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HALLE'S HARBOUR, May 31, 1900. MESSRS. G. GATES, SON & CO. MIDDLETON, N. S.

GENTLEMEN—About two years ago I was taken sick with La Grippe. My head pained excruciatingly. So terrible was the pain that when my wife wrung cloths from hot water and held them on my head I could not feel the heat.

For man and beast, external and internal, I regard it as the best. Yours truly, ALEXANDER THOMPSON.

QUEEN HOTEL, ANTIGONISH.

THE QUEEN HOTEL has been thoroughly renovated and new furniture, carpets, etc., installed, and is now thoroughly equipped for the satisfactory accommodation of both transient and permanent guests at reasonable rates.

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FREE! Give this beautiful Pearl Ring in a handsome plush lined case for selling only 1 doz. daily packages of Violet, Rose and Heliotrope Perfume at 10c each. This Ring is made of the wonderful metal Gold Alloy, which looks like pure gold and never changes color. It is set with three splendid stones. Write and we will return money and we will send your Ring and Case postpaid. Home Specialty Co., Box 317, Toronto.

Mark Twain and Others.

At a recent meeting of the Nineteenth Century Club Mark Twain delivered himself of some observations upon the subject of Sir Walter Scott as a novelist. He said that Scott can be read with interest by a boy of sixteen and can be re-read with interest by the same person after he has reached the age of ninety, but that between one's first and second childhood Scott is hardly to be reckoned with. It would have been well had Mr. Clemens extended his observations a little further in order to inform his audience at precisely what age his own historical novels may be regarded as interesting any human being. It is a subject on which we have ourselves endeavoured to secure some first-hand information and have ingloriously failed. We know of one gentleman who succeeded in reading Joan of Arc to the end; but he was a book reviewer and had to do it because he was a conscientious man. We tried it several times, and then gave it up because of its egregious dulness. We should like to know whether Mr. Clemens supposes that the various beautiful editions of Scott's works that have lately been issued in England and in this country have been issued solely for the benefit of boys and dotards. Then there is the sumptuous reprint of Lockhart's Life of Scott, published in five large volumes by the Macmillan Company. This appears to show that not only do very many persons thoroughly enjoy the reading of what Scott wrote down himself, but that they also like to read about him—a liking that has been further gratified by the publication of a smaller life of the great romancer composed by Mr. James Hay. There does not, therefore, seem to be any reason for serious disquietude with regard to Scott; but we fear that we cannot say as much for Mr. Clemens.

Mr. Clemens has of late and since his return to the country of his birth been very conspicuously in what one of our magazines delights to call "the public eye." He has succeeded in beating down a cabman's charges to the extent of a quarter of a dollar—which, of course, was a public-spirited thing for him to do. He has attended innumerable dinners and other functions, and has made innumerable speeches at them. He has said some things about the responsibility of our leading citizens for the present condition of our municipal government, and thus has pleased the city newspapers. The speakers who have introduced him to his audience have invariably beset him with praise, and life has been to him of late what Mr. Grover Cleveland many years ago described as just "one grand sweet song." Mr. Clemens himself, with certain compunctions which we believe to have been sincere, has from time to time requested these perfrigid gentlemen to change their note and to say something that should be an antidote to indiscriminate eulogy. None of them complied; and, therefore, Mr. Clemens will no doubt be doubly grateful that we are not possessed of a mind of such obliquity as not to take him at his word. Putting aside all prejudice and looking at his work in a purely achromatic way, a critical and truthful judgment upon Mark Twain can be summed up in a very exiguous space. Mark Twain is first and last and all the time, so far as he is anything, a humorist, and nothing more. He wrote The Jumping Frog and Innocents Abroad and Roughing It, and these are all the real books that he ever wrote. He set forth the typically American characters of Colonel Sellers and Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, and these are all the real characters that he ever drew. His later publications that are humorous in intention contain many gleams of the old Mark Twain; but, taken as entities, you cannot read them from beginning to end. Some unduly optimistic persons who are fond of literary cults grown under glass have tried very hard to make the world believe that Mr. Clemens has great gifts as a serious novelist and romancer. By dint of iteration the world, perhaps, has temporarily come to think that this is true; but all the same, it will not read these novels and romances, and it thereby shows that common sense and real discrimination may exist in practice even while they hold no place in theory. A hundred years from now it is very likely that The Jumping Frog alone will be remembered, just as out of all that Robert Louis Stevenson composed, the world will ultimately keep in memory the single tale of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

This spasmodic and ephemeral outburst of enthusiasm over Mr. Clemens emphasizes for the thousandth time a melancholy truth about contemporary criticism. When a writer is doing good and forceful work and winning readers and laying the foundation and erecting the superstructure of an enviable reputation, our critics, even though they may admire him, have not the "sand" to say so. They are poor dumb sheep that never dare to take the lead in anything; but they stand around with unintelligent and foolish bleatings until some one whom they are not afraid to follow shall tell them what they ought to say.

