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BEST GRADES OF FLOUR, OAT
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BEST AMERICAN
KEROSENE OIL.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM.

A CATHOLIC JOURNAL NON-PARTISAN IN POLITICS.

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FORTY-FIRST YEAR.

ANTIGONISH, N. S., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1892.

No. 45

Are You "In the Swim?"

It is said: "You may as well be out of the world as out of the fashion."
In the West End of London, Eng., the fashionable quarter, it is not now considered "the proper thing" to wear RUBBER waterproofs.

When a new article suddenly springs into favor and is almost universally adopted you may be sure it must possess extraordinary merit. "MELISSA" COATS seem to meet every requirement of Health, Comfort and Fashion and gratify every taste. They are produced in an infinite variety of textures, patterns and styles. To any intelligent person the mere mention of the many advantages of MELISSA RAINPROOF GARMENTS over the old RUBBER article is sufficient.

No dampness, no chills, no odor, no pulling apart at the seams. A Rainproof and Overcoat combined, with all the advantages of both.

If You Wear a Melissa Coat You Are "In It."

Melissa Coats for Gentlemen and Melissa Cloth for the lady for Ladies' Wear Sold at
A. KIRK & CO.'S
Farm for Sale.

THE SUBSCRIBER will sell that desirable Farm situated at the North Grant, two miles from the Town of Antigonish, and containing over 100 acres. There are good Dwelling House and Barn on the job. Over 50 acres are fit for the plough; the rest is well wooded. The nearest Railway Station on Eastern Extension is only half a mile distant.

Terms made known on application to
MURDOCH McDONALD, or
A. MACGILLIVRAY,
Antigonish, Sept. 8, '92.

UNDERTAKING!

I HAVE IN STOCK A FULL LINE OF COFFINS and CASKETS from \$5 up to the Coffin Mounting, Head Lining and Shrouds. Orders by telegram receive immediate attention.
P. S. FLOYD,
Antigonish, May 17th, 1892.

WONDERFUL DISCOUNTS

ON
Ready-made Clothing
AT
M. WILMOT'S.

Nearly All Our Own Make.

MEN'S OVERCOATS.		BOY'S SUITS.	
FORMER PRICE.	DISCOUNT PRICE.	FORMER PRICE.	DISCOUNT PRICE.
\$15 00	\$14 40	\$6 00	\$4 80
12 00	10 80	5 00	4 00
10 00	9 60		
8 00	8 00		
6 00	4 80		

MEN'S SUITS.		BOY'S REEFERS.	
FORMER PRICE.	DISCOUNT PRICE.	FORMER PRICE.	DISCOUNT PRICE.
\$14 00	\$11 20	\$6 00	\$4 80
12 00	9 60	4 50	3 60
10 00	8 00	3 50	2 80

MEN'S PANTS.		CHILDREN'S SUITS.	
FORMER PRICE.	DISCOUNT PRICE.	FORMER PRICE.	DISCOUNT PRICE.
\$5 00	\$4 00	\$6 00	\$4 80
4 50	3 60	5 00	4 00
4 00	3 20	4 50	3 60
3 50	2 80	3 50	2 80
3 00	2 40		
2 50	2 00		
2 00	1 60		

MEN'S OVERALLS.		CHILDREN'S REEFERS.	
FORMER PRICE.	DISCOUNT PRICE.	FORMER PRICE.	DISCOUNT PRICE.
\$8 00	\$6 00	\$4 50	\$3 60
8 00	6 00	3 50	2 80
8 00	6 00	2 50	2 00

This is the Greatest Discount that has ever been offered in the Clothing Line in Antigonish. All our Goods we guarantee. I will also give good Discounts on Clothing made to order.

M. Wilmot, Merchant Tailor, ANTIGONISH, N. S.

TROTTER BROS., Agricultural Implement Warehouse,

Offer at Prices Lower than ever sold in Nova Scotia for a short time only, in order to make room for New Goods.
Steel Plows from \$9.00 to \$15.00
Metal " " 4.00 to 10.00
Plow Fittings for all the Leading Plows.

We have hitherto done 7-8th of the Implement trade of this County and if Farmers want the Best Goods at the Lowest Possible Prices now is their time to invest.

TAILORING. R. M. GRAY, Corner Main and Sydney Sts., Antigonish.

Has opened a complete line of ENGLISH, SCOTCH and FRENCH TWEEDS.
For the season I have Special Novelties of Fine Suitings, Overcoatings, and Trouserings

ANTIGONISH Highland Society.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Antigonish Highland Society will be held in McDonald's Hall,
WEDNESDAY, NOV. 30th,
AT 7.30 P. M.,
A full attendance is requested.
KUGENE MACDONALD,
Antigonish, Nov. 7th, 1892.

WANTED. 500 TURKEYS, 500 Geese, Chickens and Ducks, for which highest cash price will be paid. J. M. BROADFOOT, Busbar, Opposite Post Office

A Home for the Dying.

The only home in all kind Christendom for the friendless dying is that established some 12 years ago by the Irish Sisters of Charity at Harold's Cross, a suburb of Dublin.

Every day living folks walk or drive in, knowing they will come out again to the world free from it. It is not at all suggestive of dreariness, the Hospice for the Dying. Our Lady's Hospice for the Dying is the full title on the big brass plate at the gate. "Hospice"—the name is a tender one, suggestive of a place for rest in wind-swept, snow-clad hills, where one pauses a little to gain strength before the decent through the frozen valleys.

It is hard to realize, entering the old house, that under this roof death's wings are forever hovering. The house belonged to the Quakers, and it is brown and homely and kind, like the face of a friend. Part of it is coated in heavy ivy, whence the windows look out light and bright, and against the glossy greenery and the old brick are brilliant window braces of scarlet and blue and yellow. The beds on the lawn are in like cheerful colors, pretty blue-gray with light wood paneling. The nuns look bright and even merry when they are not tender and sympathetic. There are flowers on the mantelpiece, and beside the beds there is now and again a cheerful nosegay amid the medicine bottles. The beds are snowy and soft; the bed curtains are of pink and white flowered chitz. The front rooms, kept as reception rooms, are old and sweet, with fine old-fashioned furniture and brown walls. It goes upstairs into a long cheerful ward. It is showery weather, and through the open windows come the last love twitters of the birds and the scent of leaves after rain. The beds were all full last winter. Now many of the patients are able to be about since the air is so mild. Where is Judy, the very oldest inhabitant of the hospice, since she had been here nine months—poor Judy, who entertained us with a cheerful cackle as she boiled the kettle? Where is the girl who was sewing in a little ante-chamber, and who till she looked closely at her hectic cheek, seemed as well as you or I? Alack, the grass is waving its green veils over them. The Inn of Strange Meetings and Partings we might call this hospice, where the guests are all birds of passage and homeward bound.

The dying, when they are not in acute pain, lie and look at you contentedly. The Irish, perhaps, die more easily than other people. The Irish poor die with a firm faith; they even take a half-comical interest in their own funerals. "If I die latter than Tuesday," said one I knew, "I won't have the funeral till Sunday, so I'll have a big following," and another instructed her daughter to place the candles remaining from the wake on the altar of the church, that they might "light her into glory."

And now as winter comes on and you think of providing yourself with wash-things and comfortable clothing, will you not think of the little body with the scot-frock which perhaps may be its only garment? Out of your bounty remember the orphans.

Nearly all women have good hair, though many are gray, and few are bald. Her Hair Renewer restores the natural color, and thickens the growth of the hair.

Humorous.

Teacher: "By reptiles we mean such creatures as creep along the ground. You name one as an example, Adolf." Adolf: "Yes; my little brother."

A musical critic, in decanting upon the superior musical taste of this town, says: "Our ears have been cultivated by the over show all our other organs."

Saved Something.—Boggs: "When Hawkins failed he made everything over to his wife, didn't he?" Creditor: "All but his honour. He preserved that for us."

"I just went out to see a friend in a moment," remarked Jones to his wife as he returned to his seat in the theatre. "Indeed," replied Mrs. J. with a smile. "I supposed, from your oath, that you had been out to see your worst enemy." Jones winced.

"Oh, Mr. Hunter!" exclaimed Miss Dorothy, who is an enthusiastic ornithologist, "which of the American songbirds are you fonder of?" "I prefer the one, Miss Dorothy." "But the hen isn't a song bird." "Well, it is the one bird whose lay I care for."

To Save the Dog.—"Do you want to say that you let that pig waltz give you?" said the tramp to his companion. "Yes. Ye see my dog was with me, and I had thrown it away into the gutter, but he tackled it, sure. He's a mighty dog, and his health ain't been none of the best lately."

At a small town in Ireland a gentleman employed a carpenter to put up a partition, and had it filled with sawdust to deaden the sound. When it was completed the gentleman called from one side to the carpenter on the other: "Smith, can you hear me?" Smith immediately answered: "No."

Do you know that K. D. C. will believe and cure your indigestion more quickly and effectually than any other remedy on the market. Try K. D. C.

**YOUR BEST CHANCE
TO BE CURED OF
INDIGESTION IS BY
TRYING K. D. C.**

Ruskin's Appeal For Street Waits.

Outside of your own rose-covered walls there are flowers neglected and dying, flowers that could bless you for having loved them, and will love you for having blessed them—flowers that have eyes like yours and thoughts like yours and lives like yours—which once saved you save forever. Far among the moor lands and the rocks, far in the darkness of the terrible street, these feeble flowers are lying, and all their fresh leaves torn and their stems broken. Will you never go down to them and set them in order in their little fragrant beds, nor fence them in their shuddering from the fierce wind?

Shall morning follow morning for you, but not for them; and the dawn rises, but no dawn rises to breathe upon these living banks of wild violet and wallflower and rose, nor call you through their casement as they did Dante's great Matilda, who stood weeping flowers with flowers, and, as the English poet pictures the scene, saying: "Come into the garden, Maud, For the black bat, night, has flown, And the mink of the roses has blown?"

Will you not go down among them? among these sweet living things? and whose purity, washed from the dust, is opening, bud by bud, into the flower of promise; and still they turn to you, and for you the larkspur listens—I hear, I hear! and the fly whippers—I wait.

Did you notice that I missed two lines when I read you that stanza, and think that I had forgotten them? Hear them now: "Come into the garden, Maud, For the black bat, night, has flown; Come into the garden, Maud, I am here at the gate alone."

Who is it, think you, who stands at the gate of this sweeter garden, alone, waiting for you? Did you hear, not of a Maud, but a Madeline, who went down to her garden in the dawn, and found one waiting at the gate, whom she supposed to be the gardener? Have you not sought him often—sought him in vain at the gate of that old garden where the fiery sword is set? He is never there but at the gate of this garden. He is waiting always—waiting to take your hand—ready to go down to see the fruits of the valley, to see whether the vine has flourished and the pomegranate budded.

There you shall see with him the little tentacles of the vines that his hand is guiding; there you shall see the pomegranate seed; you shall see the troops of the keepers that with their wings wave away the hungry birds from the pathsides where he has sown an call to each other between the vineyard rows: Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes. Oh! you queens! you queens! Among the hills and greenwood of this land of yours shall the foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests? And in your cities shall the stones cry out against you that they are the only pillows where the Son of Man can lay his head?

And now as winter comes on and you think of providing yourself with wash-things and comfortable clothing, will you not think of the little body with the scot-frock which perhaps may be its only garment? Out of your bounty remember the orphans.

Mystery of the Mackerel.

