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THURSDAY, APRIL 27.

Glasgow has long been one of the art centres of the United Kingdom, and Aberdeen must henceforth be counted as such. Its new museum contains one of the finest galleries for the study of sculpture to be found in the British Isles.

Haeckel's latest book, a sequel to "The Riddle of the Universe," justifies free love, suicide, and infanticide. Yet the Jena professor is called a philosopher, and his books, instead of being burned by the hangman, are recommended by English and American professors to their students.

Brother Serapion Von Hoof, a companion of Father Maxime André for the last ten years in carrying on the work of Father Damien among the lepers of Molokai, is now himself a victim of the dread disease. As soon as he suspected it he went to Honolulu to have his case diagnosed, and then returned to Molokai to spend the rest of his days in a solitary hut.

A writer in an English magazine refers to the prevalence of wife-beating in Russia. Henry Labouchere, in *Truth*, has for years been publishing facts which show that wife-beating is so common in England that it receives only a trifling punishment from the magistrates, less than that often given to a man who ill-uses his horse.

The Rev. Dr. Aveling, the organizer of the course of lectures in Westminster Cathedral Hall, to which we referred last week, is a Canadian by birth and the son of a Protestant minister. Going to England to continue his studies at Oxford he came under Catholic influences at the University with the result that he entered the Church.

Six hundred American men of war's men deserted at Pensacola the other day. The *Independent* thinks this an indication that discipline is too severe, though the regulations which give such a large number the opportunity of deserting at once must be reasonably, if not unreasonably, mild. We have a suspicion that the explanation may be found in the American unwillingness to obey any rules, however reasonable.

It is often objected to separate schools that they must necessarily be inferior to public schools. Supposing, for the sake of argument, we were to admit this, we might still ask our non-Catholic fellow-citizens: "What harm will that do you?" We shall be the losers, and you the gainers if on account of inferior education we are unable to take our share in commercial and political life.

The late Sir Edward Blount never gave up his British allegiance though head of the greatest railway of France for fifty years. We publish this week the Marquise de Fontenoy's account of his honourable career. He was a student of Oscott, a college which has given so many distinguished Catholics to the service of the Empire, and proud of the faith which his family has held unbrokenly since the days when the Le Blounts of Picardy came over with William the Conqueror.

The Maxwell-Scotts have to give up Abbotsford because of financial difficulties. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott is a great grand-daughter of Sir Walter, and her husband is a younger brother of

Lord Herries. The famous estate has been leased to the Dowager Marchioness Bute, a daughter of the late Lord Howard of Glossop, who, in view of the young Marquis' approaching marriage to Miss Augusta Bellingham (pronounced Bellinjam), is leaving the family seat at Mount Stuart, Isle of Bute.

The late John Augustus O'Shea, like Edmond O'Donovan and Januarius McGahan, united a love of adventure and a taste for soldiering to a capacity for recording his varied experiences in brilliant language. His best-known book is "An Iron Bound City," containing the letters which he wrote to the *London Standard* during the siege of Paris.

When Norway came under the rule of the King of Sweden in 1814, it was agreed that each kingdom should have its own legislature, army and navy. But for the sake of convenience and economy there was only one diplomatic service. This seemed to work well enough until lately, when the demand of Norway to have its own consuls has strained the tie which binds it to Sweden almost to the snapping point. If they break apart, the result will probably be that Sweden will be absorbed by Russia and Norway by Germany.

Sir Charles Tupper's entry into public life was a vigorous and successful protest against the attempt to reduce his Catholic fellow-citizens in Nova Scotia to a state of political proscription. His retirement from public life was due to the fact that the country would not support him in redressing what the Imperial Privy Council declared to be a genuine grievance of the Catholics of Manitoba. We are glad to know that these noble efforts, made by a man not of our faith in behalf of our oppressed people, have been recognized by his Holiness Pius X.

"Look at the Protestant cantons of Switzerland," we are often told, "and see how much better off they are than their Catholic neighbours." It is true, and was true, before Protestantism and Ulrich Zwingli were born. The cantons which produce corn and wine are better off than those which barely raise potatoes. Luzerne and Fribourg, however, are two as prosperous cantons as any in Switzerland and they are Catholic. Religion does not affect the character of the soil, but it does affect the character of the people, and the Catholic cantons of Switzerland have fewer suicides and divorces than their Protestant neighbours.

George Eliot likened the passage which closes Newman's "Apologia" to a lyric poem. Those whose names are found therein have now all passed away, except Father Ryder, who succeeded the Cardinal as superior of the Birmingham Oratory. Father William Neville died only a few weeks ago. From Winchester School he passed to Trinity College, Oxford, when Newman was preaching at St. Mary's. After this he did not feel that he could take Orders in the Church of England, but went to St. Saviour's, Leeds, as a lay worker. With five others of the St. Saviour's staff he was received into the Church by Newman in 1817 and entered the Oratory. Father Neville was ordained priest in 1853, and after the death of Ambrose St. John became Newman's private secretary. The Cardinal made him his literary executor and spoke his last words to him. He now lies at Newman's feet in the Rednal Cemetery.

The Rev. Lawrence Charles Prideaux Fox was more of an Irishman than an Englishman in his manner, and hearing him describe some of his amusing experiences one could scarcely believe that he had ever belonged to the excessively grave sect of Quakers. He could tell pathetic stories, too, of such sorrows as Charles Reding dreaded but was not called upon to bear. "A young man saw the blinds down," said the veteran missionary on one occasion, and heard the key turned in the lock, "as he walked up the garden

path to his father's house." Then, after a pause, he added: "That young man was myself." A convert is not so likely to be treated thus by his family now as in the days of the Oxford Movement when Lawrence Fox exchanged the dentist's profession for the duties of an Oblate of Mary Immaculate.

Principal Hutton of Toronto University recently referred to Newman's "Loss and Gain" as a "ribald" work. Imagine the uproar there would be, if Professor Kylie, the clever young Catholic Oxford graduate who fills the Associate Chair of History in the same provincial university, were to use such a term in reference to Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," which is just about as "ribald" as "Loss and Gain." Yet our non-Catholic fellow-citizens cannot understand why we are unwilling to have our young men study under such teachers as Maurice Hutton whose resentment at the conversion of Newman makes them either ignore or slander the greatest master of English prose. And Catholics as well as Protestants are paying Principal Hutton's salary.

We thought Herbert Spencer's opinion of Carlyle might have taken a tinge of bitterness from the fact that they could never meet without quarrelling. But now we have Aubrey de Vere's, — the gentlest, kindest soul in the world, and one whose friendship with Carlyle was long and unbroken, — expressed in almost the same words as Spencer's: "A great thinker Carlyle could not be, for he had not the faculty of thinking with self-possession." He was pained by Carlyle's "recklessly overrunning and down-trampling both the springing field and the harvest field of the very highest truth." Again he writes: "Carlyle was deep-hearted — though not by any means, as his votaries fancy, deep-minded." And to all that we have quoted the *Spectator* fully assents, saying: "His view of Carlyle is that which is now pretty generally accepted. He was a great prose-poet, but not a thinker in the proper sense of the word."

The new Westminster Cathedral Hall is having a course of lectures of a character to attract agnostics as well as Catholics. The first was given by Monsignor Moyes, the learned editor of the *Dublin Review*, whose subject was "The Existence of God." The "honest doubter" was present in large numbers armed with note-book and pencil, and was still more conspicuous at the second lecture, on "Modern Free-Thought," by the Rev. John Gerard, S. J., whose "Old Riddle and the Newest Answer" is the best reply yet made to Haeckel. Free Thought, said Father Gerard, is nothing more nor less than an artificial system of mental slavery. It starts out by assuming that belief in the existence of God is necessarily false, and, being bound by such an assumption, "free" thought is not free at all. This being so, it cannot furnish an explanation of the phenomena of nature life satisfactory to the demands of our intellect. At the close of the lecture many of the audience handed written questions to Father Gerard who answered them all.

"Honour-bright" was a favourite word of Bob Ingersoll's. It is also used by pseudo-scientists to convey the impression that champions of revealed religion are disposed to deny or conceal the truth when it contradicts their theories, while scientists love the truth with a love that never fails. Now and again, however, we meet a case which makes us doubt this unalterable affection. Such a case was recorded in a recent number of the *Ave Maria*. Mrs. Theresa Rouchel of No. 3 Vigne-Saint-Avoid St., Metz, Germany, was cured at Lourdes on Sept. 5th, 1903, of lupus. Her physician, Dr. Ernst, a Jew, testified that she had the disease for several years, the hole in the cheek being three years old and that in the palate four years old. He found her in this condition just before her departure on the pilgrimage, and on her return he found no trace of the disease what-

ever, except a redness in the cheek where the hole had been. He regarded the case as so remarkable that he brought Mrs. Rouchel before the Medical Association of Metz. These learned doctors, unwilling to acknowledge a fact in contradiction with their theory that miracles never happen, refused to say that she was cured, because of the redness still perceptible in the cheek! They also said that lupus might be cured by erysipelas! No erysipelas, however, was apparent. Dr. Ernst, in his first report of the case, wrote: "It is impossible to explain naturally the change effected in so short a time." He afterwards withdrew the word "impossible" and substituted "difficult," saying that this was the word he meant to use at first. So much for the "honour bright" of the Metz Medical Association.

If the *Athenaeum* received Coventry Patmore's "Angel in the House" unfavorably on its first appearance fifty years ago, it makes ample amends today in noticing Edmund Gosse's life of the poet. The poem was warmly praised by Tennyson, Carlyle, Ruskin and the Brownings at the time of its publication. Leigh Hunt prophesied that it would be the most popular poem of its day, and so it was. But after the author's conversion to Catholicism the critics dropped him, and continued to ignore him for twenty years. To-day his merits are fully recognized, and it is pleasant to know that before his death he saw the recognition coming. "Misled by the amatory and domestic subject, says the *Athenaeum* of Patmore's most popular poem, "critics have failed to realize the lofty seriousness of its aim — which is nothing less than to vindicate the dignity of married love as a symbol and prophecy of the love between Christ and the soul." Its finest parts are the pre-ludes and epilogues, which are "lyrics of the whitest fervour, and exquisitely finished, with a singular moral and mystical elevation. The language reveals the emotion with an often miraculous intimacy, never strained or violent. . . . More pregnant quotations might be made from them than from any writer since Pope." After his conversion the odes were published under the title of "The Unknown Eros." This volume, says the reviewer, is to Coventry Patmore what "Paradise Lost" was to Milton. It is not only the crown of his work; it reveals also an altogether new attitude of power, not indicated by his previous work. Ardour, exquisiteness, elevated intensity of emotion, tenderness, minute finish, and intimate precision of diction he had shown in "The Angel." But in these "Odes" he put forth a power, a breadth of handling, an amplitude of wing which are not only unlike but seemingly incompatible with the qualities of that earlier poem. It is as though a Pre-Raphaelite should begin suddenly to paint like Rembrandt. . . . The largeness and majesty of the "Odes" are at times Miltonic. . . . Single lines, again, have a more than Wordsworthian penetration of feeling. . . . For distilled and concentrated quality of emotion certain of the "Odes" stand apart in lyric poetry. But over and above these various and varying characteristics is the profound and grave rapture which informs all the finest of them. Their pathos is piercing and sparing, or it had not been tolerable. Their sweetness is no less sparing, and no less keen. The exaltation of the greatest "Odes" is astonishing, yet unflattering, and without sense of effort. Their mystic character, in which earth, heaven, and man maintain a continual play of reflex symbolism, answering each other like harp to harp, makes against popularity. The aim of Patmore was to do for divine what "The Angel" had done for human love. Mr. Gosse does not admire the metre in which these Odes are written, but the *Athenaeum* dissents from his opinion. "The metre appears to us majestic, flexible, and beautiful in a high degree, answering the feeling like the pulses of the blood." The reviewer also notes Mr. Gosse's lack of sympathetic understanding of the poet's religious beliefs and ideas. And this leads us to remark that it is precisely

this sympathy which has made Professor Maurice Egan so excellent an interpreter of Patmore. We believe he was the first American to direct the attention of his countrymen to the beauties of "The Angel in the House" and "The Unknown Eros."

Professor Karl Pearson, as quoted in a recent issue of *THE CASKET*, does not take a cheerful view of the achievements of modern scientists. Even when we get facts accurately recorded, there is danger enough of the erring human mind making wrong inferences and drawing unwarranted conclusions from those facts. But Prof. Pearson strikes deeper. He claims that the data with which scientists work are not accurately collected half the time, and that facts alleged to have been observed have not been observed at all, or have been partially or inaccurately observed. How many learned men, then, are wasting their lives in pursuing the false scents of science.

On another subject the London University professor has some emphatic remarks to make. The evidence of physical degeneration in the man from whom Britain must recruit her armies was presented convincingly by the Royal Commission appointed some two years ago to report on the question. Now Professor Pearson says that there is an equally alarming intellectual degeneration:

"Our merchants declare that we are no longer strong enough to compete with the Germans or the Americans. Our scientists, when they have seen what is going on in foreign lands, proclaim the glory of foreign universities and advocate the development of technical instruction. Our politicians, stricken with fear, demand heroic remedies.

"There is something at the bottom of all this; it is not simple literature, or the fantastic sociology of uncultivated people. There is a lack of men of superior intelligence; there is a lack of intelligence in the British merchant, workman, and professional man. There is poverty of great directing minds and of average dirigible minds. This must come from the fact that the superior breeds or families of the nation, intellectually, are not reproducing in sufficient quantity."

