SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

He came—the day was dull and dead,
The skies were cold and gray;
The chanting rain beat on the pane
And blurred the tossing bay.
But oh, so dear his tender tone,
His smile so sweet to see,
That in my heart the sunlight shone,
And all was fair to me.

He's gone—the day is fresh and fair,
The skies are warm and bright,
The robin sings; the blithe bee wings
Over fragrant fields his flight;
But dim and blurred through tearful eyes
The smilit bay I see;
For on my heart a shadow lies
And all is dark to me.

—*Walter Learned in Manchester.*

My Brother, the Professor.

CHAPTER III.

The eventful day has come, and the great clock in the greater hall, used on state occasions only, with its waxed floor as bright as a mirror, has just chimed six. Sophie, on her way up stairs, looks into the hall and beholds a dark-eyed stranger who salutes her gracefully as she passes on. Inquiring of Sophie she learns that the man is Matini.

'You see,' said Sophie, 'the Professor always sends him early to study the rooms, exits and entrances, that he may easily make his escape from the throng in case he is attacked by his indisposition, of which he is ever apprehensive. No, not insane, but very strange. Beppo guards him closely.'

At half past nine o'clock Marion was led into the parlor by the hostess, that antique custom being still extant in Kiel. Clad in a long, flowing and beautifully draped gown of some soft pink material, her glorious ebony hair arranged in the Grecian mode, no ornaments save a massive pin of silver filagree work to clasp the laces at her queenly throat, she was simply beautiful to behold; as I have seen her in the same attire I can speak authoritively. She was decidedly the sensation of the hour; the noted experimentalist of the new school danced with her; Isdorff led her through the minuet; scientists forsook their devotion and paid her homage, and the illustrious Quiddicke himself begged her to accompany him to refreshments in such splendid English that she felt fairly homesick. All good times end, and this was no exception.

The last lingering guest had departed, and the last candle extinguished, but the interest awakened in the mind of at least one person present that evening was not so easily quenched. It was the steady increase of this interest and its end at the altar that caused Ned Maitland to vent his surprise by the expressive statement, preceded by some allusion to the spectral appearance of Cæsar post mortem that 'Marion Carroll was married.' Watson's letter was soon followed by one from Marion to Helen, explaining much that we all desired to know. They were happily married, and, after a few weeks in Rome, where her husband had important business affairs, would sail for America. Would Ned be good enough to secure certain furnished apartments which she designated? Happily they were vacant, and Ned engaged them at once. She was sure Helen would be delighted with her better half, and was impatient for the day that should reunite us.

Well, time passed, and May gave way to June. The Maitlands went to their summer home, and I, who had much to do relative to my new publication, remained with one servant at their house on the avenue; always my home when in town. For once I will confess to hard work revising and rearranging this new work on mathematics, one which it often seemed to me, though I confess that I never for a moment entertained the idea that anyone else shared my belief, the world depended. My appetite left me, my eyes grew dim, my head ached constantly, and my whole value was below par. Do you wonder then that I strayed off into the country that lovely Sabbath day to seek freshness and life? Oh, the ineffable sweetness of that summer morning; the golden buttercups lifted their heads and sang 'Praise ye the Lord.' The brooks sang hymns that became one solemn anthem as they flowed into that great river you know so well; the breezes whispered prayers, sweet and low, and the whole soft atmosphere breathed benedictions on me.

* * * 'The sheltering boughs with all their leaves implore,
And say in language clear as human speech,
'The peace of God that passeth understanding
Be and abide with you for evermore.''

