

THE CASSETT.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM.
FORTY-THIRD YEAR.

A CATHOLIC JOURNAL NON-PARTISAN IN POLITICS.
ANTIGONISH, N. S., THURSDAY FEBRUARY 21, 1895.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM.
NO. 6.

THURSDAY, FEB. 21, 1895.

A branch office of *The Cassett*, has been opened at 122 Hollis Street, Halifax, where all business connected with the paper may be transacted. Mr. W. F. O'Connor is agent.

It is announced that the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk railways have made a reduction of from two to two and a half cents per hundred pounds in the rates for grain and flour carried from Ontario to Quebec, and from the Maritime Provinces. This is a step in the right direction. If the Grand Trunk extended to Manitoba the rates there would very probably also be reduced.

Some fifty converts were the result of a week's mission to Protestants given by the *Paulist Fathers* at the Church of St. Paul the Apostle in New York. The mission, which closed on Sunday, February 11, was under the direction of the Rev. A. P. Doyle, editor of the *Catholic World*. The question-box, which forms such an interesting feature of Father Elliott's Missions, was one of the means employed for imparting a knowledge of what the Church teaches, and what she does not teach.

Apropos of Mr. Calkin's statements about South America, we find in the current number of the *Pilot* an extended description of a girls' college in Buenos Ayres, which has lately been incorporated into the National Collegiate system of the Argentine Republic. Its course of studies, which is outlined in the *Pilot*, appears to be remarkably thorough. The institution is called the Colegio Americano, and is under the direction of its founders, Miss Mary E. Conway, a sister of Miss Katherine E. Conway, of the *Pilot*. The College has existed since 1879, but doubtless the author of our Nova Scotia School Geography never heard of it.

A paragraph in the press reports of the proceedings of the House of Assembly at Halifax remains one of the different spirit in which the *Apollinas* of Nova Scotia are treated from that adopted by the majority in Manitoba and the North-West towards the French-speaking portion of the population there. The Assembly of Nova Scotia makes provision this year, as it has done for several years past, for the publication in *L'Acadie* of a condensed report in the French language of the proceedings of the House. We in Nova Scotia do not believe that the welding together of all sections of our people can be best promoted by annoying and harrowing one of those sections in every possible manner.

Rev. Dr. Howley, Vicar Apostolic of West Newfoundland, had recently promoted to the See of St. John's, and at Halifax for some weeks past awaiting the arrival of his official papers from Rome. He was to sail on Tuesday by the steamer Grand Lake for St. John's to enter upon the duties of his office. Dr. Howley made his studies at Rome, in the College of Propaganda. He is a scholarly man, of a literary turn; and literary work engaged his leisure time and served to beguile the solitude of his retreat on the West Coast during his incumbency there. A history of his native country, besides other works of smaller compass, is the product of his pen. The good people of St. John's, despite the troubles and anxieties which at present prey upon their minds, will no doubt extend a joyous welcome to Dr. Howley, who is believed, the first native to be made Bishop of that See.

Of Mr. Kirby, the late distinguished Rector of the Irish College at Rome, who died within the walls of that institution on January 20, in his ninety-second year, P. L. Connellan, in the *Pilot*, relates the following:

He had been two years a priest when, in 1835, he contended for a prize in the University of the Sapientia. The prize was sixty sequins (\$122), and was awarded to the writer of the best essay on a theme drawn by lot from 100 the list. The young Kirby was second as a young student. He was a competitor was at a young student. He was a priest, six years the junior of Kirby,

named Vincenzo Pecci. The subject of the thesis was "Immediate Appeals to the Roman Pontiff in Person" and the winner was Leo XIII. Sovereign Pontiff. It was Mr. Kirby's special joys to remember that he was surpassed by so famous a scholar as Leo XIII. has shown himself to be. And when the prize essay became known he did not forget his former competitor, and insisted on the publication of the essay which Mr. Kirby wrote.

In an encyclical letter, issued on the 24th December last, the Holy Father earnestly recommends to the faithful throughout the world the Association for the Propagation of the Faith. He particularly urges pastors of souls to do everything in their power to promote the work of their charge. "We are, in fact, certain," the Holy Father says, "that a much larger number of the faithful would gladly give their names, and, according to their means generally subscribe, if from your instructions they understood clearly how noble a work it is, how abundant are the spiritual graces attached to it, and what advantages the cause of Christianity may in the present day legitimately expect from it." What advantages the cause of Christianity is actually reaping from it may be gathered from the summary of missions in the January number of the *Annale*. One of the missionary societies which draws its support chiefly from the Association is that of the *Missiones Evangelicae* of Paris. Its field of labor is the far East, China and its dependencies. In the seminaries of its twenty-seven vicariates there were, during the past year, no fewer than 1,800 ecclesiastical students, while 20,000 adults were received into the Church and 200,000 infants baptized by its missionaries.

The *Protestant Witness* makes a lame attempt to explain its opposition to the granting of justice to the Catholics of Manitoba. It does not even attempt to answer the question categorically as to whether it is the Halifax *Herald*, or to whether it is the Dominion Government to defy the Privy Council; or to explain its right-about-face from its former position, that the Catholics should get what the Privy Council would give them, and nothing more—an attitude which the *Herald* itself termed *Shylock-like*. After a deal of its usual nauseating cant and scribbling about loving the good in all churches, in which it butts its head against the English language in its definition of the Catholic Church, it proceeds to utter the old thread-bare, and oft-exposed fallacy that it is for "equal rights for all, special privileges for none." So might the advocate of a compulsory State religion say. He might, and doubtless would, adopt this cut: "I extend to you the same right as I claim myself—the right to attend the State church, which is good enough for me, and ought to be good enough for you. The 'special privilege' of having your own church you are most unreasonable to ask, and we won't listen to it." The man who employs this subterfuge would be no better and no worse as a logician and as a violator of the rights of conscience than the editor of the *Protestant Witness*.

"The trouble with Miss McBride was that when she was in good humor she thought we were all good; but when she was cross, we were all too bad to live" is the criticism passed on their teacher by one of the boys in Dr. Egan's new story, "Jack Chumley at Boarding-School," which is now running in the *Acce Maria*, and is a sequel to "Jack Chumley's Leader," so much enjoyed by the boys last year. We fear there is among both parents and teachers an altogether too general resemblance to Miss McBride in this respect. The punishment meted out to youthful offenders by the authorities of the school and the home, but especially of the latter, too frequently depend, not upon the gravity of the offence, but upon the mood of the offended. A mere childish prank which, perhaps only excites parental laughter if the parent happens to be in good humor, often brings the

youngful culprit a painful beating when a different mood prevails. The seriousness of the effect of such treatment upon the growing character of its recipient cannot be over-estimated. It outrages all the child's ideas of justice, and upsets the notions of the connection of crime and punishment which it is of such vital importance that he should form correctly. Parents cannot be too careful in this respect. When they allow an offence to go without punishment they should make the child understand that it is an exercise of clemency—that the punishment, though incurred, is remitted; and above all, when they administer punishment, the child who receives it should never have reason to believe that he is the victim, not of his own misdeed, but of his parent's capricious and unreasoning anger.

The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst of New York probably realizes by this time that he and his clerical friends in the recent election assisted in "turning the rascals out" only to put still greater rascals in. The former authorities of the city were generally lax in the enforcement of the laws relating to saloons; the present ones, having been assisted to power by the religious indignation aroused by this and many other instances of remissness, now not only refuse to enforce the law, but propose to have it changed to suit the saloon-keepers. Mayor Strong, whose election Dr. Parkhurst appeared to think would usher in the Millennium, wants the saloons open on Sunday. Numerous protests are being made; and a meeting of the Catholic pastors of the city last Sunday week, presided over by Rev. A. P. Doyle, of the *Paulist Fathers*, condemned the proposition most strongly. Never were men more successfully duped than the ministers of New York who lost their heads in the recent campaign. They now find that wily politicians can be vigorous denunciators of the evils done by their opponents in office; but that to correct those evils when they themselves come into power is not a fool's errand. Any man who was not a fool once or a natural born simpson would have known this. Dr. Parkhurst is not to be blamed for his crusade against corrupt city government in New York; we have more than once said a word in his defence. The revelations before the Lexow Committee, though they could not justify some of his methods, showed that reasons for his situation existed. But what childishness it was on the part of himself and his associates to go to the lengths they did to turn out one set of men and put in a worse. The sequel justifies those who declined to have anything to do with the "reform" movement. One minister who is deeply interested in good government the other day publicly thanked God that he was not one of those who were hoodwinked in the last election.

Under the heading of "Candidating" the student editor of *The Theban*, the Pine Hill Presbyterian College journal, dwells upon the unpleasant experience which a minister in search of a congregation is sometimes made to undergo. He writes some instances, among them the following:

The trustees of a city congregation in need of a pastor extended an invitation to a clergyman of some note to come and preach for them, in other words to come up as a candidate for examination. The invitation was accepted, and a series of able and earnest discourses were forthwith delivered. At regard to the quality of the sermons, style of delivery, earnestness and sympathy of the preacher, little room for fault could be found. But alas, his weight of labor was, and of course that turned the scale against him and settled his candidature.

This method of seeking out a field for pastoral work does not approve itself to our young friend, who speaks of it, with perhaps unconscious humor, as "prospecting for a call." His great objection to it, however, is that it places the minister in a position which no self-respecting man would care to occupy. A man's feelings should no doubt be considered. But it seems to us that there is something more sacred than self-respect at stake. If regard should be had to the feelings of the man, how much more to

the office and dignity of the minister of the Gospel! Is there not something radically wrong with the system of church government under which such a method of supplying vacancies is resorted to? "Let a man so account of us," says St. Paul, "as of ministers of God." And again, in the Epistle to Titus: "For this cause I left thee in Crete, that thou shouldst set in order the things that were wanting, and appoint presbyters in every city, as I give thee charge." There is no Paul or Titus in the Presbyterian Church, but both were officers of the Church founded by Christ.

Anglicanism at Halifax.

Your correspondent, "Anglican," in last issue, in calling in question my remark that "Ritualism is making giant strides in Halifax," falls into so many lamentable errors that I am compelled to number them, giving answer to each in turn. He says:

1. It is St. Luke's Cathedral to which I have referred; because that is the only church which has the words "Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus," inscribed across its altar.
2. There is no holy water font immediately inside the church nor anywhere else.
3. That candles, censers and vestments are not used.
4. That the altar is not the same as those used in Catholic churches.
5. That I have been "giving ear to ghost stories."

1. Your article did not refer to St. Luke's. Your correspondent will have to "guess again."
2. That there is a holy water font where I have said, immediately inside the entrance of an Anglican church in this city, is a fact which I have seen with my own eyes.
3. That candles, censers and vestments are used in this church.
4. That the altar is of the same form as those used in Catholic churches. The altar has a flat top with a tabernacle in the centre, a gold plated cross surmounting the same. On each side of the tabernacle are candles, which are lighted during service. The candle-sticks have a shield inscribed "I. H. S." attached to each. Across the lower front of the altar there is a cloth which has evidently been intended for use in a Catholic church. On the face of the cloth there is a chalice marked in gold lace. Above the chalice there is a representation of the communion bread. With the sign of the cross upon it. Rays of glory are represented as flashing from the bread. I took this to be at least an advance towards a belief in the doctrine of the Real Presence.
5. The undersigned has not been imposed upon by a ghost story by any means. My first information regarding Ritualistic practices in city Anglican churches was received from a high lay dignitary of one of them. His story regarding the church I have described seemed too incredible, I attended evening service there, to satisfy myself I saw all those things which I have described. The service was so much resembling our *Vesper*, I am, however, interested to know that St. Luke's is undergoing an attack of "Aesthetic Paganism." Within the near future I shall endeavor to diagnose its case, and if your correspondent, "Anglican," does not explain the difference between Ritualism and that disease I shall endeavor to do so from my own observation.
When we consider that the Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia in a church council has stated (I quote from memory) that "the greatest consolation he had ever experienced was to hear God's minister pronounce the sacred words of consecration over himself, when once he was seriously ill"; when Anglican rectors are writing to our daily papers signing themselves "Anglican Catholics," when (as I still used in Anglican churches) when, with such an array of names to choose from—Protestants, Anglicans, Episcopallians, Adherents of the Church of England, Presbyterians, etc.—some Anglicans wish to discard the names they have borne for 200 years, to imitate the outward forms of the Catholic Church and to take even its name) is it decidedly on the increase.
[We would not have our readers infer from "Quidam's" action in attending an

Anglican service, for which his purpose was probably a sufficient justification, that mere idle curiosity can justify a Catholic in attending non-Catholic worship. The nearness of its approach in outward forms to the Catholic ritual does not affect the matter in the least degree.—Ed. Cassett.]

