retching. Later on, November 24, there came a vomiting of black blood, a symptom that returned frequently, the blood flowing sometimes in considerable quantities. The stomach rejected all food, the Sister's only means of sustenance being a little vegetable broth. Dr. Doury, who attended her, diagnosed an ulcer of the stomach, and advised that she be examined by the celebrated surgeon, Dr. Le Bec. The latter deemed an operation urgent, and said that the patient, whose emaciation and weakness were extreme, must be taken without delay to the Catholic Hospital Saint Joseph.

Sister Anne-Marie, in her terrible suffering, put all her hope in the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. The National Pilgrimage was at hand: this would be her chance. Dr. Doury, seeing her so often in a swoon, strongly disapproved of the plan; and the superior, half shaken by the medical man's arguments, reluctantly gave permission to the dear sufferer to set out.

On Wednesday, August 17, the sick nun was conveyed to the Orleans depot on a mattress and carefully placed in a third-class car—like all the other sick,—with three Sisters to attend her. The parting from the rest of the community who had come to see her off was really affecting. As she feebly waved her hand in sign of adieu, the train moved on, and the nuns remained weeping on the platform, fearing they should never again see their gentle companion alive. Her death seemed so imminent that her nurses took with them everything necessary for such an emergency. No sooner had the "White Train" steamed off than the superior, fearing a fatal issue, reproached herself bitterly for not having gone herself to assist her spiritual child, and she could not resist taking the next train.

On arriving at Lourdes, she saw the three nurses without the invalid, and thought she was dead. No, not dead, but cured! The journey, though broken at Poitiers, had been one long agony, the exhausted patient fainting away continually; she was just alive on reaching Lourdes, Saturday, August 20, and was immediately carried upon her mattress to the Grotto, and then to the piscina. During the procession in the afternoon she lay almost inanimate. Just as the Blessed Sacrament passed before her, the Sister felt an excruciating pain in her stomach, lasting about two minutes, followed by a delightful sensation of relief, and at the same moment a desire for food. She rose to her feet, and, after being bedridden for several months, found herself able to walk.

She returned to the hospital, where she ate a hearty meal of meat and vegetables, which was digested without the slightest difficulty. Sister Anne-Marie enjoyed a night of calm sleep, an ineffable blessing after her long sufferings. Next morning, Sunday, she took a substantial breakfast;

and, feeling like another person, she presented herself at the Examination Office. The doctors found no trace of the malady,—nothing left of the sickness save the extraordinary emaciation of the frame.

She followed all the ceremonies of the pilgrimage, and returned to Paris on the 24th. When the train entered the depot at a slackened pace, there she stood at the carriage door, self-possessed and smiling. When the nuns came to greet the *miraculee*, beheld the one they had prayed for so fervently, they gave a great cry of joy and rushed forward to see the wonder they could scarcely credit.

The procession of Sunday, August 21, was also marked by several notable cures. The Blessed Sacrament was carried by the Abbé L'Etourneau, curé of Saint Sulpice, Paris. The sick lay upon their litters appealing to the God of the Eucharist, while the rain fell in torrents upon their wretchedness. According to the custom at Lourdes, the priest stopped before each of the *grands malades* (desperate cases); and just as he lowered the monstrance over a poor paralytic woman, whose head the ladies in attendance (voluntary nurses) raised slightly, the patient suddenly sprang to her feet and walked. The venerable priest was so overcome that his hands trembled, and as soon as the sacred function was over he hurried to the Bureau des Constatations.

The favored woman was there, facing an assembly of some thirty physicians, headed by Dr. Boissarie and his devoted assistant, Dr. Cox. At their command she walked quite freely, bending and extending each limb as they bade her. The following is her story, signed by Dr. Pruvost, August 10, 1904:

"Madame Marguerite Codron, of Bourgour, Nord, aged thirty-two. Dr. Pruvost declares that he treated her for lesions of neuropathic origin, resulting in contraction of the lower limbs, with absolute impossibility to move them. This paralysis set in ten years ago, and for the last four years the patient has been unable to walk except on crutches. Up to this day her complaint has defied every kind of treatment."

In 1894 the young woman's health failed, owing to ill treatment on the part of a brutal husband. She suddenly lost the use of her left side, and very soon fell into the sad condition above described, dragging herself on crutches, her feet crossed one over the other. The very moment the monstrance was lowered she felt a sharp pain and cracking of her bones. She then rose unimpeded from her bath chair, followed the Blessed Sacrament with a firm step, and knelt down among the enthusiastic crowd, crying: "God be praised! God's holy name be praised!" All pain had vanished. She took part in the torchlight procession which lasted two hours; and later on she, who hitherto could scarcely retain any solid or liquid food except champagne, ate like a person in sound health. On Monday morning she said: "This is the first time I have breakfasted these ten years."

The lady who bathed her in the piscina relates a touching incident that may have rendered Marguerite Codron very pleasing to God. The poor stricken creature prayed with ardent faith, but not for herself. She implored the cure of a fellow-patient, a neighbor in the ward at the Hospital des Sept Douleurs, whose sufferings excited her compassion. God loves a generous heart.

