

# THE CASKET.

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A Catholic Journal Non-Partisan in Politics.

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Fifty-third Year.

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No. 7

## THE CASKET.

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16

The Dowager Countess of Rosslyn, who has just been received into the Church, is the mother of two of the most brilliant and beautiful women in England, the Countess of Warwick and the Duchess of Sutherland.

President Roosevelt has made a good selection in choosing Dr. Charles P. Neill of the Sociology department of the Catholic University to succeed Carroll D. Wright as United States Commissioner of Labour.

The growth of toleration in England is seen in the fact that while Dr. Henry Domet, a surgeon under Nelson, was never allowed to attain rank in the Navy, because of his being a Catholic, his son, Sir James Domet, who died the other day at the age of 89, was a K. C. B.—the first of his faith to receive that distinction.—Inspector-general of Fleets and Hospitals, and honorary physician to Queen Victoria and King Edward.

The late Monsignor George H. Doane, Rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Newark, New Jersey, enjoyed the distinction of being the son of one Protestant bishop and the brother of another,—the latter being the present Bishop of Albany. From the *Outlook's* sketch, which we reproduce in another column, we are pleased to see that Monsignor Doane retained the friendship of his Protestant friends to a degree which does not always fall to the lot of converts.

"Mr. Dooley" is not so good as he used to be, but the following remarks upon people who are tempted to patronise the get-rich-quick schemes are quite in his best vein:

It's th' people that ar-re thryin' to get somethin' fr nawthin' that end in gettin' nawthin' for ivrythin'. . . . When a man gets more than six per cent. fr his money, it's a thousand to wan he's payin' it himself. Whiniver annybody offers to give ye somethin' fr nawthin', or somethin' fr less thin its worth, or more fr somethin' thin its worth, don't take any chances. Yell fr a polisman."

Cardinal Newman's "Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics," the most readable of his books, and the one in which the flexibility of his style is most readily seen, has now been issued in a cheap volume by the Catholic Truth Society. Dr. William Barry, who has written an introduction to the present edition, declares that these lectures delivered at the time when the restoration of the English hierarchy had aroused such a fierce "No-Popery" storm, have lost none of their force or appositeness in the fifty years which have elapsed since then.

Father Bans and Mr. Chilton Thomas made a tour of Canada last fall, inquiring into the condition of the children whom they have been sending out from England. Their conclusions are summarised in the following words: "We are sure that in the vast majority of cases the emigration of the children we have visited has been their greatest boon. We shall never forget the 100 respectable young men and women, all of whom had come to Canada through charitable agencies, who met us at Montreal and Ottawa. It is these, the living evidences of this work, which must be our encouragement. It is their success which will be the greatest inducement to the unbiassed student of the question of the emi-

gration of children to put his shoulder to the wheel, to secure for more of our Catholic children the benefits which accrue therefrom."

The Ontario Liberals had a long lease of power,—thirty-two years. The Hungarian Liberals had longer, having met with no defeat since 1867 till the other day. The enforcement of drastic rules against obstruction in the last session made Premier Count Tisza so unpopular that men of as widely different opinions as Kossuth, Apponyi, Polonyi, Zichy and Andrassy united against him. Some of the utterances during the campaign would lead us to expect a breaking-up of the Dual Monarchy, and the separation of Hungary from Austria. Franz Kossuth would favour this. But if he is to work with such men as Count Albert Apponyi who is much less radical in his policy, and Count John Zichy, who is a personal friend of the heir-apparent, the Archduke Ferdinand, he will have to content himself with less violent changes.

The Hon. A. M. Keiley, who was run over in the streets of Paris the other day and died of his injuries, though always a nominal Catholic, was at one time a Grand Master of Freemasons in Virginia. At this period of his life he married a Jewess. Later on, he became reconciled with the Church, and at the time of the spoliation of the Papal States delivered an eloquent speech denouncing the usurpation. For this, the Italian Government refused to receive him when nominated Minister to Rome by President Cleveland. He was then nominated to Vienna, but the Austrian Court objected on the ground that his wife could not be received in Viennese society. The real reason, most probably, was that Francis Joseph did not wish to offend his Triple Alliance friend Humbert. Secretary Bayard insisted that the appointment must stand, but Mr. Keiley wisely resigned, and was made a Judge of the International Court sitting in Cairo, the Sultan having no objection to a Catholic whom two Catholic sovereigns had refused to receive.

The recent violent scenes in the Hungarian Parliament suggests to the *Tablet* the doubt whether a system of representative institutions be properly adapted to any but the English race. It might have gone farther, and in the venality of State legislatures in America, in the corruption which is being discovered in the highest places, the judiciary and the Senate, in the wholesale winning of elections by bribery and ballot-stuffing,—in all these the *Tablet* might have found reason to doubt whether representative institutions are really representative anywhere. Such a view would lend additional emphasis to its remark: "After all there is something to be said for autocracy, since there is but one Tsar, and he is not ubiquitous, whereas the village tyrant is multiple and all-pervading." The fact of the matter is that the real rulers of Britain are as few as those of Russia; but the former, unlike the latter, consult the people as to what is to be done and then bully or cajole the people into giving them the answer they desire. Thomas Cromwell bullied; Arthur Balfour cajoles; both declare that they are only executing the will of the people.

Agnes Repplier, the well-known essayist, spoke very plainly to the Century Club in Philadelphia the other day on "the plague of letters." Greedy publishers do not scruple to take advantage of a great man's fame by printing everything they can find with his signature attached to it, even though it be the most trivial bit of domestic or business correspondence. "What light is shown on the true Arnold," asks Miss Repplier, "by making public a letter in which he anxiously inquires concerning Tommy's measles? It may show a devoted father, but it can hardly be regarded as an addition to literature. Do we care if the true George Washington wrote bales of letters on the price of eggs and ham in those troublous times? A counting machine could do

as much. What light does the list of lines he needed throw on the inner man?" These remarks have doubtless been prompted by the latest batch of Thackeray letters published in one of the leading magazines. Print anything that will sell, regardless of good taste, seems to be the motto of many publishers who once had higher ideals.

One of the first tasks set for himself by the new Governor of Massachusetts,—the man whom "Mr. Dooley" once referred to by parodying the refrain of a popular song into "Douglas, Douglas, three-dollar shoe,"—was the ending of the Fall River strike. It had become evident that nothing but the pinch of hunger would bring the operatives back to the mills, unless some friendly and influential third party intervened. Governor Douglas finally persuaded them to return to work at the reduced wages offered by the companies, but induced the latter to promise a bonus to their employees if profits should go beyond a certain figure between now and April. Moreover, there has been a general revision of the terms on which the improved looms are to be worked, to the advantage of the workers. These are slight gains, but it was better to accept them than to continue a ruinous strike, the only pleasant feature of which was the dignity and self-restraint with which it was conducted. Governor Douglas has begun well.

Senator Bard of California, Bishop Hare of South Dakota, the *Outlook* and several other journals, have been making violent attacks on President Roosevelt and his advisers for granting money to Catholic, Lutheran, and Presbyterian Indian schools. Attorney-General Moody points out that the grants were not made from the Federal Treasury, but from funds belonging to the Indians and held in trust for them by the Government. According to treaties made with the Indians, the latter are entitled to designate the schools which they desire their children to attend, and to have the tuition paid for out of their trust funds. In the present case they petitioned the Government to have this done. Secretary Hitchcock of the Department of the Interior also calls attention to the fact that education in denominational schools cost the Indians a good deal less than in government schools. The average cost of a year's tuition for one child at any one of four government schools is \$182.35, while the cost of denominational schools on the same reservations averages \$108 a year.

Cardinal Gibbons and Bishop Conaty have given emphatic denials to the stories that the Church had promised to use its influence in favor of Republican Congressmen if grants were made to the Indian schools.

London's army of unemployed is larger now than it has been at any time since 1875. Twenty-eight persons out of every thousand are receiving relief. Robert Hunter's thoughtful book on "Poverty," just published by Macmillan, states that one out of every eight persons in the United States is a pauper or on the verge of pauperism, and that one in every twenty is dependent on public agencies for relief. One-tenth of the people who die in New York City are buried in the Potter's Field. It is no pleasure to chronicle such facts as these, but they provoke the inquiry whether the elaborate machinery of modern philanthropy is as successful in dealing with the problem of poverty as was the religious spirit of former times which reminded men that God hath given to every man command concerning his neighbour. Again we are tempted to ask whether the wealthy nations in which this pauperism exists are really so much superior to others, counted as decadent, in which no man ever starves unless he is careful to conceal from his neighbours the extent of his necessity. The Church has been charged with encouraging indiscriminate almsgiving, but this is only one way of relieving the poor. The better way is to give every workingman a living wage,

which will enable him to make proper provision for those dependent on him, and this will never be done in general unless employers are moved by the Christian charity which the Church alone steadily inculcates in the face of the pagan political economy which believes that the relations between employer and employed are sufficiently regulated by the law of supply and demand.

Earl Grey won the hearts of the Laval students by asking them to sing a second time Sir George Cartier's patriotic song with its ringing refrain:

"O Canada, belle patrie!  
O mon pays, sois mes amours!"

His Excellency will find the French-Canadian just as Cartier described him,—we quote from memory:

"Le Canadien, comme ses peres,  
Aime à chanter, à s'égayer;  
Vif, aisé, doux en ses manières,  
Poli, galant, hospitalier."

We have met a good many French-Canadians, but never one who could not sing. There should be no trouble in putting the new regulations for church music into practice in the Province of Quebec, where every farmer's son seems to know the plain chant and love it.

We are all Canadians now, but it was not always so. And if we find our Quebec brethren at any time speaking as though they alone were such, let us remember that they were the original possessors of the title, and therefore have the best right to it. While others of us, even after Confederation, continued to name ourselves after the province in which we were born, or after the portion of the old land from which our fathers came, our French-speaking countrymen steadily called themselves "Les Canadiens." We remember the answer made by a friend of ours to a saucy Yankee who told him: "You're not a Canadian; you're a Frenchman." "My ancestors dwelt on the banks of the St. Lawrence a hundred and fifty years ago; where were yours then, who call yourself an American."

All our Governor-Generals, since Dufferin's time at least, have spoken French. They learned it, not with a view to living in Canada, but as part of an English gentleman's education, necessary to pleasant sojourn on the Continent or to diplomatic service. It ought to be regarded as equally necessary to every Canadian in public life. All the public men of Quebec are able to speak English; besides Mr. F. D. Monk and Senator Cloran we cannot think of any English-Canadians who speak French. McGill, Toronto and Queen's should remedy this.

A recent issue of the *Montreal Star* contained the following incorrect version of the incident which is now believed to have caused the downfall of the Iron Chancellor:

The late Prince Herbert Bismarck had the reputation of having a decidedly brusque manner in society. Once at a royal reception he bumped roughly against an Italian prelate, who looked at him indignantly. "You evidently don't know who I am," said the prince haughtily; "I am Herbert Bismarck." "Oh," answered the prelate, "if that doesn't amount to an apology it is certainly a perfect explanation."

When the present Emperor of Germany paid his first visit to Leo XIII, Count Herbert Bismarck was one of his suite. Naturally, he was left in the ante-chamber while his sovereign and the Pope were closeted together. After a few minutes, however, he proceeded to invade the privacy of the audience room. The Papal Chamberlain attempted to bar his entrance, but he forced his way past, exclaiming: "I am Count Herbert Bismarck." Whereupon the prelate remarked: "That may explain but does not justify your conduct." The Count afterwards said that his father, the Prince-Chancellor, had told him not to leave the Emperor long alone with the Pope. The youthful Kaiser so bitterly resented his being thus publicly treated as a child by his great Prime Minister, that he seized the first opportunity to "dismiss the man of blood and iron" and replace him by Prince Hohenlohe. Mr. George W. E. Russell, in his "Collections and

Recollections," gives the story of the Italian prelate's retort, and ranks it with the famous answer made by the Countess of Blessington to Napoleon III. When Louis Napoleon was a homeless adventurer in London, he was glad to be received at the brilliant Irishwoman's house, notwithstanding her questionable reputation. When he became Emperor, he studiously ignored her, to her great disappointment. Happening to meet her face to face, however, at a reception given in his honour, he broke the ice by remarking: "Ah, Lady Blessington, do you expect to remain long in Paris?" To which she replied smilingly: "And you, Sire?"

## CHURCH UNION AND THAT SORT OF THING.

V.

Let us then take a step further. How are the private judgment theory and this "authoritative statement" going to get on together? It will be hard lines with one or other of them. An "authoritative statement" which imposes obligations on no one to accept it, is of no use whatever and might as well never be emitted. On the other hand an "authoritative statement" which is intended under pain of sin to bind the private judgment or consciences of those for whom it is put forth, pulverizes private judgment so far as that statement is concerned. Private judgment can no longer be exercised lawfully upon the truth or falsehood of that statement—for its truth must be taken for granted—but upon its meaning only. Do our Evangelical friends intend by their "authoritative statement," to so bind the members of their new Church? If so they will do it on a distinctively Catholic principle, and will have abandoned the cardinal principle of Protestantism. Of course the Fathers of this new Church may intend to mean by their "authoritative statement," not an, "It hath seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us" (Acts, 15-28), but merely a, "We think," "It is our opinion, that Christ taught thus and so on this or that question; but we leave the final determination of the matter to the better judgment of each of you." If so, their statement will not be "authoritative" at all, in any proper sense of the term and the use of it in such a connection is incorrect. It may be an authentic declaration of the present opinions of those who utter it, but more it can never be. It is perfectly obvious then that private judgment and an "authoritative statement" won't jump together.