Death of a Good Religious.

Mother Benedicta, Superiora of the Home of the Guardian Angel, Halifax, died at the Home on Tuesday, 12th inst. The news of her death was received with every mark of sorrow throughout the whole Catholic community, but especially in the North End of the City, where the Home is situated, and where Mother Benedicta is most generally known.

The deceased lady's family name was Harrington. She entered the order of the Sisters of Charity thirty years ago. She was Mother-General of the Order for three years, resigning several years ago to take up the more humble and self-sacrificing position in which she died.
The funeral took place at noon on Thursday from St. Patrick's Church, and was largely attended. At 10 o'clock on that morning an Office and High Mass was celebrated by the Archbishop, with Very Rev. Mons. Carmody as assistant priest; and Dr. Foley and Campbell as Deacons, and Sub-Deacon, and R. V. J. B. Moriarty as Master of Ceremonies. A number of local priests occupied seats in the sanctuary, and besides these there were Rev. Wm. McDonald of Stellarton, and Fr. Marin of the Monastery of the Good Shepherd. No definite arrangements have been made as to Mother Benedicta's successor, and it will be hard to fill her place. However, as the Sister in charge was heard to remark: "God always looks after His work, and His will in all this case." We trust that while mourning the loss of a good and holy daughter of St. Vincent de Paul, and wishing that she had been spared to her orphans, we can yet say: "God's will be done." *Regretted in pace.*

Propagation of the Faith.

The total receipts of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith for 1894 (the last year for which we have the figures) amounted to 6,295,622.55 francs, or about \$1,319,924. The dioceses of Europe contributed nearly six million francs, and those of America more than half a million. "The charity of the Catholic world," say the directors in their annual statement, "furnishes us with a little over six millions of francs, a considerable sum at first glance, but the Apostolate would require about twenty millions. This is the figure revealed by the united demands of the *Centrales* of Missions, each one of whom asks that he only asks of us, for himself and his missions the support absolutely necessary to procure what the Master calls the daily bread."

In accordance with the announcement made last year in these columns we now publish a detailed statement of the Propagation money received from parishes within the diocese during the past year. It will be noticed that only seventeen of the fifty and odd parishes in the diocese contribute; also, that nearly one-half of the whole amount comes from one parish:

Parish	Amount
Antigonish	\$ 58 50
Arlischt	30 00
Christmas Island	18 25
DeCoursey	10 00
East Bay	50 00
Grand Mira	14 00
Gayboro	5 00
Harbor Breacher	15 00
Judique	4 78
L'Ardoise	20 00
Little Glace Bay	210 55
Mabou	9 31
Main a Dieu	15 50
Port Hawkesbury	10 00
Port Hood	18 00
Sydney	25 00
West Arlisch	10 00

To this is to be added a contribution of \$14 from Mr. Peter McMillan, which brings the total up to \$572.19.

On February 15, a Berlin despatch to the *London Standard* said: The harbor of Dantzig is frozen over, the ice being so thick that vehicles pass on it from shore to shore. At Copenhagen people can walk on the ice to ships that are icebound on the harbor. Near Kiel six large steamers are reported fast in the ice. In North Jutland, Denmark, snow is 18 feet deep. In Hiforing, tunnels had to be cut through the snow and inmates of burial houses dug out.

THE CASKET.

General News.

A London telegram says that it is expected here that the C. P. R. will declare no dividend for the past last year, the road not having earned a penny.

It is announced from London that Stanley, the African explorer, is to issue in a few weeks, a book entitled "My Early Travels and Adventures."

British imports from Canada, says a London despatch, declined 25 per cent. in January. The largest decreases were wheat, bacon, cheese, fish and wool. The exports to Canada declined 10 per cent.

John Davison, a Halifax man who had been absent eight years and had just written that he would visit his people, was one of the persons lost in the wreck of the schooner E. P. Dixon at Vineyard Haven in the recent storm.

A fine brigantine, the Nelson Rice, built in 1893, at Weymouth, Digby County, and owned there, went ashore on the Isle of Man on the 21st inst. Her crew, mostly Nova Scotians, were drowned, and the vessel became a total wreck.

A. Underdonk to-day, says an Ottawa despatch of February 13, signed the contract for the construction of the Lake Simcoe and Balsam Lake division of the "Front Valley canal. The contract contains a stipulation that no aliens shall be employed in the work.

The correspondent of the London Daily News at Constantinople says that the foreign ambassadors in the city have expressed to the Sultan that foreigners have taken alarm at the large number of murders, and other acts of violence committed in the streets.

The distress in Nebraska is very acute. The State committee charged with the distribution of supplies is accused of negligence in its work, as well as of religious and other favoritism in bestowing relief. Last week a blizzard with intense cold added to the hardships of the situation.

One of the victims of the Erie disaster was a young doctor named Albert E. Lockhart, who was returning from Heidelberg, where he had just completed his medical studies. His mother, who is now married in the State of New York, formerly belonged to Moncton, N. B., where his father died a number of years ago.

John Clancy, Parson, Member for North Dublin in the House of Commons on Wednesday last week moved an amendment to the Address declaring that it was time to release Irish prisoners convicted of dynamite outrages. Mr. Asquith, Home Secretary, spoke against it, dwelling upon the atrocious character of those crimes. John Morley, Chief Secretary for Ireland, denied that he had ever held out any promise of amnesty. Clancy's amendment was lost, 259 to 111.

Boston's Public Library.

Boston's new public library is finished. It was open for public inspection last week, and in a few days the regular work of delivery will begin. During the process of erection the exterior of the building called forth much criticism. It is really classical, and forms a striking contrast to the warm coloring of Trinity Museum and the ornate style of Trinity Church, two of its companion buildings in Copple Square. For the interior there has been nothing but praise. At present there are one million books in the stacks and there is space for as many more.

Bates hall is the apartment that has housed all the descriptive writers. It is so grand, so immense and so noble in conception and effect, that it is beyond the limitation of words.

Suffice it to say that it contains about 30,000 reference books placed in cases which line the walls, and which are open to selection by the readers in the hall at the massive yet simple tables which run across the hall.

Opening from this room is the catalogue room, for the exclusive use of the library force, and supplied with 100 or 200 books on bibliography for their use.

At the top of the building are placed the special libraries. Here are the collections on architecture, medicine, congressional and British parliamentary documents, and many more. In the alcoves formed by the book cases are cabinets for art books, and a branch of the delivery railway runs round the galleries.

In smaller rooms opening to one from another, are placed the special collections which have been given to the institutions from time to time. The Boston Library is especially rich in this specialty, and each one is well provided for.

The Barton collection is one of the most famous of them all, and contains invaluable editions of Shakespeare and American poets. Then there is the Lewis collection of Americana, the Old South collection, which contains the old colonial books, which are so valuable, and the Brown musical collection, containing 2000 operas and technical works of the great masters.

In the Barton room is the statue of Sir Henry Vane, who lost his head at 45 years of age, the second royal governor of Massachusetts. It is the work of MacMonnies, the designer of the famous fountain of the World's fair court of honor.

Other special libraries contained on this floor are the Tinknor, Spanish and Portuguese collection, the Howditch collection of mathematical works, the collection of

presentation copies issued by Pres. John Quincy Adams. One thing up over this floor, the average man might see. That is a room fitted as a photographic gallery, with a skylight. When a man working on a book wishes to get a picture or facsimile from a work contained in the Boston library, he may have it photographed here without taking it out of the building.

There is not a sign of a book in the delivery room.

At one side runs a long and rich counter-like table. Behind it are oak shelving panels. When a visitor wants a book he strikes the slip number on a slip and hands it to the attendant. He in turn hands it to the attendant in an inner room, through the panels. This attendant notes the "stack" which the book is in, and sends it to that particular "stack" through a pneumatic tube. In each "stack," which is but another term for book-room, there are three pneumatic stations, and the slip is delivered at the station nearest that part of the "stack" where the required book is.

When the boy at the stack station finds the book he places it in a car of a railway, which is a duplicate of the endless cable car carriers in the dry goods stores, and switches it on to the right cable, an away goes the book to the room behind the delivery room, in much less time than it takes to write about it—Boston Globe.

The Pilot says:

There is nothing finer on the continent than the new law, grand, airy, and beautiful enclosed court. The genius of St. Gaudens has decorated the stairway with two colossal lions in marble, denoting monuments to the valor of two Massachusetts regiments in the Civil War. Beauty, grace, and refinement are everywhere. The practical value is enhanced by every device, many of them employed only in this building for the accommodation and comfort of the reading public. Boston has just reason to be proud of its public library; there is none better, if there be any as good, in the world.

Feb. 10, 1895. J. C. C.

Halifax Happenings.

The C. M. B. A. propose holding an "At Home" for themselves and lady friends at their rooms, Barrington St., on Monday, February 25th.

St. Mary's T. A. & B. Society's annual meeting took place Sunday, Feb. 10th. Various reports were handed in, showing the society to be in a flourishing condition and finances in a healthy state. Election of officers proceeded very quietly. There was no opposition to any of the names proposed, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year by acclamation: President, Rev. E. F. Murphy, D. D.; Vice-President, R. J. M. Mann; Asst. Vice, W. Hoppell; Treasurer, D. Carroll; Secretary, Jos. P. Foley; Asst. Sec., Thos. Griffin; Board of Trustees—P. J. McManus, Chairman, John Pitt, D. P. Sullivan, D. O'Neil, S. S. Squires, J. Trainor, Thos. Chambers, John Dalany, Chairman Room Committee, Thos. Pickles; Secretary do., F. Campbell; Auditors, J. J. Hoppell; Jas. O'Connor, A. Norcotte; Marshall, Wm. Doxey; Messenger, E. Power; Janitor, G. Hogganson.

The Mock Parliament will convene on Thursday 21st. Subject for discussion: "Woman Suffrage.—That it is expedient that as soon as possible the women of the Province of Nova Scotia possessing the necessary property qualification should be allowed a voice at the Polls." This is a very interesting subject. The only difficulty appears to be that no married man can be induced to accept a portfolio in Government, and the unmarried members are too much inclined to give the ladies their way without looking into the merits of the case. They assert that if the ladies say they are going to vote, they (the ladies) will vote; but of course those young men are very incompetent to judge, and later on in life they will admit that if ladies always did what they at various times said they were going to do, they would have done more than can be placed to their credit to-day.