It is an undoubted fact that Great Britain feels to-day the need of some new move in the business game of the world. Our readers will remember the facts which we have laid before them from time to time concerning the invasion of other countries, even of Great Britain, by American commerce. British statesmen, under pressure of conditions at home, are, in their slow, uncertain way taking up this question at the present time. They take it up with a rather bored air, as though the idea that Great Britain could possibly need to do anything to keep its commercial pre-eminence, — real or imaginary, — were hardly worth considering. This is the case, with one notable exception, Mr. Chamberlain. Men are looking in various directions, both for cause and for remedy. Some think that Britain has been over-generous to other nations in trade relations; and their arguments have great strength. For the remedy some look to the great colonies of the Empire, which might be used by Great Britain to level up her position with other nations, and to equip her with necessities while she fights her rivals for commercial profits. But no man who would like to be credited with more than one idea should look in one direction only, either for cause or for remedy. And of one thing we feel sure, — the nation that would hope for supremacy in the world's business must not cut down its supply of brawn or of brains. Professor Pearson's assertions ought not to be waved aside if there is a single grain of truth in them; and there is much truth in them. If the clever men of a nation refuse to reproduce their species, it does not need a prophet to foretell events in that nation's future. Such causes operate slowly, and the thoughtless and the hurried may not observe them at work. Hence many a sensible man will call Pearson a crank, and let him and his indictment of educated Englishmen go at that. But it would be true patriotism to give him attention.

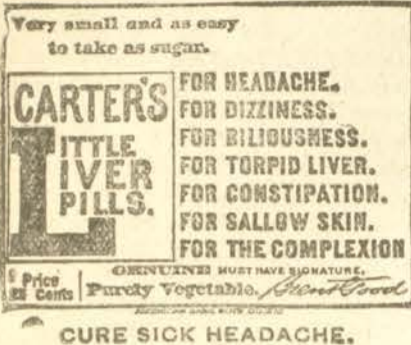
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[This column of THE CASKET will hereafter be devoted to the interests of the Branches of the League of the Cross throughout the Diocese and all communications intended for publication may be addressed to John A. Macdougall Grand Secretary, Glace Bay,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

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

The following is reproduced from an admirable little book called "Sick Calls" and written by a Missionary Priest from personal experience. This story should contain a warning to all who are addicted to the use of strong drink:

The Death of the Drunkard.

Some years ago, on a fine summer's evening, when the sun was setting, and, even through the dull atmosphere of London, there was poured a flood of golden light which gave a tinge of mellowness to its brick-built and sombre streets, a sick-call awaited me after a fatiguing round of visits. An elderly woman brought it, and was urgent that I should go immediately.

"Oh, sir!" she said, "my neighbor, Mr. Symmons, has stabbed his son. I am afraid the poor young man will die. Pray, sir, do come as soon as you can."

After taking down the address, I promised I would go immediately. Within five minutes, after recommending the unfortunate object of my visit to God, I went forth on my sick-call.

Half an hour's smart walking brought me to the neighborhood. It was one I was not much acquainted with, lying on the outskirts of my parish. After several inquiries, and going astray three or four times, I encountered, in a little dingy court, two sweeps, whose separate ages might vary from forty to sixty. They were, with all the playful buoyancy of youth, engaged in a warm contest of battledore and shuttlecock. Interrupting for a moment their scientific recreation, I inquired of them the way to Duke's Court.

"Lor, sir," said one, "you can't miss it. Take the first to the right, then the third to the left, the second to the right again, and you will be sure to find it."

"My good friend," I am going to a sick person, and have already lost my way. If you would show me where the place is I should feel much obliged."

"Duke's Court," said the elder sweep, with a musing air. "What number?"

"Bless my soul and body, Bill, it must be young Symmons, who had the knife whipped into him by the old 'un."

"Never you mind that, Jack. Least said soonest mended,—that's my maxim. I'll show you directly sir."

The venerable sweep, who was hump-backed and bandy-legged, trudged manfully before me, whistling a fashionable waltz with no mean skill; and, with strange escort, I soon reached my destination.

I entered an alley where cast-off clothes and faded finery wooed the pockets of the poor and economical. A marine store with a flaring black doll graced one corner of the entrance, on the other stood with all pomp and pride a resplendent gin-palace of more than Corinthian architecture and whose gaudy show of plate glass, brass rails and French-polished mahogany contrasted strangely and sadly with the squalor around and within. The court was long and narrow. The houses were old, bulging in every direction, and only kept from crushing each other in a deadly embrace of ruin by transverse beams. The cheerful light of the sun never visited the pavement of this wretched locality. The air seemed thick and stagnant, loaded with foul and greasy vapors from two cookshops, a cat's meat establishment and a depot for fried fish. The flagstones swarmed with a dirty, unwashed brood of ragged children, many of whom looked prematurely old and careworn. You might look in vain for an innocent, unpolluted face in that little wretched tribe of humanity. Nurslings lisping with indifference the deadliest oaths and blasphemies; girls, whose tender years might lead you to think them unacquainted with guilt, bandying from one to another the foulest expressions of obscenity. Matrons, too, whose gray hairs told that death would soon number them his own, reeling about in helpless intoxication, hurling curses at each other; and some finishing their quarrel by a pugilistic encounter.

Two drunken men were staggering towards the half-open door of a low public-house. A half-dressed young woman, famine stamped on her pale cheeks, with a little puny child hanging at her breast, had hold of the arm of one of these tipplers. He might have been her husband: Alas! I fear not.

"Come home, dear Jem; don't spend any more money to-night, I've had nothing to eat all day. I'm quite famished." "Do, dear, come home."

"Go to h—l, you—!" said the ruffian, disengaging his arm, and striking the poor girl a heavy blow on the left temple.

She fell to the ground insensible. In an instant every quarrel in the Court was hushed. A crowd of women raised the poor victim of the man's drunken brutality and carried her to an adjacent dwelling. I had no time to stop, as my case was urgent, but hastened to the house pointed out by my friendly sweep.

Three weary flights of stairs I had to climb. The bannisters and rails were, for the most part, gone; perhaps burnt for fuel by some of the needy, thrifty lodgers. On reaching the landing on the third floor I found congregated a little knot of Irish women, who are ever ready to fly to the succor of those who are in affliction. They were confabulating in a loud and eager whisper about the wounded man within. As I toiled my slow and painful way up the

broken stairs, I heard the following pithy expressions jerked out with every variety of brogue:

"Musha, then! glory be to the heavenly Father, I hope the poor boy won't die."

"Ah, then Biddy! its a foine corpse he'd be making. Mrs. Symmons, though her husband's a Sassenach, is of the rare ould stock: it's a fine wake, maybe, she won't have. Glory be to God. Amen."

"Hould your whisht, Nora avourneen; sure the bouchal isn't dead yet; the moulds and the coffin havn't got the boy. She is a good creatur, and has, to my knowledge, had her crosses to bear. God send her grace to bear them; and may His holy angels make her bed in heaven."

"Whisht! hould your tongues, yer vagabonds. Don't you see the clergy coming?" said a little fat woman, with a laughing, merry blue eye, whose brightness no hardship or suffering had ever dimmed.

"Hould yer tongues, every one of yez! here's his blessed reverence!"

Such was the greeting, as my head appeared on the level of the landing-place where these hard-working, good creatures were assembled. Their welcome was most cordial; such as a Catholic priest ever receives from the Irish poor, such as makes him often pour forth to God a grateful prayer that his lot of life is cast among them. True, very many of the Irish poor are chargeable, perhaps justly chargeable, with numerous vices. Look to the temptations by which they are surrounded; the corrupt and profligate localities in which, from poverty, they are condemned to live; the vicious scum of Protestantism (say infidel) population with whom, not from choice, but from stern necessity, they are compelled to congregate. Tell me, then, ye cold and calculating moralists, whether the poor Irish, in this great Babylon of iniquity, may not justly plead the excuse of great and sore temptation? Place an individual of the most refined and delicate sensibility, the most sensitive conscience, the most earnest desire to save his soul,—place him, I say,—compel him to live with poor and scanty means, in the very heart of one of those many rookeries, which long experience has made familiar with,—and a twelve-months residence will not alter him for the better. The very atmosphere he breathes is loaded with curses, tainted with immorality, and deadening to every sense of previous piety. Each locality of this kind is an incipient hell. Far from wondering at the vices of the poor Irish, I only wonder at their many and splendid virtues. Their generosity, their charity to each other in distress and affliction, is beyond all praise. I speak from repeated personal experience. I have often seen the poor Irish laborer, after a hard day's toil—(and who works harder than the Irish laborer, when he has work to do? who puts, as he humorously says, "more power to his elbow?")—I have seen these fine fellows,—aye, thinking nothing of it, deeming it unworthy of a moment's comment, a moment's praise,—sit up two nights successively with a sick and dying countryman, attending to his every wayward wish, with that rare and delicate feeling which nothing but true charity could inculcate or foster.

Is there a Catholic Church to be built, no matter in what part of London it may be, the poor Irishman gives his hard-earned shilling with pride and pleasure—he gives it with grace too, so as to make it plain that he is the obliged person, not you who receive it. And he gives it again and again, without grudging or a long tirade of his poverty. I appeal to my reverend brethren: ask them, in all their appeals for the erection of chapels, schools and convents, for any religious or charitable purpose for which the aid of the Catholic public is and has been solicited,—whether, in all their applications, they have not found the poor Irish subscribe most nobly and promptly, considering their scanty means? God bless them, they will have their reward!

And again, the heart of the most cold and indifferent must kindle when he thinks of the faith of the poor Irish, as they are often sarcastically called. How rare it is that an Irish Catholic loses his faith or betrays it by apostasy, notwithstanding the grievous temptations which his frequent poverty makes him familiar with!

How often, when out of work, when sick, when penniless, and no refuge offered but the workhouse—when, at those trying moments, that at times almost shake his trust in Divine Providence who had promised "that the children of the righteous shall never lack bread,"—how often, at these gloomy, despairing moments, when a famishing wife, when starving children are clamoring for that bread without which they die, the tempter comes in the shape of some well-dressed, kind conciliatory lady or gentleman with a religious tract in one hand, money in the other, promises the most flattering on their lips, work for himself, employment for his wife, clothes for his half-naked, shivering children, schooling for them, and the affectionate solicitude of the whole of the dissenting or evangelical body lavished on him and his in *sempiternum*! All this mighty and inestimable boon to a starving, famishing wretch, if he will only join—become an attendant at their convective! And yet, thanks be to God! all praise to the faith, the steadfast of the poor Irish, how few, how very few are exceptions of those who, in their deadly struggle with poverty and affliction, fall under the fascination of the serpent!

Kind reader, excuse—pardon this digression—I have been led into it from that intense love which I feel for the noble and heroic qualities which in many years' missionary experience I have ever found in the poor Irish of London. Again do I fervently say, God bless them! and the warmest

prayer of my heart is, that their holy religion may be their great patience on earth; their humble, their fervent piety, amidst so many sorrows and trials; may be eternally rewarded with a bright and glorious crown in heaven.

Need I remind any English lady, whether Catholic or Protestant, of the pain they excite, of the solecism in good taste, in good feeling they exhibit, when in their advertisements for a servant, they so often add this insulting postscript, "No IRISH NEED APPLY"?

The story will be continued in the next issue.

About Rheumatism.

There are few diseases that inflict more torture than rheumatism and there is probably no disease for which such a varied and useless lot of remedies have been suggested. To say that it can be cured is, therefore, a bold statement to make, but Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which enjoys an extensive sale, has met with great success in the treatment of this disease. One application of Pain Balm will relieve the pain, and hundreds of sufferers have testified to permanent cures by its use. Why suffer when Pain Balm affords such quick relief and costs but a trifle? For sale by all druggists.

Sir Edward Blount.

Old Sir Edward Blount, who has just died in England at the age of 96, was for nearly fifty years the managing president and controller of the Great Western railroad of France. The railroad connects Paris with all the great seaports and naval strongholds on the northwest and western coasts, and in view of the fact that the Great Western lines would have been precisely those of most vital importance to the French government, and to the French nation, in the event of a war with England, it speaks volumes for the confidence of the entire French people in his lofty sense of honor that he should have been allowed, though an Englishman, to retain this office of president so long. He was in control of the lines under King Louis Philippe, the second republic, throughout the eighteen years of the second empire, and under the third republic until about ten years ago, when the Dreyfus scandal so upset people in France, shook to such an extent their trust in the honor of their closest friends, their relatives, and their neighbors, that old Sir Edward, then 85, but still hale and hearty, was quietly recommended to resign the chairmanship of that railroad, which he had helped to build.

As a boy of 10 he witnessed the triumphal return of the first marquis of Anglesey to his country seat of Beaudesert after the battle of Waterloo. He was an assistant private secretary of the great statesman, Canning, was a clerk in the foreign office when the dispatches announcing the naval battle of Navarino arrived there, and he was obliged to copy them out for the king. He went to Paris in 1831 as an attaché of the British embassy there, but abandoned diplomacy for banking, established an Anglo-French banking house in Paris, and succeeded so well that when the railroad fever struck France he was enabled to finance the construction of the West of France railroad.

Blount knew Talleyrand, dined at Versailles with Bismarck in 1870, and volunteered to act as British consul without pay during the siege of Paris by the Germans and during the subsequent commune insurrection, saving the lives of at least twenty Englishmen and Americans who had been condemned to be shot by the insurgents.