Finally when our Evangelical friends have united, how are they going to perpetuate the union? To an outsider it would seem that it will contain within itself from its birth the germs of its own dissolution. The cankerworm of private judgment will begin to eat into its vitals from the start. How long then will the union last? Just so long as each individual member, or congregation does not choose to assert the right of private judgment to separate. For the rights of private judgment are, on the Protestant theory, above the rights of the Church; its rulings rise superior to the decisions and conveniences of all churches. The difference between Catholics and the Sects on this question of the rights of private judgment is, that the former feel themselves under moral constraint and obligation to submit their individual opinions and conveniences to the decisions and conveniences of the whole Church; the latter feel no such obligations. The former say, "the Church must be right, I wrong"; the latter, "the Church is wrong, I'm right." Hence the former will remain in union with their co-religionists and that at great inconvenience, where the latter will not. The former consider separation a sin, the awful sin of schism, the rending of the seamless garment of Christ; the latter can not consistently entertain any such notion. For they should be rejecting the only defense they have for the great and disastrous separation of the sixteenth century. The former will consequently endure patiently whatever ills afflict the Church and do their best to remove them; the latter will exercise no such patience, but easily add to the evils already existing in the Christian body, that of schism, the greatest evil of them all. This is the secret of the numerous disruptions that have occurred in Protestant bodies since their organization; this also explains why so many attempts at union among them have ultimately failed. Y.

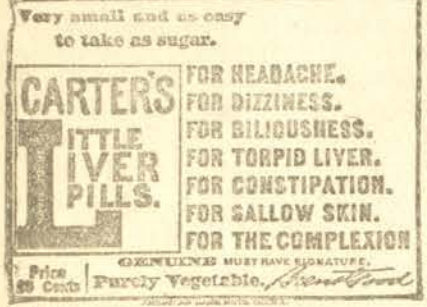
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### The Catholic Total Abstinence League of the Cross for the Diocese of Antigonish.

[This column of THE CASKET will hereafter be devoted to the interests of the Branches of the League of the Cross throughout the Diocese, and all communications intended for publication may be addressed to John A. Macdonnell, Grand Secretary, Glace Bay, C. B.]

#### TEMPERANCE AND BUSINESS.

Young men must realize sooner or later that if they wish to have success in any of the walks of life they must be temperate. They may not believe it "old woman's talk," but money, the almighty dollar, is a cold and stern master and is continually holding humanity under its iron heel. It has now associated itself with temperance, and when employment is purchased one of the conditions of the sale, a condition becoming stricter and stricter every day is that strict sobriety, in other words, total abstinence, must be observed by the employee. This then is the problem before the young man of today who wishes to succeed in business: he must of necessity be a total abstainer.

Some time ago a Catholic contemporary discussing the temperance question from a business standpoint said: "In any discussion of the habitual use of alcoholic stimulants we should not overlook the force that makes for rigid self-restraint, if not for total abstinence, in the disposition of those who furnish employment for labour to insist that those who receive their wages shall practise the strictest temperance. We have little sympathy with some of the exactions of employers, but there is no manner of doubt that the individual employer or the corporation has an inexpressible right to demand that those who do its work by the use of its instruments of production shall have brains unfuddled by the use of intoxicants.

"Indeed, in some kinds of public service the public itself has a right to demand that employees shall be brought under this rule. A half drunken motor man on a trolley car, a befuddled engineer of a railway train may easily imperil the lives and property of hundreds of persons. There is no other way, and the wonder is that the public itself has so long been indifferent to these regards of its undoubted rights in the exercise of. But the employers of labour have been aroused to their own interests, and today it is practically impossible for a drinking man to secure employment on a first class railroad, or in a well-paid position in many of the best industrial and commercial concerns.

"And these facts point unmistakably to one conclusion. The man who is addicted to drink is tremendously handicapped in the competitions of modern life. His connections, his knowledge, his skill are but fatally discounted by this habit, and, however high he rises with it, he would have achieved a larger success without it.

This is a course of thought that is bound to have great weight with all sensible young men. They are perfectly well aware that today the opportunities for getting on in the world are not quite what they were twenty-five or thirty years ago. No matter what the partisan defenders of the new organization of our industries may say, a lad of today does not have the chance that his father had. The openings are proportionally fewer, the competitions for those are sharper. It is well worth a young man's while to prepare himself for his life work in the very best way. He is wise to practise the sharpest self-denial for the sake of acquiring the best technical and practical equipment. Young men realize this and they are willing to pay the cost. The question now comes whether they are going to nullify these choice values, and practically offset most of what they have done by acquiring a habit that closes and bolts the doors of opportunity."

#### LACK OF INTEREST.

Some months ago this column was opened in the interests of the League of the Cross, and yet, strange to say, the members have shown very little interest in it. Long ago it had been demonstrated that the press wielded a tremendous power for good or evil, but the friends of Catholic total abstinence seem to wholly disregard this when they neglect to use the column of THE CASKET at their disposal to assist the cause of temperance. There are enrolled in the League of the Cross some of the cleverest writers in the diocese, and if these would occasionally contribute to the temperance column they would make their temperance principle felt in every Catholic family in the diocese. Is it not worth a little time on the part of every temperance man to bring about a sound temperance sentiment in every Catholic community?

#### OFFICIAL REPORTS.

Several of the Branches have so far neglected to forward to the Grand Secretary the quarterly reports for the quarter ending December 31st, 1904. It is absolutely necessary to have these reports regularly forwarded; and the secretaries of the branches who have not already done so will confer a favor by sending at once the reports for the quarter mentioned.

In order to have potatoes always white, the kettle in which they are cooked should never be used for any other purpose.

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### The Drinking Man Tabooed.

The best advice that can be given to a young man who is trying to make a mark for himself in business is "Stay out of saloons."

Let this rule of life be absolute. Do not compromise with the saloon. Taste not, touch not, enter not into temptation, have nothing socially to do with men who frequent "bars," and have as little business connections with drinking men as you possibly can. Make this one of the leading principles of your business life and the chances are good that you will be a success in anything you undertake. On the other hand, if you neglect this advice, if you wave it aside as the puritanical prejudice of a crank, you will fail in everything as certainly as the sun shines in the sky.

It matters not how brilliant a man may be, it matters not how successful he may have been as an employe, or in his early efforts as a proprietor, once that he acquires the saloon habit, his failure is assured. Saloons and business are incompatible; they are not miscible, as the medical experts say of oil and water.

I was talking not long ago to a man of 35, perhaps, who, as an employe, had held numerous positions of trust, and had made as high as \$5,000 a year as a credit man for one of the largest wholesale clothing houses in Chicago. This man, when I chanced to meet him, was out of employment. He had gone down the scale until now he was glad to get odd jobs to do in the great business house where once his word had been law. His employers stood ready to take him back at his old salary the moment he would give up the saloon for good. And yet, knowing this perfectly well, realizing to himself the frightful penalty he was paying for the privilege of spending a few hours a day in some drinking den, he entertained preferred the destructive "entertainment" he got in the saloon to the position of trust and profit that was offered him as an alternative. He reminded me of the man in one of H. G. Wells' stories, who was given his choice between the ability to perform miracles and his nightly drinking spell at the bar of "The Long Dragon," and who chose the latter.

Some of the sapient counsels of my chance acquaintance are worth preserving here for the benefit of young men who are starting out in a business career.

"The greatest curse to the business man," says he, "is the saloon. I don't mean now, that a man must go and get beastly drunk in order to be a failure. I mean that the man who goes into a saloon every day, or two or three times a week, takes his drink, and then tries to do business is a plain fool. In Chicago the whole business district is infested with saloons. These saloons tempt the young man to take his midday meal in them. They serve up a 'good luncheon,' and incidentally form the saloon habit in the mind of the young man. From going into the saloon at noon he is more easily led into saloons at night. Then he stays up late, reports for work the next day tired and half fuddled instead of bright and fresh, and has already begun his downward career. He finds that men less bright than he but who have not acquired the saloon habit, pass him on the road to success; and then he finds himself in the situation I am to-day. The saloon is all he has left, and sorry comfort he finds in it.

"Large business concerns are waking up to the importance of the saloon as a factor in the employment of their men. The business employer is getting to be particular in his questions to a doctor. They do not want drinking men. You apply for a position in a big house. The manager says to you, among other things, 'Do you drink?' If you can truly reply, 'No, I never touch intoxicating liquor,' half your case is won. If you put a bold face on it and say, 'Yes, I take a drink when ever I feel like it; but I never get drunk,' you have already lost fifty points of advantage. The average employer has heard that kind of thing before, and he knows the man who says so, and he lies. There is not one man in 500 'who takes his drink whenever he wants it' but is a frequenter of the saloon, and every now and then gets drunk. The only answer that puts the employing business man perfectly at his ease is: 'I never touch a thing.' When an applicant makes that answer the road is clear.

"The house in which I used to work does not want men who 'can take their drink and leave it alone.' This house knows that the man who 'takes his drink' does not leave it alone, and they don't want that kind of a man around the place. My old house treated me like a prince. I could be a rich man now if it hadn't been for the saloon. And I believe my own case made the house adopt a rule which, as a matter of fact, is now in vogue in three out of every five business concerns. The questions asked a man nowadays are something like these: 'Do you drink?' 'No, you say, 'I don't touch a drop.' 'Were you ever in the habit of getting drunk? When were you drunk last?'

"You are compelled to admit that you were drunk a short time ago, but you hastily add that you've quit permanently now. No good. You are not wanted.

"Employers do not want a man who comes into their office in the morning with red eyes, flushed face, and a breath like the back yard of a distillery. They want clean, bright eyed, alert, fresh young men who keep away from saloons and whose brains are clear. They don't care so

much about religious or moral character. They blind their eyes to all the little personal faults of a man, provided he keeps away from saloons and does not make companions of your 'temperate' drinkers. The time is coming when a man who is known to drink liquor at all cannot get a job.

These are pretty hard facts, but they are undeniably true. It is well known that the late P. D. Armour had no use for drinking men. A drinking employe of his, however, once fooled Mr. Armour in a remarkable way, and the circumstance was fortunate, for it resulted in the complete reform of the young man. This is the story as I got it from a personal acquaintance of the great packer:

A new clerk had been engaged in the Armour offices. He was young and something of a sport. One night he drank heavily and staid up until 2 o'clock. Realizing it would be hard for him to go home and get a night's rest, he went instead to a Turkish bath and "boiled out" as much of the liquor as he could. Then, in order not to be late, he got up at 5 o'clock, took a cold dip, walked for an hour in the open air, had a light breakfast, and then, finding time heavy on his hands, hurried to the office to finish up some work he had neglected to do the evening before, in order to go out with his gay friends.

Now, Mr. Armour used to get down to his office about 7 o'clock. On this particular morning, when he arrived, he saw the new clerk, solitary at his desk in the great room, busily working on his books.

Mr. Armour looked at him. "What are you doing here so early?" he asked.

"The clerk made a nonchalant reply. "O, I'm clearing up some work I left over," he said. "I've had to make it up, and I thought I'd get down early so that my regular work would not suffer."

Mr. Armour said nothing, but he was immensely pleased. He quietly ordered the young man's pay raised \$25 a month, and that young man was so astounded when he found how fortunate his night of dissipation had served him, he determined never to touch liquor again, being convinced that such a stroke of luck could never happen twice.—George F. Tyrone in Chicago Tribune.

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

"Yes Sir," and "No Ma'am."

Our observant contemporary, THE CASKET, takes issue with an American exchange on a point of etiquette to be observed by the young. The American periodical advocates the use by boys and girls, when answering their elders, of the curt "Yes" and "No," and intimates that the oldtime forms, "Yes, sir," and "No, ma'am," smack of provincialism. Our Canadian friend deprecates such teaching, and, to our mind, with excellent reason. Respect and reverence for elders, simply as elders, and quite apart from other considerations, are qualities none too prominent and enduring among youthful Americans, even when impressed upon them habitually at home and in the school. To prompt their assumption toward their seniors of a style of address that bespeaks the fullest equality is, in our opinion, a lamentable mistake. It is, moreover, a mistake which is not universal, or for that matter, very general among parents and teachers in this country. So far as our observation extends, it still appears to be the correct thing in well-bred circles for boys and girls in their early teens to say, "Yes, sir," "No, ma'am," and we hope the fashion will never die out. The briefer form may spell commendable independence to some people, but by most it will be interpreted as simple impertinence.—The Ave Maria.

### Use The Reliable Kendrick's Liniment

Always Reliable Always Satisfactory.

Sales Increasing. We find KENDRICK'S LINIMENT gives excellent satisfaction, and the sales are constantly increasing. G. R. VANDERBECK, Millerton, N. B.

### NOTICE.

Overseers of Highways who will not keep the roads passable after a fall of snow will be prosecuted on complaint without further notice.

By order D. MacDONALD, M. C. Antigonish, 27 Dec. 1904.

### INVERNESS IMPERIAL HOTEL, INVERNESS, C. B.

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

L. J. MacEachern, Prop.

### Professional Cards

**HECTOR Y. MacDONALD,**

Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.,

PORT HOOD, C. B.

**DR. M. F. RONAN,** Dentist,

Office: Old Halifax Bank Building.

Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania.

**DR. C. S. AGNEW,** DENTIST.

Office, over Cope and's Drug Store.

Office Hours, 9 to 12 and 1 to 4.30.

**W. F. MCKINNON,**

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

OFFICE: Building lately occupied by Dr. Cameron.

ANTIGONISH, N. S.

**E. LAVIN GIRROIR, LL. B.**

BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR

Agent Norwich Union Fire Insurance Co Also Agent for Life and Accident Insurance. ANTIGONISH, N. S.

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

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OFFICE AND: POSTER'S DRUG STORE.

TELEPHONE: 12. Residence, Church Street, Antigonish.

### FOR SALE.

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

### HOUSE FOR SALE.

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

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. ERESNT GREGORY, Collector of Miss Alice Whelan

### INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, Nov. 27th, 1904, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows LEAVE ANTIGONISH.

No. 56. Mixed for New Glasgow and Truro,	9.25
" 29 Express for Halifax,	12.37
" 85 Express for Sydney,	18.26
" 65 Mixed for Muirgrave,	2.35
" 86 Express for Truro,	18.00
" 19 Express for Sydney,	13.14

All trains run by Atlantic Standard time.

Twenty-four o'clock is midnight.

Vestibule sleeping and dining cars on through Express trains between Montreal and the Maritime provinces.

Moncton, N. B., Nov. 18th, 1904.

THE TRUTH OF THE OLIVER CROMWELL.