St. Mary's M. Society celebrated its twenty-first birthday on Friday, 15th inst. The 21st annual meeting was held on Sunday, 10th, and election of officers proceeded with. The meeting continued from 2 p. m. to 6 p. m., and was then adjourned for one month. Reports of officers presented in due form showed a membership of 330. During the past three years the society has received and paid out the large amount of \$11,000. A very satisfactory balance still remains on hand, and prospects are brighter for 1895 than they have ever been before. The following is a list of officers for 1895-6, as far as elections have proceeded. The remaining officers will be balloted in next month: Spokesman, Rev. W. J. Foley, D. D.; President, Thomas J. Brown; Vice-President, James P. Flannigan; Assistant Vice President, Richard Saxton; Recording Secretary, Fred W. Smith; Asst. do., Jos. P. Carey; Financial Secretary, Charles Blagden; Asst. do., Thomas Foley; Treasurer, W. B. Maloney; Marshal, J. J. Burns. There was a hot contest for the position of Marshal, which is tacitly considered as a vote for the finest looking man in the society. Mr. Burns' superior charms carried the day.

Specks in Butter.

In response to an enquiry as to the cause of white specks in butter, Mr. C. P. Goodrich answers in the *Brokers' Gazette*: A frequent cause of white specks in butter is the cream drying on top so that it does not churn out. These cannot all be washed out, but many of them can be got rid of in working the butter, especially if it is worked a second time. The salt being worked in the first time dissolves many of the specks which are worked out the second time. The second working may be done in from six to twelve hours after the first.

Another cause of white specks is too much milk being skimmed in with the cream. This milk settles to the bottom, and if it is kept too long and gets too sour forms a hard curd which is broken up in churning and remains in the specks. These are prevented by preventing the butter from being heavier than the water can be washed out if the butter is worked in the fine granular form.

The prevention lies in avoiding the conditions which I have mentioned as causing white specks. This trouble is more often encountered in gathered cream factories. A way to prevent having specks in such butter is to strain the cream when putting it into the churn.

I have never known butter that was solidly packed to settle down an "inch or two" in the tub, and do not understand why it should do so. It is true that it butter is packed warm, when the temperature is much reduced the butter shrinks to a certain extent, but not "an inch or two."

A better way to prepare it is to place them over a steam jet for a minute, then fill them with cold water. After an hour empty out the water and sprinkle in the inside of the tub with salt, throwing out all except what sticks to the tub. Then immediately pack in the butter. In this way the tubs do not get out of shape, as they would by soaking a long time, and the hoops are unlikely to burst.

"A Thousand Thanks."

Rev. M. E. Niple, of Whitesville, Ont., writes, July 24th, 1894:—I had suffered indescribable torture for two years or more, that is at times, from dyspepsia. Fearful food and pains in the stomach, pain between shoulders, and sensations as if burnt, and at night in two, in small of back. I dieted, used various medicines, and different doctors' medicine, all to no use. Your K. D. C., third dose, completely relieved me, and four I believe, have cured me. A thousand thanks. I can stay, preach, and do my work now with energy and satisfaction, as of yore."

Humorous.

Father: "Yes, I admit your lover has a good income, but he has very expensive tastes, ve-y." Daughter: "You amaze me, what does he ever want that is so very expensive?" Father: "Well, you, for one thing."

Mr. Gusher (a self-satisfied bore): "I can just tell what the people are thinking of me." Miss Pert: "Indeed! How very unpleasant it must be for you."

"How many ladies have you invited?" "Twenty-five." "But I thought you were going to invite fifty?" "But consider the fashion in sleeves."

Mr. Scripp: "My dear, I don't see how you had this countess' bill passed on you?" Mrs. Scripp: "Well, you don't see me enough of real money to enable me to tell the difference."

Mrs. Benedict: "Now, what would you do, Mr. de Vatch, if you had a baby that cried for the moon?" De Vatch (grimly): "I'd do the next best thing for him, madam; I'd make him stars!"

Lady (widow): "Do you know that my daughter has set her eyes upon you, Herr Muller?"

Geordeman (flattered): "Has she, really?"

Lady: "Certainly; only to-day she was saying: 'That's the sort of a gentleman I should like for my papa.'"

Just in Time.—A husband who had been out shooting, but who had not been successful, rather than turn home empty-handed, stopped into a shop and purchased a hare. "There, my wife," he said to his wife, on returning home, "you see I'm not so awkward with the gun, after all."

"Let me see." "Isn't it a fine fellow?" "My dear," said the wife, as she carried the animal to her nostrils, and put it down with a grimace, "you were quite right in killing him to-day; to-morrow would have been too late!"

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—Suth American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by J. D. Copeland.

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distressing Kidney and bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE."

In sixteen months the great drainage canal of the city of Mexico will be opened. The canal is over thirty miles long, and the tunnel through the mountain six miles. The total cost will have been \$30,000,000, and they have been footing with the thing off and on for 300 years.

British American Hotel,
DUNCAN BROSSARD, PROPRIETOR.
HALIFAX, N. S.
Ici on parle Francais.



AT
D. G. KIRK'S.

The Sales up to Date of the

SASKATCHEWAN BUFFALO ROBES

Number over FIVE HUNDRED 500!

When the countless millions of Buffalo disappeared a few years ago from their haunts on the Western Prairies—which extended from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Circle, and from the Mississippi River to the Rocky Mountains—it was believed that no substitute could ever be found to take the place of its pelt or skin, which has proved so valuable for general purposes as a Robe in our Northern Climate, where warmth and durability are the great necessities. Fur Robes are too expensive and cannot be obtained in large numbers. Goat Skin Robes have not the warmth nor yet the durability. Develop and Perfect the Saskatchewan so as to give the many good qualities which are essential and which are demanded by all classes who had used the original Buffalo skin.

THE SASKATCHEWAN ROBE has had Five Years Trial and has been tested in all kinds of weather, wet, cold and dry, and the verdict to-day is that it is years of rough general usage does not injure them any more than it would have done the old Buffalo skin.

The Saskatchewan Buffalo Robe
which is Patented and Registered in United States and Canada.

Has the following GOOD Qualities!

It is as Strong as any Leather. It is as Handsome, Soft and Pliable. It is Warmer without the Lumpy Lining than a Buffalo Robe. It is Impervious to Wind, also to Moths. It is Easily Dried after being Wet.

—ALSO ON HAND—

GOAT, WAMBAT, and MUSK OX!

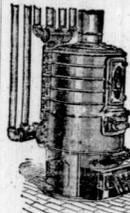
Call and examine my vast stock of ROBES, COATS, and MITTS.

D. G. KIRK, MANUFACTURER'S AGENT
for Maritime Provinces.

P.S.—Any one wishing a Cheaper Robe, such as Goat, Wambat, etc., can be suited for Very Little Money.

G. A. WOOTTEN & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN

Steam, Hot Water, and Hot-Air Heating Apparatus.



Furnaces, Stoves and Tinware.

Kitchen Hardware, Iron Sinks, Lead and Iron Pipe and Fittings.

A Fine Line of Plumbing Goods.

Estimates for Plumbing and Heating on application.

ANTIGONISH, N. S.]

High-Grade Carriages.

We have in stock a good variety of Carriages, all of which are GUARANTEED FIRST-CLASS.

If You Want a Carriage

Of any Description, call and Examine our Stock, or Write us.

D. E. MCKAY & CO.,
Manufacturers' Agents, ANTIGONISH, N. S.

JOHN McDONALD,
Contractor and Builder,

PROPRIETOR
ANTIGONISH WOOD-WORKING FACTORY

ALWAYS ON HAND OR MADE TO ORDER

Flooring Sheathing Shingles, Laths Doors and Windows

MOULDINGS OF ALL KINDS.

Also for Sale: Lime, Plaster, Cement, Etc

Equal Rights.

Rev. Dr. Carman, a distinguished divine of the Methodist church, writes to the Editors of the Casket as follows: "I have read with interest the article in your issue of the 15th inst. on the subject of the proposed amendment to the State Constitution, which would give to the colored people the right of voting, and I am glad to see that the public were accustomed to read from the mouth of the late Rev. Dr. Douglass. But while we admire the power of the pen, we may fail to discover the logic of the whole argument. The indignation of Dr. Carman has been aroused to white heat by the published statement that the expense of the recent quiet Mass for the repose of the soul of Sir John Thompson in the Roman Catholic Church, and the point of his invective is that the Protestant people of Canada could not be compelled to pay their portion, through the public purse, for a ceremony which is repugnant to them, or in which, at any rate, they have no faith. On civil and political grounds in this free country," says Dr. Carman, "all who choose such a faith may, of course, without let or hindrance, enjoy it and pay for it. But on the same grounds, why should those who do not for a moment accept it, be committed to an taxed with and for it?" This is a view that will probably meet with a good deal of acceptance, although we do not propose to discuss it now. What we wish to point out is the palpable inconsistency of the argument when Dr. Carman goes on to say:

"When I consider these things I am not astonished that heaven and earth are moved to break down the public and patriotic school system of Manitoba, and to bind the Northwest. Anti-national, pro-ecclésiastical schools are a part of a system. Conscience is alleged. Well, some of us have decided a conscience against anti-public, unpatriotic and purely sectarian common schools as any can have in favor of making the schools little churches, Methodist or any other."

It appears, then, that in the opinion of the worthy Doctor of Divinity, it is an intolerable outrage to compel the Protestant people of Canada to pay for the ceremony of a Roman Mass, because they shun Roman Catholic doctrines; but it is a sweet, and tender, and generous thing to make Roman Catholics pay for a system of schools which is equally repugnant to their conscience, their faith, and their convictions. Where is the difference? At what point does Dr. Carman draw the line? If Protestants may resent being taxed for Roman Catholic masses, why may not Roman Catholics with equal reason resent being taxed for schools of which they cannot in conscience avail themselves for the education of their children? It is not a case of what Dr. Carman or any other Protestant conceives to be the true system of schools but a case of what the Roman Catholic believes to be just and right. The Roman Catholics do not ask that the schools of the majority shall be made little churches, Methodist or any other; nor do they insist that Protestants shall send their children to what Dr. Carman calls "anti-public, unpatriotic and purely sectarian schools." All they desire is the privilege of employing their own money of raising the taxes levied upon them, for the support of an educational system in accord with their views, and they willingly concede exactly the same privilege to their Protestant fellow-citizens. When the learned divine rails against the money of using these of his religious persuasion being used to pay for Masses, let him not forget that he is standing upon the very ground taken by Roman Catholics when they protest against being taxed for public non-sectarian schools. What is a good principle in the one instance ought surely to be equally valid in the other. To paraphrase Dr. Carman's interrogation: "on

religious and political grounds in this free country all who believe a public school system may, of course, without let or hindrance, enjoy it and pay for it; but on the same grounds, why should those who do not for a moment accept it, be committed to an taxed with and for it?"

Bigots Rificuled.

Certain legislators in Oregon and Nebraska, think the residence in this country of Archbishop Stoffel, an alien ecclesiastic, dangerous to our institutions; and they want their respective State Legislatures to ask Congress to send him back whence he came. There is a law on our Statute Book which might be slightly amended so as to avail for this purpose. It is known as the Geary Law. It applies only to Chinese laborers; but it can be made to include also Italian ecclesiastics. It is, as we all know, a pretty effective law. It provides for the arrest of any Chinaman who has not a certificate of registration, and requires his deportation. If he cannot obtain a right to remain, Amend this law so that it will apply to Roman Catholics from abroad, and then we shall have a statute of which Americans who think that America is intended for American Protestants and nobly else will be proud. Still it is an alien. What is an alien? As alien is a Christian, or a foreign ecclesiastic. The former wants to rob our indigenous laboring men of their living; the alien Jesuit (all Catholics are Jesuits, and all Jesuits are opposed to all forms of Constitutional Liberty) wants to undermine our civil and democratic institutions, and make us all slaves to the Pope. No doubt this Statute is already at work secretly at the corner stone of the Capitol at Washington (what else is he there for?) and has envenomed a plot compared with which the Gunpowder Plot was mere boy's play. It is a fact that some of our best men, who know for Jesuits can do anything—if he is not at the bottom of our financial difficulty? Oargh! it goes abroad—how much of it is in the form of Peter's Pence?—and we cannot sell our books fast enough to keep up the supply. Who knows that he is not in league with foreign powers, and carrying on with a bold but secret hand a gigantic conspiracy to ruin our Government in order that he may erect on the ruins a government of the Pope by the Pope and for the Pope? If this is so, the sooner we get such a man out of the country the better. If these prove to be mere imaginations, not capable of proof, as we suspect, we humbly suggest that we had better leave Stoffel alone.—N. Y. Independent (Evangelical Protestant).

