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Cardinal Newman.

From Aubrey de Vere's "Recollections," in "The Ave Maria."

(Continued.)

The intense personality of Newman is curiously illustrated by a remark made by Mr. Woolner, the sculptor, when he contemplated the plaster cast which he had made of Newman's bust as placed at last in his studio when finished. He turned to a friend and said: "Those marble busts around us represent some of the most eminent men of our time, and I used to look on them with pride. Something seems the matter with them now. When I turn from Newman's head to theirs, they look like vegetables." What he was struck by was the intense personality of Newman's face—a still intensity.

Newman's humility was not more marked in his relations with Mr. Keble than in his relations with Dr. Pusey. In the early years of the "High Church" movement (to which he contributed more than all its other supporters put together) he had no desire to be its head, and was ever pushing Dr. Pusey into that position. And yet with his humility he united a strong belief in his own powers, and a conviction that God had imparted to him a high and special mission. That conviction must have been a great support to him during all the numerous trials of his long life. One of the severest of those trials came upon him toward its close. During his last two years the state of his eyes rendered it impossible for him to say Mass. Few of his many afflictions pained him so deeply.

Nothing characterized Newman more than his unconscious refinement. It would have been impossible for him to tolerate coarse society or coarse books, or manners seriously deficient in self-respect and respect for others. There was also in him a tenderness marked by a smile of magical sweetness, but a sweetness that had in it nothing of softness. On the contrary, there was a decided severity in his face—that severity which enables a man alike to exact from others, and himself to render, whatever painful service or sacrifice justice may claim. With his early conviction that he had a mission, there had come to him the thought that deliverance is wrought not by the many, but by the few. In his "Apologia" he says: "I repeated to myself the words which have ever been dear to me from my school-days: *Exoriare aliquis*. Now, too, Southey's beautiful poem of Thalaba—for which I had an immense liking—came forcibly to my mind." The saying, "Out of the strong came forth sweetness," was realized in Newman more than in any one else whom I have known.

In other matters also apparent opposites were in Newman blended. Thus, while his intellect was pre-eminently a logical one, and while it seemed to him impossible or immoral to discard the authority of logic when plainly exercised within her legitimate domain, and yet no one felt more deeply that both the heart and the moral sense possess their own sacred tribunals in matters of reasoning as well as of sentiment. It was this consciousness which protected him from the narrowing tendencies to which the logical passion or habit, when acting by itself, so often leads. Many a vigorous mind includes but a single section of a mind like his. The logical faculty was in his case most fortunately supplemented by an expansive imagination, which grasped thoughts immeasurably beyond the range of the mere logician. The largeness of his intellect thus, also his reverence and humility, protected him from the scepticism often imputed to him by men, who in his place would have become not sceptics only, but unbelievers. It was that wide imagination which made him grasp the hidden but substantial analogies between the chief schools of religious thought in the nineteenth century and the corresponding schools in the fifth,—analogies which had never revealed themselves to minds perhaps as logical as his own, yet which he could never repel, however much they distressed him.

In Newman, again, above both the logical and the imaginative faculty, there ever hung the spiritual mind—a firmament full of light, though clouds might at times oversweep it. These were the characteristics of Newman which made him write the memorable sentence, "No number of difficulties need produce a single doubt"; he meant doubt in a mind capable of real convictions. His mind swung through a wide arc, and thoughts apparently antagonistic often were to him supplemental each to the other. Thus he tells us in his "Apologia" that the existence in the world even of such sin and suffering as sometimes seem to make it incapable of reflecting its Maker's countenance implies, for the true Theist, nothing disparaging to true Theism. What it teaches him is that the world can not have remained what the Creator made it; that some dreadful catastrophe must have overtaken it, and wrecked its chief of creatures, man—namely, the Fall; that, to keep due proportion, a second mystery, and one not less wonderful than that of a creation,

must be true no less—namely, an Incarnation, a Redemption, a Deliverance; that not only Theism is true, but that Christianity, the practical Theism, is its supplemental truth.