Sir Edward Blount never became naturalized, though he made his home in France, for three-score years, but remained an Englishman to the last, the French honoring him for his sturdy independence and national pride in declining to secure French citizenship. His children and grandchildren have, however, married into the old French aristocracy. England honored him by conferring upon him the order of the bath, King Edward, who was fond of him, offering him a baronetcy, which he declined, wishing that there should be no other baronetcy in his family than the one held by its chief, his cousin, which dates from the reign of King James I., though the Blount family figures on the famous roll of Battle Abbey, its founder having been with William the Conqueror at the battle of Hastings.—*Marquise de Fontenoy.*

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THE SOUTH SHORE WEATHER BUREAU.

(Joseph C Lincoln, in Everybody's Magazine.) Continued from last issue.

And then Beriah'd swell out like a puffin pig and put on airs and look out of the window, and crow: "Yes'm, I judge that we'll have a southerly breeze in the mornin' with some fog, but nothin' to last, nothin' to last. The afternoon, I callate, 'll be fair. I—I—that is to say, I was figgerin' on goin' to the village myself to-morrer."

Then Emma would pump up a blush, and smile, and purr that she was so glad, 'cause then she'd have comp'ny, and Eben would glower at Beriah and Beriah'd grin sort of superior-like, and the mutual barometer, so's to speak, would fall about a foot during the next hour. The brotherly busness between the two prophets was comin' to an end fast, and all on account of Mrs. Kelly.

She played 'em even for almost a month; didn't show no preference one way or the other. First 'twas Eben that seemed to be eatin' up to wind'ard, and then Beriah'd catch a puff and gain for a spell. Cap'n Jonadab and me was uneasy, for we were auffer 'fore the thing was done with; but Peter was away, and we didn't interfere till he come home.

And then, all at once, Emma seemed to make up her mind, and 'twas all Eben from that time on. The fact is, the widder had learned, somehow or 'nother, that he had the most money of the two. Beriah didn't give up; he stuck to it like a good one, but he was fallin' behind and he knew it. As for Eben, he couldn't help showin' a little joyful pity, so's to speak, for his partner, and the atmosphere in that rain laboratory got so frigid that I didn't know but we'd have to put up a stove. The two wizards was hardly on speakin' terms.

The last of August come and the "Old Home House" was goin' to close up on the day after Labor Day. Peter was down again, and so was Ebenezer and Belle, and there was to be high jinks to celebrate the season's wind-up. There was to be a grand excursion and lambake at Setucket Beach and all hands was goin'—four catboats full.

Of course, the weather must be good or it's no joy job takin' females to Setucket in a catboat. The night before the big day, Peter came out to the Weather Bureau and Jonadab and me dropped in likewise. Beriah was there all alone; Eben was out walking with Emma.

"Well, Jeremiah," says Brown, chipper as a mack'el gull on a sparbuoy, what's the outlook for to-morrer? The Govment sharp says there's a big storm on the way up from Florida. Is he right, or only an 'also ran,' as usual?"

"Wall," says Beriah, goin' to the door, "I don't know, Mr. Brown. It don't look jest right; I swan it don't! I can tell you better in the mornin'. I hope 'twill be fair, too, 'cause I was callatin' to get a day off and borrow your horse and buggy and go over to the Ostable camp-meetin'. It's the big day over there," he says.

Now I knew, of course, that he meant he was goin' to take the widder with him, but Peter spoke up and says he:

"Sorry, Beriah, but you're too late. Eben asked me for the horse and buggy this mornin'. I told him he could have the open buggy, the other one's being repaired, and I wouldn't lend the new surrey to the Grand Panjandrum himself. Eben's goin' take the fair Emma for a ride," he says. "Beriah, I'm afraid our beloved Cobb is, in the innocence of his youth, bein' roped in by the sophisticated damsel in the shoo-fly hat," says he.

Me and Jonadab hadn't had time to tell Peter how matters stood betwixt the prophets, or most likely he wouldn't have said that. It hit Beriah like a snowslide off a barn roof. I found out afterwards that the widder had more'n half promised to go with him. He slumped down in his chair as if his mainmast was carried away, and he didn't even rise to blow for the rest of the time we was in the shanty. Jest set there, lookin' fishy-eyed at the floor.

Next mornin' I met Eben prancin' around in his Sunday clothes and with a necktie on that would make a rainbow look like a mournin' badge.

"Hello!" says I. "You seem to be pretty chipper. You ain't goin' to start for that fifteen-mile ride through the woods to Ostable, be you? Looks to me as if 'twas goin' to rain."

"The predictions for this day," says he, "is cloudy in the forenoon, but clearin' later on. Wind, sou'east, changin' to south and sou'west."

"Did Beriah send that out?" says I, lookin' doubtful, for if ever it looked like dirty weather, I thought it did right then.

"Me and Beriah sent it out," he says, jealous-like. But I knew 'twas Beriah's forecast or he wouldn't have been so sure of it.

Pretty soon out comes Peter, lookin' dubious at the sky.

"If it was anybody else but Beriah," he says, "I'd say this mornin's prophecy ought to be sent to Pook. Where is the seventh son of the seventh son—the only original American seer?"

He wasn't in the weather-shanty, and we fin'ly found him on one of the seats 'way up on the edge of the bluff. He didn't look 'round when we come up, but jest stared at the water.

"Hey, Elijah!" says Brown. He was always callin' Beriah "Elijah" or "Isaiah" or "Jeremiah" or some other prophet name out of Scriptur'. "Does this go?" And he held out the telegraph-blank with the mornin's prediction on it.

Beriah looked around jest for a second. He looked to me sort of sick and pale—that is, as pale as his sunburned

rhinoceros hide would ever turn.

"The forecast for to-day," says he, lookin' at the water again, "is cloudy in the forenoon, but clearin' later on. Wind sou'east, changin' to south and sou'west."

"Right you are!" says Peter, joyful. "We start for Setucket, then. And here's where the South Shore Weather Bureau hands another swift jolt to your Uncle Sam."

So, after breakfast, the catboats loaded up, the girls gigglin' and screamin', and the men boarders dressed in what they hoped was sea-togs. They sailed away 'round the lighthouse and headed up the shore, and the wind was sou'east sure and startin', but the clearin' part wasn't in sight yet.

Beriah didn't watch 'em go. He stayed in the shanty. But by and by, when Eben drove the buggy out of the barn and Emma come skippin' down the piazza steps, I see him peekin' out of the little window.

The Kelly critter had all sail sot and colors flyin'. Her dress was some sort of mosquito nettin' with wall-paper posies on it, and there was more ribbons flappin' than there is reef-points on a mainsail. And her hat! Great guns! It looked like one of them pictures you see in a flower-seed catalogue.

"Oh!" she squeals, when she sees the buggy. "Oh! Mr. Cobb. Ain't you afraid to go in that open carriage? It looks to me like rain."

But Eben waved his flipper scornful. "My forecast this mornin'," says he, "is cloudy now, but clearin' by and by. You trust to me, Mis' Kelly. Weather's my busness."

"Of course I trust you, Mr. Cobb," she says, givin' him a look that fairly made him bloat. "Of course I trust you, but I should hate to spile my gown, that's all."

They drove out of the yard, fine as fiddlers, and I watched 'em go. When I turned around, there was Beriah watchin' 'em too, and he was smilin' for the first time that mornin'. But it was one of them kind of smiles that makes you wish he'd cry.

At ha'-past ten it begun to sprinkle; at eleven 'twas rainin' hard; at noon 'twas a pourin', roarin' sou'easter, and looked good for the next twelve hours at least.

"Good Lord! Beriah," says Cap'n Jonadab, runnin' into the Weather Bureau, "you've missed stays this time, for sure. Has your prophecy-works got indigestion?" he says.

But Beriah wasn't there. The shanty was closed, and we found out afterwards that he spent that whole day in the store down at the Port.

By two o'clock 'twas so bad that I put on my fleekins and went over to Wellmouth and telephoned to the Setucket Beach life-savin' station to find out if the clamhakers had got there right side up. They'd got there; fact is, they was in the station then, and the language Peter hove through that telephone was enough to melt the wires. 'Twas all in the shape of compliments to the prophet, and I heard Central tell him she'd report it to the head office. Brown said 'twas blowin' so they'd have to come back by the inside channel, and that meant landin' 'way up Harniss way, and hirin' teams to come to the Port with from there.

'Twas nearly eight when they drove into the yard and come sloppin' up the steps. And such a passel of drowned rats you never see. The women-folks made for their rooms, but the men hopped around the parlor, sheddin' puddles with every hop, and hollerin' for us to trot out the head of the Weather Bureau.

"Bring him to me," orders Peter, stoppin' to pick his pants loose from his legs; "I yearn to caress him."

And what old Dillaway said was worse'n that.

But Beriah didn't come to be caressed. 'Twas quarter past nine when we heard wheels in the yard.

"By mighty!" yells Cap'n Jonadab; it's the camp-meetin' pilgrims, I forgot them. Here's a show."

He jumped to open the door, but it opened afore he got there and Beriah come in. He didn't pay no attention to the welcome he got from the gang, but jest stood on the sill, pale, but grinnin' the grin that a terrier dog has on jest as you're goin' to let the rat out of the trap.

Somebody outside says: "Whos, consarn you!" Then there was a thump and a sloshy stamplin' on the steps, and in comes Eben and the widder.

I had one of them long-haired, foreign cats once that a British skipper gave me. 'Twas a yeller and black one and it fell overboard. When we fished it out it looked jest like the Kelly woman done then. Everybody but Beriah jest screeched—we couldn't help it. But the prophet didn't laff; he only kept on grinnin'.

Emma looked once around the room, and her eyes, as well as you could see 'em through the snarl of drippin' hair and hat-trimmin', fairly snapped. Then she went up the stairs three steps at a time.

Eben didn't say a word. He jest stood there and leaked. Leaked and smiled. Yes, sir! his face, over the mess had been that rainbow necktie, had the funniest look of idiotic joy on it that ever I see. In a minute everybody else shut up. We didn't know what to make of it.

'Twas Beriah that spoke first.

"He! he! he!" he chuckled. "He! he! he! Wasn't it kind of wet comin' through the woods, Mr. Cobb? What does Mrs. Kelly think of the day her beau picked out to go to camp-meetin' in?"

Then Eben came out of his trance. "Beriah," says he, holdin' out a drippin' flipper, "shake!"

But Beriah didn't shake. Just stood still.

"I've got a s'prise for you, shipmate," goes on Eben. "Who did you say that lady was?"

Beriah didn't answer. I begun to

think that some of the wet had soaked through the assistant prophet's skull and had give him water on the brain.

"You called her Mis' Kelly, didn't you?" gurgled Eben. "Wall, that ain't her name. Her and me stopped at the Baptist parsonage over to East Harniss when we was on the way home and got married. She's Mis' Cobb now," he says.

Well, the queerest part of it was that 'twas the bad weather was reely what brought things to a head so sudden. Eben hadn't spunked up anywhere nigh enough courage to propose, but they stopped at Ostable so long, waitin' for the rain to let up, that 'twas after dark when they was ha' way home. The Emma—oh, she was a slick one!—said that her reputation would be ruined, out that way with a man that wa'n't her husband. If they was married now, she said—and even a dummy could take that hint.

I found Beriah at the weather-shanty about an hour afterwards with his head on his arms. He looked up when I come in.

"Mr. Wingate," he says, "I'm a fool, but for the land sake don't think I'm such a fool as not to know that this here storm was bound to strike to-day. I lied," he says; "I lied about the weather for the first time in my life: lied right up and down so as to git her mad with him. My reparation's gone forever. There's a feller in the Bible that sold his birth-day, I think 'twas—for a mess of porridge. I'm him; only," and he groaned awful, "they've cheated me out of the porridge."

But you ought to have read the letters Peter got next day from subscribers that had trusted to the prophecy and had gone on picnics and such like. The South Shore Weather Bureau went out of busness right then.

THE END.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy the Best and Most Popular.

"Mothers buy it for croupy children, railroadmen buy it for severe coughs and elderly people buy it for la grippe," say Moore Bros., Eldon, Iowa. "We sell more of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy than any other kind. It seems to have taken the lead over several other good brands." There is no question but this medicine is the best that can be procured for coughs and colds, whether it be a child or an adult that is afflicted. It always cures and cures quickly. Sold by all druggists.

The Catholic Journal.

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

The need of a press permeated by Catholic faith and the system of ethics which Catholic dogma makes possible was never so great as at the present time. I am not writing now of the quality of the press, from a literary or philosophical point of view—or its possible progress or of its possible defects—but of the Catholic press, as it now exists; nor am I considering those persons, educated and intellectual, who demand the highest type of Catholic periodical.

PARISH SCHOOL NOT EVERYTHING. Great ignorance exists everywhere among our people as to the real position of the Catholic Church on many vital questions, and greater ignorance as to the history of the Church and its relation to the history of the world. Parochial schools of varying value can not, in the nature of things dissipate this ignorance. It is folly to imagine that when a young person leaves a parochial school, he is insured for a life of right thinking and conduct.

HOME AND SCHOOL INFLUENCE.