The Catacombs.

If a Christian of the period of the Roman Empire could return to earth, and leaving modern Rome aside, wander out into the Nomentan Way to where the old villa of Ostia, stood, and then descending into the cemetery or catacomb underlying the ground of that villa, the sights and sounds he would there see and hear, might tend to convince him that it was not yesterday that he was there before. Of all the things that have changed in this world since the power of the Roman eagles was brought down, and the cross raised to honor on the seven hills of the Eternal City, perhaps the least change, in one sense, are the Catacombs. The sound of the voice, chanting in tones which Pope Gregory the Great fixed, apparently for all time, echoes through the narrow naked galleries, cut in the tufa rock with a solemnity and feeling of sacredness inavocably impressive. No ordinary Christian can assist at the celebration of High Mass in one of these tiny chapels cut in the rock, and from twenty-five to thirty feet beneath the soil of the Catacombs,

without remembering that he is just doing here what his ancestors in the faith did in the same spot, eighteen, seventeen or sixteen centuries ago.

Yesterday, the manifold thoughts that such a visit to the Catacombs produces in the mind and imagination, especially in the heart given by the study of the history of early Christianity, might find a full field for play in the Catacombs of Ostia, on the Nomentan Way, where the feast of the Chair of St. Peter was celebrated, in this place, where, according to many traditions, the apostle Peter, St. Peter baptised, and where he first occupied the Chair of Bishop of Rome. Groups of students from the many seminaries of the city, had come during the morning to perform their devotions here. At a later hour, the traveller and the tourist turled out in cabs, carriages and omnibuses, to this lonely spot, and, after the Mass, these crowded the chapel of St. Emerentiana, and the passages and corridors opening into it, to listen to the explanation or descriptive lecture on the place delivered by Mgr. Cristoforo. He is the owner of the property under which the Catacomb is situated; and, besides, he is a ripe scholar and an archæologist, following in the footsteps, so far as he can, of the late lamented "Master," Commentatore De Rossi.—P. L. Conzatti, in the Pilot.

Much of life's misery is due to indigestion; for who can be happy with a pain in his stomach? As a corrective and strengthening of the alimentary organs, Ayer's Pills are invaluable, their use being always attended with marked benefits.

The Maryland Colony.

Certain Protestant writers, impatient of the credit given the Catholic colony of Maryland for first practicing public religious toleration, says the Sacred Heart Review, have in recent times ventured to question or even deny the facts of the case. Professor Fiske, of Harvard, recently delivered in Boston, a lecture reported in the Herald he described Lord Baltimore's first attempt at colonizing at Avalon, in New England; its ill success, on account of the severity of the winters, and his application to King James I. for a grant in the miller region southward. Before securing his charter, Lord Baltimore died, and his son, the second Lord Baltimore, received the grant from Charles I. Virginia bitterly opposing the planting of the new colony. When the first Lord Baltimore visited Jamestown he was treated very roughly because of his attachment to the Church of Rome, and an agent was sent to London to thwart his designs, if possible.

In 1634 the new colony was planted on the banks of the St. Mary's river, the settlers consisting of 20 gentlemen, adventurers and about 300 laborers. The leaders of the party were nearly all Catholics, though probably a majority of all the settlers were Protestants.

The charter of Maryland differed from that of any other colony in the new world. It conferred upon the lord proprietor the greatest powers ever granted a British subject, including the right to coin money and to confer titles of nobility, and hold the advowsons of the church livings. The establishment of religious toleration required the greatest tact and judgment. Both Lords Baltimore were well fitted for the task. They were men of great firmness, powers and sagacity. The first Lord Baltimore deserves the honor of being regarded as the father of the colony. His integrity was admitted by most of all parties. The most regal powers conferred on the proprietor made it practically impossible for Protestants to oppress Catholics, and the sentiment of Engla-

ndered it very unlikely that the Catholics would undertake to oppress the Protestants.

The Catholics, who were expelled from Virginia, were kindly received in Maryland, but made a very poor return for the hospitality so generously accorded them. They captured the General Assembly, disfranchised the Catholics, and sent good Father White, the Jesuit missionary, in chains to England.

The lecturer described the capitulation of the Indians by the colonists, and their immunity from wars until Calumet, who had settled on an island in the Chesapeake, stirred up strife. The factions continued to war against each other until the accession of Charles II., when peace was again restored in Maryland.

A BOOK TO HOPE—One bottle of English Spavin Liniment completely relieved a curb from my horse. I take pleasure in recommending the remedy, as it acts with mysterious promptness in the removal from horses of hard, soft or calloused lambs, blood spavin, splints, curbs,weeney, slides and sprains.

Humorous.

Little Johnny—The teacher said to-day that we belong to the animal kingdom. Do you believe boys and girls are animals? Little Ethel—Boys is. Lady—Are you sure this tea is genuine? It has a very peculiar smell. Dealer—Very possibly; gunpowder, no doubt; they're having war in China just now.

Mrs. De Fashion—My dear, I have picked out a husband for you. Miss De Fashion—Very well; but I want to say right now, mother, that when it comes to buying the wedding dress I am going to select the material myself; so there?

Wiggins—I know just what to take for weakness. Wiggins (eagerly)—Do you? What is it? Wiggins—An ocean steamer.

"You are a fool, that's what you are." "You are a liar, sir, and—"

"Am I? Then what are you getting mad about?" "I understand, then, that you prefer charges against this man?" said the judge. "No, sir; I prefer cash, and that's what I had him brought here for," replied the grocer.

Mrs. Suffrage—It's woman's highest mission to correct the crying evils of the time. Mr. Suffrage (milly)—Then wouldn't you better spank those twins and put them to bed before they yell the roof off?

Wife (with determined air)—I want to see that letter. Husband—What letter? "That one was just opened. I know by the handwriting that it is from a woman, and you turned pale when you read it. I will see it! Give it to me, sir!" "Here it is. It's your milliner's bill."

Farm Notes.

The more trial the more capital required to successfully farm the soil. The safest plan is to use one portion of the land as cash for cultivating the other by disposing of all that cannot be used to advantage. One of the losses on large farms is the spraying of the manure on too large an area, it being insufficient to impart any appreciable benefit to the crop; but where the manure is concentrated over a smaller surface the proportionate gain is much larger. Some of the best heifers are ruined when they come in with their first calves.

To properly train a heifer to be milked requires patience. To strike her for not permitting herself to be milked when she is really inclined to give, is to aggravate the difficulty. She should be gently handled when a calf, and taught by kindness alone. If she shows any favorite she may be corrected by teacher her that you are her friend. It is better to send her to the butcher at once than to use a stick on her.

Plaster is not capable of preventing the loss of some of the ammonia in the manure heap, but it is an assistant in so doing. Manure that is kept moist and which does not become overheated will lose but little of its ammonia, as water readily absorbs ammonia and prevents its escape. kainit (grade sulphate of potash) is excellent as a substance for mixing with the manure, but the objection to it is that it contains other substances not so desirable as the potash. It is cheap and serviceable, however, and readily prevents the loss of ammonia.

BUSINESS COLLEGE.

YOU can get the very best Practical Education to be obtained in the Maritime Provinces at WHISTON & FRAZEE'S Commercial College.

Another Large Supply of the following received at the

Antigonishe Dispensary

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.'S BEEF, IRON and WIRE. HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA. MENTHOL PLASTERS. PUTTNER'S EMULSION.

QUININE WINE AND IRON. WILLIAM'S PINK PILLS.

1 BARREL PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL.

C. W. WALDEN, Chemist and Druggist, ANTIGONISH.

Clothing Dyed.

IF YOU WANT CLOTHING DYED in good shape send to the WHITE STAR LAUNDRY, NEW GLASGOW, Collars, Shirts, and Cuffs done up in Good Style C. C. CUNNINGHAM, Agent for Antigonish N.S.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY THE GREAT GERMAN-AMERICAN REMEDY

At 74 Years the Captain's Mother Cured of Rheumatism.

Gentlemen,—I am 74 years old, and for several years I have been a great sufferer from Rheumatism, so much so that I had to be in bed the most of the time and during that time I tried everything that could be thought of that could give me any relief until a few months ago I was persuaded to take Skoda's Discovery. I have now taken 5 bottles, and it has nearly cured me, so much so that I am able to walk any reasonable distance and my work. I have scarcely any pain. I would recommend any one suffering from Rheumatism to take only Skoda's, as I am confident that it will cure them. Bridgetown, N. S.

FOR Heart, Nerves, Kidney, Liver, AND BLOOD. ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS.

Dyspepsia and Heart Disease PERMANENTLY CURED BY SKODA'S DISCOVERY AND LITTLE TABLETS AFTER SPENDING A FORTUNE.

SKODA DISCOVERY Co., Wolfville, N. S. Gentlemen,—For twenty years I have been troubled with Dyspepsia and Heart Disease, but I consulted many great men, and used what I thought were the best remedies for my case, but received no benefit. Mr. C. A. Holden, general merchant of Shelburne Town, advised me to take Skoda's Discovery and Skoda's Little Tablets. I took one bottle. The first dose seemed to help me. I have now taken one and one-half bottles, my Dyspepsia is a thing of the past, Heart Trouble gone and my general health is better than it has been for twenty years. I shall continue the use of Skoda's medicines, for I now know, after spending a fortune in different kinds of patent medicines, Skoda's is all I need and I shall recommend them to my friends and neighbors, because they have proved to me "Better than Gold." Yours very truly, MARY C. ROGER, Shelburne Falls, N. S.

MRS. JOHN MURROE. HEADACHE CURED. ISAAC'S HARDON, Grayboro, N. S. SKODA DISCOVERY Co., Wolfville, N. S. Dear Sirs,—Too much cannot be said in recommending your remedies. For many years I have been subject to severe Headaches, which lasted sometimes for two or three weeks. By the use of Skoda's Discovery and the Tablets I have been completely cured of this troublesome ailment. I would advise all persons who have been attacked by La Grippe to use the Skoda Discovery, as there is no remedy like it to restore the appetite and strengthen the nerves. Yours respectfully, MARY McMILLAN.

SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS, for Headache, Cough, and Croup. SKODA'S GERMAN OINTMENT, the Great Skin Cure. SKODA'S PILE OURE. SKODA'S GERMAN SOAP, "Soft as Velvet," "Pure as Gold." SKODA'S PLEGGETS. Papers and Testimonials furnished on Application.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY Co., Wolfville, N. S. Gentlemen,—About three years ago I had an attack of La Grippe, which left me in a weak and miserable state of health, and since that time I have been troubled with dizziness. I grew so bad, that at times I could not see, and would be obliged to take hold of things to prevent myself from falling. A few months ago, seeing some testimonials of the cure made by Skoda's Discovery, I determined to give it a trial. I took one bottle, and after using it I found myself benefited and took another. It continued to improve my general health, and my dizziness nearly ceased. I have taken three very much benefit from it. KENSINGTON, N. S. FRED. HARVEY.

