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HOW I FARM.

I am sure there are hundreds of farmers in this county who would give me points in farming. Bless you, kind reader, that makes no difference, if I can excite an interest in the question. What is to hinder me from taking a leaf from some of our noted writers for the press, who, in a pinch, substitute assurance for real knowledge of the subjects they discuss with so much ability? The faculty of invention and combination stands one in good stead in such emergencies. I am but an amateur farmer myself. Some six years ago I found myself in a force of circumstances in possession of a farm. It is proper to say that I do not depend on the farm for the means of making the sojourn of soul and body in the valley of tears comparatively comfortable. If I had not an income, more or less, from another source, probably I should not be so ready to sing so sweetly of the pleasures and advantages of farming. For me there is little or no money in the business, as I have at the end of every month to pay out the crisp notes for hired labor. But there is great pleasure in viewing the waving fields growing for one's self. The odor of the clover, and the thyme and the hay is really delectable to the senses. There is surely an abiding sense of satisfaction in raising one's own wheat, hay, potatoes, cattle, horses, hutter, cream and eggs, and nearly everything for one's table. I grant there is a reunion of feeling when one finds Longshank's horse dipping himself in one's field. Even the prospect may be good for the circulation of the blood, while the imagination pictures the owner of the quadruped as rushing the owner of the quadruped into the hay. I do not, however, recommend farming upon such imaginations as a good form of morning prayers.

When I consider the partial failure of the crops for the last few years and the poor way in which our farmers, with some notable and growing exceptions treat their farms, the mystery grows upon me how they manage to make both ends meet. The process doubtless requires a good deal of stretching to meet the multifarious calls upon them throughout the year. I suspect the money-lenders and the constable are occasionally obliged to come to the rescue. The mortgage with its deadly grip fastens itself upon many a fine farm. The miserable wail that the country is going to the dogs does harm to many. It is very hard to escape from the clutches of poverty. People are sometimes to be seen with chronic poverty, as the exiles of Israel grew in love with the fleas that doled out to them by their taskmasters in the land of bondage. If people could once get a margin on the right side of the account in the bank, intelligence, honesty, industry and good management are the prerequisites to make farming a paying and delightful occupation. Providence ever sends the honest disposition to discharge one's debts and obligations.

My farm—that our object lesson today. I suspect some of my predecessors—peace to their memories—did not set much store by the profession. It is no libel to say that some of them treated it like the old borrowed horse, that is, take as much work out of its lean and aged carcass as possible, and make its grab as poor and scant as possible. In return for this generous treatment, I have no doubt but the farm gave them an annual crop of fine thistles and thurston weeds. But I have endeavored to make a slight variation in the treatment. For various reasons I like to see the farm, as it is there at all, in a blooming condition. I should like to see a peaceful rivalry in an upward and onward course stimulated among so worthy and deserving a class as our farmers. It is a shameless piece of vanity—may it be a praiseworthy disposition that prompts one to strive to the end of making one's own farm flourish and excel the others round about in appearance and value. There is Greek proverb coming down from neolithic times that says:

"Se end a ni troobhadin."
If every one would give up gadding about, bewailing the bad times, set to work in good earnest on his farm, remove those unsightly piles of stones where they would never trouble him again, pull from the root that noxious, poisonous weed of the stinking name, make composts and fertilizers, and clean up his fields, I do believe from experience and observation that such a process would be a contribution towards returning prosperity more servicable than all the political nostrums we hear of. The most favorable season will not extort a good crop from poor, neglected soil. Our soil, as a rule, well-manured, well-broken, and well-handled, will give forth a good return in spite of unfavorable seasons. The old vigor that was in the soil has been exhausted by repeated cropping. It is for our farmers to recognize the fact, and strive to reduce that and other unfavorable circumstances not directly under their control to their minimum. How? By early sowing, draining and manuring. Be generous to the soil, and it shall be generous to you. Give, and it shall be given unto you.

Perhaps the reader will be inclined to ask; what has been the outcome of your treatment? Brother Jack says, come and see, there is ocular demonstration of its success.