Among the medical men present were several distinguished members of the profession, eager to see the marvels always wrought at a National Pilgrimage. We make specific mention of Dr. Bérillon, editor of the *Revue de l'Hypnotisme*, an adept in psychotherapy. He had come in a hostile spirit, but was forced to admit the absence of suggestion at Lourdes. "For an excellent reason," he said, "you don't know how to hypnotize." On several occasions Dr. Bérillon exposed his theories at the Investigation Office before the assembled doctors. He affirmed that ordinary physicians never have recourse to psychological agents; this was their great mistake, and showed their ignorance of the art of curing. Emotion and the resisting power of the spirit contribute much to restore health, and can even affect the cure. He concluded by citing a personal example.

The Abbé Bertrin asked leave to put a few questions to the skeptic scientist.

"Do you recognize, Doctor, that there occur here very extraordinary and unquestionably authentic facts?"

"Oh, certainly I do!"

"Is there not absolutely good faith on the part of those who examine these facts?"

"Most assuredly. I even admit that I expected to find here a theatrical display, which is totally absent. You just let things go; you do not help them in the least. So far as the medical certificates stating the malady and the cure are concerned, the sincerity of these documents is undeniable and their accuracy complete. Only there remains the explanation of these facts, and here we differ."

"Permit me, Doctor, to record, and to state before your *confrères* the avowal you have just made: there is no cheating, no voluntary inaccuracy, no aim at effect to act upon the imagination of the sick. It is quite clear you admit that. But you apparently wish to explain the cures obtained by the power of the emotions, and you bring up your own experience. What have you related as the result of your theory of emotion and suggestion? One case only,—a case of constipation. Now, here we can show many more conclusive cases. Can you say upon what diseases your method of suggestion may act? Can it, for instance, shut up instantaneously a wound of thirty centimeters, as has happened here?"

"Oh, no, not that!"

"Then how do you explain it?"

"I don't explain it."
"Ah, but you must explain it! A fact stands before you; in the name of science, you must endeavor to find an explanation, or admit at least that science is unable to furnish it. Now, Doctor, tell me candidly if you know of any agent, physical or moral, able to heal instantaneously a wound of thirty centimeters?"

"I know of none."
"Thank you! That is precisely what we wanted to ascertain."
Dr. Bérillon, nevertheless, kept to his theory of the power of suggestion, going so far as to affirm that Napoleon had stopped an epidemic by hypnotizing his army; whereupon a military surgeon of high rank objected that he had lived many years in the army and had never witnessed anything of the kind. He himself had experimented with the method without any appreciable result.

Dr. Bérillon furthermore maintained that paludine fevers were perfectly curable by suggestion.

"Well, Doctor," observed the Abbé, "you have an excellent opportunity of proving your theory in France. The region of Rochefort is afflicted with these fevers. I don't propose that you yourself should go to the place; but send five or six of your pupils. Let them hypnotize the district; and if they succeed in checking the permanent epidemic, they will have rendered an immense service to humanity and to the *Revue de l'Hypnotisme*."

"You are jesting, Monsieur l'Abbé. You are aware we can operate only upon chosen subjects. You, too, select your subjects here."

"Doctor, let me show you how it is. When the National Pilgrimage left Paris the other day, nine names were missing from the list of sick admitted. These nine sick had died. If there be any selection, it is in favor of dying persons. In reality there is no choice, either of the diseases (excluding contagious and nervous affections) or of the invalids."

"Well, so much the worse. You might have more cures if you chose the patients."

"Doctor, that would not be acting honestly toward the public. But if we choose otherwise than you, we have not at all the same means of curing."

"Then, taking them all at hazard, you must have a terrible death-roll."

"You shall have the facts, Doctor. Upon ten thousand sick conveyed by the National Pilgrimage during the last ten years, and sojourning here thirty days (three days each year), we have registered twenty deaths, an average lower than in any hospital; and yet we must take into account the great fatigue of the journey."

Dr. Bérillon, visibly annoyed, asserted that journeys were favorable to the sick. The other physicians present protested the contrary. As he insisted again upon the therapeutic virtue of suggestion, the Abbé Bertrin observed:

"You yourself are well aware of the limited action of that power. Allow me to quote the words of the greatest hypnotizer of the world, the head of the school of Nancy, far bolder, as you know, than the school of the Salpêtrière, Paris, founded by Charcot. Dr. Bernheim, one of the chief contributors to your review, declares that suggestion does not kill microbes, does not vivify tubercles, does not heal ulceration of the stomach; and, furthermore, suggestions can act only upon functional disorders: it remains powerless upon the organic evolution of diseases. Is not this clear? From the very words of the most determined partisan of suggestion, the method can do nothing for lesions; in particular he mentions the round ulcer of the stomach. The young nun that was in this hall a few minutes ago had a similar disease; she vomited blood for eight months. The ulcer was healed instantaneously, and the invalid so perfectly restored to health that she is able to eat and digest all kinds of food."

The foregoing discussion took place in presence of about twenty physicians, five or six politicians, three priests, and two ladies, one of American birth. The audience warmly expressed their admiration of the Abbé's courteous but logically irresistible argument.

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(Signed)

JOSEPH H. GENTLES.

Dartmouth, N. S., Sept. 15th, 1904.