It would be a mistake to suppose that Newman's imagination, religious as it was, could spare no space for earthly interests.

Had its energies been thus restricted, it would have dealt less vigorously with heavenly subjects. Many of his writings show how keenly he had studied human character, and the degree in which it affects that great drama of Providence called by us "history," in which whole nations have their entrances and their exits, like actors, on the stage of life. Nothing except his zeal for the highest spiritual truths could exceed the sympathy felt by him with all that concerns the "Humanities"; and I well remember the look of stern disapproval with which he spoke to me of the Abbé Gaume's theory of education—one that must have excluded the Greek and Latin classics from the schools of Christian youth, or left them but a small place therein. Another able and excellent man, Dr. Ward, would, I think, in that matter have sympathized with the Abbé's opinions more than with Newman's. I recollect that once, when I had remarked in a letter to him on the lamentable loss which the world must have sustained if all the works of Æschylus and the other Greek dramatists had perished—as most of them have,—Dr. Ward replied that in the surviving works of those men he could really find almost nothing of a character to be called "ascetic"; and that therefore he could not see what loss would have followed if the whole of them had disappeared. Newman could heartily admire also, in spite of its limitations, the heroism of the early world. His admiration for the greatest of early heroes, Alexander the Great, was ardently expressed in a letter to me on my sending him my drama bearing that name. It demanded, "Who was there but he whose object it was to carry on civilization and the arts of peace, while he was a conqueror? Compare him to Attila or Tamerlane. Julius Cæsar compared with him was but a party-man and a great general."

I have thus recorded some of the traits that struck me as most remarkable in Newman's character. His career bore a singular resemblance to that character. Till his forty-fifth year it was a disturbed one. If, as he informs us in his "Apologia," his submission to the Roman Catholic Church imparted to his soul a profound and lasting peace, while as regards things spiritual, far from chilling or contracting, it greatly stimulated his genius and energies, it is not less true that the antecedent process of conversion was to him an unusually painful one. That conversion meant a separation from all whom the most loved and honored, and also, but only apparently, a desertion of what was then regarded by many as the battle-field of great principles, and in its place, at least, an external fellowship with many to whom he had long felt a strong antipathy on the ground of their philosophic "liberalism," or of the parts they took in political "agitation." Newman was an intense loyalist; and he had long deemed it a duty of loyalty for him, as a church-man, to see matters theological as long as that was possible from an Anglican point of view. Eventually he had to choose between thinking independently or discarding those great main principles which for so many years had been consolidating themselves both within his intellect and his heart; but which, as he had reluctantly discovered, could not be realized in England's established Church, and were realized, as they had ever been, in the Roman Catholic Church notwithstanding the sins or shortcomings of individuals.

(To be continued.)

In a Dynamite Factory.

H. J. W. Dam describes, in *McClure's Magazine* for August, the hazardous conditions of life in a dynamite factory at Ardeer, Scotland, conditions happily requiring the utmost caution, and therefore seldom resulting in any real casualty. The "Danger Area" is guarded with the utmost circumspection.

To enter the "Danger Area," he says, you must pass the "searcher." He stands in front of his cabin, and you will find one of him always blocking the way at the four entrances to the explosive district. He is a tall military-looking man in a blue uniform faced with red, and he takes from you all metallic objects—your watch, money, penknife, scarf-pin, match-case, matches and keys. None of these is allowed to be where nitroglycerine is. He searches every man who enters, no matter how often the man may come and go. The girls, 200 of whom are employed, are not permitted to wear pins, hair-pins, shoe-buttons or metal pegs in their shoes, or carry knitting, crochet, or other needles. These regulations are the outgrowth of experience and the long-ago discovery in dynamite cartridges of buttons and other foreign substances calculated to make trouble at unexpected moments. The girls are searched twice a day by the three matrons who have them in charge. From

the lack of hair-pins they wear their hair in braids, tied with ribbons, which gives them all an unduly youthful look. The searcher tells you that his chief trouble is with matches. Some of the lower-class male employees—there are 1,100 men in the factory—are willing at times to smuggle in matches for a quiet smoke in a secluded corner. This quiet smoke may of course produce a much louder smoke in a corner not secluded, and is therefore rigidly banned. The discipline in the factory is most extraordinary, and to it must be attributed the marvellous immunity from accidents.