(Cape Ann Advertiser.)
Where mackerel go for the winter is one of the fish mysteries. When the first snow flies in the Bay of Fundy mackerel disappear. They are abundant in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and off Newfoundland until that time, plump and juicy and very toothsome, the result of having fed well on their migration northward. The next season of them is in March off Cape Hatteras. All their plumpness is gone, and the New York Tribune says, they look as if they had eaten nothing all winter. There is a scaly growth over their eyes which nearly blinds them. Nobody whose palate has been taught "that good mackerel" cares to eat such fish. Many old fishermen think the flesh tastes of mud in the spring.

One theory in regard to this is that the mackerel go into the mud in winter and remain there, and that this has the effect of producing a catarrh growth, or scale, for the protection of the eye, and of imparting an earthy taste in the flesh. Mackerel have been speared in the Bay of Fundy by men who cut through the ice to look for fish. Occasionally a mackerel has been found in the mud, but cases of this kind are so rare that they fail to establish any rule in regard to the habits of the fish. The only certainty is that mackerel disappear from all waters visited by fishing vessels from late in the fall until spring.

The fish naturally love the shore and is to be found close to the land in the regular season. Since fishing vessels cover this ground all the year around, it is safe to suppose that if mackerel were there they would be caught at times out of season. If the fish go into deep water for the winter and move seaward, they put aside entirely the habits that have been observed in regard to them, and in the winter time acquire traits to which they seem to be inadaptably averse in the warm weather months.

Mackerel do not like cold water, and it is not believed that they remain in the northern bays through the winter. There is certainly no explanation, if it be assumed that they make their winter home off Newfoundland, for their appearance in a latitude much farther south in the spring. Canadian fishermen have several times tried to make trouble over mackerel catches, claiming that mackerel remain in the northern waters as their natural habitat, and that the mackerel coming up from Hatteras are not at all the same fish found in the Bay of Fundy. This theory has been accepted, however, by American fishermen, and the claims of the Canadians do not seem plausible enough to have justified any action by the authorities of the Dominion.

The Children's Prayers.

There is one very lovely thing about the children's prayers, and that is that the children's faith in the God above, who takes care of them and loves them, is unclouded by a single doubt. A pretty story in rhyme tells of a little tot who went to the telephone one evening, saying: "Hello, Central! Give me Heaven: I want to say my prayers."

The story is not so irreverent as it looks at the first glance. For is there not a great central station somewhere in the universe, to and from which all day long and all night, through the years of countless generations, the messages, swifter than lightning, because swift as thought, go flying to God and return from Him? The children of

"Trailing clouds of glory do they come From heaven, their homes."
"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."
Or in the morning, before the child leaves his nursery, how safe he is, if he habit be established of repeating a prayer!

"Now I wake and see the light,
'Tis God who keeps me through the night,
To Him I lift my eyes, and pray
That He will keep me through the day."
As children grow older they may learn to repeat "Our Father who art in Heaven," and to add to their prayers a petition for each and all of their loved ones. Well is it for those who their lives long remain as little children in the fashion of their continual approach to the One who only is able to save in every peril, to comfort in every grief, to shelter in every storm.

In many families it is the custom to let the youngest child at the table say grace before each meal, and if it be taken as a matter of course that this shall be done, the child will perform the rite without self-consciousness, and with the appropriate degree of reverence.

If we should seek for the children's strength for the inevitable conflicts of life, an armor against the temptations that are sure to strike them sooner or later, we should find it in the power of prayer—able and forever willing to keep them safe, to strengthen them against themselves, and to bestow on them whatever they may need. In the very earliest years of life, among the formative impressions which are moulded by degrees into habits, let us establish in the children the blessed and unquestioned habit of prayer.—Harper's Bazar.

The Greenlander at Home.

A writer in one of the current magazines says the Esquimaux language contains no "scolding words," nor does a father or mother ever think of beating an undutiful child. A prolonged silence follows upon any act of misconduct; the offender child or adult, is ostracised for a time, no one speaking to the culprit. But where a neighbor has done another wrong, the one who thinks he has been wronged or insulted calls all his friends around him and they talk of the matter, and the friends are round, while the injured one takes a drink, and there-and then commences to sing a satirical song, extempore, relating to the other's misdeeds and turning him into ridicule, beating on the drum the while. When he has finished comes the turn of the other, who has sat stolidly by during these cutting attacks. He rises up with a sealskin tambourine and sings his song. He who makes the audience laugh most is judged to be in the right. These "nith songs," as they are termed, are very quaint, containing, as they invariably do, some unfortunate swain to get a wife. The male and female Greenlanders dress nearly alike, the narrow doorway precluding the adoption of any sort of petticoat. The dress consists of a tight-fitting jacket and trousers, made of sealskin, several pairs of warm stockings, and over these top-boots of sealskin. The women bind handkerchiefs round their heads, allowing their top-knots of black hair to stand straight up upon their head, and to their jackets is attached a hood or "amoot," in which the babies nestle, "warm and snug, just peeping over their mother's shoulders. The house consists of one room, divided by a ledge, which is partitioned off into stalls or sleeping compartments. The walls are hung with skins and the floor paved with flat stones. The entrance of the seal, strained on a frame, serves as a window, while in the middle of the room stands the stone through which, filled with oil, is the Greenlanders' "all in all"; without this lamp he could not live—he has no water other than the snow melted over the precious lamp; by the lamp they dry their clothing, mittens, boots and stockings, and boil the seal's blood and the grateful coffee; round its glowing light they gather and tell tales of "hair-breadth 'scapes by sea and land."

The Pernicious Habit of Taking Nips.

Whatever may be the opinion or judgment, based on experience or science, as to the value or the reverse of taking some form of alcohol with the meals, there is no doubt that the custom of taking wine or spirits or beer between meals and on an empty stomach—in one word the pernicious habit of "nipping"—is highly injurious. The morning nip, between breakfast and the midday meal, which is so frequently taken by domestic servants, nurses, workpeople and "city men," renders the taker less fit for his daily work than he would otherwise be, and is often in women the first fatal step towards "drum-drinking," and the shameful life of the woman drunkard, of which we are hearing so much at the present time. The flushing of the face, caused by the dilatation of the small blood vessels, usually induced by alcohol when taken alone, is symptomatic of what takes place in the stomach. The direct action of alcohol on the mucous membrane is to produce temporary congestion or blushing of the internal surface of the stomach. This congestion ultimately becomes chronic if "nips" or "drinks" of spirits are frequently indulged in the result that the mucous membrane becomes thickened and indurated, a quantity of tenacious mucus is secreted, the digestive ferment is paralyzed or destroyed, and alcoholic dyspepsia is established.—Hospital.

Wit and Humor.

Mamma—"I haven't seen the kitten today. Where is she?" Little Dot—"I don't know, but I put a blue ribbon round her neck this mornin', and I guess she ain't showin' herself."—Good News.

Scene.—Mrs. Strachan's best room in Glasgow. The old lady is receiving a visit from a Canadian gentleman with whom her son, who has lately emigrated, is on friendly terms. Mrs. Strachan—"An' hoo's our John 'avin' oot there? I hope he'll tak' care, an' no' be deposeded w' lions an' tigers." Visitor—"Oh, John's all right. Gettin' on famously. Has had his salary raised twic'; has taken a house of his own, and—in short, Mrs. Strachan, he's living on the fat of the land." Mrs. Strachan (who receives the latter portion of the statement with elevated eyebrows)—"It maun be the climate. Leevin' on the fat of the lan'! Mercey me! that's yin for his father when he comes in! I declare ye guidness he wud never touch't when he was at hame." Visitor—"Touch what?" Mrs. Strachan—"The fat, John was ye did on the lean. Wha wad he thocht it? It maun be the climate! Ay, ay!"—Scottish American.

An Episode.

A boy, rather small for his years, is employed in an office as errand-boy for four gentlemen who do business there. One day, as was not infrequently their custom, they were chaffing him about his diminutive size, and said to him: "You will never come to much, you rascal, you are too small." The little fellow looked at them. "Well," he said, "I do not know; but, small as I am, I can do something none of you four men can do."

"Ah, what is that?"

"I can keep from swearing."

There was a break in the conversation.

"Line upon line, and precept upon precept." We repeat what we have said before, that Patten's Emulsion is invaluable for Coughs, Weak Lungs, and General Debility.

The Calendar.

NOVEMBER.

DATE.	FEAST.
22 Friday	S. Catherine, V. M.
23 Sat.	S. Andrew, A. B.
24 Sun.	First of Advent.
25 Mon.	S. Thomas, A. P.
26 Tues.	S. Stephen, A. P.
27 Wed.	S. Andrew, A. P.
28 Thurs.	S. Andrew, A. P.
29 Fri.	S. Andrew, A. P.
30 Sat.	S. Andrew, A. P.

S. Edmund, King, Martyr.

In 855, Offa, King of East Anglia, anxious to finish his days in holy seclusion, gave up his throne in favour of Edmund, then a youth of fifteen. The young king showed a precocious wisdom in governing, making himself personally acquainted with all the state affairs of his kingdom. Though so watchful a ruler, he was zealous in devout practices, and retired for a whole year into solitude, that he might learn the Psalter by heart. After he had reigned peacefully and prosperously for fifteen years the Danes invaded England, plundering and destroying wherever they went, and especially vowing destruction to every Christian. When they approached the convent of Coltingham, S. Ebbas, the abbot, and her nuns, fearless of all but their purity, horribly mutilated themselves by cutting off their noses and upper lips. When the barbarians broke in, horror-struck at the spectacle, they contented themselves with putting the holy women to the sword. Edmund resolved to do all he could to save his own country, raised whatever forces he could, and routed part of the invading host near Thetford; but fresh hordes pouring in he saw that resistance was vain, and as all terms offered by the Danes were inconsistent with his duty to God and man, he disbanded his troops and tried to conceal himself. He was, however, captured and brutally put to death, displaying the most heroic Christian endurance to the end.

PATIENCE IN ADVERSITY.

S. Edmund's example endures null now. In his prosperity he only lived to do God's will; therefore in adversity he still rejoiced when called on by that holy will to suffer. Learn from him to accept all your sufferings from the hands of God.

"Thy life is our way; and by holy patience we walk on to Thee, who art our crown."—Imitation.

After S. Edmund was taken prisoner he was offered his life and liberty on conditions equally hurtful to his country and to religion. He, in reply, declared that religion was dearer to him than life, and was worthless when bought at such a price. Then Hinguar, the Dane, not content with putting the noble king to death, subjected him to the most terrible tortures, vainly hoping to shake his fortitude. He was beaten with cudgels, then torn with scourges; and at last bound to a tree and shot at with arrows, until, while still living, he was transported in every part. All this the Saint bore with joy and patience, calling on the holy name of Jesus. It was only after he had endured every possible torture that the Danes, weary of their cruelty, struck off his head.

Many people suffer for years from troublesome and repulsive sores, boils, and eruptions, without ever testing the marvelous curative properties of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The experiment is certainly worth trying. Be sure you get Ayer's Sarsaparilla and no other.

ESTABLISHED, 1852.

The Casket,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT ANTI-GONISH, BY THE CASSETT 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 of subjects, as it will, and with the chance of exercising them wrongly; or shall we proceed to feed it with divine truth, as it gains an appetite for knowledge? — CARDINAL NEWMAN.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24.

Archbishop Ireland tells all good citizens belonging to the defeated party in the United States to console themselves with the thought that if their candidate was not elected their President was.

A conference of the Archbishops of the United States was held in New York last week under the presidency of Cardinal Gibbons. Catholic education and the relation of the Church to secret societies were among the matters discussed.