Reluctant to give up my short vacation, I walked home slowly. On arriving, the servant handed me a note which, she said, came shortly after I left. The address was 'Helen Maitland,' but fearful lest it might be important business needing immediate attention, I ventured to brave her displeasure by opening it. This I did, and read:

'Dearest Helen: We arrived at five o'clock this morning, and expect you at once. Come directly to your

MARION CARROLL QUIDDICKE,
328 W——St.——'

Without changing my walking suit, I hastened to the address given, was shown to a large parlor on the ground floor of one of those stately mansions which we so carelessly pull down in these days of high pressure, to make room for trade palaces. Rooms long, lofty and airy, and richly furnished made a pleasant loitering place for the five minutes I had to wait for Marion's appearance. Then she came in breezily, all sunshine, all smiles. How our tongues flew! What tales and explanations we had to offer! Her husband was detained in an adjoining room by a caller, his expected arrival on the steamer having been announced by the morning papers, but would be at leisure soon. Presently an order was given the servant in the next apartment, by a voice wonderfully rich and flexible; its tones sent strange fancies dancing through my mind.

'Here he comes,' said Marion, bounding forward to grasp his hand and lead him to me. The great man advanced with measured tread, and slow. Here poor, weak, fluttering, I was to meet in a home-way this prodigy of erudition, this giant intellect before whose supremacy all the world bowed. My heart beat tumultuously. What should I do? What could I do? Through the dusk I could see his leonine head advancing towards me. I arose from my chair with difficulty, and moved forward to greet him; my feet were riveted to the floor. I was sure of that, and I trembled visibly. Marion finished the presentation in her customary graceful manner, and turned on the gas, when I, with apologies for my embarrassment, and murmurs about excessive fatigue from over-work, looked the man full in the face. I reeled slightly. Was I to be suddenly seized by an illness? What meant this oppressive sensation? I tried in vain to speak, gasped for breath, choked; my senses were leaving me, the gas jets danced like witches before my vision; cold, clammy hands were stifling my cries and pulling me down, down, down; the room grew dark, myriads of fantastic lights surrounded me, I was falling, and with one intense effort, shrieked, 'Save me, save me, Rudolph!'

* * * * And, as they afterwards told me, fell heavily to the floor in a dead faint.

CHAPTER IV.

Having brought affairs to this sudden and ungraceful termination, the next thing in order was to revive, which I did speedily under the stimulating agnyl Marion applied to my nostrils. The Professor was bending over me, looking down with the same old light in his eyes, and saying, 'yes, queer Dick, 'tis Rudolph.' When my mental equilibrium was sufficiently regained to enable me to be inquisitive, my brother, for it was really he, left the room; then Marion told me the story as he had related it to her at the Kuhne's months before:

'It seems he gave up his berth in the *Austria* just as she was about to sail, and took passage in some foreign barque bound for Naples, and on the ship he found Beppo, the cabin boy and a bright lad of twelve; they formed a strong attachment, which has existed ever since. Ten days before they made port, the vessel, unseaworthy in every way, took water badly, and all hands were kept at the pumps. Rudolph did more than his share, and those extra demands made on him, together with the excessive heat, brought on a severe illness. When they reached Naples, Beppo cared safely for his watch and what money he had, and found decent lodgings, where they were obliged to remain some weeks; finally, when the Professor was convalescent, they set out for Beppo's home in the Eternal City. But alas! the Roman fever took poor Rudolph down, and he was carried to an hospital, to stay many, many weary days; with his characteristic originality he varied the painful monotony of ward life in a startling way, and I shudder when I think of it. One night, when the nurse was away for a short time, he arose in his delirium, and, softly pushing aside the gauze that screened him from the other patients of the room, took the little brass lamp left burning on the stand, (an unpardonable thing for the attendant to do, and for which he was dismissed), unscrewed the top, poured the oil over the sleeping form in the next cot, and then, touching the flame to the saturated clothing, glided softly back into his own bed. Instantly the ward was ablaze with light, intense confusion prevailed; such patients as were able, attempted to escape, while the helpless ones called piteously for aid. The attendants, roused by the outcries, were promptly on hand, and, speedily tearing the burning clothes from the man, threw them out of the window; attention being turned to the patient, his legs were found to be badly scorched, beyond that he was uninjured, save the fright, and made a good recovery in a few weeks. After this Rudolph was considered dangerous, and they soon transferred him to that great stone asylum on the Tiber. I do not recall its name, but you will surely see it if you go to Rome. Beppo tried hard to gain admission, and many and ingenious were the expedients to which he vainly resorted in hopes of cheering his friend; the superintendent was rigid and would not yield to his entreaties. Fortune at last favored this patient little Italian, for one day as he was walking through the grounds he came across the Professor, well, happy, and best of all, discharged. With the money Beppo saved and the proceeds of the watch, which was sold, and the aid of the consul, he departed for Kiel and study; his rapid rise to fame is familiar to you, and need not be dwelt on here. Beppo followed him and never left him until we visited Rome after our wedding, when, having saved considerable, being given a good round sum by my husband, and believing the Signorina, as he persists in calling me, could more than fill his place, he purchased a thriving vineyard, and there intends to remain, to grow grapes, and, I suppose, marry some pretty Italian maiden. Ah! yes—the name, that is the singular part. Beppo, never knew his real name till they had been at Kiel some time, and always addressed him as 'Signor;' and when Rudolph entered the hospital he refused to make any disclosures regarding himself. The old Roman nurse told us about it when we went there, and it was for this especially that we made that pilgrimage. In one of his quieter moments, when she felt sure he was enjoying a lucid interval, she begged him to give his name, and he answered in so straightforward a manner that she had no suspicion of doubt, 'Kwordick,' at least that is the way it sounded from her lips, and ever after he was known as Signor 'Quiddicke.' They spell it now, taking it from the asylum register. He has since said he thinks he must have been calling you by your early name in his derangement. The name had such a strong hold that it was useless to attempt to change; so the strange appellation has ever clung to him, and the world hears of it not to-day as that man, rather than Rudolph Christian. I know it all before the betrothal, and look him 'for better, for worse.' One thing mark well: he is never to be asked why he did not communicate with his people all these years. In due time it will all be explained, I hope, and not even I know, save that it resulted from his eccentricity.'