The leading baker in Annapolis, says:

This is to certify that I have used considerable quantities of "Royal Household" flour during the present year and find it to be a good article indeed; suitable for family purpose in all the requirements of bread, biscuit and pastry. I regard it as equal to any flour on the market. It is the best hard wheat flour for pastry that I have ever used.

(Signed)

R. P. SAUNDERS.

Annapolis, N. S., Sept. 12, 1904.

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HALIFAX, N. S.

Women who Toil in American Factories.

Charles Coppers, S. J., in Men and Women. Continued from last issue.

The fifth conclusion applies to sensible, good men who are fathers of families; but there is a vast multitude of young men who are as bad as the young women, and often worse; however they are not found in the factories, for they will do no hard work at all. It will scarcely be questioned that the number of depraved young men is greater than that of depraved young women. But the question which it concerns the whole country to study is: What has filled the land with such multitudes of young people who live for pleasure without any serious thought of solemn duty; whose ideal in life is independence, personal enjoyment, and general egotism? What education have those boys and girls received? They know how to read, write, and cipher to some extent; they have a smattering of all that is taught in the common schools, and many have gone through high school or college. The vast majority of them are the ripe and legitimate fruit of the public school system; they are the logical outcome of the principles practically inculcated by it; namely, of eagerness to have money, love of amusement and show, independence, liberty of thought, neglect of religious observances. "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" This is the danger which "alarmists" foretold when they asked, "whither are we drifting?" This is the evil condition of social life which answers our question, "Where are we?"

Mrs. Harrison writes: "We in England have nothing that will quite compare with this picture of American working girls' life; but there are indications not a few that the tide is setting that way, though perhaps in classes above the workers." The reason of the difference between England and America is obvious: England has not had the irreligious system of education that America has now been fostering for at least two generations. The English system is far from perfection, but it is much better than ours; and the remedy the English critic suggests is the further improvement of education. She writes: "What can we do to avert a very real danger from the Commonwealth? The remedy must, we believe, be found, not in any economic shibboleth, but in a sounder education, in nobler ideals, in truer conceptions of woman's work in the world, in a deeper sense of social duty."

A "sounder education" is called for as the sovereign remedy; "nobler ideals" depend upon a sounder education; so do "truer conceptions of woman's work in the world;" so does "a deeper sense of social duty." This sounder education is the real remedy; without it, nothing will remove the evils now deplored; by it the character of the rising generation can be indefinitely ameliorated. If the factory girls had received a sounder education, most of them would not be guided by the motives which lead so many to the ruinous life of the factory; namely, the craving for pleasure as the highest good, and for luxury and independence. The same false tastes lead so many other girls and boys to the haunts of vice; and the same passions lead one-half of the rising generation in America, girls and boys, rich and poor alike, to the pursuit of a life of pleasure, excitement, and independence, shirking the serious duties of fatherhood and motherhood, permanent marriage itself, every steady avocation, and the quiet performance of domestic duties.

Many books could be filled with facts and authorities to support our twofold charge of increasing crime among the young, and the worthlessness of our public system of education to check that crime. The quotation of a few recent utterances will not be amiss. Last December 5, Judge Horton said before the Hamilton Club of Chicago, that 50 per cent. of the crime in that city was committed by boys and young men; and to suggest its real cause, he added: "What moral instruction are boys who attend our public school receiving? Were not the car-barn handits graduates from our public schools?" The Chicago Inter-Ocean for December 6, said: "public schools are a breeding-place for anarchists, according to the statement of Principal W. H. Campbell, of the Wentworth School, at a meeting of the George Howland Club yesterday afternoon at the Chicago Athletic Club. 'There are coming out of the public schools to-day a great mass of anarchists,' he declared, to the astonishment of the teachers present." And when he was challenged for proof, the paper goes on to say that he was ready with facts to support his charge.

The Chicago Evening News quotes Father Gill's discourse at the funeral of a brave officer of the police who had died at the post of duty. Father Gill in speaking of such education as is given in the public schools: "What causes this state of things to exist?" he asks. "If you want a fine penman and an expert accountant, you can find him behind the bars of our State prison at Joliet. If you want a man skilled in banking or in mercantile pursuits of any kind, you can find him in Joliet. I believe that there is the best educated class in the State within a given space, within our State prison. This is also true in other States. It is the heart and soul which must be rectified if these crimes are to be stopped."

The sounder education is not needed in the primary schools only, in which the lower classes are reared to little else than money-making, while they are inspired with ambition to rise in the world and enjoy all the luxuries

of the rich. It is needed as well in the high schools, which form the middle classes; in the colleges, where the comparatively few are trained to elegance and refinement of taste; in the universities, in which are fashioned the leaders of men, the future presidents, governors, statesmen of every rank, editors of papers and magazines, authors of learned works, lawyers, physicians, scientists, heads of gigantic monopolies, orators and poets, all, in fact, whose minds and morals will determine for weal or woe the current of human life in this and other countries. Two generations ago all the colleges and Universities in the United States, with very few exceptions, were foundations made by religious men for religious purposes; their presidents and most of their professors were clergymen; the atmosphere was religious; and most of the pupils came to them from religious homes, with early religious training and religious associations. All this is changed now; the change has been rapid and sweeping along all the lines of influence. Now agnosticism, materialism, and practical infidelity reign supreme in the vast majority of the establishments of elementary, secondary, and higher education throughout the land.