(James B. Connolly, in Scribner's Magazine.) (Continued from last issue.)

"Well, there was ten of us, I think, in the rigging, all hoping to be able to last until daylight, when we thought we might be able to see where we were. Hoping only 'twas—not expecting—for 'twas getting colder, with the spray beginning to freeze where it struck and making hard work of holding on to the rigging. 'Twas wild—her sails still up, with the reef points beating a devil's tattoo where the canvas wasn't tearing up and flying out like long-tailed ghostly things in the blackness. Lashed to the rigging we must've been for all of two hours, I callate. Some began to take note of the numbness creeping over them—one or two—the most discouraged. The warmer-blooded, or the strongest, tried to keep up a cheering talk—tried to crack jokes and one thing or another.

"Well, we had hope some of us of lasting through the night, when crack! We knew what was coming then. I slipped the half-bitch that had been holding me to the strands and climbed higher. I was most to the mast-head, clear of the gaff, when over the side went her foremast—half a dozen men clinging to the fore-rigging, a-swaying and shaking—and after it went the mainmast with four more, I think, in her rigging.

"Well, sir, when the foremast went I was thrown into clear water. I had plenty of line to my hand, with a turn of it around the mast-head, and with that I hauled myself back. I hung on to an arm of the cross-trees for a while there before I started to work my way back along the mast toward the vessel. I didn't believe then I'd ever live to reach the vessel. The sail, as I said, had been kept standing on her, and now it was lying flat on the water, now sagging down with the weight of the water over it, and now bellying into the air when a great sea would get under it. I saw a shadow of a man—hanging on to a reef point he was—go down with that sail once, then go up with it once, and then the sail split under the weight of the sea, and I never saw him again. But I heard him holler as he went. What he said I don't know. I had to keep on crawling. The hoops of the sail were around the mast, of course, and I used them and the bolt-ropes of the forest where the sail was torn away to pull myself along. And, mind you, I had to watch out for the forest's itself. It reared and tossed with one sea after another—me astride it most of the time—like a man on horseback, though hard riding enough I found it, the least little lap of that and I knew where I'd be—bait for the fishes that I'd baited for so often. Well, between the hoops and the bolt-ropes and the rigging I hauled myself along. And the way that that mast rolled! Forty times I swear I thought I was good as dead. But no. And so I dragged myself along, watching out when I went upon the crests and holding my breath when I was pulled down into the depths—hung on desperately, mindful that the quietest knock of that big spar would end me then and there, and mindful, too, that once my grip loosened I'd be swallowed up in the roaring. Tired I was—aye, and weak, but I kept on working toward the vessel's hull always.

"Against the white sails and white foam I made out two others struggling like myself. 'That you, Bill?' said one. 'Yes—that you, Mike?' I heard from the other. I knew who they were then, and called out myself. Between two seas one slipped from sight. The other still crept on. 'That you, Bill?' I called out. 'Bill's gone, said the voice—'twas Mike Cannon. 'That's tough,' I said. 'It is that, says Mike, after the fight he put up. But how're you making out yourself?' 'Pretty good—how're you?' I said. 'Kind of tired. I doubt if I'll hold out much longer—something smashed inside my oilskins. My chest and a few ribs, I think—and one arm, too. A wild night and tough going, isn't it, Martin?'

"There was no more chance to talk. Two awful seas followed, and after the second a quiet spell—the back suction. I looked around. I thought I saw Mike, but wasn't sure. I guess now I didn't, for another sea, the biggest of all, tossed the whole lot of wreckage back against the hull of the Cromwell. There was a grinding and a battering as the spars met the hull. Myself up in the air, I looked down and found myself over her deck, and then—my guardian angel it must've been that whispered me then—I let go. 'God in heaven!' I found myself saying and fetched up on her deck, the luckiest man in all the North Atlantic.

"Against what was left of the rail I found myself, close to what was left of the fore-rigging. At first I wasn't sure just where I was at all, but that's where I found myself when my eyes were clear to see again. And when my eyes were clear I looked around. The hull of her was heaving to every sea, moving inshore maybe a foot at a time, with her bowsprit pointing to a shadow of rock or cliff ahead. I looked around again, and, so far as I could make out, everything—house, gurry-kids, booby-hatches—everything was gone off her. Only the two stumps of her masts seemed to be left on deck. But no—the fore'st'le hatch was left. Her bow, being so much higher than her stern, saved that. I saw that and—I don't know why—toward the fore'st'le I crawled. The hatches were closed. I slid them back. Down the steps I went, and when I was below—I don't know why either—I thought of the razors in my bunk. I might's well get them couple of razors, I says to myself, and starts for my bunk, which was in the peak, the same bunk, clear for'ard on the starb'd side, that the Turkish-bath lad is in

now. 'Twas like swimming down there. The water by the butt of the foremast, 'bout like where I'm sitting here to-night, was over my waist. I couldn't help thinking then how deep 'twas and getting deeper fast, with the seas pouring down the companion-way. I was thinking of that—thinking I ought to've closed the hatches after me—and was looking back toward the steps, when I heard a little noise, or thought I did, for the pounding of the seas overhead was making an awful racket and I wasn't sure. But I heard it again, the sticking of crackerie like, and I looked around—back behind the steps—at last, and there, behind the stove, leaning up against the cook's lockers I'd clean forgot him—was the skipper. He was waving another mug-up for himself.

"'God! I said; 'you here?'" "He half turned, dropping a coffee mug he had in his hand. Then taking a second look: 'Man, but I thought it was the ghost of Dan Spring. But you two look something alike. Come to think, you're cousins, ain't you? Man, if you could only see yourself! Blood—blood—and bruises—and your eyes, man—your eyes! But have a mug of coffee. Warn't it lucky?—here's the coffee-bellows up here on the lockers—and some coffee still left in it—od hot. And there's a pie in the grub locker—on the top shelf. It'd been on the bottom shelf it'd be all wet and floating around. Ain't that luck? And look here—a good half pint of whiskey left yet. It's been an awful night, ain't it? What d'y say?'"

"He held the bottle toward me. I took it from him and smashed it on the stove. And then I gave him a bit of my mind. And so, George Hoodley, you're so afraid, after all, to go to your death that you must go drunk, ha? The soul that the Lord gave you—that soul is going from a drunken body straight to the God that's going to judge you. And how'll you be judged, d'y think, for this night's work, George Hoodley? Could you listen to what was said on deck to-night and not die of fright at what you've done? Did you hear Sam Catiss? 'I'm not afraid to go, if I must,' says Sam, 'but, Lord, there's one or two things I wish I hadn't done,' says Sam. You heard him—we all heard him—and then he was swept over. And but for you, George Hoodley, maybe he'd have had time to make his peace before he went. And up in the rigging—you warn't there, I know—even you, if you'd heard what Peter Harkins said when we all knew her spars were going—when Peter heard the first crack and knew what it meant. And knowing he was going, with his last free breath he said things of you that if I had an enemy I wouldn't want him to hear—not if I hated him bad enough to want to see him in the bottom of the deepest, hottest hold of hell—"

"Hell! he breaks in; there ain't no hell—nor heaven, nor God, nor anything."

"'God forgive you for that. You talk like an old woman. I tell you, since I was no higher than one of my jack-boots I've been listening to talk of hell and heaven—mostly hell, though—and I used to believe it one time. Nobody believed it any more than I did till when—till I began to see that the very people that was talking it so hard warn't governed by what they said. What they wanted was everybody else to be governed by what they preached. I tell you I know. I've seen it in my own people—I know them better than you do. It's years now—I was one of the fools, one that never let anybody, I thought, get the best of me at anything. You're one—though you're a good man in your fool way, Martin. I had no grudge against you, not even when I tried to lose you in the dory. But I had to get rid of your dory-mate."

"'Get rid of Dan? And why Dan?'" "Why? There again! You mean to tell me you don't know? I looked around before I went out this trip. Nobody'd tell me, but I knew his first name was Dan—Dan something. One day when the crew was out hauling the trawls I rummaged his bunk and found part of a letter in my wife's writing under his mattress. That was the same day I ran over Dan and you in the dory. 'Twas for that chance I'd been pretending my ankle warn't better. Weak ankle, bah! He drove the bad foot against the stove and crushed in the oven door. 'Anything weak about that foot—bah?' 'Dear Dan,' the note read—I know my wife's handwriting, and his name's Dan."

"'Wait a bit—wait a bit. How do you know it was this Dan? Are there no other Dans in Gloucester?'" "How do I know? And it in his bunk—under the mattress in his bunk?" "That's all right. And whose bunk was it before Dan Spring got it? Another Dan's, warn't it—Dan Powell's? And didn't he leave the mattress behind him when he left this vessel trip before last? Didn't he? And warn't Dan Powell just the kind of a man that'd do a thing like that, and not Dan Spring—my own cousin? And so that's the bottom of it? Nineteen souls gone because you thought—just thought only—that one of them was fooling you. And for a woman that warn't worth Dan Spring's little finger. That's the truth, George Hoodley. But if you'd been brought up different, if you'd studied to understand the good side of people instead of the other side and how to get the best of them and to make money out of them and save it, you both might've come safe out of it. But you warn't that kind. 'Twasn't in your blood—nor in none of your people. Wrong's wrong—I got nothing to say about that—but human nature's human nature. Why should you expect, George Hoodley, to get the fine things

in life? Why warn't you content with money? You'd earned that. What had you to offer a handsome young woman that liked a good time? What had you, even supposing she was the kind you could trust? Anything that women love? Not a blessed thing. You've spent your life with about one idea in your head, and that idea had nothing to do with being pleasant or kind to others, or good to anybody but yourself. Miles away from the kind of thing that women love were you all the time. You come to nigh fifty year of age—you with your hard face and hard mouth and eyes like God, like a dead fish's eyes to-night, no less—don't you know that whoever was going to marry you warn't going to be for love? You had a right to marry some lean old sour-mouthed spinster with a little moneys like yourself. What made you think that beauty and love was for you? But even in marrying you thought to make a good bargain—and got fooled. And by the daughter of a man of your own kind, too. D'y's pose her father didn't know? God bless you, George Hoodley, 'twas him heoked you—'twas him made the good bargain, not you. Why, before ever you married her 'twas common talk she warn't the girl for any man to trust. But what good is it to talk of that now? Nineteen men gone, for I don't count you—you're no man. You're a—but I won't say it. Lord, but I'm tempted to choke you where you stand. Only when I think of those fine men—and poor Dan Spring—"

"'Dan Spring? Don't tell me 'twas Dan Spring, the—'" "Hold up, I says to that—hold up, or else as we both are to death now and soon to go, I'll choke you where you stand—I'll send you to your God, or to the devil, with the print of my fingers around your turkey gobble's throat, if you say ought of Dan—Dan was my own kind and I know him. Whatever faults he had—and maybe he had some—it warn't in the heart of Dan Spring to undervalue good women, or to mix with married women of any kind, let alone the wife of a man he was to go ship-mate with. No, sir, not if he didn't have a wife and children of his own—wife and children that'll have to suffer all their lives because of you, and they'll never know what brought it all about. But years from now they'll still be without food and clothing because of you. When I think of it, George Hoodley, I misdoubt they'd count it against me in the other world, where we'll both be soon with the others, if I was to take you by the throat and wind my fingers around your windpipe and choke and choke and squeeze you till your tongue came out and your eyes popped and your face got blue and then black and you—"

"'He drew back against the lockers and put his hands before his face. 'Martin, Martin, don't!' he said, for in truth I'd but had hold of him in spite of myself.

(To be continued.)

Prophecy is one Positive Sign of Kidney Disease. Have you any of these unmistakable signs? Puffiness under the eyes? Swollen limbs? Smothering feeling? Change of the character of the urine? Exhaustion after least exertion? If you have these symptoms, you should not delay an hour in putting yourself under the great South American Kidney Cure.—88.

Monsignor Doane.

Monsignor Doane, who died at his home in Newark, New Jersey, last week, was one of the most widely known Roman Catholic ecclesiastics in the country. The son of one Protestant Episcopal Bishop and the brother of the present Bishop of Albany, he studied medicine, later took a course in theology, and entered the ministry of the Episcopal Church. In 1855 he became a Roman Catholic, prepared for the priesthood in Paris and Rome, and after various appointments was appointed rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral in Newark, a position which he held at the time of his death. In 1880 the title of Monsignor was conferred upon him as a chaplain of the Papal household, and in 1886 he was advanced to the highest rank of the Monsignori, with the privilege of wearing the purple, a dress with which the many friends who enjoyed his charming society under his own roof became very familiar. His ability and energy were shown in many difficult undertakings for the advancement of the interests of the Catholic Church in this country; he was eminently successful in raising large sums of money for St. Patrick's Cathedral, for an American college in Rome, and for other religious purposes. He was widely known and greatly esteemed outside his own communion; he belonged to various clubs, had a wide acquaintance in England and on the Continent, and was one of the most interesting men of his generation. His scholarship was of unusual breadth and quality; he was a devoted lover of books, and his interest in library extension was tireless. He rendered most effective aid in building up the Newark Free Library, which holds a

position of exceptional influence among libraries of its class. His knowledge of etchings and engravings was that of an expert, and his own collection was of unusual range and interest. He had rare gifts as a companion, and those who knew him well counted association with him a great privilege. He was not only an eminent priest, but he was also a public-spirited citizen and a man of culture whose personality will long be held in affectionate remembrance.—The Outlook.

What makes you Despondent?—Has the stomach gone wrong? Have the nerve centres grown tired and listless? Are you threatened with nervous prostration? South American Nervine is nature's corrector, makes the stomach right, gives a world of nerve force, keeps the circulation perfect. A regular constitution builder for rundown people. One lady says: "I owe my life to it."—81.

The Dead Keep Silence.

The British Psychological Research Society honestly admits the failure of recent extraordinary attempts to establish communication between the living and the dead; and thus deals what should be a telling blow to the pretenses of Spiritualism.

The case in question is this: Some years before his death, the late Frederick Myers, of London, handed a sealed envelope to Sir Oliver Lodge, announcing his intention of communicating its contents to the latter from the life hereafter. After Mr. Myers' death, a woman with the gift of automatic writing, declared the deceased had made known to her the contents of the envelope. Sir Oliver Lodge called a meeting of the council of the Society of Psychical Research, and decided to open the envelope.