Tell us all about it. Well, in the centre of the farm, to take one instance, there is a soft, marshy piece of land. It was never ploughed, no plough could make much headway through its thick strong skin. Here and there on this plot there were some

large boulders; they were unsightly in appearance, and they occupied space. Two men, in the space of an afternoon, with the help of dynamite, smothered them up in fragments. The expense was but trifling. Stones, unlike some other things, never return, when once removed. It is a good rule to remove them out of sight and out of your way, unless you utilize them for making fences. Piling stones is not indeed a poetic exercise. The broad of my own back betrays a constitutional objection to the bending process. I have therefore acquired great expertise in throwing stones into a cart with a yankoo hoe. If any of our agricultural societies should offer a prize for throwing stones into a cart with a hoe and without bending for me, I am sure all our men would flee from me as from the pest of destiny." To resume, I made a rough and ready record here an episode of my work. My drain-ligger happen to be radically and essentially devoid of all personal beauty, and in consequence of that blameworthy circumstance was very useful to me on one occasion. A certain good man in the neighborhood took it into his noddle that I ought to get him a Government office. He made frequent visits to my sanctum for that end. And the particular office in which his whole heart was stuck was at the time filled by another man and his family. My old and saintly friend urged me to dismiss the man, neck and crop, no questions asked; he was greatly hurt by my reluctance to comply. I nobly and gallantly resisted all his overtures, but I was afraid of myself. One day he came and found me at the drain. My *volunté* glow was a great protection to me on that occasion. My oft-seeking friend was anxious to lure me away in order to deliver his attack upon me alone. In answer to a question, I told him that the man in the drain was an Albanian, was subject to bad spells, and exceedingly dangerous to man and beast on such occasions. As providence would have it, the man below opportunely emitted an unearthly stercoraceous cough. I must say that the performance seemed to point to the lower orders of creation. I listened to tell my aged friend that the bad spell was coming on to him, and that he had better quit the scene. So, since it is to be had at once make for the highway and that he has never since pilled me for a Government situation. I would willingly lend my ugly friend to the politicians for a similar purpose, only that he is poor man who is despised by the politicians.

That fatal cough has been that "bourne whence no traveller returns." To make a long story short, I have now a part of that marshy land under hay—the finest timothy in all the country round. The only trouble with my hay all over is that I am obliged to cut it earlier, as it shows in spots an inclination to lodge. That's the result of top-dressing-compost made up of lobster shells, fish offal, kelp, earth, and barn-manure. My wheat crop gives promise of a fine yield. I got the land ploughed in the fall and thus exposed it to the good action of the winter's frost. I was thus prepared to seed it early. Some say that late sowing does as well in this country. On the whole I don't believe it. In every case, if the soil is not too soft, early sowing is more profitable. The late-planted potatoes are showing up poorly at present, while the early ones look very prosperous.

FARMER BILL.

White Haven.

Miss Maggie McDonald has gone to Antigonish for a four weeks vacation.

A fishing trip is being talked of, and all who enjoy the last one will be sure to go to this.

Miss Katie Carroll, teacher, has received an accepted call to the Catholic school at Thorburn, Pictou Co.

A bright little lad went into one of our stores the other day and inquired if there is not a bounty for killing crows, his countenance fell upon being told there was none.

Here is a problem in mathematics we would like to have some of our scholars solve, namely, if a man smoked five cents worth of tobacco a day for 40 years, how much would it amount to if the money were saved and put at compound interest semi-annually at 8 per cent.

For the past three or four weeks there has been a mystery attending our school house, windows have been broken, doors broken open and seats and benches smashed, although watches have been set. Still those evil doers are cloaked in mystery. To those evil doers we would say, select some specialty for your life's work, let your motto be industry, truth and honesty, which in the course of your life you will find will suit you better than roving around at nights drinking rum and destroying public property. Love your country and obey her laws. Shut the saloon, it is the greatest curse on earth.