Having passed the searcher, you mount the "hill," an artificial one, built of sand, and perhaps sixty feet high. On the top of it are two "nitrating-houses." They are of thin clapboards painted white, and are about twenty feet square. These houses are always placed on the tops of "hills," in order that the nitroglycerine, passing from process to process, may flow by its own weight downward. It is not exactly the kind of liquid that one wants to pump. At the door of the house you are confronted by two pairs of yawning rubber shoes. Large shoes of rubber, indeed, and sometimes even larger one of leather confront you at the door of every danger house. No shoe which touches the ground outside is allowed to touch the floor of a danger department. The least grit might make friction and lead to an explosion. In all departments the girls are compelled to change to slippers, or work barefooted, the majority, in summer, preferring the latter. Having stepped into the overshoes, you begin to slop like a great auk over the sheet-lead which covers the floor. The shoes are trying, particularly as you have other things to worry you. Snow-shoes, ski and stilt can all be practised with advantage before endeavoring to get about in a pair of overshoes which do not fit your own shoes and are ceaselessly trying to trip you up.

As you enter the nitrating-house your eye is caught by two lead cylinders, five feet in diameter and six feet deep, which are sunk in the floor. They have closed dome-shaped tops, over which many lead pipes curl and into which they enter.

At the farther cylinder sits a man in scarlet watching a thermometer. He neither moves, looks up, nor betrays any sign of your presence. The thermometer which he is watching is five feet in length. Only the top or marked portion extends above the cylinder, the tube which carries the mercury reaching down to the hot acids and nitroglycerine. In the cylinder has been placed about a ton and a half of sulphuric acid mixed with a ton of nitric. Into this mixture are now being sprayed 700 pounds of glycerine, the glycerine injector-pipe being joined by another carrying compressed air. As fast as the glycerine spray enters the mixture it seizes the nitrogen of the nitric acid and combines to nitro-glycerine, and the sulphuric takes up the water which is thus set free. The process requires fifty-five minutes, during which the 700 pounds of glycerine becomes almost 1,500 of nitro-glycerine. Great heat is caused by the chemical action, and the absolute necessity is that the heat shall be kept down or it will explode the newly-formed nitro-glycerine. To this end the cylinder is surrounded by a water-jacket, through which cold water is rushing constantly, and four concentric coils of lead pipe occupy the interior of the cylinder, carrying four steady rushes of cold water.

If the heat, through vagaries in the glycerine, rose above the danger point, the thermometer would instantly reveal this to the man on watch. If the thermometer rose ever so little above twenty-two degrees centigrade, the man would turn on more air and shut off the inflow of glycerine. If it continued to rise slowly and he could not stop it by more air and water, he would give warning shout, "Stand by" to man watching below. If it continued would shout, "Let her go," and the man would open a valve; this would sweep the whole charge down to a "drowning-tank" lower down the hill, which would drown the coming explosion in excess of water. The two men meanwhile would bolt to a safe a position behind banks. If the heat rose rapidly, too rapidly for "drowning," the man would pull the valve, give a warning shout and run. So would everybody, you included. You might run on one side to the protecting arms of a dynamite magazine holding twenty tons, or on the other to the soothing shelter of a house where gun-cotton is baking at 120 degrees Fahrenheit. Failing these, there is the pond. This is a sweet, placid pond which is formally blown up once a week because some dregs of nitroglycerine have drained into it and collected at the bottom, making it unsafe. It is comforting to feel, in the hour of danger, that you have havens of perfect security such as these.

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