To SKODA DISCOVERY Co. I offer my testimony in favor of Skoda's Medicines, having been a sufferer from debility for some time. I tried one box of Skoda's Pills, "after having taken a lot of other medicines unsuccessfully," and found them strengthening and my whole system improved. Yours truly, DAVID A. GROVES.

SKODA DISCOVERY Co., Limited. WOLFVILLE, N. S.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY Co., Limited. WOLFVILLE, N. S.

The Casket

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT ANTONIO, BY THE CASKET PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY (LIMITED). M. DONOVAN, MANAGER.

Terms: \$1.00 per Year in Advance.

Shall we sharpen and refine the youthful intellect, and then leave it to exercise its new powers upon the most sacred subjects, as it will, and with the chance of erring them wrongly; or shall we proceed to feed it with divine truth, as it gains an appetite for knowledge?—

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14.

Regulations For Lent.

- 1. Every week-day of Lent the faithful are obliged to fast on one meal. 2. The Church excuses from the obligation of fasting (but not of abstinence from flesh meat, except in special cases of sickness or the like) the infirm; these whose duties are of an exhausting or laborious character; women in pregnancy or nursing infants; those whose age is less than twenty-one years or more than sixty; and, as general, all, who by fasting would be incapacitated from discharging their duties or injure their health. Whenever a doubt exists as to whether one is exempt or not from the laws of fasting, one must either abstain or consult one's Pastor and abide by his decision. 3. The fast is not broken by taking in the morning about two ounces of bread, with a cup of tea, coffee, chocolate, or other beverage. 4. The fast is broken by making an entire evening meal; that is by taking more than eight ounces of food, or by eating such food as is forbidden on days of abstinence. 5. It is not allowed to use fish with salt out at the same meal in Lent. 6. A custom of this diocese tolerated by the Church permits the use of eggs, butter, or cheese, provided the rules of quantity prescribed by the fast are complied with. 7. In virtue of an indult of His Holiness Pope, Leo XIII. bearing date the 22nd December, 1881, the use of flesh meat is permitted on all Sun days more than once, and once only (that is, at the noon repast) on all Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, as also on all Saturdays except the second and last. In like manner, it is permitted to use for cooking purposes the fat of any animal whatever on all days of abstinence throughout the year except Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, and Christmas Eve. 8. Persons exempt from the fast may eat meat at all three meals on days when meat is allowed. 9. The time allowed for complying with the Easter duty extends from Ash Wednesday to Trinity Sunday, inclusive; but in order that the penitential season may be passed in the state of grace and heart free from the stain of sin, the faithful are most earnestly exhorted to begin it with a good confession. 10. The admirable devotion of the Via Crucis on all Fridays, and the Benediction of the Adorable Sacrament on all Sundays of Lent, are, where practicable, warmly recommended to all. The foregoing regulations shall remain in force until they will have been annulled by competent authority.

JOHN CAMERON, Bishop of Antigonish, Feb. 20th, 1895.

THE FALLACY OF SILENCE.

Much is made of the silence of the New Testament upon St. Peter's presence in Rome by those who are interested in denying his connection with the Church founded at that city. It must be borne in mind that the New Testament does not purport to be, and is not in fact, a history of the Church of the apostles; it is the Acts of the Apostles, which is the only one of the New Testament writings that is historical in its scope; it concerns mainly with the apostolic labors of St. Paul and his companions. It tells us nothing of what the other Apostles did when they went forth to "reach all nations" in obedience to St. Peter's command, and makes no mention of St. Peter after relating the part he took in the proceedings of the Council of Jerusalem. Nor can we justly argue from the silence of St. Paul's Epistles against the fact of St. Peter's being Bishop of Rome. He does not mention the fact, it is true, but it can be shown that he was bound to do so. The scope of his writings was in no sense historical, nor does he ever mention even the names of any of the other Apostles save incidentally. Such incidental mention of St. Peter might perhaps be looked for in the epistles St. Paul wrote from Rome, or in the one addressed to the Romans. But as St.

Peter, in his quality of Apostle, must have been frequently absent from Rome, preaching the Gospel and organizing churches in other places, St. Paul's silence is easily accounted for. That he was absent from the city, but for another cause, when the Epistle to the Romans was written, is probable from what Socrates relates regarding the expulsion of the Jews from Rome in the ninth year of Claudius. St. Peter, being by birth a Jew, would have shared their banishment, and would not likely have returned to Rome till the death of Claudius in 54, A. D. It is to be noted also that St. Paul in his epistle to the Ephesians, makes no mention of Timothy, whom he himself had made Bishop of Ephesus.

"The Roman Church," writes Dr. Dollinger, "when Paul wrote his Epistle, was in a different state, and is addressed by him in a different tone, from other Churches. It was already complete, so to speak, and its faith is spoken of over all the world (Rom. i. 8, xvi. 19). There were no quarrels and party strife, Jews and Gentiles lived together in the Church as brethren, and Paul speaks in turn to the one and the other, but he speaks with an apologetic respectfulness, found in none of his other Epistles;—he excuses his boldness in administering them, appealing to his lofty mission as a minister of Christ among the Gentiles, although the main contents of his Epistle concern the Jews more than the Gentiles. He knows well that the Roman Christians are already filled with all knowledge. It is impossible Paul could have written in such terms at a time when the most imperfect knowledge of the new doctrine was found in many communities, and individuals, like Apollo, unless he had possessed in the person of its founder and first preacher a guarantee for the purity and perfection of the Gospel planted there." And if we consider that the Church there was clearly not founded by his disciples, while yet its unity implied a well-ordered ecclesiastical organization, such as then could only be set up by an apostle, we are brought back to Peter as the only founder who can be imagined. The notion of a gradual origin of the community without any particular founder, or of Aquila and Priscilla being its founders, or Paul himself, is self-evidently untenable.—First Age of the Church, vol. i. p. 138.

The objection against the Roman episcopate of St. Peter, which is based upon the chronology of the New Testament, is of no weight whatever. It is not to be supposed that St. Peter never left Rome at all from the time he first went there till his death. Yet this is precisely what the residence does not deny to the apostle. "S. Timothy," to quote once more Dr. Dollinger, "was Bishop of Ephesus, though not in such sense bound to that city and community as to be incapacitated from giving apostolical assistance in the neighborhood also. St. Paul, left almost alone, summoned him to Rome, and proposed to send him to Philippi on his return to Asia. He seems once to have been sent to Judæa. It was a peculiarity of this transition period that apostolic legates became legates again, as in later times also bishops often travelled on affairs of the Church."

CHURCH AND STATE.

In his Encyclical to the Bishops of the United States, His Holiness points out that, although the Church thrives in that country, still the relation there existing between Church and State is not to be regarded as an ideal relation. Various explanations of this statement have been attempted, mostly with the object of explaining it away. At least one Catholic paper goes so far as to reject altogether. Others who do not go to this length attempt to explain the Pope's words by saying that they are not really intended for the United States at all, but are meant for certain European countries. Now we quite understand the desire of the Catholics of the United States to assist their non-Catholic fellow-citizens that the Pope desires no union of Church and State under present conditions in their country or in any other similarly situated. Such a union, in a country whose people profess different religions, is altogether undesirable and in most cases impossible. But it should have been enough for them to have frankly stated this view, without making an effort to minimize or explain away a Catholic truth. The fact is that many—very many—Catholics in the United States hold false views on this question of the relation of Church and State. Their admiration for their own country and its institutions being more intense than rational, they cannot bear to be told that these are not in every respect ideal. And yet this statement of the Holy Father is the veriest truism. What is that he says? Simply that the present relation of the Church to the State in the United States is not the ideal one. To deny this is to affirm that the present divided and disrupted condition of Chris-

tendom is its ideal condition,—an affirmation which not only no Catholic, but no truly religious Protestant can be found to make to-day. Protestants of all denominations deeply deplore the present secularized state of Christianity.

Now what but this divided state of Christianity causes or necessitates the present relations of Church and State in the United States and other countries? It is admitted by all who are worth considering that Christ should be one, and outside of the little knot of Seventh-day Adventists, few professing Christians will deny that the State in a Christian country should be Christian. Our Protestant friends would very properly resist to their utmost any attempt to abolish State enforcement of the Sunday rest. Now what is this enforcement but a recognition of Christianity—a union, so far as it goes, of Church and State? The only consistent advocates of a full and complete severance of Church and State are the infidels and the Seventh-day-Adventists.

It being right, then, for the State to recognize Christianity, and the ideal condition of Christianity being union in one Church, does not the Pope's proposition inevitably follow? There is too much muddle-headedness, and too little clear thinking, among those who nowadays attempt to instruct the public. There are men wielding the editorial pen on Catholic journals who have yet on some points to learn the most elementary Catholic truths,—men who do not seem to consider it part of their duty to keep us abreast with the official utterances of the Head of the Church of which they wish to be considered champions. This is abundantly evident from the fact that they are taken completely by surprise by a proposition in the recent Encyclical to the Bishops of the United States which was quite as clearly laid down in the Encyclical on Human Liberty and the Christian Constitution of the State. The spectacle of the lay editor of a third-rate Catholic paper in a Western town attempting to teach ecclesiastical polity to Leo XIII. is, to say the least, not edifying.

Apart from the falsity of the position taken, its adoption is most impolitic. It is a grievous mistake to suppose that anything will be gained by minimizing Catholic truths for Protestant ears. Truth has no reason to fear; and attempts to explain it away, however successful for the moment, will in the end only arouse suspicion and distrust. Every Protestant journal which has accepted the false explanation that the proposition in question is intended only for European countries, have a real grievance against the writers who have misled them. Let Catholic journalists lay all possible stress upon the fact that the Pope wants no union of Church and State in a country situated as is the United States; for there they have solid truth to stand upon; but let them not be led by either timidity or ignorance to republish a truth which is an elementary one with all well-instructed Catholics.

Having discussed the general principle, now for a few thoughts on the present status of the Church in the United States. Is the tenure of Church property there an ideal tenure? Are the school laws deal laws? In the eye of the law a Bishop is no king but a private citizen. The only way he has of transmitting Church property to his successor is by last will and testament. This is certainly not an ideal arrangement. As to the school laws and the consequent double tax upon Catholics, we presume that even the Michigan Catholics does not regard them as ideal. As for the laws relating to marriage, we surely need not ask. Again, would it not be better if United States representatives in foreign countries, say in China and Turkey, supported and protected Catholic missionaries, as do those of France? We suspect that there is already a good deal of underground union of Protestant Church and State there, or to be more precise, between the Department of the Secretary of State and the American Board of Foreign Missions. Consular agents in Mexico and South America have been known to act as distributors of tracts and other Protestant missionary literature.

Month's Mind of Father Lefebvre.

The month's mind of the late venerable President of St. Joseph's College, N. B., will be solemnized in St. Thomas' Church, Memramcook, at 10 a. m., Friday, March 1st. The sermon (English) will be delivered by the Rev. H. A. Mesban, of Moncton, an alumnus of St. Joseph's and an intimate friend of the deceased President. In respectfully soliciting the presence, at this commemorative service, of the clergy and other friends of the College, the undersigned begs to tender his sincere thanks to the press and public of the Maritime Provinces for the generous sympathy so lavishly bestowed upon the Faculty of St. Joseph's on the occasion of their recent bereavement. Jos. Girard, D. D., C. S. C. Acting President.

GREAT STOCK-TAKING CLEARANCE SALE.

Bargains in Everything.