When Marion Carroll had finished I departed. You may be sure I slept but little that night. Early in the morning I sent dispatches to my people and the Maitlands, and Tuesday found us all together, and matters made as clear as possible under the circumstances. Oh this joyful resurrection I will not linger. We leave for home soon, and there, in the quiet of the old town, encircled with memories of 'auld lang syne,' I feel sure of inducing him to tell me the 'why.' Any way we are so glad to have him back, if only for a short time, as he returns to Berlin in October, that we ought to let the matter remain silent. We shall be home the Fourth of July, and Rudolph will explosively display his patriotism for the first time in twenty years. Jolly old Mr. Maitland laughs gaily at his share in Marion's success, and thinks it much better to have a protector than battle for one's self.

'Besides,' he says, 'she has got a grand husband.'

With this latter observation I agree, heartily, for has she not obtained my brother, the Professor? And he is the very best fellow in the world.

[THE END.]

ANTIGONISH.

BY A. M. POPE.

(*From the Catholic World for October.*)

"Change cars for Antigonish and the Straits of Canso!" So sings the veteran conductor of the Intercolonial Railway train between Halifax and Pictou, as the morning express rushes up to the bustling station at New Glasgow. The train pauses to allow those of its passengers to whom the above intimation has reference, to collect their ideas and their impedimenta, and dismount to await twenty minutes in the draughtiest of waiting-rooms until the carriages of the Halifax and Cape Breton Railway come into view. New Glasgow is not a charming place in which to while away even twenty minutes; but if you come from Pictou, or from Prince Edward Island you must perforce spend six dreary hours here, and are likely to fall into uncomfortable musings.

A few yards from the station an iron bridge spans the small river on which the town is built; on the other side of this river is a narrow track, where, at all hours of the day and night, a small, grimy locomotive, fairly draped in soot, crawls laboriously backwards and forwards, dragging equally sombre coal-carts. This is said to be the oldest railway in America. Tradition tells that two Highlanders, who had never before seen that triumph of modern mechanism, the locomotive, were once terribly frightened by this coal-train. They were walking along the road towards New Glasgow when suddenly, with a hoarse roar, followed by a series of short puffs, this black monster appeared to come out of the earth, and crawled slowly along in a grove between two banks of ashes, dragging a long line of 'coal hoppers.' *Seall! Seall! Deadail, seall fiodh taeadh an Diabail!*' cried Sandy, which being interpreted means, "See! see! Donald, see the devil's funeral!"