And yet one knows people who seem to think that the parochial school so fortifies the "heart"—we are always talking about the "education of the heart"—that the pupil may henceforth be left to his own devices! The parochial school is necessary, but not so necessary as good home training—for which it is a very poor substitute—nor so necessary as the Catholic press. The Church easily moulds the child, if it has a grip on the parents; there is generally a missing link when the only grip is on the child. And the best way to influence the parents, to keep interest alive in Christianity, to excite enthusiasm, to refresh, to vivify, is through a good newspaper. There ought to be no doubt of this, for experience proves it.

IN RURAL DISTRICTS.

Let us leave the cities for a moment. This great country is not made up of cities. Take the rural town—the little town which will not be called village. In this little town, you will find a group of Catholics. A lawyer, with his family possibly, one or two business men with their families probably, and doubtless six or seven men of other occupations with their families. Mass is celebrated once a month—the chances being that the priest has two or three other "missions." If there is a Catholic school it will be, under these conditions, a poor one. The priest is hurried; his monthly sermon must be adapted to the immediate needs of the largest number of his parishioners; and he has no time for many things which might strengthen faith or cultivate what we call the "Catholic instinct."

KEEP THE FAITH ALIVE.

I have, perhaps more than most men, had opportunities of noting the effect of the Catholic newspaper on the life around us—especially in country places. Everywhere, traveling in the summer, I meet old readers of the Freeman's Journal, who revere the memory of McMaster, of the Tablet,

There's no Better Food

for all than Clarks delicious Pork and Beans—plain, with Chill or Tomato Sauce. 5 & 10 cts. tins.

which recalls Brownson, of the Catholic Review, which was an admirable paper in its day. In many cases, these men have told me that the Catholic paper kept their faith alive, and that their children have remained Catholic mainly through the influence which these papers worked on their lives. Away from the vivid Catholic life of an American city, with none of those intellectual or social incentives which make the practice of religion easy in great centers of civilization, these men and their families were dependent on the weekly paper for the vitalization of their faith. It made the atmosphere of the home, and very often, the same paper made the atmosphere of many homes.

SUBSCRIPTIONS THAT PAID.

"My six boys," a man whom I met in Minnesota in September said to me, "are all Catholics; they have married Catholics—and, living as we did on a distant farm, far from a Church, we were kept faithful by the Catholic paper—each of my boys got from me each Christmas a paid-up subscription to a Catholic paper. My subscription to the old Freeman paid me better than anything else into which I put my money."

It is impossible to realize the influence of the Catholic press on faith and morals unless you get away from the cities. There sermons, lectures, books, libraries are available; organizations of all sorts abound; but imagine the remote village, the far-off farm-house, the long winter evenings, which may be spent in reading perhaps, but in reading which has no relation to those essential truths and rules of conduct which make the glory and the grandeur of the faith.

MISSION OF CATHOLIC PRESS.

It is not a question of asceticism. It is not a question of extreme zeal. It is not a question of those little fringes of religion which are all very well for the idle. It is not a question of the devotion of the fifty-two Sundays, of moral conduct, animated by the Sacraments. And these in many places, are largely dependent on the Catholic newspaper. The priest everywhere finds his path made easier by the press. He does not have to cultivate reverence; it exists already where a Catholic paper is taken. The paper furnishes food for thought, for conversation. It is a history of the past,

a record of the present, and an insidious—permeative is a better word—power which makes day by day for the growth of honest, fearless, well informed Catholic manhood.—Catholic Transcript.

A Cold in the Head

doesn't seem serious but it is. It gradually works down to the air passages and causes congestion and inflammation. Shiloh's Consumption Cure, the Lung Tonic, is guaranteed to cure coughs and colds. Your money back, if it doesn't.

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

THURSDAY, APRIL 27.

A QUESTION OF SINCERITY.

One of the Latin phrases that are widely known is *Securus judicat orbis terrarum*. It was unknown until 1839, when Cardinal Wiseman quoted it from St. Augustine in an article on the Donatist Schism in the *Dublin Review*. The article created a mental panic at Oxford University. "It has given me a stomach-ache," Newman wrote to a friend. It had much to do with Newman's conversion. The Latin words, in their context, mean that the Catholic Church is a competent judge of her own membership,—that her settled judgment declaring a local church to have unchurched itself by heresy or schism is final. In dealing with the Donatists St. Augustine refused to regard the matter as one requiring lengthy argument. He would not discuss doctrine or historical precedent or even the causes of the separation with them. They had separated themselves from the Catholic Church, and that alone put them in the wrong, according to St. Augustine. It was a matter of plain fact and duty. He took his stand on a principle which underlies the constitution of every society. The settled judgment of the great mass of the officials and members of a society is the judgment of the society itself, and in the case of the Church such judgment carries with it a divine sanction. Suppose that the State of Utah declared its independence of the Union, and that the United States unwillingly suffered Utah to go its own way, with the result that antagonism and alienation marked their mutual relations. Suppose further that after a century of separate existence a political party in Utah began to claim, in spite of all that had happened, that Utah had never really left the Union and still shared all the rights and privileges and advantages of the Union. The rest of the world could only smile at claims so empty. So did St. Augustine regard the Donatists when they claimed that the Catholics were responsible for the schism, and that in consequence the Donatists were still within the Church of Christ. He said to them: "How can we be separatists whose communion is diffused over the whole world? But as, if you were to say to me that I am Petilianus, I should not know how to refute you except by laughing at you as in jest or pitying you as insane, I see no other course now." The thing was too plain for argument. This way of dealing with schism opened Newman's eyes to see that "the deliberate judgment in which the whole Church at length rests and acquiesces is an infallible prescription and final sentence against such portions of it as protest and secede."

We have wished to see how a High Church Anglican of to-day could deal with this argument. For this purpose no better selection could be made than Canon (now Bishop) Gore. His book, *Roman Catholic Claims*, is full of his claim that, after all, Anglicans are really Catholics, in spite of the Reformation. He is a very learned and a very able man. And as to any want of fairness on his part, it is enough to mark the height of indignant sincerity from which he looks down on the majority of Catholic writers and says: "Perhaps there is nothing which gives to the minds of intelligent and truth-loving men so invincible a prejudice against the Ultramontane system and temper. . . . as the certainty that Ultramontane writers will always be found manipulating facts and making out a case, will never behave as men who are loyally endeavouring to seek the light and present facts as they are." Turning then to the chapter entitled *Nature of Schism*, in which he undertakes to vindicate the Church of England against the charge of schism, we may expect a fearless facing of issues. After discussing the sin of schism in a general way he says:

"On one or two of the ancient schisms it is necessary to say something more in detail. First, on Donatism: because (since the days of Dr. Newman's *Apologia* at any rate) it

has been the fashion to compare the condition of the Church of England with that of the Donatists."

This promises exactly what we wish to see. Now we shall see the best that can be plausibly urged. He begins by denying, and by showing at length why he denies, that Donatism and Anglicanism are parallel cases. This, though interesting in itself, does not interest us at present. Newman says in his *Apologia* that it was not the comparison between the two cases in themselves that struck him. It was St. Augustine's test of schism and his way of dealing with schism that upset Newman and thousands of others. Well, on this point, Bishop Gore has not one single word to say. No one will learn from his book that the point was ever raised. He could not regard it as an argument which, though it once worked havoc, is now dead. It is very much alive. Low Church Anglicans would not let him forget it. Thus, a leading Anglican minister, a Bampton Lecturer, devotes a page to it in *Church and Faith* (second edition 1900), concluding with the remark that "it certainly seems difficult to maintain a theory of Catholicity which, by the majority of those whom it would embrace, is absolutely and unconditionally repudiated." Mallock, in *Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption* (1900), states it as follows:

"It [the Ritualist position] starts with asserting that the Church of England is a body forming an integral part of an individual whole, of which the Church of Rome is another part, and that they share the guidance of some mystical consensus between them. Now it is plain, from its own terms, that if this theory is to have any weight at all, it must itself be ratified by a consensus of the mass of those who are referred to in it. But is such the case? On the contrary, by an overwhelming majority of them, it is absolutely denied and repudiated. It is absolutely denied and repudiated by the whole of the Church of Rome, which is twice as numerous as all the Protestant communions in the world; and this is not all, for, what is still more striking, it is similarly denied and repudiated by the majority of Protestants themselves."

Wilfrid Ward discusses it at length in his *Life of Cardinal Wiseman* (1897). In the *Dublin Review* of April, 1899, it is urged that "if a vastly preponderating mass or majority is to be accepted as the voice and verdict of the whole, as by its nature it must be, the very basis and theory of the position stands condemned by Catholic consent." Thus the voice of St. Augustine is re-echoed by Protestants, Catholics, and men of the world like Mr. Mallock who are neither one nor the other. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum*. Our copy of *Roman Catholic Claims* is the edition of 1900. Why does not its author face the live issue standing directly in his path? We do not know, but certainly his failure to face it lessens considerably the value of his harsh judgment on Catholic authors. He gives what he considers an instance of unfairness in them, and it is in fact an interesting instance of adherence to tradition being at length rewarded by independent proof from historical criticism. The oldest manuscripts of St. Cyprian's work on the Unity of the Church are not all alike. There are two sets of them. One set has expressions which the other has not, and all these expressions are strongly in favor of Papal authority. Anglicans rejected this set as spurious. They had no proof of spuriousness. They simply assumed that some one tampered with the manuscripts in the interest of the Pope. Of late years the means of forming a sound judgment on such matters have been multiplied by research, and quite recently a Catholic critic made a thorough investigation to see whether St. Cyprian may not have issued a revised edition of his work under circumstances which would lead him to emphasize Papal authority. He found all the facts of the case to fit this supposition so closely that the best Protestant critics in the world, including Harnack, now hold that the manuscripts give us two genuine editions. This was not known when Canon Gore wrote his book; but even then one side had as good a right to its opinion as the other, and the tone of his accusation is not accounted for by such an instance. His real object of hatred is the Holy See, which he accuses of "conscious fraud." The example by which he points this insolent accusation is the Roman Breviary. It is well known that the Breviary is not a book of history. It is a prayer book, taken largely from the Bible. It has been revised from time to time, and will be revised again, to keep its statements of fact in line with progressing knowledge. A discovery that some of its statements are inaccurate as to matters of fact would not justify the authorities in obliging all the priests to buy new Breviaries at once. It was revised in the sixteenth century,

and that revision would have been more thorough than it was if the revisers had not been restrained by the thought that the rising tide of Protestantism made it then inopportune to effect radical changes. One statement which was then omitted Bishop Gore thinks should have been retained. He is welcome to his opinion; but a prayer book is no place for controversy, and in such a book the Holy See can surely be allowed to select the facts that seem most edifying without the imputation of "conscious fraud." Many a true fact is far from edifying unto piety.

He represents Pope Leo XIII as basing the arguments in the Encyclical *Satis cognitum* on the absurd proposition that "only a despotic monarch can secure to any society unity and strength," giving this in quotation marks as though he took it bodily from the Encyclical. What the Pope does say is that "no true and perfect society can be conceived which is not governed by some supreme authority," and that "a primacy of honor and the shadowy right of giving advice and admonition could never secure to any society of men unity and strength." This is the language of common sense and the expression of common experience. The word "despotic" is not once used in the Encyclical. This false suggestion to liberty-loving Englishmen that the Holy Father claims to be a "despotic monarch" was scarcely to be expected a preacher of honest inquiry. In truth, the disproportion between the strength of his arguments and the heat and harshness of his language is so striking that we suspect a fixed purpose quite inconsistent with honest inquiry. Is it possible that he seeks to defend a position argumentatively weak by intrenching pious Anglicans behind a salutary fear of Rome? It is the nurse telling the little children that there is a "great big black man" in the next room, and they must not go there. In any case, the man who claims to be a Catholic and still refuses to enter the Catholic Church is in a most uncomfortable position. As Dr. Briggs says, "if we would be Catholic we cannot become Catholic by merely calling ourselves by that name," and "unless the name corresponds with the thing it is a sham and it is a shame" to claim the name.

Letter from Fr. McPherson.

The following extracts from letters, written by the Rev. H. P. Macpherson to friends, will be of interest to our readers. The first letter begins as follows:

STATE-ROOM 127, PRINCESS IRENE,
1181 Miles from New York,
Atlantic Ocean.

You can see from the above how we are getting along. To-morrow morning early we arrive at the Azores where a boat meets us, to take the mails from the good ship Princess Irene to America. Hence I write a few words.

We have had a most delightful trip so far. The sea has been so smooth that you have to look out to realize you are not ashore. And the weather is quite warm—like September at home. At the end of our first day out, one would say it was cool; the next day was warm, and then each successive day the temperature rose higher and higher. His Lordship is in perfect health, and enjoying the trip immensely. I think he looks much better than he did when we left home. Father McIntosh too is in excellent cheer, but has occasional attacks of his old sickness. There has been no sea-sickness on board.—the sea has been so propitious. We are a very cosmopolitan colony on board—Canadians, people from San Francisco, Chicago, New York—some Catholics, some Protestants, and some Jews. Altogether they are an agreeable lot and we are all friends. At supper we have band music, also from 10 to 11 a. m. every day. At present the band is banging away at a lively march, so my thoughts are somewhat distracted. At 7 a. m. a bugler walks the decks to give the first call to breakfast and plays the air of "Nouvelles agreables" if you please.

We expect to arrive at Gibraltar Tuesday next and remain there three hours to have a view of the place. Thursday we arrive at Naples.

H. P. McP.

Cape Breton Notes.