The State universities, high schools, and district schools set the pace of purely secular, which often meant agnostic and infidel, education, and the private universities and colleges, even the oldest and formerly most religious, have, as a rule, fallen into line with them in their blind rush for superiority in numbers and popularity. President Harper lately wrote an article for the new religious journal *Christendom*, on "The Increase of Infidelity in the Colleges," in which he gave a sad description of this spread of irreligion. The greater number of the students, he says, take no interest whatever in religion. Those even who come from good Christian homes and were church-members in their early years, by the time they have finished their studies, have lost most of their religious spirit. The experience of Catholics is just the same: few of their children who attend secular colleges or universities continue to practice their religion; the agnostic atmosphere there is a fatal to piety and virtue.

It can not be repeated too often that morality without religion is but a house built upon the sand, that will not stand the winds and waters of severe temptation. Usually mere secular education will build up no moral structure at all; it will only gild the clay statue of corrupt human nature; respectability and decorum are the only objects aimed at by most professors and pupils in such institutions. This accounts for the characteristic qualities which the ladies Van Vorst point out in the American factory girl; she does not get her greed for pleasure and independence in the factory; but she comes to the factory with that greed fully developed by her former education; she comes for money to satisfy her hunger for what is vile. Such evil desires can not be restrained but by a religious training; duty must rule desire; and a sense of duty supposes regard for an unseen Rewarder of good and evil, the knowledge and practice of religion. Therefore a life of fidelity to duty requires a religious education.

True, President Roosevelt says in his preface to the book: "I do not know whether I most pity or most despise the foolish and selfish man or woman who does not understand that the only things really worth having in life are those the acquirement of which normally means cost and effort." He is right in this appreciation; but what efforts are those likely to make who have been educated to no sense of duty, but only to the love of pleasure and independence?

Crime has of late years been so multiplied in the midst of our magnificent material civilization, that it is become a serious study of statesmen and philanthropists to find how it may be diminished, or at least prevented from further increase.

The account of one meeting in particular is most suggestive. At the annual conference of the Prison Association held at Austin, Texas, on Dec. 2, 1897, it was authoritatively stated that our prisons are full and more are needed. The conviction was forced upon the members that their largest hope and best work in the future must be in keeping men out of prison. How to do this was the question ably discussed by General Brinkeroff, president of the National Association. He advocated the revolutionizing of our educational system from top to bottom as something absolutely necessary, "so that good morals, good citizenship, and ability to earn an honest living, shall be its primary purpose, instead of intellectual culture, as heretofore." "Away with the clamour for secular schools," he said, "which is a device of the devil, or his equivalent, for Godless schools."

General Brinkeroff contends that education without religion explains the rapid increase of crime in our country; and statistics support the contention. He said: "I want to put it on record with all the emphasis I can command that, if we are to make any large progress in the reformation of criminals, or in the prevention of crime, or in the betterment of mankind, we must utilize more fully than we have hitherto done the religious element which is inherent in the universal heart of man."

Facts and reasonings like these are apt to make well-meaning men reflect seriously on the present situation and the threatening dangers of our common country. "Where are we?" we can not help admitting that we are not where we ought to be; we have drifted far away from the virtue and safety of our fathers and mothers. They were better men and women, youths and

maidens, than most of the present generation are. The cause of the visible decay is in the perverse education given for the last fifty years and more; the only remedy is in a return to the former manner of education, which was eminently religious.

Catholics have every reason to congratulate themselves on the good work they have done in behalf of religious education. There is scarcely in history a grander exhibit of devotion to this noble cause than the system of parochial schools, colleges, and universities built up and supported by Catholic effort and money, unaided by government support, all over the United States. There is nothing like this achievement either here or anywhere else. And if it be remembered that, within the last fifty or sixty years, Catholics have had to provide, and have provided, the finest church buildings in the land, the most substantial and most elegant, both in large cities and in ten thousand, smaller towns; if it be remembered that, meanwhile, they have enabled the Bishops to give a more thorough education to their clergy than is done by the other denominations; if it be remembered that all this has been accomplished by the willing contributions of the faithful, rich and poor, working on generously and steadily in the rivalry of mutual good will; if it be remembered, too, that all this time, they had been handicapped by the tax imposed on them for the building and supporting of the secular system of schools to which they can not in conscience send their own children, they feel convinced that the pages recording these results will be among the most glorious read in the history of the Church.

As a consequence, Catholics are reaping consoling fruits from all these labors and sacrifices. The condition of the Church in this land, whether as regards its material improvements, its mental eminence, its moral influence, the multitude of its societies, the commanding excellence of its clergy, the affection and devotedness of its laity—is a source of deep consolation, a thing of beauty in the sight of angels and of men.

If others will not co-operate with them in promoting religious education, then let them steadily look the fact in the face that religion is losing its hold on the country; after awhile there will be no Christianity left in the United States but that of the Catholic Church.

Eyes and Nose ran Water.—C. G. Archer, of Brewer, Maine, says: "I have had Catarrh for several years. Water would run from my eyes and nose for days at a time. About four months ago I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and since using the wonderful remedy I have not had an attack. It relieves in ten minutes." 20 cents.—17

His Hardships in the Wilds.