The "High Church" Presbyterians in Scotland have formed themselves into a society one of whose objects is "the deepening of a penitential sense of the sin and peril of schism." A worthy object truly, but might it not be well to shed some tears also over the old-time revolt from Mother Church, which is still the fruitful source of sect and schism?

The Catholic Review of New York, though its sympathies are with the Democrats, has a good word for the man who has for the last four years held the highest office in his country's gift. "Mr. Harrison's administration," says the Review, "has been in most ways commendable, patriotic, strong, and honorable. At its close, taking it as a whole, and looking at it from his point of view, he will feel that he can safely challenge the favorable judgment of his fellow-citizens."

At Frascati, a little village of Italy 15 miles from Rome, a monument was recently erected to the late Cardinal Massani, the Apostle of Abyssinia. Commenting on the fact the London *Leader* says that such a tribute is but a feeble expression of the gratitude owed him by humanity. Alone and single-handed, half a century ago, he dared to penetrate to regions where European feet had never set, and spreading the true seeds of Christian civilization.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union of the United States, whereof the indefatigable Miss Frances Willard is president, now embraces 10,000 local unions, with a membership of 150,000. The sum of \$336,000 has been raised by these unions for temperance work during the year. While Catholics cannot, with the sanction of their Church, take part in organized effort in the cause of temperance save on Catholic lines and under Catholic auspices, they can sympathize with the good work by whomsoever carried on, and bid it God-speed.

The Austrian Ambassador at Rome recently made a formal complaint to the Cardinal Secretary of State about certain articles published in the *Cassette* *Romano*, in which the Triple Alliance was somewhat sharply attacked. Cardinal Rampolla's reply was short and to the point. "You complain, Excellency," he wrote, "that the clerical organs ill-treat the famous Triple Alliance. How can you feel surprised at such a fact? Does not that contract assure the possession of Rome to King Humbert and company? Is it possible for us to be satisfied with such a diplomatic arrangement or to dissemble our discontent?"

The latest cable absurdity from Rome runs thus:

"It is probable that Mgr. Satolli, whose prolonged sojourn in America is partly due to his denouncing the papal policy towards France, will be made a cardinal on his return to Rome a year hence."

And so the Pope punishes Mgr. Satolli by sending him in the capacity of Apostolic Delegate to the United States; and, as though this were not punishment enough, will further punish him with a cardinal's hat! One does not know which is the greater goose, the man who comes from Rome such nonsense as the above or the news editor who inflicts it on a long-suffering public.

The ultra-Protestant society known as the A. P. A. appears to have exhausted its bigotry to no purpose during the late presidential campaign in the United States. Says Father Phalen of the *Western Watchman*:

"The result of last Tuesday's election must be very grateful to all Catholics and all lovers of truth and decency, whatever their religious belief. The A. P. A. has been repudiated everywhere. On election day they were nowhere to be found. The men who stood sponsors for the movement were doubtless Orangemen who never took out naturalization papers; the same who threatened the Republicans at Minneapolis with an inundation of a million and a half of adverse Republican ballots if they dared nominate James B. Blaine. They are not Americans nor are they voters."

The convention of Archbishops, which met last week in New York, held its sessions with closed doors. Teaching the best means of providing for the religious

education of such children as do not at present attend the parochial schools, or Catholic schools of any kind, the following resolutions, unanimously agreed on by the assembled prelates, have been made public:

First—Resolved, To promote the erection of Catholic schools, so that there may be accommodation in them, if possible, for all our Catholic children, according to the decrees of the third plenary council of Baltimore and the decision of the Holy See.

Second—Resolved, That as to children who at present do not attend Catholic schools; we direct, in addition, that provisions be made for Sunday schools, and, also, by instruction, on some other day or days of the week, and by urging parents to teach their children the Christian doctrine at their homes.

Sunday and week-day schools should be under the direct supervision of the clergy, aided by the intelligent lay teachers, and, when possible, by the members of religious-teaching orders.

On the first appearance of the new Lord Mayor of London at the Law Courts, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge took occasion to rebuke the bigotry of those who had opposed his election. Addressing the Lord Mayor, he said:

"The sight of you here, elected as you have been, and after what has taken place at your election, must show everyone that we have got past those times of intolerance which formerly disgraced this country. It is too often forgotten that these things are not special privileges of any one form of politics or religion. The Elizabethan persecutions were, at least, as savage as the Marian, with this added circumstance—that under Elizabeth it was said, with detestable hypocrisy, that men were put to death, not for their opinions, but for breaking a law that made those opinions a crime. Even in my own youth there survived relics of the Penal Laws—a code as savage as any that can be conceived since the foundation of the world. These things should make us moderate and charitable in our judgments of one another, but they should not in the least diminish our determination to resist anything like a spirit of intolerance from whatever quarter that detestable feeling should strive to put forth its strength."

This is strong language and its meaning is unmistakable. The highest judicial authority in England condemns bigotry and places it under a ban.

The subjoined paragraph from the last *Liverpool Catholic Times* brings out in clear relief one of the many irreconcilable differences of Anglicans:

"We should not be surprised if the Sacrament of Penance rather than the Eucharist or questions of Ritual be the rock on which the Church of England is finally to split. The more earnest High Churchmen are determined not to forego the privilege of what they believe to be absolution; and on the other hand nothing stirs the impotent rage of the Evangelicals so much as any advocacy of the tribunal of penance. Two cases of open discussion on this point occurred lately. At South Shields a meeting of parishioners was held outside the church to protest against their pastor telling them inside the building that he had power to forgive their sins. On another occasion a curate, when preaching the doctrine of auricular confession was suddenly stopped by his vicar, but as on this point the vicar's Book seemed to side with the innovators, it might happen that the vicar would, in his turn be corrected by his Bishop. Meaning it would be difficult to say which would be the more lamentable alternative—men pretending to give absolution in the name of Christ without authority, or an immense body of priests gifted with this supernatural power, but denying that they have it, and steadily refusing to exercise it. Yet no one can deny that the Church of England has fallen into one or other of these grievous errors. From that dilemma there is no possible escape."

It should be the constant effort of Catholic parents to make home attractive and refining in its influence upon their children. This is a matter that cannot be too often referred to; for we are convinced that there is no other, perhaps, that is more sadly neglected. There are so many who appear not to apprehend the difference between a house and a home. Now there is no Catholic home so humble that it may not possess some of the beauties of Catholic literature and art. In the matter of religious pictures Catholic homes, as a rule, are sadly lacking. The daubs that do duty as such are commonly so wretched as to border on the sacrilegious. They owe their existence to a lamentably uncultivated taste, which they in turn perpetuate. On the subject of Catholic art, its influence, and the necessity for its diffusion, we quote with great pleasure the words—as true as they are beautiful—of Archbishop Vaughan, Cardinal Manning's successor, recently uttered at Liverpool:

"The object of cultivating the fine arts was to introduce a knowledge of the beautiful, which was nowhere more needed than where material and animal influences threatened to be overpowering. It was there that some superior power was desirable to release the captive soul, and set it free from the hard grinding tyranny of material things. Education was intended not merely to teach people to make money and earn their bread, but to become higher, better, and more spiritual. If the people were not to remain coarse and animal, they ought to be refined, elevated, and spiritualized. First of all, this was to be done by instilling into the people a love and appreciation of the beautiful, which was in effect the same as the good, and only mentally distinguished. He desired that they should turn their attention to the educational and formative claims of the beautiful more than they had done in the past. If they encouraged and developed a love of Christian art in their children there would be opened for them in after life a power and pleasure which would be of a sustaining and spiritual character."

We hear a good deal of the dignity of the Catholic press. Few callings, indeed, are higher or nobler than that of the Catholic journalist. But we sometimes fear that Catholic newspaper managers lose sight of the dignity of their position. A Catholic paper should take a high stand in every respect. Its watchfulness over its columns should include those devoted to advertising as well as its reading space; and in the best Catholic papers this is the case. There should be some further criterion of the

fitness of an advertisement for the columns of a Catholic paper than the amount of money it can get for inserting it.

It is true that in order to fulfill its mission a Catholic paper must first live. But this does not free it from the duty of discriminating regarding the means by which it shall live. Now there are two species of advertisement that have lately become public pests. One is the alleged "miraculous" cures by quack medicines, and the other is the prize puzzle. It goes without saying that the former are largely fraudulent; the latter have been demonstrated again and again to be so. No reputable paper, least of all a Catholic one, which should be a model in this respect, should insert these advertisements. But some few of them do. And what is more, in a Catholic paper of considerable standing we see continued week after week an extended advertisement of the Louisiana State Lottery, the hydra-headed monster against which so many good citizens of the United States, including Cardinal Gibbons, fought with all their might. Such things tend to lower the standing of Catholic journalism.

Why is this thus?

There is a tendency, growing every year more marked, to make the contests for municipal honours turn upon partisan political issues. At the last municipal elections party lines were drawn more closely than ever before, and as a consequence each county in the Province will be represented this year at the council board by a band of staunch Conservatives and an opposing band of equally staunch Liberals. Her Majesty's government and Her Majesty's opposition bid fair to reproduce themselves on a smaller scale in every council room throughout the length and breadth of Nova Scotia. The breezy discussion over the Road Act this year seems to have fairly driven the municipal bark into the open sea of politics. It had, however, been drifting in that direction for many years.

Now, there does not appear to be any sufficient reason for importing party politics into municipal election contests. There are many good reasons, on the contrary, why such contests should be decided on the issues peculiar to themselves, independently of political leanings and political bias.

In the first place, the duties of councillors lie in a sphere of their own, quite distinct from that wider one assigned to politics. These gentlemen meet simply to discuss municipal affairs and to transact the business of the county. Their political opinions should be kept as much as possible in the background when they enter on the duties of their office; and this to ensure the impartial discharge of such duties. Why then should their political creed be canvassed, or their political opinions brought into play, when it is a question of appointing them to positions of civic trust?

Again, the interests of the community require that these officers should be chosen with a single eye to their fitness for the position. It is plain, however, that a man is neither better nor worse fitted to occupy that position for being a good Grit or a sound Tory. And yet, when the cry of party is raised at municipal elections, the chances are that political prejudices will blind not a few to the merits or demerits of candidates.

It is, moreover, by no means desirable that our county councillors should become the henchmen of either political party. They have their own work to do, the interests of their several districts to look after. It comports neither with their dignity nor with the duties of their office to take attendance in politicians' or lend themselves to the work of carrying grist to political mills.

It is well that men should be loyal to the political party of their adoption so long as they can be so consistently with truth and justice. But it is not well that they should be partisans. Even in the domain of politics people should strive to lay aside the prejudices of party when forming an estimate of men and measures. Not to do so is evidence of partisanship. But to carry considerations of party beyond the sphere of politics into civic and social life, this is a form of partisanship for which there can be no excuse. It can serve no good purpose, and cannot fail to cause a vast deal of harm. The forces that are at work in every community to disturb the harmonious relations of its members are numerous enough without adding to them. Within civic and social circles there should be a truce to the warfare of party politics.

ALDERMAN DENNIS'S LETTER.

Both the *Herald* and *Chronicle* of Tuesday contain a letter from Alderman Dennis, of Halifax, wherein he replies to an article in the *Westegan* criticising his conduct in council in connection with a proposal to grant civic aid to reformatories for young girls. It appears that there are in Halifax two reformatories for boys, one under Protestant the other under Catholic auspices, both of which receive a subsidy from the city. Within the last two years a reformatory for girls was established and placed under the care of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. As the city fathers had, in the case of the two reformatories for boys, already recognized the principle of granting civic aid to such institutions even when conducted on denominational lines, the following resolution was moved by Alderman Dennis at a recent meeting of the city council:

Whereas, the city recognizes the principle of contributing to the maintenance of boys sentenced to the Protestant and St. Patrick's industrial schools and reformatories, by paying eighty dollars each for

every boy sent to said institutions by the stipendiary.