The funeral took place on Monday, April 17th, of John McMullan, son of the late Malcolm McMullan, McAdam's Lake. Deceased was well known throughout the country districts, having taught school successfully for several years until he became afflicted with a disease pronounced by doctors to be incurable.

The Glace Bay shipping company, which was incorporated about a year ago, will hold a meeting next week for the purpose of considering the advisability of placing a steamer in the freight service between Halifax, Louisbourg and Glace Bay. It is understood that the company will probably purchase the steamer that is now being built on the Clyde for Joseph Wood and Sons, Halifax. This steamer will be launched shortly and will have a capacity of 400 tons. The company is comprised mostly of local investors.

The strike at the Acadia Mine, Westville, has been settled, and the men returned to work on Tuesday morning. Reid, the discharged employee, over whom the trouble arose, was given another position.

The Newfoundland government has issued a series of regulations under which Newfoundland and Canadian vessels will hereafter be allowed to procure bait in colonial waters, restricting the quantity permitted them and imposing severe penalties for any violations of the rules. This action by the government is designed to prevent the native fishermen from obtaining excess stocks of bait from which they might supply American fishing vessels, excluded from these waters under the Bond Bait act. The regulations are very comprehensive. They include the treaty coast and Labrador, and show the government is determined to enforce the anti-American law.

Hon. William Alexander Weir has been elected speaker for the Quebec Legislature. He is the first Protestant appointed to the office since Confederation.

It is understood that strong financial interests contemplate the formation of a company with a capital of \$10,000,000 to \$12,000,000 for the purpose of building from three to five hundred elevators throughout the Canadian Northwest. These elevators are to be of the most modern and up-to-date type, possessing the greatest possible facilities for the farmers. It is understood that this company will be allied with the Ogilvie interests. It is also proposed to erect one or possibly two large flour mills in Great Britain, the whole to be under the direction of F. W. Thompson, vice-president and managing director of the Ogilvie Flour Mills Company limited.

A. KIRK & Co.

The Leading Dry Goods Store.

1905

MILLINERY
OPENING

-- OF --

Hats,
Bonnets,

-- AND --

Novelties.

THURSDAY,
FRIDAY

-- AND --

SATURDAY

APRIL 20TH, 21ST AND 22ND,

-- AT --

A. Kirk & Co.'s.

Our Workroom is still under the
Management of MISS WELLS.

THE USUAL INVITATION IS EXTENDED TO YOU.

General News.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says that Baron Rosen, former Russian minister to Japan, will succeed Count Cassini at Washington.

Tuesday was nomination day at Edmonton. Mr. Oliver was the only nominee, and will therefore be elected by acclamation.

One man was killed and two women badly hurt when a big sightseeing automobile crowded with passengers crashed into a billboard fence at New York on Sunday.

Frank C. Bigelow, president of the First National Bank, Milwaukee, has been arrested for embezzlement. He has confessed to having lost \$1,000,000 of the bank's funds in speculating on Wall street and in wheat.

The announcement is made from an authoritative source that Hon. G. W. Ross, ex-premier, is to retire from the provincial political arena and will go to Ottawa, presumably to the senate. Hon. Richard Harcourt is to take over the leadership.

An agitation is being projected to increase the sessional indemnity of members of Parliament to \$2,000, many members realizing that as Canada continues to expand there will be no future sessions of less than five or six months' duration.

Three firemen were injured, six women were severely burned, seventy families were made homeless and property valued at \$150,000 was destroyed by a fire which raged for two hours in the heart of the thickly settled Hebrew centre on the Brownsville section of Brooklyn on 21st inst.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra arrived at Algiers last week, on board the Royal Yacht Victoria and Albert. The French and British men-of-war in the harbor saluted the royal yacht. Visits were exchanged with the governor. The populace shows great enthusiasm.

The New York World says: "A plot to kill the Czar and his kinsmen has been discovered among the troops of the Imperial Guard. Government secret agents unearthed the plot, and assert that several of the conspirators of noble birth were in possession of large quantities of dynamite. The discovery has unnerved the Czar."

Plans have been completed by which funds for the construction of the Western Pacific Railroad are assured. A syndicate of Wall street banking houses has agreed to buy \$50,000,000 of bonds of this company, the proceeds of the sale of which will complete a line from Salt Lake, Utah, to Oakland, Cal.

The total immigration to Canada the nine months ending with March was 76,120, a net increase of 6,614 over the same time last year. There was 50,880 by ocean ports, making an increase of 8,061 over the same nine months last year and 25,240 from the United States, a decrease of 1,447 over last year, which gives as already said a net increase of 6,614 arrivals.

Some Ottawa people know how to bleed immigrants. The other day a large party of Galicians who had to stock up with food at the union depot, Chaudiere, were compelled to pay twenty cents per loaf for bread. They were hungry and the dealers near the depot reaped a high harvest, the prices of other necessities being on equally an exorbitant scale.

At Rodney, Ont., on 19th inst., a tramp called at a house where a Mrs. Colville and a Miss Lowery were alone. Miss Lowery opened the door and he demanded money. She refused and he dragged her outside and beat her to death with a stick. He then went back to the house and got money from Mrs. Colville who is an invalid. He got away. A man has been arrested on suspicion. The murderer had a mark on his face.

At Norway, Me., Sunday, Edward Hilton, a man of about sixty years of age, shot and instantly killed George Young, aged 45; stabbed his wife several times about the head, leaving her for dead on the floor, and then went out in the back yard of his house and put a charge of buckshot into his own chest. Jealousy was the cause. The woman may recover.

The correspondent at Calcutta of the Daily Express learns that friction has arisen between Lord Kitchener and Major-General Elles, military member, whose position enables him to thwart the commander-in-chief's plan, and that Lord Kitchener threatens to resign unless General Elles's duties are restricted to the administrative and spending departments and he (Lord Kitchener, is given a voice in the council or placed in closer relation with the Indian government.

It became known lately that Andrew Carnegie's niece, Nancy, was secretly married about a year ago to a riding master named Heaver. The news was confirmed by Mr. Carnegie. "My niece was married to Mr. Heaver in New York about a year ago," he said. "Mr. Heaver was a riding master in the family. The family has no objection to the match. Mr. Heaver is an honest upright youth. I would rather Nancy would marry a poor honest man than a worthless Duke. We want no rich men in the family."

One of the most extensive deals ever known on the Chicago board of trade came to a climax Saturday. A daring effort by John W. Gates and associates to control all of the wheat available in America for delivery during the month of May was apparently ended with a wholesale sacrifice of prospective profits to escape possible huge losses on existing investments. Incidentally, the result was one of the wildest sessions ever witnessed in the Chicago wheat pit.

On the 20th inst., about 11 o'clock at night, fire was discovered at the Convent of the Sisters of St. Anne's, at St. Genevieve, Quebec. The whole building was a mass of flames within five minutes after the discovery of the fire. It was impossible to get to the top flat to help the rescue of all the pupils and nuns who were sleeping. It was a pitiful sight to hear the screams for help. It is now known that one of the nuns is in the ruins with about thirteen of the girl pupils ranging in ages from 7 to 18. Five or six old pupils were in hospital in connection with the convent. Quite a number of pupils jumped from the windows from the third and fourth story, injuring themselves badly. Eight of the victims were girls of tender years, one was a nun, who was a musical instructor, and four were aged women, one of them 98, who were domiciled in the institution. Some of the children belonged to St. Genevieve, while others came from Montreal.

War News.

The location of the Baltic squadron is yet unknown. The naval battle expected may not occur for some weeks, in the opinion of naval critics, as it is thought Japan's policy is to harass and weaken the Russian fleet by a series of sudden torpedo attacks.

The three Russian cruisers at Vladivostok are in good condition and ready to make a sortie against Japan, with the hope of diverting the attention of Admiral Togo from the Baltic fleet.

The threatened trouble between Japan and France owing to a breach of neutrality on the part of the latter, is averted for the time, and may be transferred to China, as the Russians will likely seek Chinese ports to replenish supplies.

Personal.

Miss J. Jean, of Arichat, is visiting in Town.

Dr. McMaster of Inverness was in Town this week.

Mr. W. H. Carroll barrister, Glace Bay, was in Town last week.

Dr. Ralph Macdonald, of Halifax, spent the Easter holidays in Antigonish.

Rev. Colin Chisholm P. P., Port Hood, and Rev. A. Chisholm, P. P., Creignish, were in Town on Monday.

Mr. James McLellan and Mr. James Delaney, both of Lakevale, left for Butte, Montana, on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Phalen, of North Sydney, were in Antigonish for a few days lately.

Dr. Sheridan, of Montreal, was in Town a few days this week. He has been residing at Chimney Corner, C. B., lately with the hope of improving his health, and is now en route home.

Mr. A. A. McIntyre, barrister, of Sydney, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Turnbull of Sydney, and Dr. and Mrs. Cunningham of Sydney spent the Easter holidays at Antigonish.

THE ARRANGEMENT whereby the stores of the Town are closed on Thursday evenings has been made a permanent one. Hereafter, therefore, they will be closed every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evening.

AUCTION.

To be sold at Public Auction on the premises of the subscriber on

May 23rd, at 10 o'clock,

the following:

- 1 Horse, 4 years old;
- 1 Horse, 2 years old
- Also, Farming Implements, consisting of Raking Machine, Mowing Machine, Plow, and Cart, etc.
- Also, Household Furniture and many articles too numerous to mention.

TERMS: 6 months on approved notes and security.

ARCHD. McDUGALD, Ballantyne's Cove.

April 26, 1905

Resolution of Condolence.

At a regular meeting of Branch No. 273, C. M. B. A., held at Lourdes, N. S., April 19, 1905, the following resolution of condolence was unanimously adopted:

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, to call to His reward Archibald, son of John Jamieson and brother of Colin Jamieson, our esteemed brothers.

Resolved, that we tender Brothers Jamieson our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in their sad bereavement and beg that our dear Lord will comfort them in the great loss they have sustained, and will grant eternal rest to the soul of the departed one.

Resolved further, that copies of these resolutions be sent to Brothers Jamieson, the Canadian, THE CASKET, and local papers for publication and spread on the minutes of the meeting.

Signed on behalf of the Branch—
DANIEL GILLIS, President.
JAS. P. SWIFT, Rec. Secretary.

DEATHS.

Obituary and marriage notices have been gradually encroaching on our space. The attention of our publishing company being called to the matter at the annual meeting, it was decided to limit the space for these notices, except where the event appears to be of general interest. The best way to mark this limit seems to be to adopt the plan employed by many other papers:

Notices of deaths will be published free or charge when not exceeding 40 words. For every word over 40, 2 cents will be charged, payment in advance.

At S. W. Margaree, April 18th, in her sixteenth year, after a lingering illness, ANNE M. McDONNELL, eldest daughter of the late Donald A. McDonnell, leaving behind her a sorrowful mother, two young brothers and three sisters to mourn her loss.

At Hay's River, C. B., on the 8th inst., after a protracted illness, MRS. MARGARET McDUGALL, widow of the late RORY McDUGALL, aged 64 years. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. John Fraser, P. P., Brook Village. Interment at the Catholic cemetery at West Lake Ainslie. R. I. P.

At Brown's Mountain, April 8th, after a lingering illness, patiently borne, MARGARET, beloved wife of DONALD McDONNELL (Mason), in the 63th year of her age. Strengthened and consoled by the rites of Holy Mother Church she peacefully passed to her reward, leaving a sorrowful husband and three sons to cherish the memory of a kind and industrious wife and mother. R. I. P.

At Morvan, on the 19th inst., after a lingering illness, borne with exemplary patience and strengthened by the devout reception of the Sacraments of the Holy Church, MARY BELL, aged 30 years, beloved wife of JENNY A. McLELLAN, and daughter of the late Ronald J. McLeane of Cross Roads Ohio, leaving a sorrowful husband and two little daughters, to whom the sympathy of the community is extended in their bereavement. May her soul rest in peace.

At Gaspereaux Lake, this County, on the 16th inst., RABECA PATTERSON, widow of the late ALEXANDER KENNEDY of this place, aged sixty-eight years. She was a native of Kings Co., N. S., where she married Mr. Kennedy, soon after which they came with their family to reside at Gaspereaux Lake. Of a family of three, one son and daughter survive her. Mrs. Kennedy was a convert to our holy religion a few years ago. Her illness, which was a trying one, was borne with perfect fortitude and resignation. Of a disposition kind, considerate and charitable, she was beloved by all. She died an edifying death consoled by the sacraments of Holy Church. R. I. P.

At North River on Sunday, 9th inst., JOHN D. CHISHOLM, aged 55 years. His illness extended over a period of one year. During his sickness he continually edited those around him by his wonderful Christian fortitude and admirable resignation to the Holy Will of God. The cheerfulness with which he met death, after devoutly receiving the last rites of our Holy Mother the Church was a consolation to his family. He leaves behind a sorrowful wife and seven children to mourn the loss of an ever kind husband and father as well as numerous relatives and friends to regret the death of a good neighbour. On Tuesday, 11th, his remains were interred in St. Ninian's cemetery. May his soul rest in peace.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Post Office Antigonish, N. S." will be received at this office until Wednesday, May 3, 1905, exclusively, for the construction of a Post Office Building at Antigonish, N. S.

Plans and specifications can be seen and forms of tender obtained at the present Post Office, Antigonish, N. S., and at this Department. Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque or bank draft, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent (10 p. c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party tendering decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.
By order,
FRED. GELINAS, Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, April 12, 1905.