The late Archbishop Tache, shortly after his elevation to the bishopric of St. Boniface, Manitoba, in 1851, in writing to a friend, gives the following description of the manner of his life and habitation at that time. He was his own and only servant, and the playful and lighthearted way in which he speaks of vicissitudes and hardships which would have appalled most men, indicates his sterling character, and how fully he had devoted himself to the discharge of the duties of his ministry. His description runs as follows:

"My Episcopal palace is twenty feet in length, twenty in width and seven in height; it is built with logs cemented with mud, which, however, are not impermeable, for the wind and the rain and other atmospheric annoyances find easy access through its walls. Two windows of six small panes of glass lighten the principal apartment, and two pieces of parchment complete the rest of the luminary system. In this palace, though at first glance everything looks mean and diminutive, a character of neat grandeur nevertheless pervades the whole establishment. For instance, my secretary is no less a personage than a bishop, my 'violet-de-chambre' is also a bishop, my cook himself is sometimes a bishop. The illustrious employes have countless defects, but their attachment to my person endears them to me, and I cannot help looking at them without a feeling of satisfaction. When they grow tired of their domestic employments I put them all on the road, and going with them I strive to make them cheery."

"The entire household of His Lordship is en route, with two Indians and a half-breed who conducts a team of four dogs. The team is laden with cooking utensils, bedding, a wardrobe, a portable altar and its fittings, a food basket and other odds and ends. His Lordships puts on a pair of snow shoes which are from three to four feet in length, real episcopal pantoufles, perfectly adapted to the fine tissue of white carpet on which he has to walk, moving with more or less rapidity according to the muscular strength of the traveller. Towards evening this strength equals zero; the march is suspended, and the episcopal party is ordered to halt. An hour's labor suffices to prepare a mansion wherein His Lordship may repose till the next morning. The bright white snow is carefully removed and branches of trees are spread over the ground. They form the ornamental flooring of the new palace, the sky is its lofty roof, the moon and stars are its brilliant lamps, the dark pine forests on the boundless horizon are sumptuous wainscoting. The four dogs of the team are its sentinels; the wolves and the owls preside over the musical orchestra, hunger and cold give zest to the joy experienced at the sight of the preparations which are being made for the evening banquet

and the night's repose. The chilled and stiffened limbs bless the merciful warmth of the kindled pile to which the 'giants of the forest' have supplied abundant fuel.

"Having taken possession of their mansion, the proprietors partake of a common repast; the dogs are first served, then comes His Lordship's turn, his table is his knees, the table service consists of a pocket knife, a bowl, a tin plate, and a five-pronged fork, which is an old family heirloom. The Benedicite omnia opera is pronounced. Nature is too grand and beautiful in the midst even of all its trying rigors for us to forget its author; therefore, during these encampments our hearts become filled with thoughts that are solemn and overpowering. We feel it then to be our duty to communicate such thoughts to the companions of our journey, and to invite them to love Him by whom all these wonderful things we behold around us were made, and to give thanks to Him from whom all blessings flow. Having rendered our homage to God, Monseigneur's 'valet de chambre' removes from His Lordship's shoulders the overcoat which he has worn during the day, and extending it on the ground calls it a mattress, his cap, his mittens and his travelling bag pass in the darkness of the night for a pillow; two woollen blankets undertake the task of protecting the bishop from the cold of the night and of preserving the warmth necessary for his repose.

"Lest they should fail in such offices, Providence comes to their aid, by sending a kindly little layer of snow which spreads a protecting mantle, without distinction, over all alike. Beneath its white folds sleep tranquilly the prelate and his suite, reposing in their calm slumbers the fatigues of the previous day and gathering strength for the journey of to-morrow; never dreaming of the surprise that some spoiled child of civilization would experience if, lifting this snow mantle he found lying beneath it bishop, Indians, the four dogs of the team, etc."

That Cutting Acid that arises from the stomach and almost strangles, is caused by fermentation of the food in the stomach. It is a foretaste of indigestion and dyspepsia. Take one of Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets immediately after eating, and it will prevent distress and aid digestion. 60 in a box, 35 cents.—16

Those Worrying Piles!—One application of Dr. Agnew's Ointment will give you comfort. Applied every night for three to six nights and a cure is effected in the most stubborn cases of Blind, Bleeding, or Itching Piles. Dr. Agnew's Ointment cures Eczema and all itching and burning skin diseases. It acts like magic. 35 cents—15

The Potato of the Future.

The new potato is purplish-green in color, and is said to be so far superior to the common "Irish" tuber, both in flavor and in yield, that it is destined to drive all competitors out of the market. It comes from the banks of the Mercedes River, in Uruguay, and is probably the result of a happy horticultural accident. Claim is made that it is immune to the diseases that ordinarily afflict potatoes, but whether or not it can resist the operations of the predatory potato-bug is not stated.

There is no vegetable to the improvement of which more attention has been devoted than has been bestowed upon the potato. It has been mainly, however, for increasing the size of the tuber and to augment the yield. Flavor has been almost wholly ignored, and, as a consequence, the potatoes of to-day have less flavor than those which our grandfathers ate fifty years ago. Furthermore, all of the market varieties taste pretty much alike, whereas formerly there were recognizable differences.—Saturday Evening Post.