This is certainly the season for picnics and they are having them all over the province for the past three weeks. One of the best that ever was held in this part of the county, was held at Port Felix, about three miles from here, on Wednesday and Thursday of last week. In aid of the Roman Catholic church. It was held on the spacious glen grounds overlooking the harbor, the beautiful grounds were made

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more attractive by trees, etc., trimmed for the occasion, they looked very brilliant and attractive under the many yards of bunting, representing five different countries. The famous MacIsaac, Cashin and Williams orchestra furnished the music, and the dancing was more than enjoyed by the young and old. The refreshment tables were in charge of P. Webb, Davie, Ed., and Stephen Boudrot, with a full staff of assistants, and the ladies to numerous to mention had their dinner and tea tables well filled with the best of the season, they are to be commended for their active services and for the earnestness they manifested in the work. There was some disappointment in regard to weather as it was very wet and foggy the first day, but notwithstanding this drawback the gathering was very large, the life-airing bagpipes and fiddle were there to contribute to the days sport, and it did us good to note how well everyone enjoyed themselves and the good temper and grace which prevailed from beginning to end. Rev. A. E. Mombourquette, our popular and genial pastor generally superintended the arrangement of affairs, and no trouble was spared by him to make the occasion enjoyable to all. The affair was a grand success and a handsome sum was realized which will be used for church purposes.

The English Race.

The English census returns, which have now been published in full, are certainly a testimony to the vitality of the race. The population of England and Wales on the night of April 5 last was 29,001,018, an increase of 3,026,572, or over 11 per cent., upon the figures of 1881; and this, be it remembered, was achieved in the face of an enormous and steady emigration. During the ten years 3,552,952 persons have emigrated from the United Kingdom, of whom no less than 1,571,856 were English people; so that the actual increase of the race in the decade has been almost 5 1/2 millions. This fact coupled with the nearly stationary condition of the population of France is a satisfactory evidence that England will more than maintain her position relatively to the other nations of Europe.

The census again brings out the interesting fact that the proportion of females to males continues to increase, their being now 14,950,542 females to 14,050,340 males, an inequality probably due in a measure to the large emigration of the sex most able to seek new fields of activity. There are 6,146,900 families in the country, an increase of 213,708, or over 9 per cent. in the ten years, a rate not equal to the total growth of population, but still satisfactory, and the number of inhabited houses has increased by 621,183, or 12.9 per cent. Of course, the increase of population is not spread equally over the country, and a marked feature of the census is the decrease in the rural and agricultural districts. In 13 counties there are decreases, comprising 261 registration areas, the increase being confined almost entirely to the cities and towns.

There are now 62 towns in England and Wales with a population exceeding 50,000. London has 4,211,056, Liverpool 517,951, Manchester 505,343 and Birmingham 429,171. Liverpool is not growing fast, the decline in its rate of increase being 6 per cent. It is interesting to note that England and Wales contain 72.8 per cent., or nearly three-quarters of the total population of Great Britain and Ireland, that Ireland contains 12.5, or one-eighth of the whole, and Scotland 10.7 per cent. These are the leading features of the English census, which, considered with other statistical information relative to the progress of the country, are very encouraging. — Toronto Empire.

A Minister's Views.

The Rev. B. F. Dimmick, a Methodist minister of Cleveland, undertook on a recent Sunday to tell his congregation that however bad the Catholic Church may be there is still much to be said in her favor, and he proceeds thus:

I have certainly no apology for asking you with me to thoughtfully and honestly consider the service that the Roman branch of the Church Catholic has rendered to the world and Christendom. There is, I am aware, very much to condemn in the Roman Church—but we are not here to take that view of the case. We must not forget that for centuries the Roman Church was the only organized representation of Christianity, and she has furnished some of the most notable exhibitions of piety of the world has ever seen. Among the saints that earth has furnished for heaven, the list would be incomplete without the names of Fenelon, Pascal, Thomas A. Kempis, Savonarola, and a host of others. Any Church that has preserved Christianity during the dark ages of persecution, and has produced so many magnificent characters, that have given their lives in martyrdom for the cause of truth, is worthy of our admiration, in so far at least. The fact is that there is too much of destructive and not enough of constructive criticisms between the different Churches of to-day.