And whereas there are a number of girls under eighteen years of age who remain before the stipendiary, for offences, and to send such young girls to Rockhead tends to confirm them in careers of sin and crime.

And whereas certain institutions exist in this city for the reformation and education of girls on the same principle as the industrial schools and reformatories for boys are conducted.

Resolved, That the stipendiary be instructed to prepare an act for submission to the legislature, authorizing the city to borrow and pay the sum of fifty dollars a year to the family of any institution to which the stipendiary is authorized to sentence girls, for each girl so sentenced, such sum to be paid on girls under 18 years of age, and for no longer period than three years for each girl. No more than ten girls shall be so paid for in any one institution in any one year.

The proposal embodied in this resolution was certainly moderate, and of such a character as to commend itself to Protestants and Catholics alike. It had also the sanction of precedent. Nevertheless it was rejected by a majority of the council. And the curious feature of the case is that some at least of those at whose instance the resolution was voted down were the very men who had first prevailed upon the civic authorities to recognize the principle of subsidizing denominational institutions by contributing to the support of the Protestant Industrial School—the first reformatory for boys established in Halifax. These were the Rev. Dr. Lathern and Mr. Robert Murray, editor of the *Witness*. Mr. Dennis points to the action of these gentlemen in protesting now against the grant of civic money for female reformatories as being singularly inconsistent and unreasonably. He can see no motive for it save bigotry coupled with a wish to spite Archbishop O'Brien. We quote:

"Do they object to extending to girls the principle so long and so successfully applied to boys because they are girls? Or because, possibly, ten Catholics would be benefited and only nine Protestants? In either case I repeat now, as I remarked in the council, they ought to be ashamed of their protest. It looks very much like the dog-in-the-manger method. Or, perhaps, instead of admiring his far-seeing denominational enterprise in covering the city with a net work of philanthropic, benevolent and religious institutions, and emulating his example—willing to consent to Catholics the same rights that I would demand and insist upon for the rest of the community—is it to be regarded as a tool for the manipulation of clerical craft and ambition, please continue to count me as a weak kneed hypocrite."

The *Westegan* had charged Mr. Dennis with being a "weak-kneed Protestant" who was only too ready to become a "tool for the manipulation of clerical craft and ambition." The latter replies: "If to be liberal minded—to honestly strive to be fair and just to all denominations and interests, and to be always willing to consent to Catholics the same rights that I would demand and insist upon for the rest of the community—is it to be regarded as a tool for the manipulation of clerical craft and ambition, please continue to count me as a weak kneed hypocrite."

Mr. Dennis's retort is admirable; and so also is the spirit of fair-play that prompted the conduct he so justly defends. Others of his co-religionists content themselves with writing gushingly and talking glibly about "religious toleration" and "equal rights." He puts these principles in practice. Happily there are in every mixed community men of his stamp who stand up for equal rights to all without fear or favour.

A Triumph of Right.

Without any party feeling, which would indeed be very foreign to *The Arc Maria*, we may study to advantage practical lessons taught us by the outcome of the contest between citizens of a Republic struggling for the settlement of great questions involved in an electoral campaign. Our recent presidential election presents very forcibly such lessons, and they should never be lost sight of by the true citizens of a free country.

There was an important issue involved, one that threatened the rights of citizens.—rights guaranteed by the Constitution of a free Republic,—rights to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience, and to exercise the freedom of their manifold in performing their duties to God, their country, and their homes. Under the administration which was last week condemned at the polls, an association with various initials, such as A. P. A., P. S. A., and the like, had been fostered and encouraged, and had been allowed to spread throughout the country. The fundamental principle of the organization—the only principle, it may be said, which actuated the movements of its followers—was determined opposition to members of the Catholic Church in political and social life. "No Catholic should hold an office," was their cry; and all who affiliate themselves to this association are pledged to act in accordance with its spirit, even if party good be sacrificed. Instances which we need not mention are on record, without any attempt at concealment of the application of this institutional and bigoted motto, prior to the recent election; and it no doubt exercised a great influence over the action of many a voter on the 8th inst.

But the people of the country rose in their might, and with that peaceful yet powerful weapon, the ballot, placed in their hands by the Constitution, they effected the overthrow of a government which seemed to encourage the existence and development of such associations inimical to liberty, violators of constitutional rights and privileges, and traitors to the country to which they claim affiliation. Never before in our history, if we except the great Washington and the "era of good feeling," was there such an overwhelming victory by a political party; and this because its leader was the representative of a party principle which commends itself to every right-thinking man—viz., equal rights to all.

Thus the people of the United States have pronounced against these bigoted anti-Catholic associations; and with them

are condemned the actions of the present Dublin Commission and its associates, who, in their bitter prejudice against Catholicity, have not hesitated to invade the family, and trample upon the rights of parents in the training of their children and worshipping God according to their conscience. May the voice of the people be heeded by all, and this foul blot upon the nation—fouler indeed than the dark stain of slavery—this hatred of religion and of religious rights be removed; and then we may appear before the world a country wherein Liberty, Equality and Fraternity are enjoyed in their truest sense.—*Arc Maria*.

Obituary.

There died at Margaree Harbor on the 20th of October, John McFarlane, commonly known as John the Post. He was born at the South River, of Antigonish, in the year 1812, whence he removed with his parents to Margaree, in 1822. He was well known through the County of Inverness; for in the year 1826, when quite young, he was awarded the contract of carrying the mails, weekly, on foot, from Mabou to Margaree Harbor, a distance of some forty miles. He was a good walker; and even when over seventy years of age, he would prefer going long distances on foot to troubling himself with a horse and wagon. How often we saw him passing by with a light step, a broad Scotch bonnet on his head, and a tartan plaid carefully folded round his graceful person! Though never a hard worker, he made his way through life honestly and decently, and his cheerful, guileless ways, his amusing, harmless jokes even his hearty laugh secured for him hosts of friends wherever he moved. He reared a family of six sons and daughters, all of whom survive him. His widow, a daughter of the late Alex. McNeil, Broad Cove, is still quite hearty; and to her as well as to the rest of the family, we extend our sympathy in their bereavement.—*Com.*

At Boston, Mass., on the 11th day of November, in the 28th year of his age, after an illness of fifteen days, which he bore with fortitude and Christian resignation to the Divine Will, Daniel Beaton, youngest son of Angus Beaton, Postmaster, Little Judique leaving a sorrowing wife and two children to mourn the loss of a kind and affectionate husband and father. His remains were conveyed to his parents' home at Little Judique and were followed to the cemetery at Port Hood by a large concourse of sorrowing relatives and friends. Deceased was a steady and industrious young man and was highly esteemed by all his acquaintances. May his soul rest in peace.

"A stitch in time, etc." Take a bottle of Putner's Emulsion at once. Fifty cents spent on which may save much suffering and loss of time, as well as a large doctors bill, bye and bye.

A special despatch from St. John, N. B. to yesterday's *Chronicle* says:

In the Queen county contest to-day the attorney-general has undoubtedly swept the polls by over 500 majority. At least two polls will not be heard from to-night, but those in are all carried by the Hon. Mr. Blair, while less than two months ago these places went for the opposition. Blair's majority may exceed 600.

This is another set-back to bigotry. The latest reports are to the effect that the Hon. Mr. Blair's majority is 800 with one place to hear from, which will probably swell the majority to 900.

FALL IMPORTATIONS NOW COMPLETE.

Especially Ladies' to our Large Stock of
Mantles, Cloaks and Capes,
All Manufactured for us by Makers of the Highest Reputation in Germany, the Range includes a lot of
Kaluga, Amster, Squirrel Lock, Fur-lined Mantles
THEY ARE GOOD VALUE.

WE ARE SHOWING A LARGE RANGE OF NEW
Dress Goods, Fancy Tweeds,
Ser. es, Foule Cloths, Meltons,
Black and Colored Cashmeres.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF
Dress :-: Trimmings.

We have just opened up a new lot of
Perrin's Kid Gloves,
They are still considered the Best Glove made and every pair is warranted.

We always carry the Largest Stock of
CORSETS
To be found in Antigonish, values unsurpassed.

In our Gent's Furnishing Department will be found our usual Large Stock of Christy's Celebrated London

Felt Hats, Wool Underclothing, Dress Shirts,
Fancy Wool Top Shirts.
Ties in the Newest Styles, Collars, Cuffs, etc.

We are still Manufacturers Agents for the Celebrated
Melissa Cloths and Garments
We always carry a good assortment of Gentleman's Melissa Rainproof Coats, they give Good Satisfaction and every Coat is Warranted.

WE ALSO HAVE A BIG STOCK OF
Ready-Made Clothing,
IN SUITS AND OVERCOATS, ALL SIZES

OUR STOCK OF
BOOTS and SHOES
Is larger than ever before, we guarantee the best value.

We lead in Furniture with the Largest Stock and Lowest Prices. Our Solid Hardwood Round-back Chairs at 50 cents cannot be equalled. A large Stock of Parlor and Bedroom Suites, Dining Room and Kitchen Furniture is offered at equally Low Prices.

Choice Family Groceries, Flour, Meal, Fish, Etc.,
ALWAYS IN STOCK.

A. KIRK & CO., Antigonish.

RIGBY! RIGBY!

We have much pleasure in informing you that we have placed with
McCURDY & CO.,

A FULL LINE OF THE
Rigby Cloth Garments,

And they are in a position to supply all who call upon them with the best Waterproof which can possibly be made.

Among the benefits we claim for the Rigby Cloth are:

- It is Perfectly Waterproof.
- It is porous and permits free Respiration of the skin.
- It is Sanitary in the Highest Degree.
- It is Anti-rheumatic to a remarkable extent.
- It is economical, serving as both Overcoat and Waterproof.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.
Ripley Waterproofer Co.—McCurdy & Co. Greenhouses—P. S. Chisholm.
Day for sale—Trout & Hoop.
Cattle Wanted—Robt. McLeod.
Savannah—Wanted—Mrs. Broadfoot.
Trainer—Wanted—Eg. Mountain Section.
Commercial College—S. E. Whiston.
Straw Hat—Casket Office.
Horse and Cattle Sale—Hannah Grant.
Shaw's Store—Angus McDonald.
Stationery and Fancy Goods Sale—Janet Sophia Gossip.

Local Items.

OUR THANKS are due to Mr. J. S. McDonald for late Milwaukee papers.

FOR A GOOD QUALITY OF TEA, best in town, go to D. S. Chisholm's.—adv.

THE COUNTY FEES are payable to the order of the School Trustees for Antigonish and Guysboro this week.

FOR THE LUMBER WOODS.—Seventeen men left Antigonish yesterday, for Quebec, to work in the lumber woods.

A NEW POST-OFFICE has been established at Carrigon, St. Joseph's, Antigonish Co., with Dennis Carrigan as postmaster.

MILLENBURY—Miss Williams, Head Milliner for McCurdy & Co., is turning out some nice millinery—you should see her trimmed Toques for \$1.00 and \$1.25.—adv.

TRIDENT—The customary Trident in honor of St. Francis Xavier will take place at the College chapel on the evenings of Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of next week, at 7 o'clock p. m.

MILLER BROTHERS' piano tuner, Mr. Watterworth, of Ingersoll, Ont., will arrive in town in a day or two. Persons having pianos or organs to tune will please leave their orders at the Central House.—adv.