First, however, the automatic writer recorded the message she had received from Myers. Then the envelope was opened, and, as might have been expected, there was no resemblance between its contents and the alleged message through the medium.

No true Christian, and few even of intelligent pagans, doubt the immortality of the soul. The Christian believes in the communion of saints, by which we understand the persistence of the individual with human affections beyond the grave; the effective interest of those who have attained a happy immortality in their brethren who are still wayfarers amid earthly perils; and the power of the latter by their prayers and good works to help the faithful departed who are not fit for immediate entrance into Heaven.

Those who have gone before have manifested themselves to the living not merely in ancient days, but in our own times. But these apparitions, which are a departure from God's ordinary Providence, are rare. They are vouchsafed only to great and special exigencies. They are direct and simple as befits the majesty of God, and the dignity of the human soul. It would be blasphemous to conceive of them with the ridiculous equipment of the spiritist and clairvoyant. They are not granted to the bold and idle challenge of doubt or curiosity, or to Divine permission, such challenges were answered, it would be, like Saul's of old, to the undoing of the challenger.

It stands to reason that, if such communication with the dead as is sought by those of little faith were granted and proven beyond peradventure in even a few cases, the work for which men are sent into the world would soon be seriously disorganized. The soul's immortality has been revealed to us. The way to a happy immortality has been made plain. It is all in our own hands.

In His first parable of Dives and Lazarus, Christ anticipated the plea that faith would be strengthened and wrongs righted by the apparition and the warnings of those who have passed the portals of eternity. If one went from the dead to sinners, they would do penance. They who despise the law and the prophets would equally despise messengers from the dead.

About us, on every side, are incontrovertible evidences of the supernatural origin and sustaining power of the True Religion; yet men and women of much vaunted intelligence and scholarship go coldly by the Christian temple and spend time and money on the maunderings of some victim of nervous diseases, or evil obsession; or some bold and vulgar fraud; and no matter how often they are disillusionized in special cases, they are ready for fresh experiments and impostures.

The Catholic Church forbids all such criminal foolishness to her members, and thus keeps down the percentage of broken fortunes, desolated homes, and helpless insanity.—Boston Pilot.

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

Little Margie's father had a very fine head of hair, but her uncle's head was entirely bald. One day when they were all at dinner table Margie said: "Papa, why don't you get a hair-cut like Uncle Joe's?"

Cures all Coughs

Doesn't it stand to reason that as Shiloh's Consumption Cure, the Lung Tonic, has cured consumption, it will naturally cure that cough of yours? Your money back, if it doesn't. Try it to-day. 25c., 50c. and \$1.00

GATES' ACADIAN LINIMENT

Is well-known as being without an equal. After exposure to cold a few drops in a cup of hot sweetened water will effectually break up a Cold or Cough.

Taken from a Post Card:

Rockvale, N. S., Jan. 10, 1905. Please send me two dozen of Gates' Acadian Liniment. That Liniment sells best. It is good. Yours, JAMES S. NICKERSON.

A bottle in the home is a necessity for such winter ills as Toothache, Chilblains and Quinsy. For Rheumatism when applied hot it brings relief. Diphtheria and Sore Throat are quickly and efficiently cured by it. Best because strongest. Sold everywhere by

G. GATES, SON & CO MIDDLETON, N. S.

Vapo-Cresolene. Established 1879. Whooping Cough, Croup, Bronchitis, Cough, Grip, Asthma, Diphtheria. Cresolene is a boon to Asthmatics. Cresolene is a long established and standard remedy for the diseases indicated. It cures because the air is sterilized and antiseptic is carried over the diseased surfaces of the bronchial tubes with every breath, giving prolonged and constant treatment. Those of a consumptive tendency, or sufferers from chronic bronchitis, find immediate relief from coughs or inflamed conditions of the throat.

Inverness Railway & Coal Co., Inverness, Cape Breton. Miners and Shippers of the celebrated Inverness Imperial Coal.

SCREENED, RUN OF MINE, SLACK. First class both for Domestic and Steam purposes. COAL! COAL! Shipping facilities of the most modern type at Port Hastings, C. B., for prompt loading of all classes and sizes of steamers and sailing vessels.

Inverness Railway & Coal Co. INVERNESS, C. B. Wm. Petrie, Agent, Port Hastings, C. B.

PLANT LINE. DIRECT ROUTE TO BOSTON

And All Points in United States. Sailings Commencing Nov. 16th

SS. HALIFAX HALIFAX TO BOSTON, Wednesday's 8:00 A. M. From Boston Saturdays at Noon. Passengers arriving at Halifax by Tuesday's trains receive accommodation on board steamers without extra charge. Through tickets for sale, and baggage checked by Agents Intercolonial Railway. For all information apply to Plant Line Agents, at Halifax. H. L. CHIPMAN, Manager

Always safe, pleasant and effectual for all coughs, colds, irritation of the throat. The Baird Company's

Wine of Tar, Honey and Wild Cherry

will give rest and comfort to the sleepless. Bronchial and asthmatic coughs are promptly relieved. At all dealers in medicine. THE BAIRD CO., LTD., Proprietors.

ESTABLISHED, 1852

THE CASKET,

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

M. DONOVAN, Manager.

Terms: \$1.00 per Year in Advance.

There is what is called the worldly spirit which enters with the greatest subtlety into the character of even good people...

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16.

[Official.]

Pastors, who have not as yet forwarded the contributions of their parishes to the African Missions and the Jubilee Alms to the Pope...

JOHN CAMERON, Bishop of Antigonish

A QUESTION OF INITIATION.

Some years ago, in one of the British Colonies, a general census was organized. Among the items of information to be collected was the religious denomination of each inhabitant.

But if they which bring the Infant to the Church do make such uncertain answers to the Priest's questions as that it cannot appear that the child was baptized with water in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost...

heretic; but it is Christ's Baptism, and marks the baptized person as belonging to His flock. It is, in truth, Christ Himself that baptizes, using the ministry of men...

How this doctrine stands related to the question of initiation will be the subject of a second article. Meanwhile we may remark, by the way, for the benefit of those who need it...

"But if they which bring the Infant to the Church do make such uncertain answers to the Priest's questions as that it cannot appear that the child was baptized with water in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost...

The same rule applies to converts. It is simply a case of doubt as to whether they were ever properly baptized. A whole series of facts come to our knowledge regarding the careless way in which ministers sprinkled water over batches of many children at a time...

A Blessing—not a Command.

Mr. Editor.—In your able review of Father Phalen's book in your issue of the 9th inst. you are guilty of an unpardonable biblical blunder when you say "the command to increase and multiply was given before the fall, &c."

"And God blessed them, saying: Increase and multiply, and fill the earth, and subdue it, and rule over the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and all living creatures that move upon the earth."

God said, "Increase and multiply," and the words imply a command or precept addressed, not indeed to the individual, but to the race. So St. Thomas understands the words (2<sup>a</sup>, 2<sup>ae</sup>, q. 92, a. 2. ad 1<sup>um</sup>), but perhaps "R." will have it that the Angel of the Schools has been guilty of "an unpardonable biblical blunder" in so construing them.—EDITOR.

Mrs. Edward Rodenhiser and child of Dayspring, a small settlement near Bridgewater, N. S., lost their lives on Sunday in a fire which destroyed their home.

County Harbour Branch Railway.

To the Editor of the Casket:

A very proper and just agitation during several years, by the people of Guysborough County, for railway accommodation brought this railway scheme into existence.

But how does the New Glasgow branch conform with the original object with respect to railway accommodations for eastern Guysborough County?

Hence, the benefit accruing to Guysborough County, on a whole, from the building of the New Glasgow branch, is by no manner of means apparent. It is manifestly projected in the interests of the southern section of Pictou County and the town of New Glasgow, alone, to the detriment of the two adjoining Counties of Guysborough and Antigonish...

Shall it be permitted now to step in and deprive these two Counties and Antigonish County in particular of their just claim upon Government Railway assistance, for no visible reason other than to compel the passenger and freight traffic of nearly the whole of Guysborough County together with that of the Southern sections of Antigonish County, to go by a line to New Glasgow at least twice as long, and consequently twice as expensive as it would be a line located almost due North from Cross Roads County Harbour to the I. C. R. at Antigonish.

A closer examination of this map, which is the only reliable means at our disposal, for studying the subject and arriving at intelligent conclusions, reveals the fact that the line as located from Dartmouth to Guysborough, is, east of County Harbour, diverted towards the Northern boundary of Guysborough County and removed further and further from the Southern Shore as it proceeds eastward, thus depriving the fishing settlements of that coast of the desired convenience.

The mining towns and fishing settlements along this coast, east of the District of St. Marys, however, can have access by water to Country Harbour and thence directly by rail to the I. C. R. at Antigonish, a point about midway between Halifax and Sydney, C. B.

Of late years, travel as well as other traffic is destined towards the new markets and industrial works of the east, fully as much as towards the west. This is particularly true of the Counties of Antigonish and Guysborough. Why not afford them a railway arrangement by which they can connect with the I. C. R. by the shortest and least expensive route possible, instead of by a line twice as long and twice as expensive to New Glasgow, and also the added expense on the I. C. R. from New Glasgow East to Antigonish?

Measuring distances on the map, in straight lines, from New Glasgow and Antigonish respectively, to a junction at Cross Roads Country Harbour, and applying the same to the scale, it will be found that the line from Antigonish to the said junction is at least twenty miles shorter. This, at a subsidy of five thousand dollars a mile, would effect a saving to the Provincial treasury alone of one hundred thousand dollars.

This saving would enable the Governments to subsidize over thirty miles of railways in other sections of the Province. Circumstances and conditions, from every point of view, favour the branch line from Cross Roads Country Harbour to Antigonish. I repeat everything in justice favours this route, and there should be no obstacle in the way of securing it, but we must act as a united body, from Antigonish to Isaac's Harbour and assert our rights in a systematic way.

Public meetings are in order at once to frame suitable petitions and have them circulated in every district from Antigonish to the Southern Shores of Guysborough County. In this connection, I would suggest that a public meeting be held at St. Andrews or some other suitable place, at an early date of the people of that, Dunmore, and surrounding districts, to be followed in order by similar gatherings all along the line.

Let a few of the public spirited citizens of the above districts consult, arrange a place and date for meeting and make the usual announcement. It does not require many to do this, but it certainly takes more than one.

Vox POPULI. Dunmore, Feby, 13, '05.

(Correspondence in Eastern Chronicle.) I take this opportunity of a lull in the storm or rather the storms, to send a short item in regard to the railway project that is forming the principle topic in this part of our county, and (Continued on page five).

HIGHLAND NURSERY. Cut Flowers and Potted Plants CARNATIONS OUR SPECIALTY.

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We beg to announce our Annual Remnant Sale opens on

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**General News.**

The United States is assuming a financial protectorate over San Domingo.

The leader of the Buenos Ayres insurrection has fled to the mountains.

The 1905 session of the British Parliament opened on Monday. King Edward read the address from the throne.

The C. P. R. Co. has declared a dividend of two per cent. on the preferred and the three per cent. on the common stock for the half year.

The Hay Bond treaty between the United States and Newfoundland has been so changed by the U. S. Senate that it will probably be dropped.

A crippled man named Gaspard Petit is on trial at Montreal on a charge of killing a young man by striking him with his crutch in a fit of anger.

John P. Polen, was walking along William street, Montreal, when a brick fell on his head, killing him. His head was smashed and he died immediately.

The Provincial Legislature opened on Friday. E. M. Farrell of Queen's is speaker. The address was moved by R. M. McGregor of Pictou, and seconded by Dr. Bissett of Richmond.

It is reported that *Le Journal* and *Le Canada* are going to be amalgamated in Montreal and that *Le Canada* will hereafter appear as an evening paper.

Special despatches from Constantinople report that the Minister of War has decided to call out all the reserves in Macedonia in anticipation of an insurrection in the spring.

The members of the crew and passengers of the "Damara" who were supposed last week to have been lost in the missing boat, had a very trying ordeal in reaching land, but are now all well.

A school boy named Ingraham at North East Margaree had his left eye put out, deliberately it is said, by some of his school mates, a sharp wire being used. This occurred last week. The eye was removed by a doctor.

On the 9th inst., fire threatened the College at St. Laurent, near Montreal, but seven large tanks of water on the top of the building, saved the entire place from destruction. Only one wing was destroyed, at a loss of \$8,000.

Complete official returns of the recent Ontario general election from all constituencies show a conservative vote of 238,713, against a liberal vote of 204,458. Parties stand in the assembly: Conservative, 67; liberals, 31. Conservative majority, 36.

Two men were killed, twenty-four were injured, eight passenger cars and an engine are piled in the ditch, a 200 foot bridge wrecked as the result of a broken rail on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad near Melbourne on Thursday.

At a conference held between the directors of the Midland Railway company of Nova Scotia and General Manager Gifkins of the Dominion Atlantic, the purchase of the Midland by the Dominion Atlantic was agreed to for the sum of \$1,500,000.

Five persons were seriously injured while more than a dozen received slight burns and wounds in a fire that destroyed a large wooden factory building occupied by celluloid comb manufacturers at Leominster, Mass., on Friday.

The cabinet in council appointed Judge Iddington, of the exchequer division of the high court of Ontario, to succeed Judge Killam on the supreme court bench. Judge Iddington's successor will be R. S. Cloute, of Toronto.

E. B. Devlin, the Liberal candidate in the County of Wright, Quebec, has been elected by a small majority. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was elected in this constituency at the general election by upwards of 1,000 majority.

The over-due steamer *Silvia*, from New York and Halifax, arrived at St. John's, Nfld., on Monday, after a terrific experience in a blizzard which struck her on Wednesday, driving her eighty miles seaward among great ice floes on the Grand Banks.

On Friday Stephen Andres, of the Amherst marble works, died in his sleigh while driving alone from Bay Verte to Sackville, N. B. The horse proceeded on the way until some residents met the team and made the ghastly discovery that the man who had been driving was dead.