1. She has been a bulwark of defense for many of the great fundamental doctrines of our holy religion. Throughout her ranks there is no disturbance as to reconciliation of Science and the Bible. There is no effort at explaining away the process of higher criticism some portions of the Old Testament. No questioning of the divinity or miracles of Christ in part or in whole, by the clergy of that Church. There is not a single sentimental or sensational pulpit in that Church. It is true that they have made the divine and the miraculous cover too large a part of their system of doctrines. Yet so far as the person and miracles of Christ are concerned, there is no disposition to minimize either.

2. Her devotion to the Church is something beautiful. Her membership is held to the Church in most devoted loyalty. Not by social power, or by the attractive and eloquent minister, nor by flattery and hope of patronage, but by the fact that the people are taught that the church is the house of God, a divine institution. The length or time of service has no effect upon their attendance. At 6 o'clock of a winter morning the crowds will throng the church just the same as at 10 on a bright summer day.

3. The benevolence and self-sacrifice of her people is a commendable example to all the followers of Christ. They can build finer churches and more of them, and raise more money for all other denominations with very much more wealth. She sets an example that puts the wealthier denominations to shame in her many hospitals, orphanages, and asylums. While her people are the poorest she does more for suffering humanity than all other Churches combined. Her Order of Sisters of Charity, who are many times angles of mercy to the afflicted and suffering, are an example of complete abandonment of self and entire surrender to Christ. She has no trouble in reaching the masses in her fold; the poor and rich dwell together in unity and the Lord is maker of them all.

Her form of Church government is a marvel of ecclesiastical machinery, and while I do not approve of it in all respects, we can not but consider with favor a Church that can hold with her grasp the millions of all nations of the earth, and carry forward all her vast movements with such signal success, and with so little friction within her own ranks. With her it is not as it is oftentimes with Protestantism, one society standing against another, and one building up on the ruins of another. Such a thing as the strong Churches proselyting from the weaker ones is an unknown sin in their ranks. A Church that has given the world an Augustine, the first great theologian, Chrysostom the mightiest preacher of the past ages, and Faber the Sweet Singer

of Israel, and that holds in her loving embrace millions of God's poor, that Church I recognize as in these respects setting an example worthy of imitation.

Can we not as Protestants learn a lesson from Rome—"her universal bond, her world-wide purpose, her undying zeal?" We need Rome—purified Rome—in the protection of labor against the iron hand of capitalism; we need her in the terrific fight against sin, infidelity, anarchy, and intemperance. Let her mighty army be marshaled side by side with the host of Protestantism and victory will soon perch upon the Cross of Christ. She can help us and the cause of humanity and God immensely.

The Adult Age.

The adult age is the period of physical and mental maturity; the ripe fruit for which blade and stock, bud and flower have been the preparation. It is the period of achievements. The bodily tissues are consolidated, and the different organs fully developed in size and function.

But the adult age has its own peculiar drawbacks and perils. Even of those persons who come to it with the best of prospects,—their native vigor preserved by a virtuous and well-guarded youth,—there are many who do not live out half their days, or who prepare for themselves a feeble and painful old age.

One peril which besets adult life is indolence or misdirected ambition. The result unwholesome feverishness is well exemplified in the case of the professional politician. The mental and physical strain incident to hotly contested elections, the alternate hope and despair, the unreasonable labor and exposure, all tend to break down those who engage in them. Those who have watched public events for any considerable length of time have seen many strong men killed by such excitements, labors and disappointments.

Still more dangerous, because more generally engaged in, are the undue ambitions of the business world. Men who are eager to be rich take upon themselves incessant anxieties, and submit to ruinously close confinement. At the same time they have many temptations to high living, and the results are seen in the great number of the picked men of the race who die suddenly of apoplexy or heart failure.

In short, the danger of the adult age, especially in the highly artificial conditions under which a large part of the race now live, is excess. This excess or over-stimulation, it may be of the brain, the stomach, the animal passions; or it may run into amusements, or even to gymnastic sports. Whatever direction it takes, the end is nearly the same—premature enfeeblement or death.