For the First Time in a number of Years we are taking Stock, and find we have more Goods than we thought, in fact more than we want, and we have adopted a

BARGAIN COUNTER,

where you will find Goods from Every Department of our Store, and which we offer you at tremendous sacrifices, COST NOT TAKEN INTO CONSIDERATION.

We will sell them to you at Prices Lower almost than you would like to offer.

'Tis a rare opportunity to get good Goods for very little.

Dress Goods, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Clothing, Etc.,

are in it. Don't miss a Good chance but come at once and secure some of the Bargains.

A. KIRK & CO'Y. Kirk's Block, Antigonish.

Job Printing!

ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL JOB PRINTING DONE AT THE CASKET OFFICE.

Neatness and Promptness Guaranteed.

General News.

Leads P. Gray, United States Minister to Mexico, died in this city on Friday last of pneumonia. He was formerly Governor of Indiana.

A two weeks' Mission for the colored Catholics of New York city, conducted by the Dominican Fathers, has been in progress since last Sunday week.

The Dominion Government has appointed Tuesday, 20th inst., as the day for hearing the appeal of the Manitoba Catholics under the decision of the Privy Council on the school question.

A Jewish synagogue, the only one in the Maritime Provinces, was dedicated at Halifax on Tuesday. It is situated at the corner of Starr Street and Hazle Lane.

Lord Rosebery's majority dropped down to 8 on the vote in the Commons on Monday on the closure of the debate on the Address, moved by Sir William Harcourt.

A young man in Lynn, Mass., named Fred Howe, was choked to death by a cherry stone one evening last week. It got into his windpipe while he was laughing at the supper table.

Hundreds of hungry wolves from the Alps, says a Roman despatch dated February 13, have invaded the plains in the province of Piedmont, North Italy, and several villagers have been killed. The authorities have sent troops to shoot them and many have thus been destroyed.

Sir Edward Grey announced in the Imperial Parliament last week, that England does not intend to permit the Hawaiian Government to execute W. H. Rickard, a British subject, on whom death sentence has been pronounced, until a careful scrutiny has been made.

Famine is threatened in the districts of Hinay southeast of Batis. Death, and much disorder prevails in consequence. The Socialists have taken advantage of the situation to incite to rioting, and it has been necessary for gendarmes to disperse rioters by charging upon them with fired bayonets.

A despatch from Hennessey, Oklahoma Territory, dated February 18, says: An appeal for aid has been issued by settlers in this strip. Hundreds of families are absolutely starving, eating prairie dogs and horses. Suffering is unparalleled. They are lying in droves as a result of the unprecedented "winters," which have visited both the territories and Texas within the past few weeks.

Livermore Madlock, aged 53 years, died Wednesday night 13 inst., at Provincetown, Mass., of acute uræmia, brought on by exposure during the late gales and recent frosts. Deceased, who had been a member of Race Point life-saving station service for over fifteen years, was a native of Aitchat, C. B., which place he left at the age of 13.

Norman MacLeod, Chief of Clan MacLeod, and one of the last of the great Highland chieftains, says a Paris despatch of February 12, died last week here. He was the twenty-second chief of that name, and for no less than sixty years he had administered, through every variety of fortune, one of the few great properties which still remain in the possession of the ancient Highland families. He died in early life in Duvegan Castle, Isle of Skye, and no one in Scotland was more beloved among his followers, who delighted to do him honor in the ancient Scotch fashion.

It is stated in W. O. Office circles, says the Birmingham, England, Post, of February 6, that as a consequence of the discontinuance of the manufacture of cordite in India, the whole of the plant, machinery, and establishment which were built there at a great cost a short time since, are to be shipped to Canada, and set up not far from Halifax, N. S. Though this will constitute a very large expenditure, it is obviously better than allowing the factories with all their contracts, to stand idle in India because of the climatic condition being unsuitable to the manufacture of the explosive.

Personals.

Rev. Dr. McNeill, P. P., Deschamps, was in town from Friday last until Monday, when he went to Halifax for a day. Yesterday he passed through on his way returning to his parish.

Rev. R. Macdonald, P. P., New Glasgow, was in town for a day last week.

Rev. J. F. McMaster, P. P., of Mabou, is in Antigonish to-day.

Hon. C. F. McIsaac was in town from Saturday until Wednesday.

Dr. W. Hantley Macdonald, who has been in Antigonish for some weeks, leaves for the scene of his professional labors in Freeland, Pa., to-day.

W. P. Cunningham, of the firm of Wilkie & Cunningham, left yesterday on a trip to Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton and other western cities in the interests of his firm. He will be absent about two weeks.

100 half-bbls No. 1 July herring, 7 tons bright dry hake, cheap for cash at C. B. Whidden & Son.—Adv.

Prof. Horrigan's Lecture.

Though not filled quite to its seating capacity on the occasion of Prof. Horrigan's lecture, "An Evening with Favorite Authors," on Friday evening, McDonald's Hall could not have comfortably seated very many more. To say that the lecture was a success is to put the truth very mildly. It is the unanimous verdict of all who had the good fortune to hear it that it was one of the very best lectures ever given in Antigonish, and it had it been repeated, it is safe to say that there would not be an empty seat in the hall. The lecture was long, occupying fully two hours in the delivery, and yet there was not a person in the audience to whom we have spoken who was not sorry when the lecturer stopped. Far, high was the literary plane upon which the discourse moved, there was something in it and in the choice selections from the various authors which were interspersed, that appealed to every taste.

Opening with the following statement of his object: "It is my purpose this evening to ask you to share with me some of the pure delights I have so often experienced while holding silent communion with certain ones of the world's great writers"—the lecturer proceeded to denounce, with a whole-souled earnestness which only a true lover of the best in literature can feel, the unwholesome stuff which constitutes the mental diet of so very many of our young people nowadays. With this he contrasted the strengthening and uplifting power of good literature, particularly of poetry, showing the office of the latter by reciting Longfellow's beautiful poem, "The Singers." Edgar Allan Poe was the first of the authors treated of. He said that Poe is chiefly a manipulator of jangling words, but we can admire his God-given power of attuning words to the sensitive ear. The lecturer's well-trained, finely-modulated voice and perfect mastery of the technique of elocution appeared to full advantage in his recitation of "The Bells," which evoked hearty applause.

Next came Adelaide Procter, whose worth, the speaker truthfully said, "has never been sufficiently appreciated." The beauties of her poems were pointed out, but special stress was laid upon the singular beauty of her life. Lovingly did he dwell upon Longfellow, the poet whose personality is loved more by his readers, perhaps, than any other. The lecturer's familiarity with the scenes of Longfellow's life enabled him to make the subject of special interest to his audience. His recitation of "The Famine" from "Hiawatha" was particularly pleasing. Galunith next received sympathetic attention; and then came Scott, the treatment of whom was the most spirited portion of the discourse, and that which most moved the audience, many of whom could well echo the words so feelingly recited by the speaker:—

"Land of my sire! What mortal hand
Can ever tear the hills and
That bids me to thy grave descend?"

Lastly came the immortal genius, Shakespeare, the lecturer's thoughts on whom were worthy of and received, the closest attention. By an examination of his works, he showed the deep religious convictions of their author. He drew a fine portrait of Portia, whom he aptly described as "not a manly woman; not a *fais-de-vie* woman; not a new woman—simply a womanly woman."

Two solos from Longfellow and Tennyson, by J. F. O'Leary and Hoberick McDonald respectively, and a quartette, Tennyson's lullaby, "Sweet and Low," by N. McMillan, R. A. J. McIsaac, P. J. MacNeill, and R. K. McDonald were interspersed, the accompaniment being Clarence McDonald. All are students of the College.

At the close a vote of thanks, moved by J. S. O'Brien and seconded by J. A. Wall, was tendered the lecturer. And well it might be; for his interesting, enjoyable and inspiring discourse invigorated in its production no small amount of labor on the part of a busy professor. The C. M. B. A. have reason to be proud of the first lecture under their auspices.

Catholic Magazines.

The February number of the *Catholic Herald* is a very good one. The question of a possible reconciliation between Church and State in Italy is discussed in an article by William J. D. Crooke, a writer evidently well-informed upon the subject. A most interesting article is "Catholicism in Scandinavia," by Archbishop Janssens, of New Orleans. Father Walworth's "Glimpses of Life in an Anglican Seminary" is evidently nearing the end. The

events of the present instatement, use an interesting for some time, include the author's reception into the Catholic Church, and touch upon that of the late Bishop Williams and James A. McMaster. Very Rev. Dr. Hewit has an able review of Father Tanqueray's "Special Dogmatic Theology." Henry Assis Adams' series "Here and There in Catholicism" continues. R. v. George McIlhenny, C. S. P., makes a valuable contribution to the literature of the labor question in his article on "The Pullman Strike Committee." Martin James Taggart's story, "Rome via England." Mary Catherine Crowley tells of a visit to that really great modern saint, Hofmann (she spells his name "Hoffmann.") Cuts of some of his most famous works accompanying the article. Walter Locky in "A Poet's Romance" gives us an insight into the life of Francis Thompson. There are many other excellent articles.

Choice clarified apple cider at Bonner's.—Adv.

C. B. Whidden & Son have just received a new stock of No. 1 chop feed, chopped wheat, middlings and bran.—Adv.

Boisdale Notes.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. McMillan of Sydney are visiting here.

Baptisms and marriages are the order of the day. The marriages booked for to-day are, Mr. Angus O'Hanley of the Barrasois, to Miss Annie Campbell of Boisdale, and Mr. Hugh Nicholson, of the Barrasois, to Miss Jessie McMillan of the same place.

Although we have had some cold weather this winter, still the Little Bras d'Or Lake has so far been free from ice. In consequence of this, trade between Boularderie and the mainland has fallen off a little. The people of that island are in a great measure dependent upon our merchants for supplies; hence ice would be a very desirable thing. Although this is rather late in the season for the formation of much ice, present indications point to those desirous of heavy ice, having a fair chance of seeing their desires soon realized.

In the storm of the 14th ult., Cape Breton lost two of its most hardy seamen, when Neil Campbell and Launchin McKinnon of the Schr. N. E. Symonds met a watery grave. The schooner was on its way from Ploceita, N.B.L., to Gloucester, Mass., when the storm came on. They went to furl the flying jib that broke loose and the high sea running at the time washed both from the jibboom. McKinnon was a native of Richmond while Campbell was a son of Alexander Campbell of this place. Twelve years ago he left his native home, during the latter six of which he was engaged in fishing. He had the reputation of being a seaman of much courage, no danger however perilous causing him to shrink duty. It was his intention to come home after this trip, but while man proposes, God disposes. He was a young man of about thirty years, and the eldest of the family. His parents have the sympathy of the community in their bereavement. Though they mourn the loss of a faithful son, it must be a consolation to them to feel that he was at his post of duty when death came upon him. Feb. 19th, 95.

MARRIAGE.

McGILVERAY-McGILVERAY.—At Cambridge, Feb. 12th, by Rev. Father McGilveray, of Waltham, Mass., formerly of Springfield, Antigonish Co., to Flora McGilveray of Antigonish.

MACNEIL-McKENZIE.—On Feb. 5th, at St. Bar's Church, Christmas Island, by the Rev. Father McKenzie, brother of the bride, assisted by Rev. Dr. Cameron, P. P., John M. McNeil of Bonaventure, to Lucy McKenzie of Christmas Island, C. B. After the ceremony the party drove to the residence of the groom where they were congratulated by a large number of friends.

DEATHS.

McGILVERAY.—At Bally's Brook Mountain, on Sunday, 10th inst., after a severe illness patiently endured, William McGilveray, son of the late Angus McGilveray (McWilliam) in the 62th year of his age. May his soul rest in peace.