WITH SUCH REGRET we have to announce the serious illness of Dr. Angus Chisholm. On Monday week he was seized with what seemed at first one of the many forms of La Grippe, but what further developments showed to be typhoid fever. The absence of all complications coupled with a good constitution leads his physicians to expect a favorable issue of his illness. The Diocese can ill-afford to lose a young priest so full of promise and hence the prayers of our readers are requested for his speedy recovery.

BURGLEY.—On Wednesday night of last week the store of Ronald McDonald, postmaster, Pleasant Valley, was entered by persons as yet unknown, and some change, amounting to about \$4, several pairs of shoes and shirts were stolen. A chisel, which was used in forcing the door open, was left in the store—an incident which gives a coloring of truth to the belief that the persons who committed the robberies in Antigonish and Guysboro a few months ago and left the instruments used in gaining an entrance behind are the same.

LIQUOR TRIAL.—On Tuesday morning the 22d inst., Duncan Pashee, of West River, was up before Squire Hargrave on the charge of selling intoxicating liquor at Antigonish on the 19th inst. Several witnesses were called who testified that they paid defendant for liquor on that day. But it not appearing from the testimony of these witnesses that the defendant supplied the liquor himself or acted merely as a messenger for the purchaser, the court deemed it advisable to put the defendant on the stand. He swore that he had no interest in the property in the liquor furnished and that he procured the liquor at the request of the parties. Defendant was acquitted.

PERSONALS.—Rev. Fathers Chisholm, of L. Glace Bay, and Kiely of Mainland were in town this week.

The friends of Mr. J. D. McLeod, whose departure for home to enter the Canadian College was announced in these columns last month, will be glad to learn that he reached that city in safety on the 4th inst. The passage by the "Sarnia" from Montreal to Liverpool was a long and stormy one.

Bishop Courtney will arrive in Antigonish by Friday's western express, remaining until Saturday, when he goes to Bayfield. During his stay here he will be the guest of R. M. Gray. Confirmation services, we are requested to state, will be held at 7.30 p. m. Friday evening in St. Paul's (Anglican) Church, Antigonish.

HYMENEAU.—The marriage of Mr. Joseph McInnis, of West Lake Ansilie, to Maggie, eldest daughter of Angus Fraser of Port Hastings, took place at Port Hawkesbury on the 9th inst. The ceremony was performed by Rev. R. McDonald, P. P., assisted by Rev. R. McInnis, brother of the groom. The bride was attended by Miss Annie McMillan, of Port Hastings, looked charming in a travelling suit of gray. Mr. John McDonald of Lake Ansilie, supported the groom. After the marriage, the bridal party drove to the home of the bride's father, where, amidst a host of friends they sat down to a sumptuous dinner. The bride was the recipient of many handsome presents. The happy couple left by some evening's express for their future home at Lake Ansilie.—COM.

THE COMET.—A good deal of interest not unmix'd with alarm has been aroused of late by the announcement that the periodical comet, known to astronomers as Biela's, was headed straight for the earth and that the tail of the wanderer in the heavens would come in contact with our planet. The comet is already visible to the naked eye, though as yet indistinct. Its position is said to be in the zenith. Prof. Boss, of the Dudley Observatory, Albany, N. Y., has quite recently affirmed that a serious error has been made regarding the comet; that it is not at all the one it was at first supposed to be; that instead of being only 11,000,000 it is really 250,000,000 miles distant from the earth; and that it is not drawing near the earth at all, but travelling almost directly away. This announcement, though disappointing to star-gazers, will serve to quiet the fears of nervous people who forboded trouble and calamity from the visit of the stranger.

CEREBRAL CHANGES.—We understand that the Rev. Dr. McNeil has been appointed to the pastoral charge of Deshousses parish left vacant by the death of the late lamented Fr. McLeod. Rev. H. P. McPherson, who is at present acting in the

capacity of assistant to the Very Rev. Fr. Quinn at Arichat will succeed Dr. McNeil in the parish of West Arichat. The Warden's correspondent at West Arichat thus refers to these changes:

"The announcement was made last Sunday that we were about to lose the services of the Rev. Dr. McNeil, P. P., and this, I need not say, created very general and profound regret. The learned Dr. and his amiable sister, during their but too short a residence in our midst, have endeared themselves to all as no others, in similar capacities, have ever done. It is a consolation to know that his successor (whose fame has preceded him) is a gentleman of parts and learning whose pastorate is likely to be long and pleasant."

WEDDING BELLS AT GUYSBORO.—At St. Anne's Church, Guysboro, on Tuesday, Nov. 22d, Mr. James Cameron, of Canso, was married to Miss Bessie, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Condon, Esq., of Guysboro. The marriage ceremony, which took place at 9.15 a. m., was performed by the Rev. Father Tompkins, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Phalen and Mombourquette. Mr. John E. Condon, eldest brother of the bride gave her away. The groom was attended by his brother, Mr. Angus Cameron, and the bride by her sister, Miss Laura Condon. After the ceremony the party partook of breakfast at the home of the bride's sisters. The officiating clergyman, with the exception of Fr. Tompkins, who was called away to a distant part of his extensive mission, were present. At noon, the newly-wedded pair, accompanied by the bridesmaid, groomsmen, and two other members of the groom's family, left for their home in Canso, bearing with them the best wishes of the friends they left behind.

Ford Hood Notes.
At present owing to recent heavy rains travelling is in a horrible state.
Messrs. D. Grant and Ferguson, of New Glasgow, were here last week having a look over the I. & R. R. route. May these gentlemen do something towards quickening that enterprise.

Some of our older weather prophets predict a hard winter. Their sign is the early house-building of the musk-rats. Others say we are to have open weather like last winter. As a stump orator once said: "tempus fugit—time will tell."

J. L. McDougall, Esq., Barrister, late of Mabou, has removed to this place and opened an office. We now have nine legal lights to guide us here—besides one at Mabou and another at Hawkesbury—not to mention a few in course of evolution. More the merrier!!

Our Literary Club has been re-organized with Alex. MacDonald, Esq., as President and Mr. P. L. Smyth, Secy.-treasurer. The extent and variety of material available indicate a profitable winter. Occasionally it will be resolved into a mock parliament. Here is a chance for coming men.

On last Thursday the remains of Daniel Beaton, late of Brighton, Mass., were laid to rest in the Catholic cemetery here. He was only in his 23rd year and was a son of Angus Beaton, Esq., postmaster, of Little Judique. His untimely death was caused by typhoid fever. He had been residing for the past few years at the first named place. Young Beaton was of a very estimable family and was favorably known by all. He leaves a widow and two children who receive every sympathy in their affliction.

The County Court sat here last week but so short a time was taken up in disposing of the small amount of business thereat that few were aware of its presence. May I not be accounted a friend if I express the hope that the decline of litigation in this county has at last reached a turning point. Surely the interests of a big profession are worthy of good wishes. At this term only one of the few cases docketed was heard—the others being either settled or continued till next sittings—viz., a matter of appeal from a Commissioner under the Act abolishing imprisonment for debt. In this matter Mr. Justice McInnis granted an order against a judgment, debtor to pay the judgment in three yearly instalments.

Margaree Notes.
The Municipal elections are over and the candidates can now take a rest.

Mr. A. W. Miller, teacher, of this place, has left for St. F. X. College to pursue his studies. We wish Mr. Miller every success.

The smuggled liquors seized by Mr. A. Dain, collector of customs, at Margaree Harbor, will be sold near his residence on Monday the 21st inst.

A few weddings are expected and anxiously waited for by many of the young Margaree folk, who are always glad of an opportunity to "trip the light fantastic toe."

The Councillors for the districts are: South West, A. Collins returned with a majority of 37; Margaree Harbor, Dr. A. McLennan, who defeated his opponent J. P. McFarlane by 29 votes; N. E. Margaree, D. McDermid, with a majority of 12 over his competitor, Albert Ingraham.

Margaree cheese factory has been closed since a few weeks and the manager, Mr. M. A. Murphy, who is a most agreeable and affable fellow, can afford to enjoy himself a little and feast on the beauties of nature, which, by the way, have special attractions and pleasures for a nature like his.

Rumor has it that Mr. Fidel White, an aged and respectable individual who resides near this place, possesses the key to the discovery of a valuable gold mine. It is to be hoped that some of Margaree's most influential men will take hold of the project and make it a paying enterprise.

K. J. C. is guaranteed to cure any form of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. A free sample package mailed to any address. K. J. C. Company, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

General News.

A delegation of farmers from Texas is selecting land in Manitoba.

It is stated that Justin McCarthy has resigned the leadership of the Irish Party owing to ill-health.

James, Conservative candidate for Walsall, Eng., was unseated on Friday for corrupt practices in recent election.

The Democrats will have a majority of 90 in the House of Representatives at Washington.

It is announced as certain that Archbishop Walsh of Dublin will be made a Cardinal at the coming consistory.

The cable announces that Baroness James Rothschild, was recently baptized a Catholic in the cathedral of Beauvais, France.

The labor troubles at Homestead have broken out afresh. Many of the union strikers are said to be on the verge of starvation.

The armed peace of Europe is purchased at a big price. During the last twenty years the military expenditures of France alone reach the enormous sum of \$3,900,000,000.

President-elect Cleveland lunched with Cardinal Gibbons and the Archbishops, who are at present attending a conference at New York, in the apartments of one of the Catholic clubs of the city.

A hurricane, accompanied with heavy falls of rain and snow, swept over the eastern section of P. E. Island on Thursday last. Two Nova Scotia vessels, the George E. Harold and the Mariner, were driven ashore at Souris during the gale.

Cholera has not died out in Europe with the advent of colder weather. Several deaths from cholera have lately occurred in Holland and in Hungary. Fresh cases are reported also in the North of France.

Mr. Gladstone narrowly escaped being run over by an omnibus on the streets of London the other day. The pole of the vehicle struck the aged premier slightly on the shoulder; he staggered a short distance but escaped without injury.

A piece of land situated on Broadway, New York, was bought the other day by the American Surety company for \$1,040,000, at the rate of \$17,648 a square foot.

The Congregation of Propaganda, Rome, announces the conversion of 40,000 persons to Catholicity in the first six months of 1892. The greater portion of the converts were in Asia, West Africa, and a considerable number in the British provinces.

An inmate of an Armenian convent, in Jerusalem died a short time ago at the age of 116 years. The official announcement of her death includes the remarkable statement that she entered the convent at the age of 17, and from that time until her decease, a period of 98 years, was never outside the convent walls.

The Hon. Mr. Blair, premier of New Brunswick, who was defeated in his own constituency, is seeking re-election in Queen's county. The St. John Telegraph states that the opposition to the honorable gentleman in that county has developed into a sectarian fight pure and simple. Intolerance dies hard.

At the close of the present year the Bank of Montreal becomes the agent of the Dominion Government in the financial world. It will pay the interest on the public debt; purchase about two million dollars of bonds annually for a sinking fund to redeem debt as it falls due, make temporary advances to the Government when required, and issue permanent loans from time to time.

The United States treasury since the beginning of the current fiscal year has been making payments exceeding those of the previous fiscal year at the average rate of \$4,000,000 a month. Upon this basis the expenditures for the year would be increased \$48,000,000 over last year; with appropriations but \$12,000,000 greater. This means, according to the estimate of the appropriations committee, a deficiency on account of pensions of not less than \$36,000,000.

