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Don't you want a Caddie of the Finest  
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FORTY-FIRST YEAR. ANIGONISH, N. S., THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1892. **No. 1.**

WE ARE NOW SHOWING A VERY NICE LINE OF  
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In Laced and Patent Clasps, very suitable for Christmas Presents.  
OUR STOCK OF  
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**D. G. KIRK.**  
**THE EQUITABLE**  
**Life Assurance Society**  
OF THE UNITED STATES. JANUARY 1, 1891.  
ASSETS, - - - \$119,243,744 INCOME, - - - \$ 35,036,683  
Liabilities, 4 per cent 95,503,297 New Business } 203,826,107  
written in 1890, }  
SURPLUS, - - - 23,740,447 Assurance in force, } 720,662,473

HENRY S. HYDE, President. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, Vice-President.  
THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY IS NOW PAYING ITS TWENTY-YEAR TONTINE POLICIES, AND THE ACTUAL RETURNS SECURED BY THE HOLDERS OF THESE POLICIES ARE NOT EQUALLED BY THOSE OF ANY OTHER LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.  
BEFORE YOU ASSURE YOUR LIFE IN ANY COMPANY, APPLY FOR AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE RESULTS OF A TONTINE POLICY ISSUED AT YOUR AGE ACCORDING TO THE SOCIETY'S EXPERIENCE UNDER THE POLICIES MATURING IN 1891.

**EDWARDS & FIELDING,**  
MANAGERS FOR MARITIME PROVINCES,  
**HALIFAX, N. S.**  
LOCAL AGENTS  
C. E. HARRIS, Antigonish. J. E. CORBETT, Harbor au Bouché.  
W. CROWE, Sydney. Blowers ARCHIBALD, North Sydney.  
H. P. ELANCHARD, Baddeck. J. S. HART, Whyoccomagh.  
M. J. DOUGET, Grand Etang. E. D. TREMAINE, Port Hood.  
C. J. FULLER, Arichat. R. R. MORRISON, Gabarus.

**The Man of Westminster.**  
THE GRAND AND NOBLE CHARACTER OF  
ENGLAND'S CARDINAL.  
[When the Rev. Dr. Edward McSweeney wrote the following admirable sketch of Cardinal Manning's character for the Catholic Columbian a few weeks ago, he little dreamt of the sad interest that the hand of Death would soon give to his words].—ED. CASKEE.

Perhaps you never remarked how the three great English Cardinals of our times have the syllable *man* in their names. Isn't this a very singular coincidence? "What's in a name?" says Shakespeare. Yet, if names were given, as we have reason to believe, on account of some quality or circumstance attending the individual, then it is not accidental that each of these illustrious men should possess that participle in his name, and be further led to inquire what it denotes, suspecting that it must imply some eminent attribute, when they are marked by it. Browning noticed the fact I refer to, and thus writes:

"Mend your ways indeed, and we may stretch  
"Go get you manned by MANING, and new  
"By NEWMAN, and mayhap, wise unmaned to  
"By WISEMAN, and we'll see, or else we won't."  
Man signifies one who thinks, and thus designates that one among the animals which uses thought and by reason gains and holds dominion over the rest. This is the literal signification of the term; but, as you know, it is commonly taken to mean one possessed of the very highest endowments of humanity—one who not only thinks, but does more—wills exercises that divine attribute of liberty, which, as Leo XIII. says in his encyclical on the Christian Commonwealth, is God's noblest gift to us.

**The Religious Outlook for the Next Century.**  
(N. Y. SUN.)  
Among the papers read before the Roman Catholic Convention of the Apostolate of the Press was an essay, or discussion, by Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, on the missionary outlook for the Roman Church in New England.

Mr. Lathrop is a writer of agnostic antecedents who married the daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Both he and his wife are recent converts to Roman Catholicism. She, at least, is a New Englander of the oldest Puritan stock, the founder of the Hawthorne family in this country having come over with Governor Winthrop in 1630, and having distinguished himself as a magistrate in the colony of Massachusetts by ordering the whipping of Quakers. On her mother's side she comes from the Peabody family, of which so many members have been noted in New England history. The descent of Mr. Lathrop also, we believe, is Yankee, or at least strictly and wholly and aggressively Protestant.

Consider his executive ability, who governing the faithful in the metropolis of the universe, has administered the charge with such success that, I believe, there is scarcely a Catholic child among those hundreds of thousands, most of them poor and despised immigrants and children of immigrants, who do not enjoy the advantage of a Christian education.