CANADIAN PACIFIC Montreal Express Palace Sleeper. Standard Coaches. And Colonist Sleepers. Halifax to Montreal Without Change. Dining Car Truro to Mattawamkeag. Leave Halifax 8.10 a. m. Daily, except Sunday. Arrive Montreal 8.35 a. m. Daily, except Monday. PACIFIC EXPRESS Leaves Montreal 9.40 a. m. Every Day for Manitoba, North West and Pacific Coast. PALACE SLEEPERS, STANDARD COACHES and COLONIST SLEEPERS EVERY DAY. TOURIST SLEEPERS Every Thursday and Sunday FROM MONTREAL FOR VANCOUVER. For particulars and Tickets write C. B. FOSTER, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N.B.

E. R. O. Ethiopian Rheumatic Oil CURES Rheumatism NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, INFLAMMATORY, MUSCULAR, LUMBAGO, GOUT, STIFF NECK, SPRAINS, SORE THROAT, ETC., ETC. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. PRICE 25 CTS. and 50 CTS.

COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS. For Hoarseness apply the same as for Sore Throat, taking the Syrup, as directed for coughs, etc. Make a cupful of honey or molasses with 1/2 teaspoonful of Pendleton's Panacea, stirring it each time before you take it. Take as often as you feel you require. No Cough Syrup ever made can equal it for stopping a cough, and none so cheap. No remedy should ever be taken that immediately stops the cough. PENDLETON'S PANACEA in the above form loosens the phlegm, makes coughing easy, and when the lungs are thoroughly healed, which is done in a very short time, the cough stops. Chills, Ague, Night Sweats, Wind around the Heart, Colic, Sleeplessness, Etc., Etc. Regular doses. A mild dose on going to bed, soothes the nerves and produces sleep. The only safe and positive cure for seasickness. Don't go on a journey, or keep house without it. A doctor always on hand for 25c.

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

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Roy Wanted—A. D. McDonald. Auction Sale—Mrs. Martin McDonald. Election Card—J. M. Crispo. Election Card—Hugh McLellan. Tenders Wanted—Fred Gellinas. Farm for Sale—John McDonald. Cattle, etc., for sale—John McDonald. Man Wanted—Queen City Glo. Company.

LOCAL ITEMS.

THREE POTATOES, weighing nine pounds, were grown by Allan J. McDonald, North River.

HIS LORDSHIP Judge Fraser on Friday last granted an order for judgment for the plaintiff with costs in the libel suit of McKinnon vs. Grant, tried last week.

THE MARRIAGE of Miss Stella Delorey, Antigonish, to Mr. Augustine Cooke, manager for the C. P. R. Tel. Co. at Sydney, is announced to take place on November 7th.

RECENTLY THE WARDENS of St. Andrew's parish presented Dr. McPherson of St. F. X. College with a purse containing \$120, as a recognition of his services to that parish since the death of their late pastor.

THREE MILE RACE.—In a three-mile race at North Sydney on Monday evening, John J. McMullin, the fast distance runner of St. Joseph's A. A. A., North Sydney, defeated Dan. McIsaac of Dunmore, Ant., by a lap.

R. D. KIRK, Antigonish, lost a valuable English thoroughbred colt on Monday. In attempting to jump a fence to escape from a dog that was chasing it, it became impaled on a picket, and sustained injuries which caused death in a short time.

INDOOR GAMES.—The third annual Electric Light Sports and Class Games will be held in the College rink on Friday evening, Oct. 28. The trophy was won by the class of '04 last year, and the competition for this trophy again promises to be very keen. Several new features are to be introduced this year, such as tug-of-war, gingerale race, etc., etc. The boys are training hard for the various events and a good evening's sport is assured.

FOOTBALL.—The New Glasgow football team played St. F. X. College on the A. A. A. grounds here on Thursday last. The game resulted in a win for St. F. X., score 5-0. The game was a good exhibition of football although fast playing in the back-line was made difficult in the latter part of the game by the falling rain. The aggregation from New Glasgow put up a strong game but they lacked the team work which results from continued practice. The Glace Bay team is expected here to play the College next week.

THE HAY from Quebec is beginning to arrive. Eight carloads have already been received, and advices state 25 carloads are en route. It appears to be of fairly good quality. The dealers in Quebec are meeting with difficulty in procuring the quantity needed, because of bad weather and the desire of farmers to prosecute their fall work, and we are informed for these reasons there is likelihood of an advance occurring in the price after the 2,000 tons contracted for are exhausted.

A BRANCH of the LEAGUE of the CROSS was formed at Salmon River Lakes, Guysboro Co., on Sept. 25th. It was named St. Thomas. The following are the officers for the first quarter: Pres., Thomas O'Neil; Vice-Pres., William F. Kennedy; Secretary, James T. Sullivan; Treasurer, Michael Long; Marshal, John Chisholm; Asst. Marshal, Joseph Lawlor; Doorkeeper, Frank Kelly; Managing Committee, Thomas McDonald, Patrick Flynn, Thomas McPherson, Willie O'Neil, Matthias Rogers; Investigating Com., Richard Long, Martin McDonald, Daniel Chisholm; Spiritual Adviser, Rev. D. J. Rankin.

