

ANTIGONISH.

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By
RITA E. MURRAY.



ANTIGONISH! Antigonish!!

How gladly we welcomed the genial conductor, who so gayly announced the end of our long journey.

Not only did we enjoy the lovely view of the picturesque village nestling at the foot of the "Sugar-loaf," but also a glimpse of the sun once more. For five long days it had rained steadily, and Montreal and quaint old Quebec were viewed from under a dripping deck, and the lights of the great metropolis gleamed sadly through "the rain and the mist."

Not so in the gay town of Antigonish! The bright rays of the sun endowed nature with golden tints, and threw a halo of sunny smiles over the motley crowds that always greet the trains which steam into the rustic station.

With light steps we hurried forward and took our places in the old stage coach, which is caleche, baggage-transfer and electric car all in one. While driving through the streets we observed the cozy, ivy-mantled cottages, pretty villas in elm groves, and handsome residences, all of which evidenced the quiet prosperity noticeable in most of the towns in Nova Scotia. Nearing the centre we realized that Antigonish was not only a town of dainty dwellings, but that it could also boast of several fine commercial houses which carry on an extensive business throughout the surrounding country. Among the larger buildings noticeable was the court-house with its stately Doric pillars and waving elms, which, like sturdy sentinels, guard and protect the main entrance.

Our attention was drawn from this Temple of Justice to the picturesque building which is the centre of attraction after the arrival of trains, for the Post-Office is a popular rendezvous, where are discussed the events of the day.

We leave behind the commercial part of Antigonish, and our prancing steeds step daintily over the rustic bridges that span the limpid stream which flows so peacefully through a lovely avenue of grand old trees, and mingles its gurgling laughter with the happy warbling of the many songsters, which trill their sweet notes, safe hidden in the luxuriant foliage of elm and poplar.

These shadowy solitudes can, in all truth, be compared to an emerald frame that lends its beauty to enhance that of the picture within. Leaving this pretty spot we wind our way towards the hill crowned by the three imposing

edifices which impart so much dignity to the little town below.

The college and convent are worthy monuments of the industrious and zealous men who have endeavored, yes and succeeded, in making Antigonish a centre of learning and education unsurpassed in the Province of Nova Scotia. These buildings are not the sole monarchs of the little hill. They share their domain with the grand old cathedral, whose massive walls and stately towers reflect credit on his Lordship, Bishop McKinnon. He and his successor have never refused to lend a helping hand to those institutions which would enable men to reach that goal of learning, never perfectly attained unless shadowed by the walls of the "Tigh Dhu."

The roads, both in and around the town, are especially good for wheeling, which is a favorite pastime for more than two-thirds of the population. The one over which we sped on our silent steeds led us to a pretty summer resort, about nine miles from the town. All the way there the scenery is lovely, and it would be impossible to adequately describe the green landscapes, the glimpses of the sea with its

retreat with its winding paths, velvet lawns, picturesque summer-houses, shady nooks and beautiful tennis courts, all combining to make Mrs. C. C. Gregory's residence one of the prettiest and loveliest summer villas in the province.

Very unwelcome to our ears was the shrill whistle of the evening express which was to carry us away from the pretty, pleasant little town, where we had whiled away so many sunny hours. As the green groves of "Sugar Loaf" blended with the blue haze of the distance we said "au revoir," and promised ourselves another trip, but of longer duration, to peaceful, poetic, progressive Antigonish.



The Little Shoes They Did It.

AT a temperance meeting in England, the chairman addressing a young man, yet a reformed drunkard, said:

"Come, William Turner, you've known as much about the drink evil as any one here, or anywhere; come, tell us, for I never heard how

it was that you changed right-about-face from the mouth of hell to the gate of hope: come, man, out with it, maybe it'll do you good.