The United States senate by a vote of 50 to 9 passed an amendment to all the arbitration treaties by substituting the word "Treaty" for "Agreement" in the second article of each. It was this amendment to which the President was opposed. All the treaties were ratified.

At the request of Hon. Mr. Lemieux, Solicitor General, M. P. for Gaspe, and Mr. R. J. Leslie, M. P. for Magdalen Islands, the Dominion Government has granted a low rate for telegraph messages between Magdalen Islands and the mainland. The rate in the future will be half a cent a word. This is considered a great boon for the Islands, and is the result of many years' urgent efforts.

A Berlin despatch to the Times says: "Although it is reported that the Crown Prince is going to Italy to see his fiancée, the main reason for his journey is a falling out with his father. The Kaiser was greatly incensed because his son attended a banquet of an Anti-Semetic Society of German students. For his action

his father placed him under arrest for three days."

Confronted by living witnesses of his duplicity at the coroner's investigation at Chicago on Friday into the death of Mrs. Walcker Hoch, Johann Hoch, the much-married man, has admitted his marriage to thirteen women in the last ten years. Eight of the women, who at one time bore the name of the alleged bigamist, are now dead, but Hoch declares they died natural deaths, and is firm in his denial that he poisoned any one of them.

King Oscar II., of Sweden and Norway, has made Crown Prince Gustave regent until further notice. The reason given for the step is the King's illness. It has been expected for some time that the Crown Prince would be made regent or even that the King would abdicate in his favour. King Oscar II. is 76 years old. The Crown Prince was born on June 15, 1858, and married in 1881, the Princess Victoria of Baden. He has three sons.

No. 9 train, the night express for St. John, which left Halifax at nine o'clock Friday, night met with a serious accident at Hilden, five miles from Truro, between eleven and twelve o'clock: At that point she was an hour late and running at a good rate of speed, when the axle of one of the cars broke. The train could not be stopped for some distance, and before it was brought to a standstill the car was badly wrecked and the road bed was damaged considerably.

The political situation at Quebec is unchanged. The ministers who resigned, Messrs. Turgeon, Gouin, and Weir, held a caucus at Quebec last week; and on the same day, Premier Parent held a caucus. Both parties claim a majority; but it will not be known which has it until the Legislature meets on March 2nd. A suit is in progress for libel brought by Parent against Senator Choquette and others; and very strong statements are being made in the papers. Later reports state Premier Parent will resign and will be succeeded in the Premiership by Hon. Mr. Gouin.

John Timmons, of Jersey City was killed by a telephone wire in front of his home under peculiar circumstances. He was shovelling snow from the sidewalk when the wind blew a broken wire, which hung from an electric light wire, close by where he was shovelling. He avoided it for a while and was standing close to it when the wind blew it against him. He fell instantly, the electric wire falling across his body. His overcoat caught fire. His wife, who had witnessed the accident, ran to help him but could do nothing.

On the 8th inst., J. P. Whitney announced that the lieutenant-governor of Ontario had approved of the following gentlemen constituting his government. The swearing in took place at government house. J. P. Whitney, Premier and Attorney-General; J. J. Foy, Commissioner of Crown Lands; Lieut.-Col. A. J. Matheson, Treasurer; Dr. R. A. Pyne, Minister of Education; Nelson Monteith, Minister of Agriculture; Dr. J. O. Reaume, Commissioner of Public Works; W. J. Hanna, Provincial Secretary; Dr. W. A. Willoughby, Minister without portfolio; Adam Beck, Minister without portfolio; Major J. S. Hendrie, Minister without portfolio.

Special customs officers have at last got trace of long suspected illegal export of game from Quebec province to the United States. It is found that within three months over a thousand deer have been sent out from one point, cut up, barrelled, and labelled "hams." The shipments, as soon as they crossed the boundary, were changed to venison, and the whole lot were valued at about twenty seven thousand dollars and duty of about \$2,500 was paid. Vast quantities of partridge were also exported as "land fowl," but these cannot be traced. All shipments were made under false names, both of senders and consignees, but the officers are hot on their trail, headed by Chief Inspector F. L. Jones.

In the commons on Tuesday, the estimates for public buildings in Nova Scotia, amounting to \$240,500, were taken up. The sum of \$140,000, voted for a public building at Sydney Mines, and items of \$15,000 each were passed for other buildings at Glace Bay, Antigonish, Canso, Inverness and Shelburne. Items were also passed for \$35,000 for Halifax winter port buildings, and \$12,000 for a public building. The item for Antigonish was strongly assailed by Mr. Ganong of Charlotte County, N. B. He stated that our population had decreased 920 souls in the last decade, that we have no manufacturing or shipping of any account. Mr. McIsaac replied to Mr. Ganong, claiming that the Town was an old one, that its importance was recognized by the previous government, and that the number of persons to be served by the new post office was much greater than Mr. Ganong stated.

The International Commission at Paris which is inquiring into the North Sea tragedy had its last session on Monday until a decision is reached, when President Faurnier (the President of the Commission) will call a meeting for public announcement. The admirals in the meantime will hold daily private sessions to deliberate upon a decision. It is expected that some days will elapse before definite results are arrived at. It was expected that the British and Russian agents would reach an agreement upon a number of points involved, but the pleadings show that on the main points they were not reconciled. The British consul maintains that the testimony showed that no torpedo boats were present, and that therefore the firing was unjustifiable, whereas the Russian conclusion held

that the testimony showed that torpedo boats were present and that the firing was fully warranted. However, the Russian statement closed with a declaration of profound regret that innocent lives had been sacrificed, and announced the willingness of the Russian Government to pay an indemnity to the survivors and the victims, leaving the amount of the indemnity to the Hague tribunal. An incident occurred when the Russian agent, M. Neklidoff, pointed out that the British agent referred to the commission as a court, whereas the two governments had expressly agreed upon it being a commission of inquiry, but not a court. Thereupon the British agent, Mr. Obrien, withdrew the use of the word court. The incident was taken to indicate the restricted nature of the commissioner's inquiry.

(Continued from page four.)

the adjoining county of Antigonish. I have just received the information that enthusiastic meetings have been held at MacAra's Brook, Arisaig and Malignant Cove strongly advocating the proposed railway from Merigonish round by the shore to Antigonish. Many strong arguments, I am informed, were brought forward in favor of the proposed route; and the people seem to be thoroughly in earnest about the matter and are determined to keep the matter agitated until the Government grant their request. No doubt many arguments could be brought forward in its favour. At the present time the two steamers placed on the route between Pictou and Georgetown are both tied up, a serious inconvenience to the people of both provinces, particularly so to the farmers of P. E. Island, as I understand large quantities of hay are awaiting transmission to relieve the farmers in the present crisis, while at the same time a clear passage from Georgetown to Cape George is available. Could not one of the boats be placed on that route and should the railway be built and equipped, freight and passengers could be landed at or near Arisaig and transmitted to their destination. And again in summer, passengers from Port Hood could come by boat, could land at Arisaig and proceed to their destination without the trouble or extra expense of going by rail all the way to Mulgrave. This as well as what I have before mentioned in my last communication about the iron ore, fishing and farming interests should go far to induce the Government to grant our request and order a survey at an early date. Surveyors will find little difficulty in locating a good line, as the country round the shore is all comparatively level land and but few cuts and grades would be encountered. The farmers at Ponds and Lower B. River are not so much in need of the railway as the people further east, who are seriously handicapped in disposing of the surplus products of their farms and fisheries, yet we want the railway and our sympathies are strongly in favour of our neighbors in Antigonish County, as well we know they cannot dispose of their products to good advantage. The country merchants cannot afford to give them a very high price for what they have to sell and the goods bought will be correspondingly high. I understand that a meeting will be held at Lismore shortly to discuss railway matters.

**Resolution of Condolence.**

At a regular meeting of St. Joseph's League of the Cross, North Sydney, held February 8th, the following resolution of condolence was unanimously carried:

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, to call to His eternal reward our esteemed brother, John J. McMullin; Resolved, that we, the members of St. Joseph's League of the Cross, tender to the relatives of our esteemed brother our sincere condolence and sympathy in their sad bereavement;

Further resolved, that copies of this resolution be sent to the wife of our deceased brother and to THE CASKET for publication.

F. MONAHAN, President.  
PATRICK J. NICHOLSON, Rec. Sec.

**DEATHS**

At Port Hood, on Jan. 13, DONALD McVARRISH, in the 3rd year of his age, consoled by the last rites of the Church. May his soul rest in peace!

At Grosvenor, February 6, ARCHIBALD McKEOUGH, aged 53 years. Consolated by the last rites of the Holy Catholic Church, peacefully passed to his reward, leaving a widow, two sons and a daughter to mourn the loss of a kind husband and father. R. I. P.

At Malignant Cove, on Monday, 6th Feb., after a lingering illness, ANN CHISHOLM, in the 74th year of age. NANCY, as she was familiarly known, was the last member of the family of the late ALEXANDER CHISHOLM and his wife MARGARET McRAE. May her soul rest in peace!

At Morar, Antigonish County, on the 6th inst., ANNIE, relict of the late ANDREW GILLIS, in the 86th year of her age, leaving six sons and a large number of grand children to cherish her memory. Fortified by the rites of the Catholic Church of which she was a devout member, she calmly resigned her soul to God. R. I. P.

At Briley's Brook, on the 4th inst., after a lingering illness, which she bore with Christian resignation, CATHERINE, widow of the late DUNCAN GRANT and daughter of the late CHRISTOPHER DUNN, S. S. Antigonish Harbor, aged 57 years. She was of a kindly disposition and was beloved by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. After receiving the last rites of the church, she peacefully passed to her reward. She leaves four sons and six daughters to mourn the loss of an affectionate mother. May her soul rest in peace.

At East Cambridge, Mass., on the middle of last October, AUGUS McNEIL (Red), son of the late DONALD McNEIL and MARY McKINNON of Morar, in this County. The deceased came to his death by falling off a building at which he was working as carpenter. He sustained serious injuries and died a few days afterwards at the City Hospital. He leaves a wife and grown up family and had attained the advanced age of 84 years. May his soul rest in peace.

At Port Hood, on January 31st, in the 30th year of his age, Alexander D. MacDonald, son of the late Angus MacDonald, merchant. Deceased went abroad ten years ago and worked in Boston and vicinity until about a month ago when he came home, seriously ill with a sickness from which he had been suffering for about a year. He bore his illness with true Christian patience and resignation, and fortified by the last rites of the Catholic Church of which he had always been a devout and most practical member, he calmly breathed his soul to God. Requiem Mass was sung by Rev. Colin Chisholm, and interment took place in St. Peter's Cemetery on February 3rd. R. I. P.

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HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO  
Paid-Up Capital, \$8,700,000 Reserve Fund, \$3,500,000  
HON. GEO. A. COX, President  
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Deposits of \$1 and upwards received, and interest allowed at current rates. Interest added to the deposit twice in each year, at the end of May and November. The depositor is subject to no delay whatever in the withdrawal of the whole or any portion of the deposit.  
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UNPRECEDENTED SALE  
OF  
**WHITE FABRIC**  
AND  
**LINEN GOODS.**  
FOR ONE MONTH ONLY.  
We are placing on our Bargain Counters for one month, our entire stock of  
**Table Linen, Linen Napkins, Linen Towels, Sheetings, Pillow Cotton and a variety of other White Goods.**  
This gives a rare chance to economic buyers to pick up their Spring wants. Following we give a few of the lines with prices. : : :  
15 Pieces White Sheetting, 1/2 wide, good value, 25c. during this Sale, 17c. per yard.  
10 Pieces White Sheetting, 1/2 wide, regular price 28c. has been marked down to 20c. yd.  
5 pieces, White Sheetting, 1/2 wide, best quality, 35c. you can have it during this month, from 28c.  
Linen Sheetting, 1/2 wide, Regular Price \$1.00 for 75c.  
Unbleached Sheetting, 1/2 wide, for 18c.  
Circular Pillow Cotton, 42 inches wide, for 15c. and 17c. yd.  
Table Linens, 54 and 60 wide, regular prices, 30, 45, 55c. now, 25c. 35c. and 45c.  
Bleached Table Linens, 60 to 72 inches wide, regular price 50, 80, 1.25, reduced to 40, 65, 80 100  
25 Dozen Linen Napkins, prices are, 65c. 75, 1.00, and up to 4.00 per dozen, 20 per cent. off  
36 Beautiful New White Honey Comb Quilts, 1/2 for 65c. each.  
36 more New White Honey Comb Quilts, 1/2 for 85c. each.  
These are worth, \$1.00 and 1.25  
50 Dozen New Huchabuck Towels, 65c. Dozen.  
25 Dozen New Huchabuck Towels, 90c. Dozen.  
These Towels are cheap in the regular way at 90c and 1.25 per Dozen.  
Bureau Scarfs and Runners in open work.  
We have a large quantity of Manufacturers' Samples of open work Bureau Scarfs &c. which are good value at regular prices but during this Sale will be sold at 20 per cent. discount.  
As the above, are all Staple Goods, good value at our regular prices. This sale is for **CASH ONLY** and at the Prices now offered should be taken advantage of by every housekeeper who has an eye to economy.  
**CHISHOLM, SWEET & CO.**  
Feb 15, 1905.

**Baby's Own Soap**  
Pure, Fragrant, Cleansing  
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Take with Cod Liver Oil in the first stages of Consumption, it will be found invaluable.

Price 25 cts. per bottle.

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A good thing is worth a fair price and is the wisest; but an inferior thing is dear at any price.

Compare your Cerebrum, equilibrium, individual instruction, experienced teachers and large patronage for trained help with any other school, and we know which school you will attend.

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**LAND FOR SALE.**

That good piece of land situated on the back of the Back Block, between the Angus McLean farm and the farm containing about 20 acres more or less. This piece of land will be sold at a bargain. Apply to

WILLIAM POWELL,  
27 Queen St., Antigonish.