ON MOTION of L. A. Lovett, Esq., Barrister, Halifax, Mr. W. F. Carroll of Margaree Forks, Inv. Co., was admitted to the Bar of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia, on Tuesday. Mr. Carroll is a graduate of St. F. X. College, Antigonish, and is also a graduate of the Dalhousie Law School, where he made a brilliant course, securing the degree of LL. B. last spring. Judge Russell, who heard the motion, highly complimented Mr. Carroll, remarking that if his career at the Bar be in keeping in brilliancy and diligence with his career in the Law School he predicted for him success of the highest order. This was the first motion heard by Judge Russell since his elevation to the Supreme Court Bench.

SMILY AT COLLEGE HALL.—Mr. Owen Smily, elocutionist, singer, ventriloquist, story teller and all-round fun-maker, will give an entertainment in College Hall, Saturday evening of this week, under the management of Mr. R. J. McAdam, manager of the Sydney theatre, and a former student of St. F. X. Smily is without doubt one of the best entertainers on the stage to-day and his versatility is remarkable. He never repeats and is always bright and original. Crowded houses have been the rule with Smily this year, and we feel sure that College Hall will be packed on Saturday night. Doors will be opened at eight and entertainment will begin at half-past eight, in order to accommodate business men. Don't fail to hear Smily, for he is the best Antigonish will see this year. Tickets are on sale at Foster's drug store.

THE ELECTION CAMPAIGN throughout the Dominion is absorbing the best energies of the politicians. As the battle progresses the party newspapers are growing wildly reckless in their claims. In fact our Nova Scotia political sheets are claiming for their respective parties almost every seat.

If a stranger in the land should base his opinion of the result from the statements of any party organ, he must be puzzled to know why such a strenuous contest is being waged. In this County at least the campaign is progressing quietly. Both candidates are addressing meetings daily. So far Conservative meetings have been held at Harbour Boucher, Linwood, Tracadie, Heatherton, Ballantyne's Cove, Georgeville and Arisaig. Liberal meetings have taken place at Cross Roads Ohio, Pomquet, Livingston's Cove, and Ballentyne's Cove. On Monday evening a meeting at Lakevale was addressed by both candidates. It was notable for the good order maintained.

HYMENEAL.—On Tuesday morning, 27th ult., St. Andrew's Church was the scene of a happy event, when Very Rev. Dr. MacDonald, V. G., P. P., united in wedlock Mr. Rodk. J. MacDonald of Heatherton and Miss Annie MacPhee of South River. The bride was attended by her sister Miss Minnie MacPhee, while Finlay Beaton did the honors for the groom. After a nuptial Mass the bridal party repaired to the home of the bride's father where all enjoyed a pleasant day. Their numerous friends wish the newly married couple many happy years of wedded life.

A pretty wedding took place at Upper Prospect on Monday, when at a nuptial High Mass Miss Nellie D., daughter of Patrick W. Christian of Upper Prospect, was united in holy matrimony to Mr. C. J. Tompkins, of the general offices of the Dominion Coal Co., Glace Bay. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Annie Christian, while the groom was supported by W. F. Carroll, LL. B., of Glace Bay. After the ceremony the bridal party repaired to the home of the bride, where a wedding breakfast was partaken of, and then drove to Halifax to connect with the fast express on a wedding trip eastward through the province. The bride is exceedingly popular, and the large number of costly and valuable presents is evidence of the high esteem in which she is held. She is well and favorably known in Cape Breton, having been for three years nurse in the operating room of St. Joseph's Hospital, and when severing her connection with that institution the attending physicians presented her with a beautiful cabinet of silver. The groom's present to the bride was a beautiful set of furs, and to the bridesmaid a gold locket and chain.

THE SANTA ROSE, CALIF., 'Republican says: "Death removed one of Sonoma County's oldest pioneers Saturday morning, when John Chisholm of Windsor passed away. Mr. Chisholm had been a resident of Windsor and vicinity for many years approximating close to half a century. There his beloved wife preceded him to the grave some years ago. He was prominently identified in agricultural and viticultural interests of that vicinity, and was an upright citizen. One son, William Chisholm, survives the deceased. He is the well known wine man of Windsor. The deceased was aged seventy-one years. He was a carpenter and builder by occupation, and evidences of his handiwork abound in the neighborhood where he made his home for many years. He came to California

ELECTION CARD

To the Electors of Polling District No. 4. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—Having been requested by a large number of the electors to again become a candidate for Councillor of the District, I beg to inform you that I have decided to do so, and now ask your support and influence. I have been representing you for nearly a quarter of a century and during that time our relations have been most cordial. If again elected I will perform the duties pertaining to the office of Councillor to the best of my ability. Thanking you for your confidence, I remain, Your most obedient servant, H. MACLELLAN.

Election Card.

At the request of a number of the Electors, I have again consented to become a candidate for Municipal Councillor for Polling District No. 9 should it be impossible for me to meet all the electors personally, I take this opportunity of soliciting your continued support and confidence. J. M. CRISPO, Harbourau Bouche, Oct. 19th, 1904.

Municipal Election Card

At the request of a large number of the rate payers of the Polling District No. 4 I have consented to be a candidate for Councillor at the ensuing Municipal Election, and I take this opportunity of soliciting the favor and influence of the electors of said district in my behalf. Yours respectfully, RONALD McDONALD, Landing, Oct. 12, 1904.