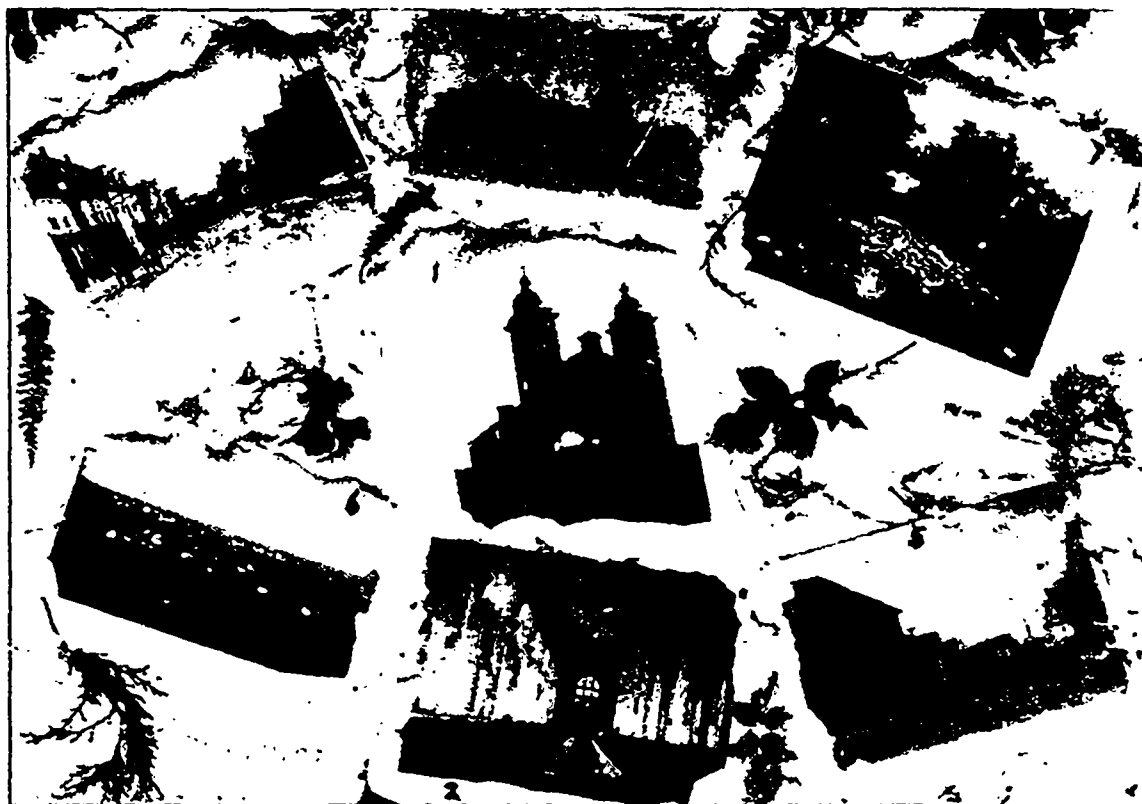
The young man thus urged rose and looked very confused. All he could say was, "The little shoes they did it." With a thick voice, as it his heart was in his throat, he kept repeating this. There was a stare of perplexity on every face, and at length some thoughtless person began to titter. The man, in all his embarrassment, heard this sound, and rallied at once. The light came into his eyes with a flash, he drew himself up and looked at the audience, the choking went from his throat.

"Yes, friends," he said, in a voice that cut its way clear as a deep-toned bell, "whatever you think of it, I've told you the truth, the little shoes did it. I was a brute and a fool;

strong drink had made me both, and starved and stripped me into the bargain. I suffered, I deserved to suffer, but I didn't suffer alone; no man does who has a wife and child, for the woman gets the worst share. But I'm no speaker to enlarge on that. I'll stick to the little shoes. I saw one night, when I was all but done for, the publican's child holding out her feet for her father to see her fine new shoes. And there outside was my wife and child, in a bitter night. I took hold of my little one with a grip, and I saw her chilled feet. I put them, cold as ice, to my breast; they pierced me through and through.

I had a trifle of money left; I bought a loaf and a pair of little shoes. I never tasted anything but a bit of bread all the Sabbath day, and I went to work like mad on Monday, and from that day I have spent no more money in the public house.

It was the little shoes! They did it.



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1. The Cathedral. 2. Interior of Church. 3. College of St. Francis Xavier. 4. View of Main Street, looking west.
5. View of Main Street, looking from Kirk's Block. 6. Bird's Eye View from Fernwood. 7. View north from Main Street Bridge.

white-winged fishing schooners, and the ever-changing panorama of beauty which so delighted us that afternoon. About four miles out on this road are two splendid views, the noted contrast between them showing the grotesque beauty of the one, and the rural loveliness of the other. The full view of "Plaster Rock," with its scraggy cliffs and fir groves, inspires one with a feeling of awe, while the next scene is the idealization of "harmony - heavenly harmony."

Verdant islands, frowning boulders, jewelled meadows, and the silvery wavelets of an inland lake, gleaming in the rays of a noon-day sun, all united in completing that "harmony, heavenly harmony," of Dryden fame.

Last, but not least, of the beauties of Antigonish is the lovely villa "Fernwood." This enchanting country-seat is built on a high elevation surrounded by luxuriant pine groves. The view obtained from the eastern terrace is one of the finest in Canada. Art and nature seem to have joined hands in this sylvan