McDONALD.—At Meards Brook, on Feb. 13th, after a lingering illness borne with perfect patience and resignation, Christy, daughter of the late Angus McDonald, "stone house," in the 55th year of her age. Fortified by the last sacraments of the church, she calmly passed away. R. 4, P.

LEONARD.—At Roxbury, Mass., Feb. 20th, 1895, in the thirty-fourth year of her age, after a lingering illness which she bore with exemplary fortitude and resignation, to the Divine Will, and consoling and strengthened by the last rites of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, of which she was ever a devoted member, Isabella, the beloved wife of Patrick Leonard, and daughter of Angus Beaton, Esq., Postmaster, Little Dalquhony, Inverness County. Besides numerous friends, she leaves a disconsolate husband and one child to mourn their irreparable loss. Her remains were interred in St. Joseph's Cemetery, Roxbury. Her bereaved parents and relatives have the heartfelt sympathy of the community.

McCURDY & COMPANY
Are Taking Stock!

We are now at our Annual Stock-taking, and offer

Special Inducements to
Purchasers

We have started
A Bargain Counter

On it are put a great Variety of Articles that we have marked at RIDICULOUSLY LOW PRICES! Among them are

MEN'S OVERCOATS.
MEN'S SUITS.
REMNANTS OF
Dress * Goods.

A Few Ends of Gingham at
4 Cents per Yard.

We can also offer you splendid Bargains in HARD FELT HATS, good style and at Specially Low Prices to make room for Spring Stock.

As we wish to clear these Lines before we get in our new spring stock we are prepared to give our customers extra bargains.

IT WILL PAY

YOU TO
CALL ON

McCURDY & Co., Antigonish

DO YOU Want Good Coffees and Spices?
WRITE W. H. Schwartz & Sons, Halifax, N. S.

THEY PUT UP THE BEST

THE CASKET.

For Constipation Ayer's Pills
For Dyspepsia Ayer's Pills
For Biliousness Ayer's Pills
For Sick Headache Ayer's Pills
For Liver Complaint Ayer's Pills
For Jaundice Ayer's Pills
For Loss of Appetite Ayer's Pills
For Rheumatism Ayer's Pills
For Colds Ayer's Pills
For Fevers Ayer's Pills

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co. Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

Every Dose Effective

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

1894-Winter Arrangement-1894

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, the 1st October, 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:
WILL LEAVE MULGRAVE
For Antigonish, Stellarton, Halifax, St. John, Quebec and Montreal.
WILL ARRIVE AT MULGRAVE
From Montreal, Quebec, St. John, Halifax, Stellarton and Antigonish.
WILL LEAVE ANTIGONISH
For Antigonish, Stellarton, Halifax, St. John, Quebec and Montreal.
WILL ARRIVE AT ANTIGONISH
From Montreal, Quebec, St. John, Halifax, Stellarton and Antigonish.
WILL ARRIVE AT ANTIGONISH
From Montreal, Quebec, St. John, Halifax, Stellarton and Antigonish.
ALL TRAINS ARE RUN BY EASTERN STANDARD TIME.
D. POTTINGER, General Manager
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 27th Sept., 1894.

FOR SALE

A VALUABLE FARM situated at Pleasant Valley, Pictou county, containing one hundred and twenty acres, more or less, conveniently situated with fair buildings, will be sold at a sacrifice. For further particulars apply to J. G. CHISHOLM, St. Andrews, Antigonish, Dec. 10, '94.

Farm for Sale

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale the Farm of 100 acres, containing one hundred and twenty acres, more or less, conveniently situated with fair buildings, will be sold at a sacrifice. For further particulars apply to J. G. CHISHOLM, St. Andrews, Antigonish, Dec. 10, '94.

TEMPERANCE AND GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE CO.
ROTECTION OR AS A PROTECTION FOR OLD AGE
Will do well to examine the various forms of Policies issued by the TEMPERANCE AND GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE CO.
Write for particulars to ALFRED MANLEY, District Manager, 27 Hollis Street, HALIFAX.

H. F. WILLIAMS & CO. COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
Parker Market Building HALIFAX, N. S.
Receivers and Jobbers of BUTTER, EGGS, CHEESE, BEER, PORK, POULTRY, etc.
Special attention given to Handling of Live Stock.
CASH RETURNS MADE PROMPTLY.

QUEEN HOTEL, Antigonish, N. S.
DAN STEWART, PROPRIETOR.
This is the most Centrally Situated Hotel in Town. It has been Newly Fitted, and Heated Throughout with Hot Water, and supplies First-class Accommodation to the Travelling Public.
Good Stabling on the Premises.
MODERATE RATES

THE BRONZE MEDALLION.

(Chambers' Journal.)

The people who drop into my studio and examine the various objects of art and which a long life and a considerable success in my profession have enabled me to collect together would not doubt be very much surprised to hear that of all my treasures there is none so dear to me as the bronze medallion that lies enshrined within a crystal case on my mantelpiece. Many of my visitors have glanced at it and turned away to examine a rare bit of carving or an almost priceless example of some forgotten art. To them the bronze medallion suggested nothing. Possibly they thought—if they gave the matter any thought at all—that it was some medal won in my student days and therefore treasured with care. That it represented a whole life history and had the power to revive many strange moments of my life, no idea. Some people perhaps, seeing it in a place of honor among my knickknacks, may have fancied that it was something for which I had the same superstitious reverence that other men give to a horseshoe. The bronze medallion, however, is neither a fetish nor a memento of an earthly success. It is simply an insignificant object, worth perhaps a few shillings, which has played no small part in my life, and on one occasion saved me from a sudden and violent death. Thirty years ago, when I was a young man of twenty-six and had fame and fortune still clinging to me, I was attached to the artistic staff of the Illustrated Weekly, a journal which was just then beginning a career of great success. Black and white work was not then what it is now, but people thought highly of the illustrations, and were able to give for a six-pence, and there was no lack of encouragement for proprietors or artists. My special forte was animal life, and as it always had been. From the time when I could first hold a pencil I had spent my happiest moments in drawing horses. To me a horse was a creature of infinite artistic possibilities. I had drawn him sitting in the ring of a circus and galloping at express speed over a race course, and it mattered little to me whether he was a high bred or a shaggy Shetland pony. I had already begun to paint him in oils, and my first picture, "Young Horses at Play," was considered worthy of a place in the academy. It was this success in depicting horses that led the editor of the Illustrated Weekly to suggest that I should go down to Doncaster and make a sketch of the St. Leger of that year. There was some horse running—I forgot his name for the moment—and the public interest in the race was greater than usual. Consequently the proprietors determined to give a double page illustration to the scene, and I travelled to Doncaster a day or two before the event and began my work by getting an accurate idea of the race course and selecting a favorable standpoint from which to focus my sketch. The day of the great race came, and during the morning I was busily occupied in interviewing the various horses engaged and in filling my sketchbook with bits that seemed likely to be useful. When the afternoon came round and the racing began, I made my way to a certain part of the course which had seemed to me very well suited to my purposes, and there I took my stand. There were two races to be run before the St. Leger, and while they were being got through and during the intervals between them I occupied myself in watching the doings of the crowd, which filled the upper part of the stands and the rings on the moor, and from them came a perfect babel of sound, above which the stentorian voices of the bookmakers bleated with their shrill cry of catch penny adventures of all sorts. Here two or three members of the three-card trick fraternity were endeavoring to gull a group of round faced rustics; there a similar gang were shouting the praises of a sort of roulette table; yonder a betting man had screamed himself hoarse and was reduced to shaking the money in his bag as a means of attracting attention. Beyond the shouting, straying, bustling crowd stretched a long line of vehicles of all descriptions, from the lordly looking coach to the farmer's light cart, and among the men and women were crating and drinking and discussing the prospects of the favorite for the long line of acres. Across the course rode the long line of grooms, thickly packed with fashionable race-coats and these made a dark background to the picture I had in my mind's eye. I was noticing all these things and taking a few sketches now and then of some face or figure that attracted attention, when I caught sight of a little gentleman, evidently a Frenchman, who seemed very much out of place among the rough crowd. He was very neatly dressed from top to toe, but as he passed me I noticed that his black frock coat was somewhat shiny at the shoulders and that his carefully brushed hat had certainly seen better days. He went in and out among the crowd, standing at the bookmakers and glancing curiously

at the three card fraternity. I thought there was something wistful about his eyes as he looked at the gold which those gentry displayed so lavishly. Presently I lost sight of him in the crowd, but about ten minutes before the St. Leger was to be run I saw him again. He was engaged in confidential conversation with an individual whom I set down at once as a betting man, and against whose wiles and blandishments I should have liked to have warned the evidently innocent foreigner. Presently, however, there was a great cry of "they're off!" and I had to turn my attention to the race. However great the excitement and however long it may have existed prior to the event which rouses it, it takes but a few very brief moments to allow of it forever. Within four minutes of the cry of "they're off!" the horses had flashed past me and past the winning post, and the great race was over. I strolled round the crowd and amused myself by watching the faces of the people who had lost their money and the joyful manifestations of those who had bet successfully. I passed beyond the line of carriages and carts and walked across the moor to the slight hill at the bottom of the course, from where there is an excellent view of the crowds gathered before the stands. There were very few people about the hill or the far end of the bushes, which cover it, and things were quiet there after the roar and bustle of the crowd. I turned away to the left, intending to go into the highroad and walk back to the town, but I suddenly paused and hesitated, for there stood before me, was the little French gentleman, evidently in distress. He sat on the ground behind one of the far end bushes, with his hands hanging helplessly over his drawn up knees and his head drooping forward in abject fashion. It was evident that he had fallen among thieves. I went up to him and spoke, feeling that his distress warranted me in doing so. "I am afraid you are in trouble, sir," I said. He lifted his face from his hands and looked up. "Ah, m'sieur!" He spread his little white hands abroad with pathetic, wistful appeal. "Hélas! I have been robbed—swindled—I have lost all my money." "Do you mean that some one has picked your pocket," I asked. "If so you should inform the police." "Ah, but it is not that you have peck my pocket!" he answered quickly. "It is not an one of big fool. I bet—I stake—I give my money to ze meker of books, and I lose it, it is gone!" "Ah, you have been betting!" "Hélas! m'sieur, yes. You see, I am—ah, but I am poor. I am professor of languages at sixty pounds a year. It is very little for madame, my spouse, and for Jules and myself, and I often think of how I can make them more. A young man say to me: 'You should bet. You should put your money on ze horses.' He talk to me, ze six young man, of ten to one, of five to one, and I listen. Zen yesterday comes, ze day of ze St. Leger, and I will go to ze horse race and win much money." So I arrive here at ze course, m'sieur, and I walk around to see ze makers of books, and I talk with a gentleman of sport who knows what he calls 'a sure teep,' and he tells me to put my £5 on Crocodile and takes me to a man who gives me a ticket and lays me seventy to one against ze horse Crocodile. Zen I say that Crocodile will win me £300, and we will be happy, and my little Jules will have a new coat, and madame, my spouse, will buy herself a new gown, and I shall have great joy. And zen zeg run ze horses, and when zeg have finish I go to my meker of books and request my money. And he say Crocodile is nowhere at all, and my £5 is lost, and ze mekin zat gave me ze 'sure teep' is gone, and—Hélas! m'sieur—now I have no salary to take home." And here the little man broke down and wept. Half amused as I was at his story, I felt sorry for him, for I could well imagine that the loss of £5 would mean a good deal to him and to madame, his spouse, and to his boy Jules. When he recovered himself a little, I talked further with him and found that he was a political refugee and that he taught French in a boy's school at Doncaster. Convinced that his tale was genuine, I determined to help him. I had a £5 note in my pocket for which I had no immediate need, and I made up my mind that he should have it. As I did not desire to pose as a benefactor, however, I resolved to adopt a little ruse. "Well, sir," said I, "these fellows have swindled you, of course. To begin with, you should not have talked with the man who professes to know of a sure tip. All he wanted was your money." "Hélas! m'sieur, I am great fool—yes?" he interrupted, smiting his forehead. "If he had a head of wood. But it was the desire to carry home much money to my spouse and to cry, 'Behold a fortune!'" "And have you really nothing to go on with, sir?" I inquired. He blushed and hung his head. "Ah, m'sieur," he said, "not a centime. It is hard work to live on ze £5 a month. And

now I have gamble been away, my beautiful £5 note, and zero will be no money for ze baker, ze butcher, and ze m'sieur, my spouse will weep, and—ah, wretched traitor zat I am!" "Come, come, sir," said I, "don't give way. Here, you stay here while, and I'll go and see if I can't recover your money. Which of the betting men was it you gave your note to?" "The gentlemen called Old Toby, from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight. "There is your five pounds, sir," I said, and I hope you'll never be tempted to bet again!" "What is the matter, m'sieur?" from London, m'sieur. He zat stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a white frock coat." "Well, stay here," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the refreshment with my own five-pound note in my hand. I held

THE CASSET.