"I will not begin the cathedral, until every Catholic child in London is in a Catholic school." These were his words, when Mr. Tait presented the church with land on which to erect the new Westminster Abbey. And he is almost there. And notwithstanding the degradation consequent on their position as strangers in the country and the vices which they share in common with their English and Scotch fellow-citizens, notwithstanding their low social and intellectual standing as a body, yet he has made their Church—mainly women in its membership—the most prominent intellectually, and has so asserted itself socially, that it actually at intervals became the fashion to join the fold of Cardinal Manning. Yet it was not by religious back on Ireland. No! He acknowledges that "St. Patrick is the Apostle of my people"; and, "Anything connected with Ireland has my heart's sympathy."

Executive ability implies intellect, of course, but much more does it mean will power, and that force of character which constitutes one a leader, as well as that self-control by which he rules himself, and thus becomes a safe governor of the multitude.

How strangely is this characteristic expressed in Manning's actions as well as in his words!

He is a total abstainer from alcoholic drinks. "For the last thirty years I have abstained from those stimulants," he says, "and only regret that I did not earlier take this means of edifying the people; but with God's help I will keep this pledge to the end of my life."

Here is courage. I don't mean precisely in subjecting himself to this discipline, although if it be an easy matter, I wonder that so many refuse to undertake it when they have such all-powerful reasons for doing so—especially who are devoted to the same calling and among the same race as the Cardinal. But I refer to the apparent smallness and singularity, seemingly unworthy of a Catholic Bishop, who must be "all things to all men," in binding himself to a practice that is, to say the least, at times awkward if not impolite, all the more in a country where such beverages are still looked upon almost as necessities of life. I allude to the unpleasant singularity and exception-

alness attaching to the man who "won't join in a social glass." These are trials that you and I understand, Mr. Editor, and small though they may seem, yet men, who have taken cities in fierce conflict of arms have had their courage fail them here. So much the worse for them! So much the more marked do they fall below the standard of true manliness. But our *Man* who had defiance to publish opinion, who turned his back on friend and foe alike when he chose Christ, poor and despised, among the Irish Catholics of London, he is of the one to refuse to differ now with weak-kneed Catholics who dare not offend Mrs. Grundy by refusing a glass of wine, when its acceptance may scandalize or fail to help a weak brother.

Neither does he fear to lay his thin arrowy finger on the sorest spot in the flesh of his co-religionists and countrymen, and push aside all the considerations of tact, he boldly declares:

"Temperance is good. Total Abstinence is better." "Ireland and England sober would be Ireland and England free."

What induces Manning to descend to the level of his flock in matters such as this?

It is his desire for their temporal and eternal welfare. It is his love for them, in short, who are the weak brethren in Christ. This brings me to another, and the chief element which goes to make up the *Man*; that is the big heart. But of this another time.

Editor of Organ—"Coarse and abusive remarks." That's a good phrase. By the way, Mr. Blower is on the other side, isn't he?  
City Editor—"Oh, no; he's one of our speakers."  
Editor—"So? Let me see. I think you'd better change that to 'keen and incisive.'"  
—Boston Transcript.

Farmer's Boy—"There's goin' to be a ministral show in Pinkintown next week."  
Can't Hayseed—"Gee whittaker! It ain't a month since you went to 't' top o' th' hill to see th' 'clipse of th' moon.' D'ynal wanner be always on th' go'—*Good News.*

**The First Comic Papers Published in America.**  
J. ARMOY KNOX, in "Printer's Ink."  
It was "dear old Frank Bellow," as we youngsters called him, who was the father of comic journalism in America. The name Bellow, inside the lines forming a triangle, in the corner of political and social cartoons, was familiar to the readers of *Punch* and other English comic weeklies way back in 1850.

There was, then, no comic paper in the United States, and the American who had a taste for the comic side of life had to be satisfied with imported jokes—far-fetched jokes they might be called—that came to him, from across the seas, in the columns of *Punch*. He chuckled over these at the rate of about twenty-five cents per chuckle; for twenty-five cents was the New York price of a copy of *Punch*, and no one is known to have ever discovered more than one joke in a copy.

Frank Bellow came to the United States in 1854, and lived in New York until he died, three years ago. He and John Brougham started the first comic paper published in the United States. It was an illustrated weekly called the *Lantern*, and was modeled after the English comics, even to the publishing of columns of confessions that were so called and moth-eaten long before Columbus discovered us, pages of petrifaction that had been brought over to England by the Norman invaders, and strings of little three-line witticisms with which Joshua used to amuse his soldiers while they camped outside the walls of Jericho.