Humphrey Clothing Store.
A BRANCH FOR ANTIGONISH AND EASTERN NOVA SCOTIA.

J. A. Humphrey & Son
(LIMITED),
MONCTON, N. B.

Will, on May 1st, open a Branch Store in the
"Old Queen Hotel" Building,
next to J. D. Copeland's Drug Store, where will be kept for sale, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, a full stock of their celebrated, : : : :
TWEEDS, FLANNELS, YARNS AND READY-MADE CLOTHING,
IN
Men's Youth's and Boys' Suits, Pants, Jackets, Overcoats and Ladies' Skirts.

WOOL
Purchased at highest prices, in exchange for goods or for CASH.

D. G. WHIDDEN, Manager.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE.
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO
Paid-Up Capital, \$8,700,000 Reserve Fund, \$3,500,000
HON. GEO. A. COX, President
B. E. WALKER, General Manager. ALEX. LAIRD, Asst. Gen'l Manager.

118 Branches in Canada, the United and England.
A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED
SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT.
Deposits of \$1 and upwards received, and interest allowed at current rates. Interest added to the deposit twice in each year, at the end of May and November. The depositor is subject to no delay whatever in the withdrawal of the whole or any portion of the deposit.

ANTIGONISH BRANCH
H. JEMMETT, Manager.

West End Warehouse.
SPRING OPENING
We call your special attention this season to our fresh and up-to-date stock of
English, American and Canadian Goods of every description.

Our Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Department
Is well filled with
Ladies' Handsome Costumes. Ladies' Black and Fawn Covert Spring Jackets, Rain Coats, Skirts and Blouses, all of the newest and most fashionable makes.

Our range of Dress Goods, surpasses anything we have yet handled in design, quality and Price. We would ask you to look them through when making your selection. In light-weight summer goods, Lataska Voile, Linette and Voile Fantaisie, are the leading features.

House Furniture, House Furnishings, and Room Paper.
At this Season of the year most every housewife is thinking how she is going to fix up her house for the coming Summer. She will require Sundry Furnishings to make the house attractive. We wish to say that we can help her to do this. This department has never been better filled with
Furniture, Carpets, Beds, Bedding, Mattresses and Household Furnishings of every description.

WALL PAPER
The most attractive designs we have yet put in and prices the lowest, 3c. 4c. 5c. 6c. and up to 20c.

MILLINERY. MILLINERY.
Show days in this department are over, and have been a decided success. We have never before taken so many orders on our opening days, showing the efforts of the management in this department have been appreciated by good judges of artistic and nicely trimmed millinery. We are adding some new ideas daily and will study the best interests of our patrons so as to please. See our Children's Motor Tweed Spring Caps at 25 cents each.

MAIL ORDERS.
We will be pleased to send to our out of Town Patrons Samples and Prices of any goods kept in stock. Drop us a Postal Card and ask for Samples.

CHISHOLM, SWEET & CO.
Antigonish, April 18, 1905.



Baby's Own Soap
Pure, Fragrant, Cleansing
Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs.
MONTREAL
No other Soap is just as good.

COUGH NO MORE
SPRUCINE
THE REMEDY OF THE DAY
A definite preparation of
Spruce Gum, Wild Cherry,
Hoarhound and Tar.
Scientifically combined in the
form of agreeable and palatable
Syrup.
One of the most reliable prepara-
tions yet introduced to the public for
the immediate Relief and Cure of
Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarse-
ness, Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma,
and all diseases of the Throat
and Lungs.
Taken with Cod Liver Oil in the
first stages of Consumption, it will
be found invaluable.
For sale everywhere. Price 25 cts.
or by mail on receipt of price.
Sole proprietors, THE WINGATE CHEMICAL
CO. Limited, Montreal, Canada.
MCGALE'S BUTTERNUT PILLS FOR
YOUR LIVER AND BOWELS.

THE
Spring Term
AT
Maritime Business College
OPENS
APRIL 3, 1905.
RATES: 1 MONTH \$16.
3 MONTHS \$27.
KAULBACH & SCHURMAN,
Chartered Accountants.
Maritime Business Colleges,
HALIFAX AND NEW GLASGOW.
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
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A Nice Line of Finished Work and
Latest Designs to Select From.
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The Missionary's Story.
It was a beautiful afternoon in the autumn when I set out to visit a tiny cottage home on the outskirts of a large inland town. I had been giving a mission in the district, and, although the pretty church had been crowded daily and nightly by earnest men, devoted women, and eager, happy children, yet there were many who held aloof, many who for years had not bowed their heads in humble contrition at the feet of the humble minister of God, or approached the "Sacred Banquet where Christ ministers." Therefore, I resolved to make a visitation of the parish with the object of searching out the stray sheep, and seeing that each member of different families attended the mission as often as possible. If some of these visits brought me pain—pain at witnessing the sad neglect of the Holy Sacraments, the carelessness of parents in regard to the religious education of their children, the total absence of Catholic objects of faith and piety—others brought me intense pleasure. What a joy to see in many a humble cottage pictures of Our Lady smiling down upon her children, or St. Joseph toiling in his workshop at Nazareth, cheered by the celestial presence of the Divine Child and His tender Maiden Mother! But in the cottage which I last visited that particular afternoon I saw something more. The little room into which I was ushered was scantily furnished, but very neat and clean. Everything spoke of poverty, therefore I was both pleased and astonished at seeing a small, ruby-coloured lamp burning before a little statue of Our Lady, which stood on the mantelpiece. Two little children came shyly to the door, but would not venture in until their mother entered. She was a woman still young, but hard work, sorrow and care had left their impress on her features. Her hands were hardened with toil, and more than ever I wondered at the lamp burning so steadily and brightly in this home of poverty, where it seemed that undiminished labour was necessary in order to keep hunger at bay.
"Tell me," I said, after making a few inquiries relative to her attendance at the mission, "have you any particular reason for burning that little lamp to-day?"
"I always burn it," was the reply. "I lit it on my marriage day and placed it before that little statue given me by my mistress, and it hardly ever is allowed to be out."
"But the oil! how do you manage to procure that?"
"It is hard, but I manage it: sometimes I hardly know how. My days are days of toil, and I have little time for prayer, but the lamp speaks for me to Our Lady, and whenever I look at it I say, 'Show thyself to be a Mother to me and my children, and do not allow us to want.'"
"But your husband! Where is he?" I asked.
"Alas! I do not know. That is my great sorrow. He was always delicate, but two years ago his health completely failed. A sea voyage to a warmer climate was recommended, but how were we, in our poverty, to carry out this proposal? At that time we lived in Sydney, and my poor husband, fearing that he would be a burden on me, got some light work on board a large steamer trading to China and the East, in the hope of recruiting his shattered health. Since the hour we parted I have heard nothing of him, but I cannot persuade myself that he is dead. After he left, I, too, fell ill, and only for a few charitable ladies who came to my aid, I would have been in sore straits. They kindly paid my railway fare to this country town, thinking that the change would benefit me. They also put me in the way of earning a humble living. May God bless them, for I have recovered my health and am able to work for my children. And now my lamp burns night and day, pleading to Our Lady for my husband's return. I have made every effort to trace him, but without success. I wrote, telling him of my change of residence, but fear that the letter never reached its destination, and so he has lost all trace of us. But something tells me that he will return, and the little lamp will bring him, for never yet has Our Lady failed me in my hour of need."
I was filled with compassion for the poor woman, who, in the midst of so many trials, preserved such unbounded faith in God and Our Lady, and I assured her that her prayers would not be in vain, promising her at the same time to make every inquiry in regard to her husband on my return to Sydney.
A few weeks later my missionary labours were transferred to a city church in the centre of a shipping population. One morning, after I had celebrated Mass, I saw the sacristan talking to a poor, careworn man, and a few minutes later he lit a little lamp and paced it before the statue of Our Lady.
"That poor man," he remarked, "has just given me this little offering for a lamp to be burned to-day for his special intention. I hardly liked to take it, but he insisted, saying it is his last hope."
"Poor fellow," I said, "he must be in great trouble; let us both kneel down and say a 'Hail Mary' for his intention."
That same evening I preached on devotion to Our Blessed Lady, and related, as an instance of perpetual self-sacrificing love towards the Mother of God, the story of the poor woman, who, out of her poverty, managed to save sufficient to keep a little lamp always burning before the statue of her who, she said, had never failed her in the hour of need. As I spoke I suddenly caught sight of the man who in the morning had placed the lamp on Our Lady's altar, and it seemed to me that the careworn, anxious look had vanished, and was succeeded by one of

hope and joy. No sooner were the devotions ended than he sought me in the sacristy, and begged me to tell him how I had learned the facts which I had just related. I rightly conjectured that he was the husband of the poor woman whose faith had so deeply impressed me, and I soon learnt his sad story. On the voyage he had undertaken he had fallen seriously ill, and at one of the ports of call he had been landed and placed in an hospital. The letters relative to her change of abode sent by his wife to his original destination, never reached him, and after many months' sickness he returned to Sydney, only to find her gone, he knew not where. Being penniless, he undertook another voyage, and returned a few days previously. His search had again been unsuccessful, but, remembering his wife's unbounded confidence in Our Lady, and the little lamp always kept burning in her honour, he determined to follow her example. It was his last resource, for the next day he intended to set out on another voyage.
"So it was her lamp that brought you back," said I, as I saw him off at the railway station the next day, a happy smile lighting his careworn face. "I wish I could be present at your joyful reunion, but tell your good wife that I will be with you in spirit, and will not forget a prayer of thanksgiving. Next time I visit your district I will make a point of seeing you. Good-bye! God bless you all!"
And that night I finished the little anecdote I had begun the evening before, and told how the little lamp had guided the husband and wife to each other, and how Mary in return for this act of devotion towards her had shown herself a Mother to those who had such confidence in her maternal love and power.—*Catholic Fireside.*

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"Three Such Chicks"

Father Lambert and Father Cronin are very fond of the West, where they both studied and were ordained. The ocean shell, borne by chance of tide or drift of land a thousand leagues from the sea, will still murmur of the deep. Father Cronin is just turned seventy. Father Lambert confesses to a few years more. But they are both young men still. The soul, like the diamond, never grows old. And the body counts its years by its own peculiar calendar. It all depends on the kind of stuff it is made of. We three were made of tough fibre, thanks to our good old Irish mothers. We all three sat huddled together under the wing of our Alma Mater in Carondelet back in the late fifties. A wag has since said: "Three such chicks never came from under one hen before or since." We are a trifle "disfigured" by the ill usage of fifty years; but we are all three "still in the ring."—*Western Watchman.*

Dr. Phelan errs when he says we confess to a few years more. We confess to nothing of the kind. We repudiate the allegation and frown on the allegator. We would not be at all surprised if Dr. Phelan has been seduced from his usual reliability by Dr. Cronin himself, who, for some years back, has been boasting of his youngness, compared to our oldness, and putting on youthful airs and strutting like a gossoon before company in our very presence. We stood it with all the patience we could find in the dictionary, until some time ago Dr. Cronin visited Ireland and consulted the ancient baptismal manuscripts there. On his return we noticed a great change in his demeanor: his chin did not protrude so far, his head was less elevated, the youthful swagger was gone. We were struck with astonishment at the change and tried to guess the cause, but in vain, until one day, driven by a goading conscience, no doubt, he confessed with edifying humility that the ancient baptismal manuscripts showed him to be over a month older than we; he arriving in Ireland March 1st, we in Pennsylvania April 13, of the same memorable year. This discovery put an end to his cutting up youthful capers in our presence. But with his usual resourcefulness, he now goes to the other extreme and looks down upon us with the dignified and benignant gaze of a counsellor, or a patriarch taking a fond look at his great grandson. This we don't mind, being content with the chronological advantage nature has kindly given us; and besides, it is good to have some one that one can look up to. Here's to old Carondelet and illo tempore, and the few old familiar faces that are not gone.

Father Cronin is widely known as an editor, but he is at the same time one of the ablest orators in the Church in America. He classes with Archbishops Ryan, Ireland and Glennon, in his fascinating power over an audience.—*New York Freeman's Journal.*
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Belief and Repentance.
The four Presbyterian ministers of the city conducted services at the First Presbyterian church in Springfield last evening, the subject of discussion being "Confessing Christ." During the services it was requested that persons in the congregation write out any reason that prevented people from confessing Christ.
After the services Fred Barrett submitted the following open letter to the ministers:
Sunday Evening, March 12, 1905.
Rev. Dear Sir:—In your remarks this evening you requested all of us to take pencil and paper and write down any reason which prevents people from confessing Christ, except that they are ashamed of Him.
I think few people now are ashamed of Christ. The reason they don't confess Him is because they know they are not repentant, and that therefore it would be hypocrisy to confess Him by partaking of baptism and the Lord's supper.
Perhaps it sounds harsh for a minister to tell his audience they need to repent of sin—but repentance is certainly necessary before confession of Christ can mean anything.
So also with Dr.—sermon. All believers were urged to confess Christ—and repentance was never mentioned. True, Jesus said "Whosoever believes on Him." But a passage is not to be taken by itself; different passages interpret each other; and Jesus also said "Except you repent you shall perish." His teaching taken as a whole makes repentance as well as belief necessary before His blood will secure the pardon for sin.
Repentance is seldom preached any more—it is all believe, believe, believe. At the beginning of the Gospel times few believed; people thought He was an impostor. But now there are very few in Springfield who do not believe. So what we lack is not belief so much as repentance; for there are thousands in Springfield who are not repentant—i. e. they are not willing to give up various kinds of sins.
By belief I mean: "I believe Jesus is the Christ." By repentance I mean "I am trying to obey God in everything."
Making this an open letter is not intended as unfriendly, but is so the largest number can read and judge this matter. The preaching and all throughout the meetings had breathed a spirit of desire for glorifying God and saving men, and God will surely give good results. But if repentance is given its right place in the sight of the people I think more will give themselves to God. With high respect and esteem.
FRED W. BARRETT.