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AND

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Be sure to get Cowan's. Sold by grocer

**Cowan's**  
**Cocoa and Chocolate**  
Confectioners also have them, buy the best

**A Son of the Sea.**

"Probably everyone will remember the stir that was caused not so long ago when Beresford marched one day into the House of Commons and demanded seventy new warships at a cost of twenty million pounds!"

"The peace and safety of the British Empire depend upon it, for the navy is England's insurance money, therefore we must have more ships!" So said the great admiral, who had given up his post at the Admiralty Office in order to stir up some of the stick-in-the-muds at the head of the Navy affairs in Parliament.

The fuss that ensued will be remembered too; but in spite of the jibes of the Admiralty and the indignation of the "House," Lord Charles got his way.

In thirteen weeks from then the naval defense bill, involving an expenditure of over twenty-one millions, was passed by the House of Commons—thanks to the courage of a man who had the spirit to free himself from "red-tapeism" and "speak out his mind" for the good of his country.

With the blood of a long line of fighting ancestors in his veins, it was little wonder that from the time his thoughts first began to take shape, Charles Beresford, second son of the Marquis of Waterford, should have made up his mind to enter the Service.

On his thirteenth birthday the marquis called his little son into his study, and placed the matter of the choice of a profession before him.

"That's all right, father," said Charles promptly, "I'm going into the navy."

"And why the navy?" inquired the marquis, rather surprised at his son's decided answer.

"Because I'd like to be an admiral like Nelson," quoth Charles, his eyes sparkling with the fire of boyish enthusiasm.

"Pshaw! like Nelson," exclaimed his father, "but even if you join the navy, why do you think you'll become an admiral?"

"Because I mean to!" quietly rejoined Charles Beresford.

So to sea he went, and became a "middy" aboard her Majesty's ship "Marlborough."

Charles Beresford had all the love of mischief and "barking" innate in every boy. But his Irish ancestors had also bequeathed him much of their "dare-devilry" and utter disregard for rules and regulations, so that he speedily became the ringleader of the "Marlborough" middies in any mischief they got up to.

The most famous of our seamen, and certainly the most popular admiral in the Royal Navy, Lord Charles Beresford's name and renown is known, not only to every Jack Tar in the kingdom, but wherever a British vessel has set anchor in foreign ports.

Although the proud possessor of a beautiful medal, this breezy, laughter-loving son of the sea would rather command a "swabber" than tell the story of his winning.

Three of his medals alone are for lifesaving, and on one of these occasions the great admiral had a reward which was as unexpected as it was dramatic.

One bitterly cold night some twenty years ago, when Lord Charles Beresford's ship was off the Falkland Islands, there suddenly rang out the cry of "man overboard!"

The sentry had been swept off his feet, and carried by the violence of the gale into the angry sea. Without even waiting to divest himself of his heavy coat and boots, Lord Charles seized a coil of rope, and leaped into the icy sea.

After what seemed an eternity to him, Beresford succeeded in grasping the drowning man and dragging him to the ship side, where eager hands were soon pulling him safely on deck. Fifteen years afterwards, Lord Charles Beresford was speaking at a political meeting up North.

Suddenly from the back of the densely packed hall came the sounds of a scuffle, and someone cried: "Throw him out!"

"Let whoever that is come on to the platform, and we'll see what he has to say!" called out Lord Charles.

Accordingly, room was made in the crowd for the intruder, who struggled to the front of the hall in great excitement.

Mounting the platform he went up to the speaker, and, stretching out a brawny hand, said:

"I only want to shake hands with you, my lord! You don't call me to mind, mayhap, but I'm the man you saved off them Falkland Islands some fifteen year this Christmas!"—*Home Chat.*

**Startling But True.**

People the world over were horrified on learning of the burning of a Chicago theater in which nearly six hundred people lost their lives yet more than five times this number or over 3,000 people died from pneumonia in Chicago during the same year, with scarcely a passing notice. Every one of these cases of pneumonia resulted from a cold and could have been prevented by the timely use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. A great many who had every reason to fear pneumonia have warded it off by the prompt use of this remedy. The following is an instance of this sort: "To much can't be said in favor of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and especially for colds and influenza. I know that it cured my daughter, Laura, of a severe cold, and I believe saved her life when she was threatened with pneumonia." W. D. Wilcox, Logan, New York. Sold by all druggists.

**St. Francis Xavier's College.**

**ENGLISH HONORS EXAMINATION—PRELIMINARY.**  
January 9th, 1905.

EXAMINERS:—Rev. A. McD. Thompson, Ph. D., LL. D., A. J. G. McEwen, M. A.

**HISTORY AND STRUCTURE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.**  
Time—8 a. m. to 12.30 p. m.

1. Define and illustrate: (a) Metre, (b) Stanza, (c) Verse, (d) Canto, (e) Couplet, (f) Quatrain, (g) Strophe, (h) Refrain, (i) Rhyme, (k) Rhythm, (l) Alliteration, (m) Assonance, (n) Sonnet, (o) Alexandrine, (p) Spenserian Stanza, (q) Tennysonian Stanza.
2. Explain clearly and fully the correct usage of (a) Shall and Will, (b) Should and Would.
3. State the salient points of difference between Anglo-Saxon and Modern English.
4. (a) Underline the non-Teutonic words in the following passage: "My good Dame carries the casques of men; I yough lance through each neck; We fall in as the fall I see, because my heart is pure." (b) "Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid Some heart-own progeny with celestial fire; Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed; Or waked to etch the living lyre."
5. Give the grammatical analysis of the two quotations in question 4.
6. Exemplify the facts that in English the same letter represents different sounds, and that different letters represent the same sound. Is there any remedy for such confusion?
7. Enumerate and account for the chief anomalies of modern English spelling.
8. Explain as clearly as possible, the difference between soft (voiced) and hard (voiceless) consonants. When is the letter r trilled in English?
9. Why is Grimm's Law so called? State briefly on what facts the law is based?
10. What do you understand by the term *Umlaut*? How is it caused? Give examples.
11. There are two distinct classes of Romance words in our language: (1) those of learned formation, (2) those of popular origin. Explain briefly the meaning of this.
12. Trace the following Romance words to their original forms, and account for the changes that have taken place:—Sure, fail, poison, trouble, story, impatient, count, allow.
13. Decline the first and second personal pronouns, and discuss the variations in usage at different times.
14. Distinguish between the infinitive and the gerund in modern English; and discuss the forms in -ing in the following sentence: "John and two fishing friends started off early this morning, with their fishing rods, to the river; but fishing was had to-day, so they have come back empty-handed."
15. (a) The *hanging* pictures; (b) The *hanging* of the pictures. Explain the difference between the two words in Italian. What is the original form of the suffix -ing in each case?

**What's the Trouble?—Is it Sick Headache? Is it Biliousness? Is it Sluggish Liver? Is your skin sallow? Do you feel more dead than alive? Your system needs toning—Your Liver isn't doing its work—Don't resort to strong drugs—Dr. Agnew's Little Pills, 10 cents for 49 doses, will work wonders for you.—85.**

**Sayings of the Cure of Ars**

How many unknown souls there are in the world whom we shall one day see rich with the spoils of victory they have gained moment by moment here!

Hatred is like a dart which returns into the bosom of him who hurls it. Troubles melt away before a fervent prayer like snow before the sun. There are people who do not love the good God, who never pay to Him, and yet who prosper. It is a bad sign. They have done some little good amid a great deal of evil, and God is repaying them for it in this life. In the soul which is united to God it is always spring. The good God makes greater speed to pardon a penitent sinner than the mother to snatch her child out of the fire. If the poor lost souls had but one-half hour for repentance given to them, it would depopulate hell. The sins which we hide will appear again. If we want to hide them well we must confess them well. When men die they are often like a bar of iron covered with rust, which must be put into the fire. We should look at our conscience continually, as we look at our hands to see if they are clean. We should never repulse the poor. If we cannot give them anything we should pray to God to inspire others to do so. There are no people so much to be pitied as rich men who do not love God. Let us labor on. A day is coming in which we shall find that we have not done a whit too much to gain heaven. We may know the value of our soul by the efforts which the devil makes to destroy it.—*Ave Maria.*

**Sore Throat and Coughs**  
A simple, effective and safe remedy for all throat irritations is found in **Cresolene Antiseptic Tablets**. They combine the germicidal value of Cresolene with the soothing properties of slippery elm and licorice. **10c. All Druggists.**



The Sunlight Maids are always through their wash at twelve o'clock.

# SUNLIGHT SOAP

With ordinary soap a woman has to work so hard and so long on wash day she has no time for preparing any of the family meals. Wash day is a trial, and the good wife faces each with a sigh of despair. Sunlight Soap makes all the difference in the world. No tugging—no rubbing—no boiling—less than half the labor with much better results. Most women are all through their wash by twelve o'clock when they wash with Sunlight Soap the Sunlight way. It makes child's play of work.

ASK FOR THE OCTAGON BAR.

Sunlight Soap washes the clothes white and won't injure the hands.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO.

**EPILEPTIC FITS** **GUARANTEED CURE**

**Epilepsy, Falling Sickness, St. Vitus Dance,**  
Nervous Spasms or Convulsions permanently cured by the new discovery, VICTORINE, after all known means have failed to cure. If you are a sufferer, or know of one among your friends or relatives, do not delay, send for a treatment of VICTORINE. It will be sent by mail, no express charges or breakages, to any address in Canada or United States. Price, Two Dollars per Treatment. We positively guarantee to effect a cure or refund every cent spent with us in case of failure. Register all letters containing money. Address:

**THE VICTOR MEDICAL CO., Toronto, Can.**

**Resolutions of Condolence.**

At the regular meeting of St. Peter's Branch, L. O. C., Port Hood, held on February 5, 1905, the following resolution was passed unanimously:

Whereas, it has pleased Divine Providence, to call to his reward Alexander D. MacDonald, brother of our esteemed secretary, J. Lewis MacDonald;

Resolved, that St. Peter's Branch, L. O. C., hereby extend its sincere sympathy to Brother J. Lewis MacDonald in his affliction;

Further Resolved, that a copy of this resolution be read on the minutes book of the society and copies forwarded to the Antigonish CASKET and Port Hood Greenleafs for publication.

J. H. JAMIESON.

**SHERIFF'S SALE.**  
1905, A No. 12,383.

Between THE CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION, Plaintiff, AND WILLIAM F. MCKENZIE, Defendant.

To be sold at Public Auction by the Sheriff of the County of Antigonish, at the Court House, Antigonish, on

**Saturday, the Eleventh day of March,**  
A. D. 1905, at twelve o'clock noon,

pursuant to an order of foreclosure and sale made herein dated the third day of February, A. D. 1905, unless before the sale the defendants do pay to the plaintiff or its solicitors, or into court, the amount due to said plaintiff corporation for principal, interest and costs.

ALL the estate, interest, right title, and equity of redemption of the defendant and of all persons claiming by, through, or under him, or in, to, or out of all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of

**LAND,**

situate, lying and being at Beech Hill, and bounded as follows, that is to say: on the North by land of Kenneth McKenzie; on the East by lands of Colin McKenzie and of James Dunn; and on the South by land of Kenneth McKenzie and lands of Daniel Hildebrand; and on the West by land of Daniel Hildebrand, containing one hundred and forty acres more or less.

TERMS: Ten per cent deposit at time of sale, balance on delivery of the deed.

D. D. CHISHOLM,  
Sheriff in and for the County of Antigonish.  
RITCHIE & MERRER,  
58 Bedford Row, Halifax, N. S.,  
Solicitors for Plaintiff Corporation.

**TRY NO EXPERIMENTS**

When consumption or other serious malady has laid hold of your no time should be lost in experimenting with unknown remedies.

**PUTTNER'S EMULSION**

for more than thirty years has proved an angel of healing and blessing to the victims of pulmonary disease. No so called "Extract" or "Essence" contains, as does this tired and proved remedy, all the virtue of the purest codliver oil.

**KEEPS A COW IN HIS HOUSE.**

A well known Halifax clergyman surprised his friends recently by saying that he kept a cow in his house. With a smile he then related that his "cow" was a Truro Condensed Milk Co. tin of JERSEY CREAM, and that it always assured him a cup of Good Tea for breakfast whether the family's milk man made the rounds or not.

JERSEY CREAM is sold by all grocers and is not too expensive for people of ordinary means.

It is of course much purer than milk which has not been sterilized.

**LAND SALE.**  
1904 A No. 722.

**IN THE SUPREME COURT:**  
Between C. EDGAR WHIDDEN, Plaintiff; and WILLIAM L. McINNIS and NANCY McLEAN, Defendants.

To be sold at public auction by the Sheriff of the County of Antigonish, at the Court House in Antigonish, on

**Friday, the 24th Day of February, 1905,**  
at eleven o'clock in the forenoon,

pursuant to an order for foreclosure and sale made herein by His Honour A. Macgillivray, ex-officio Master of the Supreme Court (being the Judge of the County Court, District No. 6) dated the 18th day of January, 1905, unless before the time of sale the amount due the Plaintiff herein for principal, interest, and costs be paid to the Plaintiff or his solicitor, or into Court.

ALL the estate, right, title, interest, property, claim and demand and equity of redemption of the above named defendants or either of them (and of all persons claiming by, through or under them or either of them, since the recording of the mortgage foreclosed herein) of, to, in, upon or out of all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being at Cross Roads, Ohio, in the County of Antigonish, aforesaid, and now or formerly described as follows: Bounded on the North by lands of John McGillivray and lands of Angus McMillivray (Widow's son); on the East by the waters of the Ohio River; on the South by lands of Alexander McLean (deceased) and of William Leitch (deceased); and on the West by lands in possession of John McPherson, or the front line of the Kepchoch lots (so-called)—containing one hundred acres more or less, and being the lands conveyed to the said William Leitch by James McLean and to said Nancy McLean, his wife, by deed dated the first day of September, A. D. 1890 recorded in the Registry of Deeds at Antigonish in Book 46 at page 141. This sale is subject to a prior mortgage to the Acadia Loan Corporation, dated the 1st day of July, 1902 and recorded in the Registry of Deeds at Antigonish in Book 61 at page 69, upon which mortgage all matured instalments have been paid except that which fell due on the 1st day of January, 1905.