There is talk of raising the insurance rates throughout the provinces. A meeting of representatives of the insurance companies was held in Halifax on the 17th inst., at which an increase in rates for Prince Edward Island was discussed. It was decided to await a reply to representations sent to the home offices. The whole matter is said to have grown out of a toast given in jest at a meeting of adjusters in St. John's, Nfld.—Our next merry meeting, at Halifax.

The Washington Post says: Among the exhibits at the World's Fair which will doubtless attract much attention from persons historically inclined are two swords obtained from Spain for exhibition by Mr. Curtis, Chief of the Bureau of American Republics. One of these swords belonged to Queen Isabella, Columbus's patron. It is a simply designed weapon with a massive gold hilt, curving downward to form guards, and a broad fluted blade of two feet nine inches in length. The other sword belonged to Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, and if the dimensions and weight of the weapon are indications, the Spaniard must have been of Herculean mold. The heavy flat, plain blade measures three feet four inches in length, and the hilt is very massive, forged steel, with a curiously shaped guard. The exhibits have been placed in the care of the Department of State at Washington.

J. O'Sullivan, Belfast, 1.00	Wm. Nicholson, Beaver Cove, C. B., 1.00
Mrs. Alex. McDonald, Port Hood, 1.00	Alex. McDonald, Port Hood, 1.00
John McDonald, Coos, N. H., 1.00	Mrs. Isid. Murphy, Bayfield, 1.00
Margie McFarlane, Troy, N. Y., 1.00	Amrose McNeil, Antigonish, 1.50
John McN. H. Rumford Falls, 1.00	Miss C. Fraser, Cambridge, 1.00
Angus Gillis, Somerville, 1.00	J. N. McLeod, Rensselaer, 1.00
D. B. McPherson, Tiro, 1.00	

MARRIAGES.

McInnis-McInnis.—At Georgetown, on the 15th inst., by the Rev. D. Cameron, P. P., Daniel McInnis, (Hugh's son), of Cape George, to Margaret daughter of the late Alexander McInnis, of Georgetown.

DEATHS.

McDONALD.—At Alder River, on the 24th ult., Simon McDonald, son of Colin and Annie McDonald, aged eight years. R. I. P.

GILLIS.—At Somerville, Mass., on Tuesday, 13th inst., after a lingering illness, borne with patient resignation, in the 24th year of her age, Mary, wife of Angus Gillis, (formerly of Georgetown, Antigonish, Co.) and daughter of Ronald McDonald, William's Point. The untiring attention of a devoted pastor and the rites of Holy Church, consoled and strengthened her in her last hours. A sorrowful husband and one child mourn her loss. Her remains were interred at Antigonish, Saturday.—R. I. P.

AUCTION.

TO BE SOLD AT AUCTION on the Subscriber's premises on Thursday, December 1st, at 10 a. m.

1 MARE, 9 years old.
1 MARE, 2 years old.
1 COLT, 1 year old.
COWS AND MILK COWS.
Several Head of Young Cattle.

TERMS: Eleven Months' credit on notes of approved security.
HANNAN GRANT,
North Grant, Nov. 22, 1892.

WANTED.

A SERVANT GIRL, capable of Cooking, Apply to
MRS. BROADFOOT,
Antigonish, Nov. 22d, '92.

WANTED.

ONE OR TWO CARLOADS OF GOOD FAT CATTLE to dress 400 lbs and upwards; at Antigonish, on Tuesday, 23rd inst., Nov. 23, '92. ROBT. McLEOD.

HAY FOR SALE.

TO BE SOLD AT AUCTION on Friday, 23rd inst., at 10 a. m.,
12 TONS HAY.
From stacks in field of F. E. Lindsay, on Post Road. Terms cash. TROTTER BROS.

WANTED.

A GOOD TEACHER, at Eg. Mountain, Section 16, for this term.
By order of
COLIN GILLIS, Trustee.
JAMES McDONALD, Trustee.
Eg. Mountain, Nov. 16, '92.

GROCERIES

All New and Fresh.

HAVING taken over the Grocery Business of G. Chisholm, I have just about a large and varied assortment of

Fresh Groceries

INCLUDING
Tea (extra quality), Flour, Meal, Rolled Oats, Rice, Peas, Beans, Raisins (new crop), Tapioca, Currants, Etc.

ALSO
Fresh Beef, Lamb, Mutton and Pork
ALWAYS ON HAND.

Just arrived a handsome assortment of Briar Pipes, marked low to suit the time.

Country produce taken in exchange.

D. S. CHISHOLM.

STRAYED.

A TWO AND A HALF YEAR OLD STEER strayed on to the farm of Angus McDonald, Green Lake, Georgetown, last June where he still remains. The owner can have him by paying expenses applicable to a return to his farm.

FOUND.

A PAISLEY SHAWL, on Lower South River Road. Apply at CASKET OFFICE.

FOR SALE.

STATIONERY
AND
Fancy Goods Business in Antigonish.

TENDERS addressed to the undersigned will be received at Windsor, N. S., until
NOON TUESDAY, DEC. 6TH,
Next, for the Stock of Goods belonging to the Estate of the late Miss I. R. MacIntyre, of the Town of Antigonish.
Stock may be seen and inspected in the Shop on the premises at Antigonish. Tenders to state their offer at so much on the dollar in coin or bills.

The Stock is in first class condition, a large portion being only recently ordered. The undersigned does not bind himself to accept the highest or any tender.
Purchaser, if intending to carry on the business, can have same at present rental and thus retain the business connection.
Terms according to agreement.
JANE SOPHIA GOSSIP,
Windsor, N. S., Nov. 23rd, 1892.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

THE CO-PARTNERSHIP heretofore existing between John R. Haley and Duncan Chisholm is this day dissolved by mutual consent, the said Duncan Chisholm taking over the business and assuming all liabilities, and to whom all debts due the firm are to be paid.
JOHN R. HALLEY
DUNCAN CHISHOLM.

SPACE OF
Palace Grocery, Fruit and Provision Store,
MAIN STREET, ANTIgonish.
Downie Kirk,
PROPRIETOR.

BARGAINS
ARCHIBALD & SWEET
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL OFFERS BARGAINS IN
General Hardware:
BAR IRON, CUTLERY, BRUSHES, PAINTS, OILS, CARRIAGE WOOD, SAVERN WHEELS, CARRIAGE HARDWARE, CARRIAGE TOPS, SHOVELS, MECHANIC'S TOOLS, HAYING TOOLS, HOES, SHOE FINDINGS, SHOE LEATHER, HARNESSES AND HARNESS MOUNTINGS, ETC.

STOVES Burrell-Johnson Iron Co., (Limited).
TINWARE Our own make and imported.
TEA We give 5 LBS. TEA for \$1.00, and 6 LBS. BEST TEA for \$1.25
A POOR QUALITY OF TOBACCO 25 CENTS PER POUND.
Archibald & Sweet, Antigonish.
Our Fall Stock is now Complete.
DRESS GOODS.
LADIES JACKETS.
FURS.
OVERCOATS.
BOYS' CLOTHING A SPECIALTY.

WILKIE & CUNNINGHAM.
Antigonish Woolen Mills.
McKay & Brine, PROPRIETORS.
WHILE thanking our many patrons throughout Antigonish county and many other parts of the Province for the large share of patronage extended to us last season, we would respectfully solicit a continuance of the same during the present season of 1892.
The high reputation our work has made for itself in the past should be sufficient guarantee that we will endeavor to retain and increase our present patronage this season, by supplying (if it is possible) in class of workmanship that of previous years, in all our various specialties such as Custom Carding, Fulling, Dressing, Dyeing, Etc., Etc.
To meet the convenience of many who are unable to visit our mills personally, we have appointed agents in the following places, a list of which we place before you for your guidance:
LIST OF AGENTS FOR MCKAY & BRINE'S WOOLEN MILLS.
Mr. R. P. Bourke, Desousses, C. B. Miss Janet McDonald, Avonlea.
Mr. H. H. Bruce, Barney's River. Mr. John McGrath, Cross Roads, St. Marys.
Messrs. R. Delaney & Son's, House Harbor, Mr. Murdoch McLennan, Guysboro Intervale.
Magdalen Islands. Mr. Fred McLellan, Linwood.
Mr. A. C. Gillis, Middle Melford. Mr. Peter McLean, River Dennis, C. B.
Mr. J. J. Gillis, Georgetown. Mr. Murdoch McLennan, Port Margaree.
Messrs. L. A. E. Hart, Guysboro. Mr. Alon. LeBlanc, M. P. P., West Arichat, C. B.
Mr. A. P. Miller, Margaree Harbor. Mr. T. J. Scarce, LeCharrier.
Mr. D. Melver, Barney's River. Mr. Angus McMillan, Tracadie.
Mr. J. A. McDonald, Antigonish. Capt. Sam McNeil, Etang Du Nord, Magd. Islands.
Mr. M. W. McDonald, Lismore. Mr. W. M. Stroup, Arden.
Mr. J. C. McDonald, Arden. Mr. M. V. Webb, Harbor au Bourgeois.

D. G. KIRK'S
Hardware Store is the great centre of attraction those days. His stock of
STOVES AND
TINWARE
Being complete and the Finest Line to be seen anywhere.
If you want to be warm and happy for the winter be sure and give D. G. KIRK a call.

RETAIL
IS THE BEST TAKE NO OTHER
ANTIGONISH

If You Want to Learn Write
AN EASY, RAPID, LEGIBLE HAND A SEVERAL WEEKS.
DEMANDED BY BUSINESS MEN, GO TO
WHISTON'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE
DAY AND EVENING CLASS, AND USE
WHISTON'S COLLEGE PEN No. 1
This is the Best Pen for Business Writing on the market. Give it a trial and you will use no other. For Sale at A. & W. Whiston's, and also at the College 35 Barrington Street.
New Catalogue sent free on application.
S. E. WHISTON,
35 Barrington Street, Halifax.

NEW GOODS
IN THE OLD STAND.
I have just received a Fine Assortment of Stationery, School Requisites, Fancy China Ware, Lamps, Photo Albums, Embroidery and Knitting Silks, Swiss Carvings, Combs, Etc., Etc.
MY GOODS ARE NEW. MY PRICES ARE RIGHT.
Call Before Purchasing Elsewhere.
I have also just received a new supply of
PATENT MEDICINES
Including the famous
KICKAPOO REMEDIES.

C. W. WALDEN.
IN STOCK AT
C. B. WHIDDEN & SON'S,
Choice Pastry and Family Flours, Graham Flour, Rolled Oats, Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Split Peas and Beans, Pot Barley.

MOLASSES
In Pouches and Barrels.
A FULL LINE OF
Canned Goods
AND
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.
Sugar Cured Hams and Bacon, Kerosene Oil in Casks and Tins, Choice Family Lard.
NO. 1 JULY HERRING, CODFISH AND HAKE.

C. B. WHIDDEN & SON.
SAVE
Two Intermediate PROFITS
BY ORDERING YOUR
Suit and Overcoat
FROM
A. C. McMILLAN,
Who buys from the Manufacturers in large quantities and at special prices.

Compare his Stock with any other in Eastern Nova Scotia for
Endless Variety, Cheapness, and Quality.
PRICES RIGHT. TERMS EASY. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

D. J. GRANT, - CUTTER.
INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.
1892.—Winter Arrangement.—1893.
ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 17TH OCTOBER, 1892, the trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:
WILL LEAVE MARGRAVE
For Antigonish, Stellarton, St. John, Queens, and Montreal, 9.20
WILL ARRIVE AT MARGRAVE
From Montreal, Quebec, St. John, Halifax, Stellarton and Antigonish, 13.15
WILL LEAVE ANTIGONISH
For Stellarton, Halifax, St. John, Quebec, Montreal, Sydney and North Sydney, 10.36
WILL ARRIVE AT ANTIGONISH
From North Sydney, Sydney and Margaree, 11.20
From Montreal, Quebec, St. John, Halifax and Stellarton, 13.35
All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.
D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

NOTICE.
A meeting of the Shareholders of The Casket Printing and Publishing Company (Limited) will be held at the College Hall, Antigonish, at 1 p. m. on Tuesday, the 23rd inst.
Antigonish, Nov. 9, '92. J. S. O'BRIEN, Secy.