When Kipling was doing his finest work, such as he has never equalled in these later years, the critics did not dare to take him seriously. He was so unconventional and rough and strong that he frightened them; and so they slunk timidly behind their ink-stands and said little feeble nothing and joked a little and called him a mere journalist, and then looked around to see if any one was going to hit them. After they had found out that his work was instinct with true genius, and that he was in reality the one real literary phenomenon of the last quarter of our century, they all rushed in at once and spattered him with praise and dabbed him over with their flattery and did their very best to make him seem absurd. By this time, as it happened, Kipling's best had all been done, and he was entering upon a period of a decline which may or may not turn out to be temporary. But the critics were as blind to his decadence as they had been previously blind to his great power; and therefore, all the things they should have said about his early work they said about his later, so that he has been going on for the last two years receiving praise and admiration that are clearly a misfit. The same thing is quite true concerning Mr. Clemens. In the speeches that he has lately made he has said some things that recalled his earlier humor, but in the majority of his utterances the humor has been forced and the laughter which it has evoked has been extremely hollow. Yet just because it was Mark Twain, and because Mark Twain, was once a true, spontaneous and original humorist, the poor creatures who now write about him believe that everything he says must be amusing and delightful. If they do not feel the fun of it themselves they think they ought to, and they write about it just as though they did.—The Bookman.

Loyalist Settlers in Antigonish.

Totham Blanchard was a native of New Hampshire and came to Truro in 1785. He obtained a license of occupation of 200,000 acres, partly in the County of Sydney and partly in the County of Pictou, with the view of inducing people from New Hampshire to come out and settle upon it. Failing, however, in this, he took up a grant of 23,000 acres, adjoining the western boundary of the Soldier's Grant. The date of his grant is April 29th, 1796. His son-in-law Nathaniel Symonds came to Antigonish in 1802. In 1804 he visited New Hampshire, and on his return to Antigonish brought with him his own family, and three other men, viz., Robert Campbell, Benjamin Sternes and Moses Lowms with their families. They sailed from Salem and landed at Antigonish on June 27th, 1804. Mr. Symonds was the first merchant in the village of Antigonish. Mr. Sternes erected the first frame house probably in the County near the spot where Mr. James Wilkie's house now stands. He possessed considerable medical knowledge, and during the six years which he spent here his services were eagerly sought by the settlers. He removed to Pictou in 1810. Campbell and Lowms pushed boldly into the forest and settled at the foot of Brown's Mountain, on the land now occupied by Mr. Robert Smith. Before the winter set in they had each a comfortable log house covered with bark into which they removed their families.

During the following winter a rough road was cut through the woods, so that oxen and sleds could travel between their place and the village. The settlement of which they were the pioneers has also gone by the name of the Yankee Grant. By a recent act of Parliament we must henceforth call it Clydesdale. Another New Hampshire man—bearing of the arrival of his fellow countryman left his land at Morris-town and took up a grant adjoining theirs. His name was Nathaniel Brown and to him Brown's Mountain owes its name. In 1810 John McPherson arrived from Cape D'Or and took up land to the North of Campbell. Several families of his descendants still live in the neighbourhood.

New Hampshire settlers appeared to have set to work in earnest, for in a short time they cleared a considerable portion of the land and planted very fine orchards. The locality would undoubtedly be one of the finest fruit-growing districts in the province provided the cultivation of the fruit were attended to. But at present we only see the remains of these once splendid orchards, the present proprietors being too short sighted to see the advantage they would gain by attending to them. The cattle prune the trees, and to the pigs is left the work of digging up the garden. I am convinced that if the farmers in the neighbourhood of Brown's Mountain, and indeed in other parts of the County would devote some of their time to the laying out and care of orchards they would find it to pay a handsome return in a very few years.—Com.

Ruby Lips and a clear complexion, the pride of woman. Have you lost these charms through torpid liver, constipation, biliousness, or nervousness? Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills will restore them to you—40 little "Rubies" in a vial, 10 cents. Act like a charm. Never gripe. Sold by Foster Bros.—29.

"That Blackguard Drink."