Besides its great coal mines, New Glasgow boasts of many other thriving industries, such as glass works, steel works, etc. A short distance from the town, across the line of route of the "devil's funeral," is the Catholic church, and beside it a beautiful convent and schools, telling of the presence of the good Sisters of Charity, who here do a noble work among the children of the miners. The church is spacious and handsome, the style of architecture resembling that of the more modern Anglican churches. New Glasgow contains probably the "oldest inhabitant" of the globe. Some years ago a miner, in detaching coal from a piece of stone in which it was imbedded, broke the stone with his pick-axe. To his amazement out hopped two live toads. The stone was hollow and contained a little water, and, as the reptiles had neither mouths nor eyes, it would appear that they had lived by absorbing the water through the pores of their skin. One died on its exposure to the air and light; the other lived for some time, and then, as befitted the scion of such an old family, ended its days after the manner of the Duke of Clarence, and, still preserved in spirits of wine, gives evidence that thousands of years ago toads looked very much the same as do the toads of this Darwinian century.

While we were meditating on the history of all ages that might have been divulged had one of these toads developed a woman's tongue, the Halifax and Cape Breton Railway conductor shouts, "all aboard!" and off we go to the unknown regions of eastern Nova Scotia, ensconced in one of the coziest carriages possible. The railway enters Antigonish county from Pictou county by the Marshy Hope Valley, running along the base of Beaver Mountain on the south, and skirting the southern extremity of Brown's Mountain on the north. It emerges from Marshy Hope Valley and passes by Heaver Meadow to James' River, coming in view of a mountain called the Keppoch. This mountain extends far back into the country, and upon it are one or two villages and churches or "stations." After a while we leave the Keppoch behind and come out into a more smiling landscape, where the fertile intervales wave their golden grain, and angry little torrents rush noisily along, clamoring in their eager escape from their mountain fastness. Here and there are wonderful white hills, with a light tracery of hardwood throwing their chalky cliffs into relief. Nearing Antigonish, we see the grand outlines of the Sugar Loaf, and Brown's Mountain gleaming russet and gold in the autumn sunlight, and towering over the sister hills that with them keep watch and ward over this "city of the vale." Antigonish, the capital of the county of that name, is as pretty a little town as one would wish to see. From New Glasgow the grimy to Antigonish the fair and comely is a sudden and pleasing transition. The latter boasts of those places that are always clean, and neat, and orderly. Yet there is one reminiscence that makes me pause. It is sometimes muddy. But the mud is well regulated mud; it seems to stick to the streets, and has no foolish ambition leading it to adhere to garments, and shoes, and doormats, and floors, as does the mud of Halifax. One has a feeling that when Antigonish has sidewalks they will be well-behaved sidewalks, and not tip up nor tilt down, but run along smoothly, and look fresh and new for ages. Without wishing to belittle the green pastures of the high lands of Nova Scotia, after the manner of Mr. Warner, I may say that comparatively few people have much idea of Antigonish or of its eastern boundaries. They might not rush madly across maritime Canada if sent to look for Baddeck, but until the last few years this charming route for tourists was almost unknown; and, as the Boston traveller says in connected wonderment, when speaking of the aurora seen in his midnight drive to Port Malgrave, "these splendors burn, and this panorama passes night after night down at the end of Nova Scotia, and all for the stage driver doing on his box from Antigonish to the circuit." Then the beautiful Bras D'Or, and historic Louisburg, and other charming spots in Cape Breton had not become fashionable, and Antigonish itself, only accessible by post-roads or schooners, had not taken her just place among the towns of Canada.