Land and Town Lots FOR SALE.
TO BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION, at the store of Murdoch McLennan, Port Margaree, on Friday, the 2nd day of December next, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the following Lots of Land
Two lots situate in the business part of the Town of Port Margaree with dwelling houses, stores and other buildings, formerly owned by Thomas May.
A lot of land containing 25 acres, formerly owned by Angus McMillan and now owned by Angus McDonald.
These lots are also situate near the Railway Station and suitable for business and for dwelling houses.
A farm situate at old Manchester Road, in the County of Guysborough, containing 250 acres and being part of the Dean and Chapter Lands. Terms made known at sale. Good title shall be given.
P. & J. O'MULLIN,
Halifax, November 3rd, 1892.

FOR NEW AND STYLISH MILLINERY, TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED, LADIES' SHOULD GO TO A. KIRK & CO'S

Professional Cuids.
GEORGE TOWNSEND, D. V. S.,
GRADUATE OF McGILL VETERINARY COLLEGE.

BROOKSIDE FARM,
NEW GLASGOW, N. S.

Dr. J. R. McLEAN,
EYE, EAR AND THROAT.

Artificial Eyes, any Color or Size.
Office: Kent's new Building, Prince Street.
TRURO, N. S.

ERNEST GREGORY, L.L.B.
Barrister & Solicitor.
Office: C. C. GREGORY'S BUILDING,
Main Street, Antigonish, N. S.

Wm. F. McPHIE,
Barrister and Solicitor, Notary Public.
Office in W. U. Telegraph Building,
ANTIGONISH, N. S.

CHRISTOPHER P. CHISHOLM,
Barrister, Notary, Conveyancer, Etc.,
ANTIGONISH, N. S.

Central House,
RUFUS HALL, PROPRIETOR.
ANTIGONISH N. S.

The CENTRAL HOUSE is well adapted for
COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS, having
Commodious Sample Rooms.
Good Stabling on the Premises.

Central House,
PORT HOOD, C. B.

ONE OF THE BEST HOUSES in the County.
CHARGES MODERATE.
Good Sample Rooms and Stables on the premises.
A. G. McLELLAN, PROPRIETOR.

Est. 1825.
HALIFAX BANKING CO
AN BRANCH OF THIS BANK IS OPEN AT
ANTIGONISH

For the transaction of a General Banking
Business.
Drafts and Bills of Exchange, payable
in all parts of the World, Bought, Sold and
Collected. Interest allowed on sums of
Twenty Dollars and upwards at Current
Rate of Interest.

JOHN M. BROUGH, Agent.
H. H. BANKS,
COMMISSION AGENT.

AND DEALER IN
Fruit and Country Produce.
Consignments Solicited. Market quotations
Furnished Free.

Parker Market Building,
HALIFAX, N. S.

NOTICE!
DR. CAMERON
Has left the Central House and now
resides on
CHURCH STREET,
In the House formerly owned by J. F. Robb.
Antigonish, Sept. 22.

Watches Clocks,
Spectacles, Silverware
And Fine Jewellery
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Wedding Rings,
Chased Rings,
Gem Rings,
Silver Thimbles,
Gold Headed Canes

And everything kept in a first class Jewellery
Store.
J. R. HELLYER,
Main Street, Antigonish, N. S.

Our Specialty
ROTARY SAW MILLS,
LATH MACHINES,
SHINGLE MACHINES,
WATER WHEELS.

AND OTHER MILL MACHINERY AND SUPPLIES
Engines - and - Boilers,
Either Portable or Stationary.

A leading Contractor has pronounced our
Hot-air Furnace
The Best Manufactured in the Dominion.
You should get one in your house, it will
save you time and money.

SOLES, PLOW FITTINGS, and other
Castings of every description.
Particular Attention giving to JOB-
BING in all its Branches.
Write for Prices.

Weir & Morrison,
STELLARTON, N. S.

Only One.
Who knows of the steps it takes
To keep the home together?
Who knows of the work it makes?
Only one—the mother.
Who listens to the childish woes,
Which kisses only smoother?
Who is pained by naughty blows?
Only one—the mother.
Who knows of the untiring care
Bestowed on baby's head?
Who knows of the tender prayers?
Only one—the mother.
Who knows of the lesson taught
Of loving one another?
Who knows of patience sought?
Only one—the mother.
Who knows of the anxious fears
Lest darling may not weather
The storm of life in after years?
Only one—the mother.
Who kneels at the throne above
To thank the Heavenly Father
For the sweetest gift—a mother's love?
Only one—the mother.
—Jennett Miller's Monthly.

A LITTLE NEWS-GIRL.
(By John Acton.)
"What paper to-day, sir?"
"Same as usual, my dear. No," with
a smile, as the child was about to
return the change: "keep it. The 'Tele-
graph' is worth a nickel to me."
"Thank you very much, sir."
Katie had never quite understood Mr.
Crosby. To pay five cents every time
you bought a three cent paper! If it
were the 'Ledger,' now. People had to
buy that to find out who was dead. It
seemed very strange.

Mr. Crosby was Katie's best customer.
"He'll never get rich if he keeps on that
way," she predicted. But I guess he's
well enough off already." She looked
admiringly after the carefully dressed
man. Then she thought of her father
and sighed.
Mr. Crosby practiced law on Sixth street
below Walnut. Across the way was
Washington Square. Here the bright
clean, cool grass, the giant shade trees in
which the birds sang blithely, the clear-
voiced, rosy-cheeked, romping children
made a pleasing picture.

Near the Locust street entrance to the
square, morning and afternoon, rain or
shine, Katie Kernan stood selling news-
papers. It was wearisome work, and she
had little heart for the trees and the grass.
The gray stone coping dividing them from
the sidewalk was well enough to lean
against when she grew tired, or wanted to
count her unsold papers—that was all.
She did not dare to go home before she
had sold out.

To-day was particularly trying. It was
now late in the afternoon and there had
been one or two or three buyers. "Father
will be in a bad humor to-night too," she
murmured. "His wages are always gone
by Friday. I might as well make up my
mind to stay here till dark." She touched
the string of her scapular and said a prayer
to Our Lady Help of Christians.

Katie looked down at her shabby shoes.
"I wish I could get a new pair, but I can't."
The baby is to be christened on Sunday
week and he'll need a cloak and a top.
Nothing is too good for him." Katie's
pretty face lighted up at the thought of
the chubby little brother at home in his
mahogany cradle. "I guess he's napping
about this time."
"But what was this at her feet? She
stooped and picked up a thin book bound
in pink paper. Who could have lost it?
She soon learned, on the front cover
"Maurice Crosby" was written in a bold
hand.

"It's Mr. Crosby's. He's dropped it
in his hurry. I'll keep it for him till to-
morrow. The Sacred Heart Almanac." I
didn't know he was a Catholic.
Katie turned the leaves of her "find."
Everything interested her. She read our
Lord's promises to the Blessed Margaret
Mary again and again. Could she have
expressed her feeling she would have said
that the ninth promise held something
personal, something precious for her: "I
will bless every place where a picture of
My Heart shall be set up and honored."
Katie clasped her hands, and a wistful
look came into her eyes. Oh, I wonder
would he—would Jesus help father, and
mother? I could take the money to buy
the picture out of my bank. There's
twenty-five cents. I guess that would get
one.

It was nearly dark. In the square a
grass-scented, bluish mist began to rise;
fireflies (Katie called them lightning-bugs)
shone and faded among the tree-shadows.
The frolicking children, with their hoops
and roller skates, had all gone away.
Our Lady Help of Christians never
forgets. Katie had disposed of her last
paper and felt very thankful. She dread-
ed the streets at nightfall. Didn't she
hear that terrible man, wearing rubbers,
so that you couldn't hear them tread,
pushed boys and girls into chloroformed
canvases and held them to the Jefferson
Medical College, and no one ever
heard of them afterwards?

Katie shuddering, hurried homewards.
She lived in—street. At that time
two-thirds of its dingy, tumble-down
houses were occupied by vicious and
criminal whites and blacks. Here and
there was a family the head of which
earned his living by honest labor. A
strangely-chosen place was this for self-
respecting people, the majority of whom—
God pity them!—were Irish Catholics.
But so it was.
A buxom colored woman wearing a
purple print gown and a bright bandana
stopped Katie at the entrance to the street.
"You be careful, honey. Your pa has
been beating your ma again. She halloed
murder, and all the little children ran
over to my house. Your pa took the Bible
out with him. Your ma fainted. You can
come over with the other children if you
get frightened. Walk right in without
knocking."
Katie had become very pale. "Oh,
Mrs. Royer! I was afraid pa would.
The police couldn't have heard ma halloed,
do you think?"
"No honey, I reckon not. Don't you

be afraid about that, though, so long as
your pa wasn't arrested. But the law
here 'im keeping you, and your ma ex-
pecting you every minute!"
Katie thanked her kind-hearted infor-
mant, and in fear and trembling went up
the gloomy, ill-smelling street. She found
her mother waiting for her in the doorway.
"You're crying, darlin'. What's the
matter?"
"O ma! ma!" Katie sobbed. "Emeline
Royer's just told me about pa. Where
has he gone?"
Mrs. Kernan drew the child in and
closed the door. "I don't know. God
forgive him! He took the Bible, with
my marriage certificate in it. In a South
street pawnshop it is by this time." She
broke into violent weeping. "O Mother
of Jesus! Did I ever think I'd live to
see this day? Him that has a good trade—
the builders say there's no better bricklayer
in Philadelphia—to sell the Word of God
for drink! The book blessed by Father
Barbelin—Lord have mercy on his soul.
And to be living in this den of thieves out
of pure carteriness, because I said it was
no place to bring up children! And him
raisin' his hand to me whenever the fit
takes him! Ah it's punished I am for
neglecting my duties. No confession
from years' end to year's end. And 'tis
the same with him. Look at the five of
your children. Never a decent shoe to
your foot nor a rag to your back for Mass
or Sunday-school. Sure it's heathen's
we've been—been the pair of us—and
it's comin' home now." She covered her
tear-stained face with her hands and wailed
despairingly.

"O ma! don't don't!" pleaded Katie,
tears dimming her own eyes. "Sit down
here in the rocking-chair. I've got some-
thing to tell you."
"That I will darlin'. Sure, if I hadn't
my Katie to comfort me my eyes would
never be dry. But first you run over to
Emeline's for the young ones. I'll get
them to bed before your father comes in—
if he does come. They've had their sup-
per. I'd go myself, but I don't want her
to see my black eye."
Katie was soon back with the little ones
—two sturdy boys and two fair girls
ganging from three to nine years. They
trooped obediently upstairs after their
mother and speedily forgot their fright in
sleep. When Mrs. Kernan came down
Katie nestled in her lap and drew forth
Mr. Crosby's almanac. She read aloud
our Lord's promises to Blessed Margaret
Mary. When she had finished the ninth,
Mrs. Kernan, thrilling with a new hope,
cried eagerly: "Say that over again,
darlin'!"