A Dublin tradesman was convicted before one of the police magistrates of some act of violence. He protested that he would not harm man, woman or child in a thousand years if it were not for "that blackguard drink." True for you, my poor man, and true for many another evil doer and evil doer. A good authority has stated that there never was a genuine instance of proselytism—the selling of the souls of children—where there was not a drunken father or mother. An eminent judge of the English divorce court. (Sir Creswell Creswell) had given it as his opinion that "more than seventy-five per cent. of the divorce cases brought before him owed their origin to habits of intemperance." Other judges have extended this observation to other sorts of crime. Lord Coleridge said: "If we could make England sober, we might shut up nine-tenths of the jails"; and the recent convert, Sir Henry Hawkins, (now Lord Brampton), one of the most experienced of criminal judges, said at Stafford in 1890, that "at least eighty per cent. of the punishable crime of the country was caused by drink." Still more the crimes that the law does not punish, the sins that defile the soul and offend the all-seeing, all-pure eye of God. Then, as for other evils, intemperance is responsible for poverty and sickness and miserable homes far beyond all other causes. Dr. Edgar Sheppard, medical superintendent of Colney Hatch Asylum, calculated that forty per cent. of the inmates admitted into that institution owed their sad condition, directly or indirectly, to alcohol; and Sir Andrew Clark said that of those whom he attended in the public hospital—ten thousand each year—seven out of every ten owed their ill health to the use of alcohol, not always in a degree that would be considered excessive.

No wonder, then, that Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., should denounce this vice as a cruel thing, an accursed thing. But we may quote at some length the passage which ends with this denunciation:

"Man is the living image and likeness of God. God is a spirit; He is knowledge, He is love, He is freedom. And what is man if not knowledge, love and freedom? He has knowledge in his mind, love in his heart, freedom in his will. And in this, his threefold power, resides man's likeness to his Maker. Observe, you and I are like animals in so far as with them we possess a bodily organization, move, eat and feel; but inasmuch as we possess an immortal spirit, and know, and love, and will, we differ from them and are like the great God. Behold the drunkard as he reels out of the public house, and tell me, can you bring yourself to believe that such a one had ever been made to the likeness of God in his soul, or, for the matter of that, to the image of the beast in his body? Look at him. Do you think that creature has a mind capable of conceiving one noble thought, or possesses a heart capable of holding any pure love? Where is his freedom of will? Is he capable of choosing between good and evil, right or wrong? Look at him again! Observe how he keeps the commandment of the law, and be satisfied. Does he love God? No, for, as the apostle says, he has made his belly his God. Does he reverence God? No, else he would not blaspheme His holy Name. Does he keep the Sabbath? No, for the public house is his church. Does he honor his mother, his wife, or his child? No, or else he would not raise a hand to beat them without cause. Does he restrain his passions? No, or else he would not court the society of the unclean. Does he respect the rights of his neighbor? No, else he would not leave his family to famish for want of food. You see, so far as the drunkard is concerned, the ten precepts of the law are as if they were not. He is not a man at all, scarcely worthy of the name of beast. Created a little lower than the angels, he has made himself a little lower than the beasts. Oh, great God in heaven! and this is the creature that Thou didst make to Thine own image and likeness? Oh! what a cruel thing, what a cowardly thing, what an accursed thing, is drunkenness!" —Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.

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Wherever once used, the sick and suffering of all classes of our Canadian people are made to realize that Paine's Celery Compound does not belong to the ordinary patent medicine ranks, such as nervines, bitters and sarsaparillas. Paine's Celery Compound is as far beyond these ordinary preparations as the diamond is superior to cheap glass.

Paine's Celery Compound possesses extraordinary virtues and powers peculiar to itself for health-giving and lengthening life. It has saved men and women—young and old—after all other medicines failed. It has so much astonished physicians by its curative powers that they now prescribe and recommend it.

Professor Edward E. Phelps, M. D., gave Paine's Celery Compound to the world as a positive cure for sleeplessness, nervousness, liver and kidney troubles, neuralgia and rheumatism. Thousands of thankful letters from people of every rank, give proof of the fact that Paine's Celery Compound makes sick people well.

If you sigh and long for a new health, a better life is your reward if you use the medicine that has cured others. The use of one bottle will convince you that there is power and virtue in each drop. Beware of substitutes; see that your druggist gives you "PAINE'S" the kind that cures.

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Right Dyspepsia Cure.

The reliable remedy for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, Sick Headache Cures all diseases of the stomach.

MR. W. E. FRASER, DEAR SIR—I am most pleased to recommend your medicine as a sure cure for dyspepsia. I have tried several things but failed to find the right cure until I have taken your Right Dyspepsia Cure and it has done its work. MRS. A. McPHERSON, Antigonish.

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On and after Monday Nov. 26, 1900, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: LEAVE ANTIGONISH.

Accommodation for N. Glasgow and Truro, 7.25 Express for Halifax, 11.33 Express for Sydney, 13.37 Accommodation for Mulgrave, 13.15 All trains run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hour notation.

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

D. POTTINGER, General Manager Moncton, N. B., Nov. 22, 1900.