Bellow was the artist-in-chief and Brougham was the editor. There was none of what is now known as American humor in the columns of the *Lantern*; no dialect stories; no short dialogues between the dude and the summer girl, the policeman and the nebbiche, the Hebrew clothier and his customer. It was an occasional *bon mot* regarding the male were then in existence, but they were used sparingly. The jokes that now constitute the bulk of published American humor had not been discovered. The lonely writer in the church-fair stew was then unknown, and no *chuck* had been printed about the size of the Chicago pig's foot.

Bellow used to tell us how the chief work on the paper was done. The editor, the artist, and the contributors met once a week and dined in a restaurant on Park row kept by a man named Windhurst. These weekly meetings were for the alleged purpose of evolving ideas for the leading cartoons and most important editorials of the forthcoming number. "Around the table sat Irvington, who acted as chairman; Lester Walkack, then the handsomest man in New York; Fitz James O'Brien, poet and journalist; Thomas Powell, an Englishman, admitted to have been the original of Mowbray, and described by Bellow as "a man of no little wit and culture, but with an inartistic jocularly, the result, probably, of defective early humorous training;" Walt Whitman, the "good gray poet" of later years, then the Bohemian newspaper writer whose robust form, flowing locks and wide sombrero made him a conspicuous and picturesque figure in New York thirty odd years ago; H. Paraw MacDermy, also a poet and journalist; Thomas Butler Gunn, artist and writer; Charles Gaylor, the playwright. There were others at those dinners, but these were the principal contributors to the *Lantern*. As I write this Walt Whitman is dying, and all the others named are dead, except Gaylor.

The *Lantern* did not pay, of course, and after a time it passed away and the man who furnished the paper on which it was printed and the man who had done the presswork mourned exceedingly.

During the next ten years came *Yankee Notions*, the *Picayune*, *John Dowley*, and *Vanity Fair*. They were all of the same type as the *Lantern*—mildly satirical, feeble in wit, and wretchedly illustrated, and the sheriff gathered them up, one by one. Why did they not succeed? There were several reasons. The taste of the people had not been educated to appreciate that class of literature. Our present excellent facilities for distributing papers all over the country by news agencies did not then exist. Their field was local. Paper was dear. Wood engraving was expensive, and the cheap mechanical engraving processes, that now make illustrations so universal, were not invented. The chief reason, however, that these papers were not successful financially, was that advertising patronage was meagre in those days. The piano manufacturer had not begun to disgrace his tens of thousands for advertising, nor the soap seller his hundreds of thousands, and the 80-horse man was unknown in the land. Many of the staid old advertisers thought it undignified and unprofitable to place their print-

"We beg to call the attention of the public" advertisements in a funny paper. Again I think that publishers did not know how to get advertisements, and probably did not try. They were not business men. Their papers were started on vague lines with wild talk, were run on credit, were edited in taverns, and as a natural consequence, were buried in insolvency.

In twenty years what a change has taken place in the field of humorous literature! and what a number of new and successful humorous papers has appeared, and—had I shall write about them some other time.

K. D. C. is guaranteed to cure any case of Indigestion or Dyspepsia or money refunded.

**Census.**  
The following tabulated statement of the census is taken from the Bulletin issued by the Dominion Government. The figures for the three last decades are given for purpose of comparison:

ANTIGONISH COUNTY.			
Divisions.			
	1871	1881	1891
Antigonish,	6,277	7,135	6,331
Arichat,	2,837	2,954	2,414
St. Andrews,	3,563	4,364	4,145
Tracadie,	3,895	3,937	3,222
<b>Total,</b>	<b>16,512</b>	<b>18,060</b>	<b>16,112</b>

GUYSBOROUGH.			
Divisions.			
	1871	1881	1891
Caladonia,	237	376	214
Canso,	1,136	1,451	1,824
Country Harbor,	369	437	447
Crow Harbor,	796	773	788
Forks St. Mary's,	1,356	944	863
Guyshoro,	1,887	1,703	1,546
Guyshoro Intervale,	1,265	990	842
Goshen,	467	421	407
Indian Harbour,	789	783	707
Isaac's Harbour,	928	1,012	1,161
Larry's River,	654	738	901
Liscombe (out of M. J.),	1,044	1,438	1,310
Manchester,	776	919	624
Marie Joseph,	1,765	1,700	1,497
Melford,	326	326	326
New Harbour,	674	717	703
Salmon River,	1,023	1,097	1,063
Sherbrooke,	526	526	440
Tracadie,	656	867	1,096
White Haven,			
<b>Total,</b>	<b>16,555</b>	<b>17,808</b>	<b>17,195</b>