Bargains! Bargains! JUST ARRIVED 200 LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S COATS THE VERY LATEST.

As the stock is large we are anxious to dispose of it and will make a much larger discount than usual up to OCT. 1ST. Come early and get the best selection. We have particularly good value in the following lines. D. B. FRIEZE COAT, velvet collars, double tucks in back and front, with seven rows of stitching, mercerized linings, covered silk buttons. GREY MIXED TWEED COAT, French backs, velvet collars trimmed with black kersey tabs, fancy sleeves and cuffs. ALL WOOL FRIEZE COAT, handsomely trimmed with three tucks down back and front, side belts, gun metal buttons, lined with princess satin finished lining.

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

when but a young man, and was identified with the growth and early history of this great State. He was a devout Catholic, a worshipper at the Church of St. John, in Healdsburg. Mr. Chisholm was a native of Ashdale, Antigonish, and a brother of Mr. Roderick Chisholm, carriage builder, Antigonish.

Personals.

Prof. Horrigan is in Town. Mr. H. H. Crerar of the Harbour, Ant., is at the St. Louis Fair.

Rev. R. McDonald, P. P., Glace Bay, was in Town on last Friday.

Miss Cassie McDonald, Westville, spent last week in Town visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. David Graham, Antigonish, returned Monday evening from their wedding tour.

Lizzie Brown and Mary Jane Gillis of Georgeville went to Boston last Thursday.

Arch. Gillis of Paso Robles, Cal., on Thursday started to return home, after a visit to Georgeville.

Mr. Peter J. Webb, real estate dealer, Hyde Park, Mass., is visiting his parents at Harbour Bouche.

Mrs. C. C. Gregory, of Antigonish, arrived home last week from St. John, where she spent the summer months. Father Rankin, assistant to Father Tompkins, has charge of St. Andrew's parish during Dr. MacDonald's absence to Ottawa.

Alex. McDonald of St. Paul, Minn., is in Antigonish on a visit to his mother, Mrs. Christopher McDonald, Main Street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. McDonnell and child of Kensington, Conn., returned home on last Thursday, after spending a few weeks at Dunmore, Ant. They were accompanied to Kensington by Samuel I. McDonnell of Dunmore.

Chas. W. Whidden arrived in Town last week on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Whidden. In September he reached Kingston, N. S., from Natal, South Africa, on the ship "Harvest Queen."

Miss Annie MacDonald of Boston spent the summer with her brother Alex. MacDonald (Capt.) Black Avon. On Tuesday she returned home, and was accompanied by Miss Bella MacDonald and Cassie Kennedy of Heatherton.

Warming, strengthening and invigorating is a cup of hot beef tea at Bonner's.

Beef—wholesale at Bonner's. Fores, 4cts.; hinds, 5 cents.

AUCTION.

To be sold at public auction at Maryvale, Nov. 8th, 1904, at 10 a. m. the following stock etc: 1 Mare 8 years old, 1 Colt (Simon W.), 4 Milch cows, 2 Heifers 2 years old, 3 Yearlings, 2 Calves, 12 Head sheep, 15 Tons hay, 10 ton straw, 150 bus. oats, 25 bbls. apples. Terms:— 11 months' credit on notes with approved security on all sums over \$4. MRS. MARTIN McDONALD.

New Millinery Store.

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

New Millinery Store

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

where she has on hand a good stock of Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats and Bonnets, Children's Hoods and Bonnets in Wool and Silk, etc.

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

Mail orders will receive careful and prompt attention.

LIZZIE McDONALD,

Late of A. Kirk & Co's.

DR. W. H. PETHICK

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

May be Consulted on all Diseases of Domestic Animals.

OFFICE AND FOSTER'S DRUG STORE.

TELEPHONE

Residence, Church Street, Antigonish.

The Home of Good Clothes.



OVERCOAT PROTECTION

Overcoat protection is one kind of protection we believe in. We furnish it to our customers. We protect you from rain and wind, from heat and cold.

WE PROTECT YOUR PERSON AND YOUR PURSE.

Each overcoat we sell is a lasting advertisement for us. Any man who has his eye out for Winter Overcoats, and isn't blind to his best interest, should not miss seeing see our New Styles, long or medium lengths, and a size to fit every shape. Every good fabric is represented in our line.

OVERCOATS \$4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00, 12.00

way up to 20.00. All tailored by expert workmen, bought to please and marked to sell. Also a full assortment of

Men's, Youths' and Boys' Heavy Winter Suits, Ulsters, Reefers, Top Shirts, Underwear, Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, etc.

Prices lower than ever this fall. Give us a call. Every purse can find here goods to suit it. Remember you're guaranteed your money back if not satisfied.

PALACE CLOTHING COMPANY and POPULAR SHOE STORE. MAIN STREET, ANTIGONISH.

FURNACES, STOVES and TINWARE.

D. G. KIRK'S HARDWARE EMPORIUM

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

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

FURNACES.

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

Estimates Furnished on all kinds of Plumbing and Heating.

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

THE FOUR CARDINAL POINTS

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

First-Class Repairing done on Premises.

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

... THE ... Mason & Risch Piano.

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

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

MILLER BROS. & McDONALD

Halifax, N. S., Moncton, N. B., Sackville, N. B.