The population of Antigonish is about two thousand; of these almost all are of Scotch descent, and the large majority are Catholics—for it is a cathedral town and the home of the Bishop of Arichat. The cathedral of Antigonish is generally admitted to be the finest ecclesiastical building in the Maritime Provinces, second only to the far-famed cathedral of St. John's, Newfoundland. It is of the Roman style of architecture, and is built of blue limestone and brick; it is one hundred and seventy feet long by seventy feet wide. The arched roof is supported by Corinthian columns, its white and gold relieved by light touches of color. The chancel and numerous lancet windows are very fine; indeed, everything about this cathedral of St. Ninian is on a grand scale, and solid as well as beautiful. On the facade over the main entrance is graven the Gaelic *Tigha Dhe* (the House of God); and the house is worthy of its dedication.

St. Ninian was chosen as the titular Saint of Antigonish by Bishop Plessis in 1812. This prelate, according to his own showing, was very particular in looking up Scotch Saints for his children in Nova Scotia. St. Ninian was the apostle of the southern Picts; he was a son of a prince of the Cambrian Britons, and went to Rome in early boyhood. After many years spent in the holy City, he returned home to teach his countrymen. He built a church at Whitern, now in Galloway, which church he dedicated to St. Martin, whom he had learned to love in France. There he reigned as Bishop, and from there he converted the Cambrians and the southern Picts. He died on the 16th September, 432. In September, 1874, fourteen hundred and forty-two years after his death, this stately cathedral of the New World was consecrated and dedicated to his holy memory.

Beside the massive and beautiful cathedral stands St. Francis Xavier's College, a flourishing institution, taught by secular priests of the diocese. Across the road is St. Bernard's Convent, one of the most beautiful houses among the many missions of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame. Up on the hill overlooking these religious institutions towers the palace of the Bishop of Arichat. From its windows the view is beautiful, and the little town is seen in its best aspect. Here the saintly prelate lives whose wisdom, learning and prudence have made him famous—the good and gentle Bishop of Arichat. From here he rules his immense diocese, containing nearly sixty priests, spending his leisure moments in literary pursuits. The Gaelic catechism just issued for the use of the diocese is from the pen of Bishop Cameron.

Little places, like little people, are apt to think too much of themselves, and such is the case with this little country town. The name Antigonish signifies in the Mic-mac language *River of Big fish*, and the metaphor may be applied to the towns people, who in their own estimation are very big fish indeed. Their several callings are designated by the definite article: there is *the* judge, *the* doctor, *the* professor, *the* banker, and, some of provincial greatness, *the* speaker; for the legal gentleman who bears the proud title of speaker of the Nova Scotia Parliament resides in Antigonish. Here law and medicine run riot, as is the fashion in Canada, and almost every window shows a "shingle" or a pestle and mortar. The shops are good, both as regards their architectural merits and the quantity and style of their contents. Lines of importation get a little mixed sometimes. For instance, I bought a "high art" copy of *Bluebeard* at a druggist's! There is the usual bookstore and fancy emporium—the rendezvous for mild gossip, where, if one loiters long enough, one may gauge the intellectual and artistic tastes of the place. Lawn-tennis is much in vogue in Antigonish, and as love of flowers seems general, the fair white houses rise up in the midst of blooming gardens, and the tennis and croquet lawns are shaded by venerable and cool-looking willow trees, of the kind used by Rhoda Broughton as reading-retreats for her hoydenish heroines.

A lovely little river runs through the town, and is spanned by one or two graceful bridges, which must be crossed to gain the most important spot of this town of *thes*, the railway station. Here, twice a day, is a scene of hurry and bustle and local importance—a very babel of English, Gaelic and French. "How are you?" and "How's yourself?" "Ciamar a tha sidh?" and "Comment ca va-t-il?" etc., fill the air. There one sees all the celebrities and most of the oddities. We were fortunate enough to travel with no less a person than an acquitted murderer. I use the term advisedly; he was certainly acquitted, but public opinion held him as certainly to be a party to the murder. Driving towards the station we saw the poor wretch washing his hands in the bright ripples of the "Big Fish" River, and possibly echoing the somewhat profane adjurations of that strong-minded Highland heroine, Lady Macbeth. Our other fellow-passengers were a poor woman, very sick and weak, who had travelled home from the far, far West, a comely dame from Bayfield, which is the seaport of Antigonish, and distant about nine miles. Another and more frisky matron, on her way to Sydney, discoursed loudly about the gaieties of Halifax, in which she had been participating; while a pale and serious clergyman, seated opposite, read his breviary in happy disregard of the latest gossip concerning Prince George, or the comparative merits of the balls given by the general and the admiral. Behind the priest was a party of French people—three girls just returning from Boston, who had acquired the Bostonian accent, and added it to their somewhat slender knowledge of English; the effect was funny, and became funnier when they recognised in a stout Acadian, returning from shopping at Antigonish, an old neighbor who had not acquired "style." As the train passes through South River district the view is most beautiful. Cliffs of gypsum, edge the shore, and lovely islets, all of gypsum, dot the water, with here and there ferns and vines, and little trees bending into the waves, forming a very fair landscape.