Gauges, colds, hoarseness, and other throat ailments are quickly relieved by Vapo-Cresolene tablets, ten cents per box. All druggists.
The Pope and His Watch.
That the simple habits of Pope Pius X. are no myth, but are ingrained in what the world has come to look on as a most beautiful nature, the following apt little story, culled from the pages of our good contemporary, the *Springfield Republican*, goes a long way to show:
"One of the Cardinals was at the Vatican recently, and, while talking with the Pope, Pius took his watch from his pocket to see what time it was. The Cardinal noticed that the timepiece was a cheap nickel affair with an old shoestring attached to it in place of a chain. The Cardinal drew his own costly chronometer from his pocket and asked the Pope to take it as a gift and give him the nickel one. Then the Pope's face lit up with one of those smiles which if one has been fortunate enough to see can never be forgotten, and said that the old watch was quite good enough for him. He added that it was given to him when a lad by his mother, who saved up her hard-earned coppers until she could buy it, but there was no money left for a chain. One of his sisters gave him a shoestring for that, and he was so pleased with his gift that he promised his mother he would carry it as long as it kept time. The Pope has never had another watch, and says he never will. The Pope's action is a beautiful exhibition of a son's love for his mother."

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Usually Indicate Health.
Wheeler's Botanic Bitters
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A GENUINE VEGETABLE SPRING MEDICINE AND REGULATOR.
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Cresolene Antiseptic Tablets
They combine the germicidal value of Cresolene with the soothing properties of slippery elm and licorice.
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Two Englishmen who had been bosom friends went to America. They met with poor success, drifted apart, and finally one took a position as waiter in a cheap restaurant. He hadn't been there long before his friend appeared at dinner. The meeting was not overjoyful.
"Why, old man, you down to a waiter, eh? Gracious, how you have fallen! And in a restaurant like this, too!"
"Yes," replied the waiter, turning on his friend, sarcastically, "but I don't eat here, thank goodness."

A Canadian Sculptor.

For years I have watched the career of Dr. McKenzie with interest and admiration. He is the sort of young man I like to know or to read about. Temperate, industrious, capable of unflinching good nature and geniality, he has overcome obstacles with a grim determination and unflinching will which probably came to him through his Highland Scottish ancestry and which have been admirably directed by the somewhat Spartan training a boy without money gets in Canada.

McKenzie's father was a clergyman in what was then one of the poorest districts in Canada, and he died leaving a widow and young family totally unprovided for. Poverty-stricken as was the locality, it nevertheless raised a fund for the minister's widow which enabled her to tide over the first hard year or two and keep the lads in school, which, to a Scottish mother, is ever the main thing. It is the Scottish mother who instills ambition into the heart of the young Scot.

On the shoulders of Robert, as the eldest there fell early the duty of providing for the family, which duty was faithfully performed, the boy shirking no work offered to him so long as it was honorable and brought in the cash; but never for a moment did he relinquish the desire to get the best education his country could provide; so whatever spare time he had was used in study preparatory to an attack upon some university. In due time he made the assault upon McGill College, and passed the preliminary examinations with credit to himself. There was no vacations for young McKenzie, because he had not only to pay his own way through college—a sufficiently difficult task, one might think—but he had to keep the pot boiling at home as well. As before, he did not pick and choose his occupations outside the university course, but took whatever was the most lucrative, no matter what physical output was required. The Lord does not intend a man to work both night and day, but during part of his first year in college McKenzie accomplished this feat, so anxious was he that his educational campaign should not be interrupted. He took a job as night watchman in one important section of the wharves of Montreal tramping all night and keeping up with his classes during the day. And, singularly enough, during this period of strain he was at the head of his class, for he kept a book or two in his pockets through the night, read for a few minutes under each lamp on his beat, and thought over the paragraph as he plodded to the next resting-point of his round.

However, even a man of iron could not stand this sort of thing, and our young student realized that he would either have to business-manage the situation or give up the job, which he did not wish to do, for night work is always well paid. He therefore business-managed it. He had two collaborators in the science of watching. He was engaged by the Dock Company, and the other two were in the employ of the shipping interests and the insurance associations respectively. The three men covered the same territory. McKenzie, always genial and extremely persuasive, convinced the dock, shipping, and insurance companies that the work would be more efficiently done if the night were divided into three watches, when each man could sleep two-thirds of the night and remain very wide awake during the remaining third. His argument was that one man thoroughly alert was preferable to three men walking in their sleep. From that time forward he received the same money and also got two-thirds of a night's rest, besides earning the thanks of the companies and the gratitude of his two fellow-employees. Thus may a man's brains save his eyes and heels; and during the time he was on guard neither theft nor fire visited his balliwick. I think that when the future Dr. Smiles writes the future "Self-Help" he should include this story in the volume.

This strenuous life turned McKenzie's attention very early to the absolutely absolute need of physical culture. If he were to succeed in his four years' contest with Necessity, he should have to take the utmost care of himself. There is little use in possessing the mind of a Milton if you haven't a body to carry it. In addition to his regular course at the schools, he made a special study of the human frame and its requirements, and here, although he did not know it at the time, were the lines upon which his future activity was to run; for he goes to the University of Pennsylvania in charge of what is probably the finest gymnasium in the world, where he will exert a beneficial influence on the health of the thousands of students who seek an education in that center of learning.

It is encouraging to know that the authorities of McGill College speedily recognized the abilities of this young man, who was so persistently and good-naturedly pressing himself through their mill. He was soon enabled to give up all such occupations as that of night watchman, and he got opportunities of earning money by methods more in keeping with the knowledge he was acquiring. From then on the way became easy. There is no greater coward than Opposing Circumstance. If it sees you are determined on a fight, it will retreat; and if you advance, Opposing Circumstance will knuckle under altogether. McKenzie did some tutoring and some lecturing. He became an assist-

ant in the College, and finally, on achieving his degree, was installed full-fledged professor, which position he held until September, 1904. During the years that have elapsed since he took his degree he has acquired an enviable reputation and has built up an important practice as consulting medical specialist. This summer he lectured before the students of Cambridge University in England, and I believe it was in that educational town that he resolved to accept the offer from Pennsylvania of which I have spoken.

I now come to a very astonishing phase of Dr. McKenzie's genius. A short time ago I left London for Paris in order to see for myself how the Doctor's latest work was coming on, and I stayed by him until it was completed. He is well known in the capital of France, not as a medical man nor as a college professor, but as an artist; and here I found him in a large studio in the Mont Parnasse quarter, arrayed in the clay-smeared blouse of a sculptor, putting the finishing touches on his statue of "The Boxer," a wonderful representation of a prize-fighter in a state of activity, with the right arm extended to ward off a blow, while the left is ready to deliver the impact of the clenched fist where it will be most effective. It is a striking figure in every sense of the word.

Three years ago Dr. McKenzie resolved to construct a mathematical man, as it might be termed; so he set about the making of him out of clay, the original material from which man was first fashioned. He secured the bodily measurements of one hundred representative American runners, which measurements were accurately taken by Dr. Paul C. Phillips, of Amherst College, and included nearly all the great sprinters of recent years. With these data McKenzie proceeded to build up his man by mathematics, and the result was "The Sprinter"—the stooping figure of a runner, with toes and fingers on the ground, tensely waiting for the pistol-shot. It is of such vivid actuality that on looking at it one feels like believing that at a sudden clap of the hands it would disappear down the track.

This effort was much praised by anatomists, but McKenzie was anxious to know what artists thought about it; and as it was accepted for exhibition in 1902 by the Society of American Artists and by the Copley Society of Boston, he scored a favorable verdict. Later he finished, on the same plan, "The Athlete," a gracefully posed standing figure, corresponding to the average of the fifty strongest men in Harvard that year. Observations of four hundred men were taken by Dr. Dudley A. Sargent to furnish the mathematics out of which "The Athlete" was formed. "What constitutes a State?" asks the poet; and then he goes on to answer his own question by saying that it is not navies or kings or anything of that sort, but real men. "The Athlete" is intended to represent the best that America can do in furnishing the essential demanded by the poet. And Europe affirms that America has every reason to be proud of her output, for Dr. McKenzie did not rest content with the praise he had received in the New World, but daringly challenged the opinion of the Old.

Last year he boxed up "The Sprinter" and sent it to the Committee of the Royal Academy in England. There was nothing to show that the sender was a doctor or anything else but simply an unknown artist who sent his work in the usual way for the annual exhibition. "The Sprinter" was given a prominent place in the sculpture rotunda of Burlington House, the palace on Piccadilly where the Royal Academy holds its exhibition.

At the same time he invited criticism from a body known to be much more severe than even the authorities of the Royal Academy. He forwarded "The Athlete" to the judges for the Salon in France. It was accepted and exhibited. This year he had one statue in the Royal Academy and three in the Paris Salon.

Such a thing has probably never happened in this world before. That a man who has received no artistic training should produce work which not once put on four occasions has received the seal of commendation from the artistic experts of two European countries seem incredible to people over here. I have quit telling French artists about it, because they so evidently don't believe me, and, being too polite to say so, I feel that I am taking an unfair advantage of them. It is such a consolation to tell a man he lies if you are sure he is not telling the truth, and you cannot persuade a Frenchman that any untrained artistic amateur from the west ever got into the Salon except by paying his franc and going in with the general public.

When I was searching the Rue Fulguerie for his studio, I asked an artist who was coming out of the courtyard if he knew where Dr. Tait McKenzie was to be found. He said:

"There is no doctor of that name in this neighborhood, but there is a young sculptor named McKenzie at No. 9."—Robert Barr, in the Outlook.

A deputation of twenty Intercolonial railway employees representing every branch of the government system was at Ottawa last week, to interview the government regarding the proposed pension scheme which the minister has been contemplating for some time. All branches of the Intercolonial railway employees are anxious for the pension fund to be settled, the idea being that each one will contribute a certain percentage of his salary or wages to the fund monthly. The deputation is also anxious that the government should give the fund a good start by a substantial contribution from the Dominion treasury.

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Poverty in the United States.
POVERTY. By Robert Hunter. Price \$1.50 net. The Macmillan Company.

From his investigations as a social worker in Chicago and New York, his observations in other cities, and a careful study of published data on the subject of poverty, Mr. Hunter, has written a book of the greatest social value. It is confessedly not an inquiry at first hand into the particulars of a single locality, such as is Mr. Rocentree's volume on York, as Mr. Booth's on London; but its wider scope compensates, in part at least, for its lack of minute detail, since it gives us a view of the poverty of the entire nation.

The easy-going optimism of the American people will be shaken somewhat by the author's conclusions. That some degree of poverty exists in the land of the full dinner-pail and the overflowing barn has been generally conceded; but that it is general and with any class constant has as generally been denied. Mr. Hunter finds that 10,000,000 persons or one-eighth of the nation's population, are in a more or less constant state of poverty, and that 40 per cent. of these, or 4,000,000 persons, are paupers, dependent upon some form of public relief. While personal defects, such as drunkenness, laziness, and inefficiency are responsible for a part of this awful mass of privation, it is conclusively shown that by far the greater part is due to low wages, to disemployment, to deaths and maimings of breadwinners while at work, and to sickness caused by insanitation and crowding in the slums. As to wages, it is shown that hundreds of thousands of wage-earners do not receive, even when steadily at work, a sufficient wage to keep themselves and their dependents in a state of physical efficiency. Irregularity of employment apparently increases, nearly 6,500,000 workers in painful occupations having been out of employment for greater or less periods during the year 1900, and more than 2,000,000 male wage-earners having been idle from four to six months during that year. The casualties in industry exceed those of war. Some 64,000 persons are killed and some 1,600,000 seriously wounded in the United States every year. Most of these, it may be presumed, have relatives in some degree dependent upon their earnings, and every casualty adds to the mass of poverty. There are no adequate figures on the contribution which insanitary surroundings make to poverty, tho all observers recognize its frightful influence. The causes of poverty are thus, in the main, social, and not individual.

The author indicates certain ameliorative measures for immediate application, it is not difficult to read between his lines a despair of any real remedy short of collectivist action.—Literary Digest.

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AN INSTANT BANISHER OF CROUP.
LARGE BOTTLES 25¢ DRUGGISTS & DEALERS.

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" 85 Express for Sydney, 13.26
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(Sgd.) JOHN HENDERSON

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agent for Antigonish and Guysboro Counties.

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G. GATES, SON & CO.
MIDDLETON, 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. ARCTOS 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. ARCTOS is guaranteed to cure, money refunded in case of failure. Price of ARCTOS, Two Dollars per treatment sent by mail securely sealed to any address. Register all letters containing money.
THE VICTOR MEDICAL CO., Toronto, Can.

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.

Seeds—C. B. Whidden & Son. Auction Sale—Arch McDougall. Teacher Wanted—Daniel Fraser. Auction Sale—John J. McDonald. Auction Sale—Wm Garvie. Humphrey Clothing Store—D. G. Whidden.