Something should be said, also, of those whose lives are shortened by domestic labors and worries. The rearing of children, the care of the sick, the conduct of the household, the pressure of social duties, the demands of fashion, the endless attempt to make a scanty income go as far as possible—these are among the causes

which bring naturally strong women too early to the grave.

The moral is obvious. Hard work is not to be avoided; perhaps it is best that it cannot be; but those who wish for health and long life should aim to live as far as possible simply and naturally, and especially to avoid rivalry and worry.

The Editor of the New York Sun—Sir:
In the Sun yesterday there appeared a telegram from Bangor stating that the Bowdoin College expedition, while stopping at Port Hawkesbury, Nova Scotia, examined a number of Mic Mac Indians and found them the remains of a very dirty and a very lazy tribe, now nearly extinct. As I have visited in Nova Scotia extensively and seen those Indians in every part of it, permit me to deny the statement in toto as false in every respect.

The Mic Macs no number, I believe, some twenty thousand, and a better tribe of aborigines does not exist in North America. Though largely civilized, they still maintain their purity of race and show no signs as yet of becoming extinct. They are as honest as the day, and except for the ordinary crime of drunkenness an arrest of an Indian for violation of the law is unknown in the province.

As hunters, fishermen, cooper, boat and canoe builders and general laborers the men are always actively employed, while the squaws are industrious in the manufacture of moccasins and bead work, baskets, &c., excelling in design and beautiful execution.

Though some among them are poor, chiefly owing to drink, the majority are thrifty; many own their frame houses, and not a few have graduated from the schools and academies.

At the very place referred to Port Hawkesbury, numbers of Mic Macs were employed last year as railway navies on a Government road then in course of construction, and gave far greater satisfaction than the imported Italians. The Mic Macs are famous as guides to visiting sportsmen in chase of moose, bear, &c., as well as to unfrequented fishing streams, and in no country is the stranger's life and property safer than with the native Indians of Nova Scotia. Simple and faithful, they have earned the gratitude and esteem of many distinguished hunters who have spent night after night along with them in the primeval forest and look back to their company with only pleasant memories. No man of ordinary intelligence, much less a Nova Scotian, wishes a Mic Mac other than good and if the Bowdoin expedition make no more startling discoveries than the alleged one above referred to, they will certainly have wasted their time and facilities, and in these modern days they had better turn their attention to an expedition where they can make a more honorable and truthful report.

R. W. BUCHANAN, M. D.
(Late of Edinburgh),
267 West Eleventh Street, New York City,
July 13, 1891.

A Shepard's Accounting.

It is related of a dissenting minister that he started a church in a rural district, but his congregation being incorrigible snorers, and what he considered worse, mean contributors to the cause, he soon obliged to abandon it. His farewell sermon to the lukewarm brethren was characterized by more heat than elegance. He ended thus:—"At the last day the Lord will say to St. Peter, 'Where is your flock?' and St. Peter will answer, 'Here, Lord.' He will say to Calvin, 'And where are your sheep?' and Calvin will reply, 'Here, Lord,' and so all the shepherds can answer. But when he asks me, 'Where are your sheep?' how will you feel when I am compelled to reply, 'Lord, I haven't any; mine were all hogs!'"

Forgot Himself.

A former Detroit clergyman, somewhat given to absent-mindedness, conducted the funeral services of an esteemed and pious parishioner. Circumstances over which he had no control prevented his giving any attention to what he should say at the funeral, and it was only at the very last moment when he rose to speak that a text suggested itself to him. "The master hath need of him," he began, and went on to explain the divine reason for taking away so useful, good and intelligent a citizen. But suddenly in a pause between his sentences he remembered the occasion of this saying of Jesus. It was what he told His disciples to say when they went into the village to get the ass that was tied there, and bring it back for their Master to ride. The implied comparison between the departed deacon and the humble but much ridiculed quadruped, broke the clergyman all up and he brought his remarks to a speedy close.

Referring to it afterwards he said: "In comparing my dear old friend to an ass I quite forgot myself."

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