THE BRONZE MEDALLION.

(Continued from page 1.) I found it hard work sometimes to get materials for my sketches, and the risks I occasionally ran were greater than those which I should have incurred had I mist in the thick of the skirmishes which went on continually. It was a cold, damp afternoon, in October, and we were lying half way between Bonzoville and Gravelotte, about nine miles from Metz. The Prussians were slowly advancing upon the city and the air was continually disturbed by the vibrations of their cannon. I realized that which I had remained all day was engaged in skirmishing operations with a French battalion, and from the top of a slight eminence I was endeavoring to make an effective sketch of the scene. Suddenly a white fog rolled over the valley and wrapped both bodies of the combatants in its thick folds. I endeavored to regain my quarters, but the fog increased in density, and I soon found it impossible to make headway against it. For some time I remained motionless. The noise of cannon and musketry died away, and I heard the bugles sounding a retreat on both sides. Then I determined to go slowly back to my quarters near the village of Bonzoville. Unfortunately I found it impossible to decide which was east and which was west. I had been stationed on a round knoll or eminence, and I had walked about its crown so many times during my observations that I was unable to decide on the exact spot at which I had ascended it. At last, however, I came to a tree of which I seemed to have some recollection, and I descended the hill and walked, as I thought, toward Bonzoville. By that time the plain was quiet, and I heard nothing save an occasional far-off bugle note. I walked on for an hour through the thick white fog, seeking for some familiar landmark. None came. I began to realize that I was lost. I stood and wondered what to do. Then I went forward again. A church clock struck the hour, six, close by. Clearly, I was near the village. I came to a road and hastened along it and presently fell into the hands of a French picket. I had walked west instead of east. I was at Gravelotte. The picket marched me into the village and led me before their colonel, a fierce looking militaire, who glared at me from behind a table at which he was evidently writing his despatches. "What's this?" said he. "A spy?" Now, unfortunately for me, I cannot speak French, but my knowledge of German is extensive. I replied to the colonel's question in English. He shook his head. I then spoke in German, and his face grew dark. A soldier interpreted my answer. "So?" said the colonel. "A pretty story, indeed! He speaks German like a native and professes to be an Englishman. Everybody knows that an Englishman can speak no language other than his own. An English artist, eh? See what papers he has."

daybreak. Then drag him to me." He turned to me again. "Think over my offer, Mr. Spy. If you accept it, well, if you don't you will be shot in the morning." The young officer and the two men marched me out into the fog again and took me to a cottage close by. I was placed in a room where a fire burned on the hearth and an oil lamp shed some little light on a plain deal table. My quarters signified me to sit down and in a moment this soldier, after a whispered colloquy with the lieutenant, left the cottage and presently returned with food and drink, which he set before me. Desperately placed as I was, I ate my supper, and when I had finished filled and lighted my pipe. I thought things over and could see no chance of escape. "Monsieur," said I, addressing the young officer who sat near me on the hearth, "I shall certainly have to die to-morrow morning if your colonel persists in his foolish conduct, and I should like to write a last letter to my friends. Will you have the goodness to provide me with writing materials?" The lieutenant responded in the affirmative and bade one of his men fetch pen, ink and paper. While he was gone the young officer, who was certainly not more than eighteen or nineteen years of age and with a frank, open face, looked at me curiously and presently inquired if I was really an Englishman. He spoke English so well that I was surprised. "Certainly I am," I answered. "And anybody but your colonel would have recognized me as such. I am an Englishman and what I represented myself to be when questioned."

"I am sorry for you, sir," said he. "I wish I could help you." "Then promise to forward this packet for me," said I. "You can show it to your colonel if you like." He replied that he would do his best to oblige me, and I set to work at my letter. I wrote out a full account of my adventures and addressed it to the proprietors of my journal. Then I took of my watch and chain and rings and laid them on the letter, intending to wrap them all up together. I had another ring in my pocket, and I drew the letter from my pocket and opened it. As I did so the bronze medallion escaped and fell from the table to the floor. The young officer stooped, and picking it up laid it by my hand. The light from the lamp shone full on the inscription. He uttered an exclamation and picked the medallion up again. I looked at him in astonishment, his face was flushed and eager. He stared at me with wide open eyes. "Monsieur!" he gasped—"monsieur! For the love of Heaven, tell me this medal, where did you get it?" "The medallion," I said, "I got it some years ago in England."

"But where?" he said. "Where, monsieur? Ah, do not trifle with me—tell me where. For, you see, monsieur, I am Jules Malan!" I looked at him wonderingly. This, then, was the Jules over whom the little Frenchman had waxed so eloquent on the race course at Doncaster. "So you are Jules?" I said. "Then you are the son of the man who gave me that medal." "And you are my father's benefactor?" he cried. "It was you of whom he told me that day when he came home from the front?" "Well, this is strange!" said I. "But, come, tell me something about your father. Is he back in his native France? Is he well? I have often thought of him." "Alas, sir, my father is dead and my mother died. Let me tell you—well, I was born in England, for my father had money left him soon after your meeting with him, and he secured free pardon for his political offences, and we returned to Paris. We were happy, monsieur, until last year, and then my parents died. They never saw me in my uniform," he added with a broken smile, as he turned the bronze medallion over and over in his fingers. "Ah, monsieur, how well I remember winning this at the school in your foggy England! My father used often to talk of you and wonder if you preserved his memento." "See, then, Jules," he would say, "if ever this should meet my benefactor and can't serve him, do it for my sake." And now I have met you, monsieur, and I would help you—and I cannot."

"Never mind," said I. "Perhaps your colonel will see reason in the morning." He shook his head at that, and I released him into silence. For a long time no one spoke. The two soldiers nodded on the log. Jules and I were wide awake. He kept looking wistfully at me; I, for my part, could not sleep. Somehow I could not think the force old colonel meant to shoot me, but the mere idea was bad enough to keep over. Morning came—gray, cold, cheerless. As the bugles sounded outside Jules and his men marched me into the colonel's presence. The old militaire was as stern and unbending as on the night before. He

L. D. C. is a Sure Cure for Dyspepsia.

K. D. C. Restores the Stomach.

K. D. C. Relieves Distress After Eating

HEART DISEASE RELIEVED IN 20 MINUTES.—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 20 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering spells, Pain in left side and all symptoms of a diseased heart. One dose convinces. Sold by J.D. Copeland.

R. M. GRAY, MERCHANT TAILOR, Cor. of Main and Sydney Streets, ANTIGONISH.

NEW GLASGOW Steam Laundry and Dye Works. EXPERT DYER and FINISHER. CHARGES REASONABLE. GARMENTS ALWAYS RIGHT.

T. J. BONNER, Agent, Antigonish. RICE'S Photo Room, ANTIGONISH, will be open as usual during '95 First Monday in Each Month FOR ONE WEEK. January 7th to 12th. Feb. 4th to 9th. March 4th to 9th. April 8th to 13th. Inspection of work invited. Children and Family Groups a Specialty. Views of Residences, etc.

WHEN Broken Down, and you need a TONIC MEDICINE, you cannot afford to experiment on yourself with untried Remedies. USE PUTTNER'S EMULSION, THE Great Health Restorer. Thousands have proved its incomparable excellence, and so may you. For sale by all good Druggists at 50c. a bottle.

NOTICE. A New House and Lot FOR SALE. THE undersigned will sell at Private Sale the New House recently built for her on St. James' Street. The house is well arranged inside, supplied with Water, a First-Class Cellar, etc. The situation is good. A portion of the purchase money can remain on mortgage. For further particulars apply to D. Macdonald, Municipal Clerk, or to the owner, at the house. ANN KENNEDY. Antigonish, 24th December, 1894.

ANTIGONISH STATIONERY, BOOK and FANCY STORE. SCHOOL BOOKS, NEW BOOKS, FASHIONABLE STATIONERY, THE LATEST NOVELS, THE FINEST AND MOST TASTEFUL GOODS. Always in Stock at Reasonable Rates.

I. R. MacLREITH & Co. "SOMETHING GOOD!" Do you feel like increasing your Cigar Trade? NOTHING EASIER if you will let us help you. HOW? Why, send in an order for a sample lot of SOMETHING GOOD THE BEST FIVE CENT CIGAR ON EARTH. Manufactured only by EMPIRE TOBACCO CO. MONTREAL.

PIANOS AND ORGANS. THE W. H. JOHNSON CO., LIMITED. Have Removed to their new premises, 157 GRANVILLE ST. (Largo Indus Building) and are showing one of the finest and most complete stock of PIANOS AND ORGANS IN CANADA. As some of the large manufacturers are stock-holders in this Company it will be to your interest to buy from this House, and thus save middlemen's profits. Write or call for prices. THE W. H. JOHNSON CO., LTD., Halifax, N. S.

LIFE AND WORK OF THE RT. HON. SIR JNO. THOMPSON. The Subscriber, Ronald McLellan, formerly of Bedford, C. B., has been appointed an agent for the above work. Bradley, Garrison & Co., Toronto, publishers, and will call, as time permits, on the people of Cape Breton Island and the County of Antigonish for orders; also will have a First-Class Portrait of the Deceased Statesman. Reserve your orders for him. RONALD McLELLAN.

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE OF CANADA. Information for Candidates. THE ANNUAL EXAMINATIONS for Cadets in the Royal Military College will take place at the Head Quarters of the several Military Districts in which candidates reside, in June each year. In addition to the facilities the College affords for an education in Military Subjects, the course of instruction is such as to afford a thoroughly practical, scientific and sound training in all departments which are essential to a high and general modern education. The Civil Engineering course is complete and thorough in all its branches. Architecture forms a separate subject. The Course of Physics and Chemistry is such as to lead towards Electrical Engineering, Meteorological Service, and other departments of applied science. The Obligatory Course of Surveying includes what is laid down as necessary for the profession of Dominion Land Surveyor. The Voluntary Course comprises the higher subjects required for the degree of Dominion Topographical Surveyor. Hydrographic Surveying is also taught. Length of Course four years. Four Commissions in the Imperial Regular Army are awarded annually. They are awarded annually. Board and instruction free, for each term, consisting of ten months' residence. For further information apply to the Adjutant General of Militia, Ottawa, before 15th May. Department of Militia and Defence, 1895.

COTIA VES OF NOVA SCOTIA