TERMS: Ten per cent at time of sale; remainder on delivery of deed.

DUNCAN D. CHISHOLM,  
Sheriff of Antigonish County.  
JOSEPH A. WALL,  
of Thomson Building, Antigonish, N. S.,  
Solicitor of Plaintiff.

Sheriff's Office, Antigonish, 18th January 1905.

**First Checks of Famous Authors.**

In perhaps no profession during the last decade have more startling, more firmly sustained financial successes been achieved than in the world of letters.

Never before has the literary field yielded anything like such prolific, satisfying returns. From an obscure, wholly unremunerative employment, authorship has risen to the front ranks of money earning professions. It is no unusual occurrence for the earnings for a single literary effort of many a present day author to run into five figures, while those of not a few others lap well over into the sixth.

Washington Irving, who was the first American author to reap anything approaching adequate compensation from his writings, realized a trifle over \$205,000 from his whole forty years of arduous authorship, less by several thousand dollars than Hall Caine is known to have cleared from the book and dramatic rights of "The Christian" alone, whereas Lew Wallace's total receipts from "Ben Hur" up to the present moment considerably exceed the \$500,000 mark. Yet Irving in his day represented the top notch of money earning capacity, and for years was looked upon by aspiring authors as an inspiring example of the rich possibilities that awaited whoever might be fortunate enough to attain a like popularity.

Poe's masterpiece, "The Raven," netted him the magnificent sum of \$15. Hawthorne was glad to accept \$3 for several of his "Twice Told Tales," while Longfellow, at one stage of his career, considered \$25 for such poems as "The Wreck of the Hesperus" and "The Skeleton in Armor" as handsome payment. Contrast these mere pittance with the princely contract a New York periodical recently closed with A. Conan Doyle for twelve stories, comprising a total of 100,000 words, at \$1 per word, and the force of the reversed conditions of today becomes readily apparent.

With few exceptions the first checks of nearly every writer of note today are remarkable solely for their insignificance; and the story of each author's final achievement of substantial pecuniary recompense bears eloquent testimony to the importance and efficacy of unremitting industry and perseverance.

The initial strivings of the man whose prodigious earnings were last quoted form a good case in point. In his early days Doyle was a struggling physician who, failing to find enough patients willing to trust themselves to his ministrations, filled in his intervening leisure with the writing of short stories. For awhile the same scant appreciation extended to these effusions, but as time was of no moment to the doctor he pegged away at them until one joyful day a tale entitled "The Mystery of Sassarsa Valley" brought from Chambers' Journal a check for \$16.

This opened an entirely new era for Doyle, but it was not until years later, when he began to exploit the wonderful powers of divination of Dr. Joseph Bell in the character of Sherlock Holmes that he laid the real foundation of his present preeminence. Short stories was the medium through which Stewart Edward White made his entry into the republic of letters, and \$15 was the amount of his initial check. His first serious attempt at story writing was originally prepared as a literary exercise for Prof. Brander Matthews of Columbia university in the spring of 1890. Prof. Matthews spoke highly of the tale, even urged Mr. White to try it for publication. *Harper's* and *McClure's* failed to find anything worth while in the story, but fortunately *Short Stories* viewed it differently, and it appeared in the August number of 1890 under the uninteresting caption "A Man and His Dog."

F. Hopkinson Smith freely acknowledges that he has no recollection whatever of his first check, proving conclusively that it came without effort on his part. But then few are privileged to win success in so many diverse fields as this many sided man, and the mere remembrance of anything so trivial as the beginning in any certain line is too much to expect. Mr. Smith had written nothing for print up to his forty-fifth year. His publishers at that point asked him to furnish letter press to accompany each picture in a series of water colors, which at first were designed simply as a series of plates illustrating picturesque bits in various parts of the world where he had traveled. Smith wrote some stories and descriptions, and his first book, "Well Worn Roads," was the result.

John Townsend Trowbridge confesses to a like ignorance of his first blood. "Indeed," he adds with characteristic directness, "I remember nothing at all about my early checks, except that they were small, and few and far between." Whatever pleasure his earliest reward might have given him was completely nullified by the difficulties encountered in collecting it, and, even when cheered by success, the sum realized was so insignificant as to ever afterward fill the author with a sense of disgust over its acceptance.

In his eighteenth year he supposedly won a copy of "Griswold's Poets of America," which an eastern paper had offered for the best poetical "New Year's Address" of its carrier to his patrons for Jan. 1, 1845. Even the courtesy of acceptance was denied him, but, as his contribution was printed, he naturally, after waiting a reasonable time, called for the greatly desired volume, and was surprised to learn that it had not been purchased. As caller after caller elicited the same response, he finally expressed his opinion in no

uncertain terms, whereupon he was offered \$1.50—exactly half the cost of the aforementioned volume—which, in a moment of weakness, he accepted.

"I wish I could answer your question about the first check I received for writing, but alas I cannot," writes Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton. "I know only one fact concerning it. It was a check for \$5 and was in payment for a brief sketch. I do not remember the title of the sketch or in what journal it was published; but I do know that the check made me feel richer than one fifty times as large would have made me feel a few years later. There is no delight quite like the unexpected."

Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman's memory is clear upon every point regarding her opening checks excepting that of priority. For, unlike most beginners, she knew no rebuffs, no heartburning delays, but came into her own, one might say, at a double bound. In other words, recognition came from two different sources, at periods so closely approximating each other as to place the author at a loss, this late day, to determine which payment preceded the other.

In competition for a prize of \$50, offered for the best short story, Miss Wilkins submitted "The Shadow Family." Shortly afterward she mailed that touchingly pathetic story, "Two Old Lovers," to Harper's Bazar. Both achieved success, the latter yielding \$25, but whether payment for this or the \$50 check came first remains an open question, though Miss Wilkins opines to the former. "One thing I do know," Miss Wilkins tells me, "they both seemed large indeed to me, and my delight and astonishment knew no bounds."

W. W. Jacobs of "Many Cargoes" fame was another winner in a prize story contest, though in a woefully abridged scale of compensation from Miss Wilkins. His first plunge was made in 1886, capturing from an obscure English monthly the munificent prize of 5 shillings, a ratio of payment, Mr. Jacobs woefully admits, that held surprisingly good throughout the whole introductory years of his literary career. It was an excellent training, nevertheless, and there came a time when his "cargoes" took a sudden rise in value, and they have been on the increase ever since.

Gertrude Atherton's and George W. Cable's introductory checks were of a size altogether disproportionate to those that usually fall to the lot of novices. \$100 representing the amount of the former, \$50 the latter. Mrs. Atherton's was in payment for a long story that had as its motif the total extinction of a widely known English family by the curse of drink. It was then known as "The Randerths of Redwood," but in later years Mrs. Atherton reconstructed the story into that absorbingly interesting book, "A Daughter of the Vine."

Although Mr. Cable got but half the sum Mrs. Atherton received, he was infinitely better paid, for his contribution was short, whereas Mrs. Atherton's comprised some 20,000 words. Mr. Cable's first literary fee proceeded from contributions to a weekly column of humorous and critical articles which he prepared for the New Orleans Picayune under the signature of Drop Shot. The literary instinct had always been strong within him, but it was not until he conceived the idea of giving expression to certain phases of Creole life that his first sustained effort at story telling made its appearance.

Literature may be said to have welcomed Mrs. Adeline D. T. Whitney with outstretched hands from the start. The periodicals were so few in those days to which an author could submit manuscripts with any prospect of payment it was inevitable that her earliest offerings should have gone unrewarded. Naturally it was a happy occasion indeed when the Atlantic Monthly considered her war poem of 1861, entitled "Under the Cloud and Through the Sea," worth even so small a sum as \$10. The poem attracted considerable attention. Dr. Holmes especially took great pains to commend it, and it is now included in her small volume of "Pansies."

Urgent need of money actuated Frances Hodgson Burnett in her original publishing venture, making its actual realization of infinitely greater pleasure than the incidental tribute paid her genius.

It was manifest from the outset that Frances Hodgson should become an author, commencing while yet a child to weave romances about her dolls and whoever or whatever appealed to her fancy. It was not, however, until the family finances reached such an acute stage as to necessitate incisive action that the idea of coining her imaginings into money forced itself upon the 14 year old girl. The favorable magazine replies to correspondents, aent the preparation and acceptance of manuscripts, first suggested the possibility that stories such as she spun might possess a monetary value.

Her eldest sister, to whom Frances revealed her project, scouted the idea at the start, but grew to view it more favorably, and latterly urged Frances to write a story, promising to help pick wild grapes in order to provide sufficient funds for stationery and postage. It took but a short time to compose and forward "Miss Carruther's Engagement," which, albeit pleasing to the editor of Ballou's Magazine, was not sufficiently pleasing to warrant payment.

Wisely arguing that a story worth printing was worth paying for Miss Hodgson requested its return, remailing it to Godey's Magazine. Unable to reconcile such a mature, well balanced story of upper English life with the backwoods of Tennessee, Mr.

Godey wrote inquiring into its originality, and stipulating as further proof that another story be submitted. With feverish haste "Hearts and Diamonds" was written and dispatched, and after a seemingly interminable period a check for \$35 made its appearance—\$20 for the former, \$15 for the latter. "Hearts and Diamonds" was published in June, 1865; "Miss Carruther's Engagement" the following October.

The earliest earnings of "Mark Twain," W. D. Howells, Bret Harte, and Hall Caine came in the form of a salary for newspaper or magazine work.

S. R. Crockett likewise achieved pecuniary recognition on newspaper lines, not by way of salary, but by the devious route of sending his manuscripts the rounds. A batch of short stories eventually made good in the office of a Glasgow paper, and he was rewarded at the by no means despised rate in those days of 7s and 6d a column. It was only a question of time, however, when the income from his pen grew sufficiently remunerative to warrant his total abandonment of the ministry for authorship.

In early authorship Thomas Nelson Page wrote his stories on a slate, erasing them without the slightest compunction after reading them to his friends, a particularly happy, though rare practice for tyros—one many an author, including Mr. Page, by his own confession, often wishes might have prevailed with some of the things written in more mature years.

As time went on Page's opinion of his own productions increased sufficiently to embolden him to put them into permanent form and offer them for publication. But the editors seemingly held to Page's original estimate, as every composition returned with clocklike regularity. Had time been of more consequence, story writing, in all probability, would have been shelved, but the increased leisure that attended the opening of a law office in Richmond, Va., almost forced its continuance as a means of occupation. As was inevitable poetry finally had its inning, and, strangely enough, it was a bit of dialect verse called "Unc Gabe's White Folks" that won out in the end. The check was only \$15, yet so great was Page's pride that it was a long time before he cashed it.

James Whitcomb Riley was earning small weekly pay writing rhymes in the advertisements and local news of an Indiana newspaper when money payment for an out and out poem first reached him. Donald Grant Mitchell, then editor of *Hearth and Home*, sent it for some verses called "Destiny." "The amount was meager enough, something like \$3 or \$4," Mr. Riley says, "but there came a letter with it, praising my poem, which at once served to put my head in the clouds." Riley speedily dispatched a package of poems to Mr. Mitchell, but they all came back with a note from the editor, stating that *Hearth and Home* was about to be discontinued. Mr. Riley then sent a selection of his work to Longfellow with a request for a candid opinion. The reply was highly favorable, and this indorsement, when shown to the local editors, was the means of making a home market for much of his early writings.—*J. D. Stowe, in Chicago Tribune.*

Our greatest cross is the fear of crosses.

**Caution and Care.**

John Morley, in an address at Pittsburgh, urged the American people to use caution and care in their busy lives—to do strenuous things, but to do them with forethought.

"The Scot," said Mr. Morley, "is noted for his forethought."

A bald Scot, on a visit to London, paused to look at a display of hair tonic in a chemist's window. The chemist, himself a bald man, came out and tapped the Scot upon the shoulder.

"The very thing for you, man," he said. "Let me sell you a bottle of this tonic. It is the greatest medical discovery of the age."

"It is guid, eh?" said the Caledonian.

"Good? It is marvellous. I guarantee it to produce hair on a bald head in twenty-four hours."

"Aweel," said the Scot, in his dry, cautious way. "Aweel, ye can gie the top o' yer head a rub wi' it, and I'll look back the morn and see if ye're tellin' the truth."

**Ayer's**

Take cold easily? Throat tender? Lungs weak? Any relatives have consumption? Then a cough means a great

**Cherry Pectoral**

deal to you. Follow your doctor's advice and take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It heals, strengthens, prevents.

For 40 years I have depended on Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs and colds. I know it greatly strengthens weak lungs.

Mrs. P. A. ROBINSON, Saline, Mich.

25c., 50c., \$1.00. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

**Weak Lungs**

Ayer's Pills increase the activity of the liver, and thus aid recovery.

AT

**FRASER'S MEAT MARKET**

are some of the nicest

**HAMS**

ever offered the Antigonish public.

OUR OWN CURING

JOHN FRASER, Manager

**Monuments and Headstones**

in all kinds of Granite, Marble and Freestone.

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

Get our prices before placing your order

J. H. McDOUGALL,  
B. x 474.  
New Glasgow, N. S.

**LIQUOR HABIT**


PERMANENTLY CURED.

**GOOD NEWS** — To all men and women who have become enslaved by the way to become slaves to drink here is indeed GOOD NEWS. ARTO'S will quickly and permanently destroy all taste for liquor, it is a sure and lasting cure as hundreds can testify, can be administered unknown to the patient, quickly restores shattered nerves, tones the appetite and digestive organs and rehabilitates the entire system. ARTO'S is guaranteed to cure, money refunded in case of failure. Price of ARTO'S, Two Dollars per treatment. Sent by mail securely sealed to any address. Register all letters containing money.

**THE VICTOR MEDICAL CO., Toronto, Can.**

**ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR**

Makes Bread that is more Nutritious and easily Digested than Flour Produced by any other Process



**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.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Farm for Sale—C. E. Gregory, Unrecollected Sale—Chisholm, Sweet & Co.

LOCAL ITEMS.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS crowded out.