CAPE BRETON.			
Divisions.			
	1871	1881	1891
Balls Creek (see Leitche's Creek),	2,259	1,908	1,908
Big Pond,	732	475	475
Bouisdale,	900	994	994
Boularderie,	1,359	1,304	1,304
Bridgeport (out of Lingan),	2,169	2,169	2,169
Cow Bay,	835	789	789
East Bay, N. and S.,	1,996	1,719	1,719
Gabarus,	1,256	1,347	1,347
Glace Bay (out of Lingan),	2,459	2,459	2,459
Grand Mira,	924	758	758
Grand Narrows,	1,464	1,426	1,426
Hillside Mira (same as North Mira),	1,030	1,030	1,030
Leitche's Creek (out of Ball's Creek),	1,193	1,193	1,193
Lingan (see Bridgeport and Glace Bay),	4,125	1,868	1,868
Little Bras d'Or (out of North Sydney),	813	813	813
Lochmond (out of Big Pond, Gabarus & Grand Mira),	909	1,115	1,115
Louisburg,	990	994	994
Mail-à-dieu,	990	994	994
North Sydney (see Little Bras d'Or & Sydney Mines),	5,484	2,513	2,513
Sydney Town (see Victoria),	3,667	2,426	2,426
Sydney Mines (out of Old Sydney),	1,290	1,290	1,290
Sydney Mines (out of North Sydney),	2,442	2,442	2,442
Trout Brook,	881	881	881
Victoria (out of Sydney Town),	630	630	630
<b>Total,</b>	<b>26,454</b>	<b>31,258</b>	<b>34,223</b>

**The Calendar.**  
JANUARY.  
DATE. FEAST.  
22 Feb., St. Vincent and Anastasia, MM.  
23 Feb., St. Esposus of the B. V. M.  
24 Feb., St. Timothy, B. P. M.  
25 Feb., Conversion of St. Paul.  
26 Feb., St. Polycarp, B. P. M.  
27 Feb., St. Valentine, P. G. L.  
28 Feb., St. John Baptist, B. P. C. D.

**S. Kentigern, Bishop.**  
It is to S. Kentigern, by birth a Pict, by education a disciple of S. Serf—by whom he was familiarly called *Mungo*, or *Beloved*—and finally Bishop of Glasgow, that the western districts of Scotland owe their first knowledge of the faith. He arrived in those parts a persecuted exile, but his personal holiness and invincible zeal won to the faith Pagan idolaters and Pagan heretics, and turned an almost heathen wilderness into a fruitful vineyard of the Lord. In 543 an usurper of the throne of the North Britons compelled Kentigern to seek refuge with S. David in North Wales. There he built a monastery, and gathered round him nearly a thousand monks, one of whom was S. Asaph, who succeeded him as abbot when he returned to his bishopric. Many of these religious, however, preferred to remain with Kentigern, and formed the nucleus of a band of missionaries, whom he sent from Glasgow to the Orkneys, to Norway, and even to Iceland. The austerity of the Saint was such that he has been called a second John Baptist; yet he never allowed his mortifications to interfere with the duties of his state. Besides the work of the episcopate, he practised constant manual labour, that he might not eat the bread of idleness. He died at the age of eighty-five, about the year 600. His tomb at Glasgow was famous for miracles.

**Good Example.**  
By example whatever grace God gives us is increased and multiplied; it attracts to itself whatever is the work of grace in others; and thus the gifts of God are changed into instruments of His service; neither gifts nor graces are given us for ourselves alone.  
"Look upon the living examples of the holy Saints, who were set forth as our patterns to provoke us to well doing."  
—Imitation.

S. Columba, hearing of the fame of Kentigern, came with a company of his monks to visit him; and Kentigern also with his clergy came out to meet the Saint. As these two armies of Jesus Christ marched towards each other they sang hymns and spiritual canticles on both sides. Then said Columba to his followers, "I see a fiery light after the manner of a golden crown descending from heaven on the bishop's head." See here how like meants like. If we would live with the Saints, let us endeavor ourselves that we also may be holy.  
"Let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven."—Matt. v. 16.

**GUARANTEED TO CURE ANY CASE OF DYSPEPSIA**