LOCAL ITEMS.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS crowded out. DR. COX, of New Glasgow, specialist in eye, ear, nose and throat diseases, will be at the Merrimac Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday morning, May 2nd and 3rd.

NOTICE.—Operations will commence at Milk Factory, Monday, May 1st, 1905. Price of milk will be same as last year. Canada Milk Condensing Co., Ltd.

FINE STEERS.—Mr. Alex. Chisholm of the North Grant, Ant., sold the College a fine pair of steers this week. They were not quite three years old. One dressed 600 pounds, the other 575 pounds. They realized \$103.

LOBSTER FISHING in these waters promises to be very late in beginning this season, owing to large quantities of ice drifting around the coast. The fishermen are therefore threatened with a short season.

MR. DUMARESQU, architect, Halifax, is in Town, surveying the site for the new Royal Bank building. We are informed that the Bank authorities have decided to have the building erected this year.

NEW M. D.'s.—Alexander W. Miller of Margaree, and John Ignatius O'Connell, of Sydney, both St. F. X. College graduates, were members of the graduating class in medicine at Dalhousie College this year. George Arthur McIntosh of South River Lake, Guysboro, was also a graduate. He is a brother of Mr. Louis McIntosh, Antigonish.

DR. HANNAH, President of King's College, Windsor, is at present making a tour of the Counties of Antigonish and Guysboro in the interests of the College, and will lecture on Japan in MacDonald's Hall, Antigonish, on Saturday evening, April 29th, at 8 o'clock, and on Sunday, at 11 a. m., will address the congregation in St. Paul's Church. Dr. Hannah, whose marked success in establishing a mining school in Sydney is well known to all, is gifted with unusual eloquence and as he has travelled largely in Japan and the East, a treat may be expected in his lectures.

BATTERY OF FIELD ARTILLERY.—Lieut.-Colonel Irving, D. O. C., has informed Mr. Gregory, barrister, that the proposed battery of field artillery for Antigonish County is to be put in commission at once, and has asked that the names of the officers be forwarded to Ottawa forthwith, which has been done this week. The battery will consist of six officers and seventy-two non-commissioned officers and men. Antigonish is to be the headquarters for the Counties of Antigonish and Guysboro under the new military scheme, and it is expected a drill hall will be established here as well as a range.

THE ANTIGONISH ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION has reorganized with Mr. A. D. Chisholm Hon. Pres., Stanley Copeland Pres., A. McDonald Vice-Pres., Malcolm Fraser Secy.-Tres.; Managing Committee: D. Bernasconi, S. Copeland, A. Chisholm, R. McPhie, E. Haley, P. Bernasconi. We understand that a committee has also been appointed to interview members of cricket and other clubs and it is hoped they will enlist a large number of new members. They might be led to expect help from the merchants of the Town who are the material gainers in the event of large athletic contests as were once seen in the town.

NEW STORE.—The Humphrey Woolen Mills Company of Moncton, N. B., are opening one of their branch stores in the Old Queen Hotel building, Antigonish. It will be under the management of Mr. D. G. Whidden, who, because of his long and wide acquaintance with the people of the community and his well-known energy, should prove a capable manager. The business announcement of the new firm is this week in our advertising columns, where an outline of the business to be carried on is given. The Humphrey Mills are noted for the excellence of the goods they manufacture; and in placing them direct in the hands of the consumer they expect the values given must add to their reputation.

REMARKABLE FAMILY.—The Williams family, of which Mr. Samuel Williams of West River, Ant., is a member, has truly a remarkable record for longevity. There are five brothers and five sisters, all living. There has been no death in the family for 77 years. The united ages makes a grand total of 682 years. Following are the names of the several members, with their respective ages: Samuel Williams, 77, Antigonish; Zephaniah Williams, 72, New Glasgow; Geo. H. Williams, 70, Medford, Mass.; John M. Williams, 68, New Glasgow; Robt. I. Williams, 66, Truro; Mrs. Wm. Gordon, 75, New Glasgow; Mrs. N. Luffkin, 73, East Boston; Mrs. D. F. Smith, 63, New Glasgow; Mrs. B. Arbuckle, 60, Ponds, Merigomish; Mrs. S. Logan, 58, Maine, U. S. A.

ON 19TH INST., John J. Laffin, of Dominion No. 1, a brother of Rev. M. Laffin, P. P., Tracadie, came to a sad and untimely death in the east slope at Re-erve Mines, while engaged in his duties of shot firer. He was preparing to fire a shot and asked one of the men for a squib. He was given the squib, which he placed in the hole, and was about to light it with a match, when the men withdrew. It is usual when squib is lit for the firer to call out "fire!" but a few seconds elapsed, and there being no sound one of the men asked Mr. Laffin what the trouble was. He then called "fire!" and the men moved away. Thinking

that Laffin had gone in an opposite direction nothing more was thought of him till he was found a half hour later by one of the loaders buried beneath the coal—dead. A son of the deceased is a student of F. X. College.

THE EASTER SERVICES at the Cathedral were carried out with the grandeur befitting the joyous festival. Large numbers approached the Sacraments. The main altar presented a glorious appearance with the beautiful flowers, foliage, colored lights, etc., that were used in decorating for the day. The Rev. Dr. Chisholm preached on the Resurrection, pointing out in fidelity as the great evil of the times. The choral service was up to the high standard usual at the Easter services in the Cathedral. D. McDonald and Hugh Chisholm assisted with violin and cornet.

THE NIGHT TRAIN MOVEMENT is still being energetically pushed, particularly by the people of the towns of Cape Breton County. On Thursday last representatives from the different civic bodies and boards of trade had a conference with their federal representatives, Messrs. McKenzie and Johnston, to urge upon them the desirability, from the viewpoint of Cape Breton Island, of having a night train between Halifax and Sydney. The alleged advantages to the business man, to westward travel, to the tourist, to the Island generally, etc., were dwelt on. We gather from the newspaper reports of the conference that it was admitted that the interests of Antigonish would be adversely affected by the change. Following is the Record's report of this phase of the question: "Truro and New Glasgow have ample railway accommodation in the early Cape Breton train and the local between New Glasgow and Halifax. Antigonish is the only point along the whole line which loses anything substantial and it is altogether reasonable that the rapidly growing mercantile and industrial interests of the whole of Cape Breton island should not be subject to the infinitely lesser interests of a parish town like Antigonish. That town, would, however, be served by the night train though at about 3 a. m., and would reap the advantage of improved mail accommodation."

The dramatic and musical entertainment given by the pupils of St. Bernard's Convent on Tuesday evening was undoubtedly one of the best with which the public of this town have been favored for a long time. The play selected was an excellent one, and its presentation was in keeping with its character of excellence. The acting throughout was good, giving evidence of good talent and superior training. Indeed the artistic merit displayed has been a subject of much comment; for while the acting of all was good, in some instances it was strong and masterly. The music was delightful. Several pieces were encored. The audience seemed especially pleased with the Fantasia of Seigel. A great deal of careful training must have been bestowed upon

TEACHER WANTED.

A Grade C or D Teacher, male or female, is wanted for Georgville School for remainder of present school year. Apply to DANIEL FRASER, Secretary of Trustees. Georgville, April 26, 1905.

AUCTION SALE.

To be sold at Public Auction on the premises of the subscriber on MONDAY, MAY 8, at 11 o'clock, the following: 6 Milch Cows, 4 Two Year Olds, 4 Yearlings, 1 Colt, 1 year old, 1 Pig with litter, 12 Head of Sheep, Potatoes. One Single Mowing Machine (Deering), one Truck Wagon, one Riding Wagon, two Sets Driving Harness, one Set Team Harness, one Plough, one Cultivator, One Single Set Sleds. Lots of other articles too numerous to mention. TERMS: Seven months credit on approved notes. WILLIAM GARVIE, Pinevale.

AUCTION SALE.

To be sold at Public Auction on the premises of the subscriber, on MONDAY, MAY 1st, 1905, at 11 o'clock, a. m., the following stock: 4 Milch Cows, 4 Yearlings, 4 calves, 1 Horse, 4 years old, 1 Mare, 12 years old, 1 Riding Wagon, 1 New Riding Sleigh, 1 Set Driving Harness, 1 Set Double Working Harness, 1 Set Bob Sleds. TERMS: Eight months' credit on approved notes. JOHN J. McDONALD, Post Road, Briley Brook.

Clearance Sale.

I am now offering my entire stock :: AT COST :: ENORMOUS REDUCTIONS. SEE LIST OF BARGAINS NOW BEING DISTRIBUTED. J. S. O'BRIEN, - - ANTIGONISH, N. S.

this feature of the programme. The little ones who appeared between the scenes were enjoyed as they always are. Especial notice is also due the Highland drill which was executed gracefully and charmed the audience. The whole programme was so good and so happily carried out that if space permitted mention ought to be made of every one who took part in it. We trust that we may soon again be favoured with such a delightful entertainment.

Town Council Meeting.

A meeting of the Council was held on last Thursday evening. The Mayor, who was appointed a committee to wait on the Government and ask assistance in constructing a new bridge at the east end of the Town, reported as follows: The Government are averse to granting aid, thinking that it might be used as a precedent by other incorporated towns for similar requests. They, however, promised to send an engineer to inspect the ground and report thereon. He thought that after the engineer became fully cognizant of all the reasons for the request by an inspection, he would report favorably, and some assistance would be forthcoming.

Several gentlemen interested in the establishment of a cottage hospital in the Town were present, and asked the Council to grant \$150 per year to help support the scheme. After considerable discussion, a resolution to accede to the request was defeated, 5-1.

Mr. D. G. Whidden addressed the meeting urging the erection of a few public drinking troughs by the Town. No action was taken. Fifty dollars was voted to the Old Home Week celebration.

The Street Committee were authorized to fill in a couple of spans of College street bridge with earth.

The following accounts were ordered to be paid: Removal of snow from streets, \$34.03; witness and constable fees, \$7.70; James Kenna, coal for poor, \$1.95; revising electoral lists, \$36; telephone rental, \$10; M. L. Cunningham, coal for office and poor, \$4.20; revising jury lists, \$2; making fires in Town office and for castors, \$3.25; John McGillivray, removing snow from front of engine house, \$5; CASKET Print. & Pub. Company, printing, \$23.49.

Tenders Solicited.

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to, Noon of Wednesday, May 10, 1905, for the purchase of the property at Tracadie, known as the Blue Porperty, consisting of 1 acre of land with dwelling house and barn. The buildings are nearly new, and in first class repair. The property is surrounded by a nice wire fence, and is conveniently situated, being within three minutes' walk of I. C. R. Station, church and school. The land is in good cultivation for garden purposes. No tender necessarily accepted. For further particulars apply to F. H. RANDALL, Antigonish, N. S.

Seeds! Seeds!

Just received, fresh stock of choice Field and Garden Seeds. Comprising WHITE RUSSIAN, RED and WHITE FIFE WHEAT, BANNER, SENSATION AND 20TH CENTURY OATS, TWO AND SIX ROWED BARLEY, PEAS, TARES AND CORN. Finest Quality TIMOTHY and CLOVER SEED. Also a full stock of GARDEN SEEDS.

C. B. Whidden & Son

Head of Main St. ANTIGONISH, N. S.

FOR SALE.

The well known property on Hawthorn St., consisting of one half acre of land, a house which contains 7 rooms with kitchen and pantry, also a barn with stable room for 7 head of cattle. The house is supplied with water from the Town Water system. NEIL MCINTYRE, Miller, Hawthorn St. Antigonish.

SPRING.

The Latest Edition just in from England, Canada and United States.

The fairest flowers that have ever bloomed in the garden of fashions are our

New Spring Suits, Top Coats, Hats, Shirts, Ties, Collars, Hoisery, Boots and Shoes, Etc.

Everybody who reads this will please consider it an invitation to drop in and see us. The new Spring attire is all here, we have kept our eyes wide open and whatever is new and attractive from the best Clothing Designers in the Country will be found here at LOW PRICES. Everybody naturally desires the best they can get for the price, we keep ourselves constantly in position to give it to them, come in and see all about this talk:

Table listing clothing items and prices: Men's Suits, Men's Top Coats, Youths' Suits with Long Pants, Youths' Suits with Short Pants, Boy's Suits, Shirts, Hats, Bow and String Ties, Rain Coats, Men's Odd Pants.

Our bargains still continue in our SHOE DEPARTMENT, all new goods. Admission nothing. Investigate. Remember the word investigate. Your money back if you want it.

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

Seeds! Seeds!

JUST ARRIVED A Large Selection of Field and Garden Seeds.

OATS AMERICAN BANNER. 20TH CENTURY. SENSATION.

WHEAT WHITE RUSSIAN. WHITE FIFE. RED FIFE.

BARLEY, PEAS, CORN, TIMOTHY AND CLOVER Also a large assortment of GARDEN SEEDS in bulk and packages.

JUST ARRIVED: ONE CAR NO. 1 FEED OATS. ONE CAR MIDDINGS AND CHOP FEED. ONE CAR WIRE NAILS.

Always in stock best brands of ONTARIO AND MANITOBA FLOUR, also OAT MEAL, ROLLED OATS, CORN MEAL, and choice GROCERIES.

MAIL ORDERS AND ENQUIRIES RECEIVE SPECIAL ATTENTION.

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

Advertisement for shoes featuring an illustration of a woman sitting and a man standing, with text: 'We Study to Please', '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.'

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.