Heatherton was our destination—a tiny village with a most exquisite church, all white and gold, and inlaid wood, a gem of delicate and refined taste. The country around Heatherton is very rich and fertile, and settled by prosperous farmers, for the most part Chisholms from Strathglass, in Scotland—men of a clan that, unlike the dwellers in Antigonish, disapprove of a lavish use of the word *the*; in fact, according to the judgment of clan Chisholm, the definite article is applicable only to four personages: the Pope, the Queen, the Chisholm, and the devil. Attached to the parish of Heatherton is the Indian church of Summerside, where some of the descendants of the once mighty Souriquois meet several times a year for the exercise of that religion to which they have been so faithful. There are quite a number of Indian missions in the diocese, in some of which the red man seems to have retained his primeval simplicity. A good story is told of a surveyor in this country who, many years ago, was appointed to lay out some land at a place called Afton. He ran his lines, and ordered an Indian who was with him to drive stakes at given points. The Indian, maintaining that the stake was not in the right place, but encroached on the Indian's reserve, wished to drive it further back. The surveyor allowed him to proceed, as best it pleased him; but what was the Indian's horror as he commenced driving the stake, to hear coming out of the innocent looking piece of wood the words, "Devil here." At every stroke, back, clear and distinct, came the words, "Devil here!" And all along the more distant line, try where he would, his hammer elicited the same awful refrain. The trembling red man came back to the surveyor and reported what he had heard. The surveyor gravely accepted the fact, and suggested that he should try placing the stakes on the correct line. The Indian did so; they were hammered in without further trouble, and the Indians were quite convinced that they were the trespassers. The surveyor, it is scarcely necessary to say, was an expert ventriloquist.

In this neighborhood they raise an immense number of cattle for the Newfoundland markets. Within a circle of eight miles are the thriving parishes of Ponquet (from Pogunkek, an Indian name), a place chiefly settled by Acadians, and St. Andrews, the home of Father John MacDonell, a fine old Highlander, who has never preached an English sermon in his life.

Leaving Heatherton, the train calls at Bayfield, the seaport of Antigonish.* A little further on than Bayfield is Tracadie, another Acadian settlement on the shore. Tracadie, commercially, is chiefly celebrated for its oysters; religiously, for the monastery of Petit Clairveaux. In a valley about two miles from the railway station lives a large and flourishing community of Trappist monks, who work and pray, and are proprietors of a valuable and flourishing farm. There are forty-two in the community, governed by a mitred abbot, from whom we received the kindest hospitality. About a mile and a half from the monastery stands what appears to be a rookery of old and tottering buildings innocent of paint and gray with age. It is not inaptly named (if we may say so without irreverence) the Convent of the Seven Dolors. Within its humble walls nine poor old women represent a community in its death-agony. Originally Trappistine nuns, founded by Father Vincent, a Trappist of holy memory, they did a good work in the neighborhood, but the first sisters died, and those who replaced them were ignorant of even the rudiments of learning, unable to read or write, and without the knowledge of routine necessary for the conduct of a religious house. So matters went on from bad to worse, until the Bishop of the diocese forbade their receiving any postulants; and the poor old ladies lived on in piety and simplicity, waiting for the summons that will give to these humblest of God's servants an exceeding great reward. To describe the Trappist monastery and convent would take too much space, yet they are most interesting, the convent especially so. Tracadie has quite a large colored population, descendants of fugitive slaves who came to the country in 1814. They are nearly all Protestants.