THE INQUEST in the New York case referred to in this column last week took place yesterday, and resulted, as was anticipated, in exonerating the young man from Cape Breton, the verdict being that death was due to natural causes, as was fully established by an autopsy held some days ago.

REV. DR. CHISHOLM'S illness has developed into typhoid pneumonia. On Sunday and Monday his condition became quite serious. On Tuesday and yesterday he was somewhat easier, and there is hope for his recovery. We bespeak the prayers of all our readers for the restoration of his health. Rev. Father MacAdam, of Antigonish, went to North Sydney on Monday to visit him.

STRUCK A PIG.—The officials' train from Glace Bay over the Sydney & Louisburg Railway struck a pig at Dom. No. 1 Monday afternoon and narrowly escaped being derailed. After the engine had passed over the animal its body became caught in the front truck of the first passenger coach and was dragged along the track for a distance of one hundred and fifty yards. When the train stopped at the station the mutilated carcass was released from the truck and the train proceeded to Sydney.—Sydney Record.

ANOTHER FARMER'S HOUSE DESTROYED BY FIRE.—The residence of Mr. Alexander Nichols, James River, Ant., was wholly destroyed by fire on Saturday afternoon. All the contents were also consumed, including \$300 in cash, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Nichols and two adopted children with only the clothes they wore. The fire originated from an overheated stovepipe in the dining room. The pipe apparently ran through a wooden partition. There is no insurance. The loss to Mr. Nichols is exceedingly serious, and coming at such a season and on such a cold day as was Saturday, is a great hardship.

THE RAILWAY people are having great difficulty in overcoming the snow drifts which are preventing the trains from running. Saturday's fast train from Sydney did not reach here until 2.18 Sunday morning, and did not arrive at New Glasgow until 1.25 on Monday morning, nearly nineteen hours in making the run of forty miles. It ran into a snow drift at James River where it remained for over fourteen hours. At Marshy Hope it was stalled several hours more. The early express from the west on Tuesday was nine hours behind time and the fast express of the same day was four hours late.

THE BAD SNOW STORMS, high winds and cold of this winter is occasioning much distress in all the rural districts of Eastern Nova Scotia, at least. Many people, owing to the impassable condition of the roads are unable to procure the necessities of the household, while cattle are suffering for want of fodder. Yesterday the roads were, where travelled, in better condition than for some time and a surprising number of people came to Town, some to procure flour and such goods. To-day's storm will again render travel impassable for a time, and those living far from Town will therefore undergo much hardship. It is feared also that in the anxiety to haul hay for the cattle in the early part of the season, the procuring of firewood was delayed and numbers are short in fuel.

HYMENEAL.—Miss Mary Drumm, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Drumm, of Rochester, Pa., and Mr. Alexander McKenzie, son of Roderick McKenzie of Antigonish, were united in marriage with nuptial Mass at St. Cecilia's Church, Rochester, on January 30 by Rev. Father Scholner. The bride was attended by Miss Maggie Kramer and the groom by Mr. Fred. Drumm, the bride's brother. After a reception and wedding breakfast at the home of the bride's parents, the happy couple left on a wedding tour to Niagara Falls, their many friends wishing them a long and happy life.

At St. Peter's Church, Tracadie, on the 30th January, the Rev. Michael Laffin, P. P., united in marriage Miss Annie Wallace of Metland and Mr. John Grant of Tracadie. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Flora, while Mr. Richard McMullin assisted the groom. After the marriage ceremony the happy couple and numerous friends repaired to their future home at Upper Tracadie where a wedding repast waited them. The bride was the recipient of a number of useful and valuable presents testifying to the esteem in which she is held in the community.

TO DAY, HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP CAMERON celebrates the seventy-eight anniversary of his birthday. Yesterday afternoon a reception in honor of the occasion was held in the Assembly Hall of Mt. St. Bernard, at which were present the Venerable Bishop himself, Very Rev. Dr. MacDonald, V. G., the Rector of the Cathedral, professors of the College, and others. An unusually fine programme of music both vocal and instrumental was rendered by the pupils of the Convent. The cantata "Domino" by the choir was undoubtedly one of the finest things ever heard in Antigonish. The drill by the tots was well received. In the course of the programme an eloquent address in verse was presented to His Lordship by Miss M. Brown, accompanied by a beautiful bouquet of flowers, presented by Miss C. Fennel. In replying to the address His Lordship took occasion to speak of his contemplated visit in a few weeks' time to the Eternal City, and stated it would afford him great pleas-

ure to acquaint His Holiness of the good work done in this diocese in the cause of Christian Catholic education. Pius X. will be the fourth pope that Bishop Cameron will have met. There are now over sixty years since His Lordship, then a brilliant young student, left his native home for Rome to pursue his studies at the Urban College. Since that time he has visited the Eternal City a number of times, and it is, indeed, consoling to us to know that God has spared him so long to watch over the destinies of religion in this portion of the Lord's vineyard, and that now, despite the weight of well-nigh fourscore years, our beloved Bishop will leave for another visit to Rome. May he return in good health to continue the work of His Master for years yet to come is the fervent prayer of all.

OBITUARY.—"James Nichols, of No. 118 Warrenton avenue, died at his home this morning at 7 o'clock. He had been ill four months with heart trouble, aggravated by asthma. Mr. Nichols was born at James River, Nova Scotia, April 26, 1822. He came to Hartford in 1845 and entered the employ of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance company, then under the presidency of Guy R. Phelps. His service with the company had been continuous since that time. In latter years he had been one of the head bookkeepers. Mr. Nichols was a faithful employee and during the four decades of service had been absent very rarely. He had taken one trip south for his health, and was contemplating a second one. He was highly esteemed by the officials of the insurance company. Mr. Nichols leaves a widow and two sons, Edward B. Nichols, a member of the faculty of Kenyon college, Gambler, Ohio, and James H. Nichols of this city. He was a member of the Farmington Avenue Congregational church.—Hartford, Conn., Times. The foregoing obituary will be read with keen regret by very many of the older generation of this and neighbouring Counties, to whom deceased always was endeared. His benevolent countenance and genial whole-souled manner made him a welcome annual visitor to our County. On these occasions he took delight in re-seeing old acquaintances and inquiring about absent ones. He was a subscriber to THE CASKET for upwards of forty years, and was a most interested reader. He would not permit the loss of a single copy. If his number should happen at any time to go astray he always requested that a second copy should be forwarded to him.

RAILWAY MATTERS.—The columns of THE CASKET for several weeks past have contained reports of public meetings held at different points in this County and in the eastern section of the County of Pictou for the purpose of agitating for the construction of a line of railway from Merigomish around the shore to this Town. A correspondent in these columns also is endeavouring to awaken public interest in a branch railway to connect the I. C. R. with the proposed line of railway from Dartmouth to Guysboro, with a view of having the route through this County. The agitation, however, has failed to arouse our different Councils and local representatives to take action in the matter. We think that both Councils should endeavour to promote these projects. New Glasgow is seeking to have the route through Sunny Brae to that Town, and it is said to be part of the scheme of the present promoters of the Dartmouth-Guysboro railway, several of whom are New Glasgow men, to induce the Government to purchase the present Sunny Brae branch. To prevent the adoption of such a route, we hope our Town and County Councils will join in an effort to furnish information that will conclusively prove that a line from Antigonish to Country Harbor is the best. Another subject which is at least worthy of consideration is the claim long and frequently made that there is open water between Cape George, Ant., and Prince Edward Island throughout the winter. If this claim is correct, and it can easily be determined, there is justice in asking the Dominion Government to have the route, at least in winter, via Cape George. Communication between Pictou and the Island has been suspended for over three weeks because of ice. The people of P. E. Island are suffering great hardship on account of this lack of communication and will join heartily in any proposal for improvement of present conditions. This winter they are short of cattle feed, and it is said some ninety cars of hay from Quebec are lying at Pictou awaiting transportation to the Island. A reference to this subject is given in another column.

Mr. Harold Brown, of Canso, is spending a few days in Town.

Town Council.

The first meeting of the new Council was held on last Thursday evening. All the members were present. The Mayor-elect addressed the Board at some length, expressing the hope that the meetings would continue to be harmonious and that the members would give careful consideration and attention to the Town's affairs. He also enumerated a number of matters that called for attention. The following committees were then appointed: Public Accounts, Finance and Tenders—Couns. Harris, Chisholm and the Mayor.

School Commissioners—Couns. McIsaac, Chisholm and Harris.

Public Property and Streets—Couns. McIsaac, Frank McDonald, and Stewart.

Police and Licenses—Couns. Stewart, McIsaac and Peter McDonald.

Poor and Insane—The Mayor, and Councillors McDonald.

Arbitration Committee—Couns. Chisholm, Stewart and Kirk.

Assessment Appeal Court—The Mayor, Couns. McIsaac and Harris.

Water Commissioners—Couns. McIsaac, Peter McDonald and Kirk.

Presiding Councillor—Coun. McIsaac.

Fire Wards—F. H. MacPhie, J. F. Cunningham, P. S. Floyd, C. E. Whidden and M. L. Cunningham.

Constables—D. Hulbert, R. L. McLean, Angus McDonald and D. D. McGillivray.

Surveyors of Lumber—Alex. McDonald, W. J. Landry, Allan Gillis and John McDonald.

Lock-up Keeper—James Jocelyn.

The report of the Health Officer was read and adopted, and ordered to be placed on file. It contained several recommendations including the appointment of a scavenger. The following resolution was moved by Coun. Chisholm and carried: "That the attention of the Health Officer and Sanitary Inspector be called to the necessity of a compliance with the requirements of the Public Health Act, in so far as the conditions mentioned in the report of the late Health Officer of Town obtain."

Dr. Huntley Macdonald was appointed Health Officer.

Policeman Fraser was re-appointed License Inspector.

James O'Brien was re-appointed Street Commissioner.

The appointing of a Water Superintendent was deferred until next meeting.

The accounts of Chisholm and McIsaac for solicitors' fees in connection with the Liquor License Act prosecution, amounting to \$30, were approved and payment ratified.

An account from A. M. Falt for pumping water into I. C. R. tank during drought last August, \$20.69, was referred to Water Commissioners and Water Superintendent in order that accounts between Town and Falt might be adjusted.

The following accounts were read and ordered to be paid: Paupers \$21; Municipality for maintenance of poor and insane, \$239.20; maintenance of insane person at Provincial Asylum, \$53.18; M. L. Cunningham, coal for office, \$3.50; Newsome & Gilbert, Toronto, stationery, \$2.65; boy for making fires in Town office, scrubbing, etc., \$4.50; I. Matheson & Son, New Glasgow, repairing hydrant, \$1.25; removing snow \$70.16.

John McCaskill, the well known merchant of West Arichat, died very suddenly at his home on Tuesday morning of last week, of heart failure.

Among the Advertisers.

Wanted, a girl who understands cooking for a family of two. Mrs. R. M. Grey, St. Ninian Street.

Farm for Sale.

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

Tenders Requested.

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

17th DAY OF MARCH, 1905,

for the purchase of that lot of land (owned by John Smith of Stellart) situate on St. Ninian St., Town of Antigonish, on the Western side of Whidden's bridge (so called) and opposite St. F. X. College.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

R CHISHOLM, St. Ninian St.

WINTER CLOTHING AT CUT PRICES.

Now is the Time to Save Dollars. Prices cut for You.

Our January inventory sale is now on, you profit we loose. All the Suits and Overcoats in our Store have been reduced, some half, some third, some quarter; all our regular and excellent Clothing. We don't put in "fullers." If we did, we could make a nice profit out of our reduction sale. But after the most successful eleven months business in our experience, we are satisfied to take a loss and clean up the tables for the Spring Stock.

NOTE THESE CUTS.

- 50 Men's Suits regular price \$6.00 7.00 8.00, Sale price \$4.00
100 Men's Suits regular price \$10.00 12.00 14.00, Sale price \$7.50
75 Men's Heavy Storm Ulsters with High Collar, regular price \$6. 7.00 8.00, Sale Price \$4.00
50 Men's Overcoats, regular price \$10.00 12.00 14.00, Sale price \$7.50
100 Men's Rain Coats with and without capes, regular price \$6.00 7.00 8.00, Sale price \$4.00

Men's pants, Boys' and Youths Suits same reduction. Also big bargains in our SHOE DEPARTMENT 25 per cent. discount off regular retail prices. Isn't your purse getting uneasy! how can you stay away! Prices will echo throughout the Town, if you see it in our ad you'll find it in our Store, we'll never disappoint you.

Sale for CASH only lasting one MONTH.

PALACE CLOTHING CO. AND POPULAR SHOE STORE MAIN ST., ANTIGONISH.

Saskatchewan Buffalo Robes.

Now is the time to buy saskatchewan Buffalo Robes, either for your friends or for your own use. They are more popular than ever, made in three sizes, three colours and lined with imitation Persian Lamb in black, scarlet and olive. Do not be deceived by taking anything else called just as good there are no robes that give the satisfaction that Saskatchewan Buffalo Robes do. Look out for the diamond trade mark on each Robe with the manufacturers name, Newland & Co. in the diamond.

BUFFALO COATS, GLOVES AND MITTS, IMITATION LAMB COATS, GLOVES AND MITTS. All guaranteed to give satisfaction or money cheerfully refunded.

ALSO IN STOCK

- HORSE RUGS AND SURCINGLES, SLEIGH BELLS AND WHIPS. SKATES, HOCKEY STICKS AND PUCKS. PARLOR HEATING AND COOK STOVES. STOVE PIPE, COAL HODS AND SHOVELS. FLOUR, MEAL, FEED AND GROCERIES.

CALL OR WRITE FOR PRICES.

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



The Fit and Style

Of our Shoes and the good service they give cannot be surpassed, and the prices we charge for all these good qualities are the lowest possible. Ladies find THE EMPRESS SHOE, we sell at, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, and \$4.00 give the best satisfaction in every way.

CUNNINGHAM'S SHOE STORE. MAIN ST., 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.

BARGAINS!

I have still on hand A FEW OVERCOATS and about 50 MEN'S and BOYS' REEFERS.

In order to clear them I will let them go at a nominal price. PRICE NO OBJECT. THESE GOODS MUST BE SOLD.

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