The next place of interest is Havre-Boucher, so called from the circumstance of a Quebec captain being obliged to winter there in 1759, on account of the ice having formed too quickly to allow him egress. This pretty French village guards the entrance to the Strait of Canso, the bright waters of Bay St. George having one of its shores the swift tide of the Strait flowing past the other.

The people go in for both fishing and farming. Here we were entertained by one of the most hospitable and popular clergymen of the Dominion—the Rev. Herbert Gerrior. His piety and zeal were great, and his love for his race and their history knew no bounds. Death has since stilled the warm heart, and closed the bright eyes of this fine old man, but his good deeds outlive him, and his name will long be cherished in the hearts of the Acadian people.

Few who have not travelled in the Highlands of Nova Scotia have any idea of the large Celtic population scattered over the country from prosaic Pictou to romantic Louisburg. Antigonish county alone has a population of eighteen thousand and sixty; of these fifteen thousand three hundred and thirty-six are Catholics. Some of these people are the descendants of emigrants, others are descended from the soldiers of the Highland regiments that were disbanded. With but scant aid from the government these gallant and indomitable men threw themselves into the work of clearing the forests and tilling the soil; most of them soldiers accustomed to the desultory manners of camp-life, or fishermen whose daily occupation had been to cast their lines in the misty lochs of Inverness-shire, or hunt for seals in the northern waters of the Minch, it is wonderful how they succeeded in the new role of hard-working farmers. They who were contemptuously turned from their crofts to make room for the Lowland sheep-tenders gave themselves heartily to the avocation of agriculturists, and adhered to it with the tenacity of their race. To-day their descendants are possessed of "cattle upon a thousand hills," and have become a power in the land of their adoption.

Pictou town, a pretty enough place when seen at a distance, has a very neat little Gothic church and a large and flourishing convent taught by the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame. The popular parish priest of Pictou is the brother of the last incumbent, Father Ronald McDonald, now Bishop of Harbor Grace, Newfoundland. This prelate, during his ministry at Pictou, built both church and convent, erecting the latter at his own expense. From Pictou to the boundaries of Antigonish county the shore, called the "Gulf Shore," is lined with Highland Catholic parishes—Merigomish, Lismore, Malignant Brook, and other names of mixed origin. Malignant Brook, though a name calculated to inspire awe, is a harmless place enough, and acquired its forbidding cognomen from its being the scene of the wreck of a ship of war called the *Malignant*. It is either in connection with Malignant Cove or Lismore that there is a good story of Indian generosity and taste. The worthy pastor received one morning a visit from a Mic-mac, who brought him as a present a fine moose. After thanking the generous donor, the good Father said: "But how shall I cook it?" The Indian made answer: "First roast him, then boil him," and turned to leave the room, but struck by a forgotten item in the receipt, he came back, and, putting his head round the door, remarked: "Mors better put a piece of candle with him, Father—make him more richer!"

*There is not sufficient depth of water in Antigonish harbor to allow of ships loading there.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

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CURES—Catarrh, Chronic Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Spinal Complaints, Kidney Complaints, and Inflammation.

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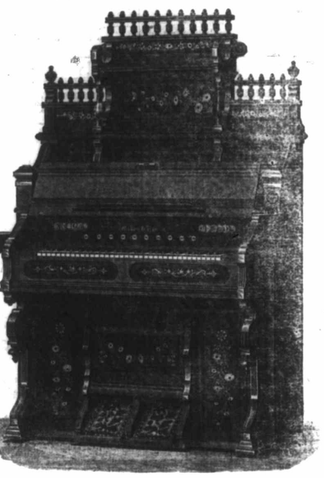

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RELIABLE GOODS!

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ALL OF THE ABOVE GOODS VERY CHEAP.

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Large variety of Window Cornices, Cheap.

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