Katie did so. "Why couldn't we try it
ma?" she asked softly.
Mrs. Kernan kissed the questioning
young face. "How did you guess my
thought, darlin'? Sure, you're sensible
past your twelve years. Yes, we'll get
a picture, and may the Sacred Heart help
us! And now you go to your bed, pet.
I'll wait up for your father."
Katie left her mother telling the beads
of her rosary. Mrs. Kernan's conscience
had been awakened at last—doubtless by
a queening ray from the perfect Heart
which she had just invoked.

It was after twelve o'clock when Kater
came in. Frequent potations had not
improved his temper. He heaved at his
wife aggressively. "Drunk again, Cass."
He waited for reproaches. There were
none.
"I think I'll go to bed, Mike. Do you
want anything?"
His eyes followed her in mandrin sur-
prise. Hadn't he struck her only a few
hours back? and here she smiled at him.
That was what a fellow might call friendli-
ness, and no mistake. "You're a brick,
old woman." He offered her his hand.
Mrs. Kernan touched it gently.
"I can't make you out to-night, Cass.
Something's the matter."
"Never mind, Mike dear. We'll talk it
over to-morrow."
Kernan staggered upstairs.
An impulse she could not resist con-
strained Mrs. Kernan to prayer. She
kneled in her narrow kitchen till the warm
June dawn flushed the East.

III.
A balmy, cloudless afternoon, Katie's
heart beat lightly. She was thinking of
the Ninth Promise. She knew a cheap Catho-
lic bookstore. As soon as her papers
were gone, wouldn't she have one of those
pictures? What did she care now for the
troubles of yesterday? Of course, she felt
sorry for her mother; for her father too.
But hadn't she said the Litany of the
Blessed Virgin last night, and wouldn't
that set everything right? "Yes," the
born child-faith whispered "Yes." The
Bible—that wouldn't be lost either. And
forthwith, for the twentieth time, she sent
up a fervent petition to St. Anthony.
Here came Mr. Crosby! Katie took the
Sacred Heart Almanac from its tissue-
paper-wrapping. "You lost this yester-
day, sir," she said, handing it to him.
Mr. Crosby handed it back. "Thanks
my dear. You may keep it. I have
another."
There was something else to speak
about. Katie hesitated. Would he think
her forward? Her mother had not objected
to her asking him.
Mr. Crosby noticed her embarrassment.
"What is it, Katie?" he inquired kindly.
"Why Mr. Crosby, why?"—Katie
blushed at her boldness—"there's a little
baby at our house. He's a boy. He hasn't
been christened yet; he hasn't any name;
and I thought—we'd like—if you
wouldn't mind—to call him—to have
him christened Maurice."
Mr. Crosby smiled. "Why, Katie, I
wish you would. That will be all right.
If you do, I hope he will be a better man
than his namesake." He slipped a bank-
note into her hand. "Tell mother to buy
the little fellow something nice with that."
Katie drew back in dismay. "It's
five dollars, sir! Thank you very much;
but ma wouldn't like me to take all that."
"Then," warned Mr. Crosby, with as-
sumed seriousness, "you musn't name
baby after me."
Katie was not convinced, but before she

could make further remonstrance Mr.
Crosby was out of sight.
That evening Katie bought the Sacred
Heart picture, had it blessed by one of the
Father at St. —, and straightway set
it on the "parlor" mantel.
IV.
A week passed. Mrs. Emeline Calantha
Royer remarked over the backfence to her
next door neighbor that the world must be
coming to an end. "Let me tell you why,
Solferina Bidlow Jones. That Mike
Kernan's been sober—his here whole
week. Don't tell me people can't let rum
alone if they want to. And Mrs. Kernan,
she's beginning to look real peart—that
is," qualifying, "she will when her black
eye goes."
Solferina Bidlow fingered the brass
handle of the hydrant meditatively. She
was sleep in a big "wash"—for "one of the
most aristocratic families on Walnut
street," she proudly informed Mrs. Royer.
"It's certainly queer, Emeline. There's
Mrs. Herndon—this wash is her's. She's
a strict Catholic. Her son Percy, he took
to drink. The cook took me. His mother
got a Catholic picture—forget the name
—and put it in Master Percy's room. It
changed him like conjuring. He has stop-
ped drinking. He hates liquor now."
Emeline laughed—her guess truer than
she dreamed: "I reckon Mrs. Kernan
must have got one, too. Whatever it is,
I'm mighty glad. She's a clever woman,
and her Katie's just sweet."

"Well, Cass, I've found a nice little
house for us," Kernan said that night—
the first Saturday in years that he had
been sober. "Please God, we'll be out
of this rat-trap by Wednesday next. It's
down near Tenth and Dickinson."
Mrs. Kernan gave him a grateful look.
"Anywhere, anywhere, Mike, away from
this." The forgiving kindly Jesus! How
quickly He has rewarded the setting up
of the little picture! Let us begin over
again, dear. We haven't lived as we
should; we ought to have had a 'Sacred
Heart' to start with. There's no luck
where there's no God."
"I know it, Cass. Something had made
me see things differently the past week.
I have been a brute to you. You might
have dressed in your silks if I had done
what was right."
Mrs. Kernan's lips quivered. "Never
mind, Mike. We'll forget all that. We're
old yet. And haven't we the children?
We'll send Katie to school now, too.
Mike—the poor child with her feet out
of her shoes! She'll not be wanting
things after the baby is christened, I know
that."
Kernan leaned over and kissed her.
You're too good for the like of me, Cass,"
he said huskily.
Mrs. Kernan smiled through her tears.
"Don't say that, Mike dear. Sure,"
gaily, "I wouldn't have let you put the
ring on my finger if I had been."

Mr. Crosby misses Kate's winsome face
and sweet voice, but he is glad to know
that she is at the head of her class in the
parish school.
Master Maurice has developed into a
fine-looking tyro with a few teeth and
many yearnings to talk.
His mother, happy in her new home,
feels that she will ever associate his baby-
days with the blessed presence and provid-
ing of the Sacred Heart.—Little Mes-
senger of the Sacred Heart.

K. D. C. builds up the system by re-
storing the stomach to healthy action. Free
sample to any address. K. D. C. Co., New
Glasgow, N. S.

A Soldier's Words.
A few summers since, says an exchange,
while en route from Chicago to Sault St.
Marie on a Lake Michigan steamer, there
were assembled in the smoking apartment,
a sociable group, unusually interesting to
the writer from the fact that it comprised
several military men, natives of the field
and whose experience for conversation
afforded abundant material for Colonel D—
Among the party was Colonel D—
whose evident familiarity with home and
foreign military service soon made him
the centre of the interest.
The conversation turning on the respec-
tive qualities of the soldiers of various
nations, the Colonel was finally asked to
state from what nationality he would select
his men for a critical encounter had he
choice of nations.
After a moment's hesitation he spoke of
the training of one, the reckless daring of
another, the cool determination, the
endurance, etc., of others, after which he
said in substance:
"But, gentlemen, aside from the ques-
tion of nationality, let me tell you that for
men who know their duty, who could be
dependent upon a man, although it were
a case of almost certain annihilation, give
me a regiment who had just knelt and told
their sins to the chaplain or who had just
received, at his hands, what they call a
general pardon."
"I belong to no church. I never
expect to. But I say without
hesitation that I would stake my life on
the absolute fearlessness of these men who
believe so firmly that, whatever the
result, they are prepared to meet their
God."
Coming, as it did, from an infidel, in a
group where the presence of a Catholic
was unsuspected, you may be assured that
this tribute to the effect of the practice of
a faith which is admired even by those
who have it not, was thoroughly enjoyed.
Let us hope that the Colonel may be
led to investigate the interior merits of
a religion which can produce in man such
admirable external qualities.

Gratifying to All.
The high position attained and the uni-
versal acceptance and approval of the
pleasant liquid fruit remedy Syrup of Figs,
as the most excellent laxative known, il-
lustrate the value of the qualities on which its
success is based and are abundantly grati-
fying to the California Fig Syrup Company

The Cure For
Scrofula was once supposed to be the
tooth of royalty. Today, many people
know that the "royal remedy" is
Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This powerful
and effective extirpator of the evil, by
thoroughly eliminating all the impure
blood. Consumption, catarrh, and various
other physical as well as mental maladies,
have their origin in
SCROFULA

When hereditary, this disease manifests
itself in childhood by glandular swellings,
running sores, swollen joints, and general
feebleness of body. Administer Ayer's Sarsa-
parilla on appearance of the first symptoms.
"My little girl was troubled with a painful
scrofulous swelling under one of her
ears. The physician being unable to effect
a cure, I gave her one bottle of
Ayer's
Sarsaparilla, and the swelling disappeared."
—W. F. Kennedy, McFarland's, Va.
"I was cured of scrofula by the use of Ayer's
Sarsaparilla."—J. C. Berry, Deerfield, Mo.
"I was troubled with a sore hand for over
two years. Being assured the case was
scrofula, I took six bottles of Ayer's
Sarsaparilla
and was cured."—H. Hinkins, Riverton,
N. C.
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

Cures others, will cure you

PIANOS - -
AND
- - ORGANS.
THE LARGEST AND FINEST STOCK
IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

Don't fail to write for Price List and
Catalogues, and you will save money and
get a First Class Instrument.

CASH OR EASY PAYMENTS.

W. H. JOHNSON,
121 and 123 HOLLIS ST.,
HALIFAX, N. S.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that at the next
session of the Parliament of Canada, session
will be made for an Act to incorporate the
"THE GRAND COUNCIL OF THE
CATHOLIC MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSO-
CIATION OF CANADA."
The objects of which society are to unite fra-
ternal, all religious, political and social
under the Constitution and By-laws of the
Society; to improve the moral, mental and social
condition of its members; to educate them in
integrity, sobriety and frugality; to establish
mutual aid and to bestow a benefit and a reserve
fund, from which a sum not exceeding Two
Thousand Dollars shall be paid to each member
in good standing, his beneficiary or legal repre-
sentative according to the Constitution and By-
laws of the Society.
OHAWA, October 20th, 1892.

LATCHFORD & MURPHY,
Solicitors for Applicants.

**Great
Dirt
Arrester**
AND
DISPERSER OF
UNCLEAN
ACCUMULATIONS
— IS —
THE FAVORITE
JUSTICE SOAP
No family should be without it. It is
true economy to use a good article, one
which will do good work without injury
to hands or delicate fabrics. Try it.

McCURDY & CO.
UNDERCLOTHING.
TOP SHIRTS
CARDIGAN JACKETS

MILLER BROS.
116 and 118 Granville Street,
HALIFAX, N. S.
— MANUFACTURERS' AGENTS FOR THE CELEBRATED —
**IVERS AND POND
KARN AND
EVANS BROS. PIANOS,**
ORGANS,
THE FAMOUS
"KARN,"
FOR CHURCH AND PARLOR.

New Raymond Sewing Machines,
FOUR DIPLOMAS (HIGHEST AWARD) TAKEN AT THE LATE PROVINCIAL
EXHIBITION.
Please write for Prices to Ourselves or to
A. T. MacDONALD, Agent, Antigonish.

JOHN McDONALD,
on tractor 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.

Dr. Alex. J. Chisholm,
PHYSICIAN
SURGEON,
(Graduate of Bellevue Hospital Medical Col-
lege, New York, and late of Victoria General
Hospital, Halifax.)
ANTIGONISH, N. S.
OFFICE: Dr. McINTOSH'S BUILDING,
BOARDS AT CENTRAL HOUSE,
ANTIGONISH, N. S., October 31.

Administrator's Sale.
IN THE COURT OF PROBATE, 1892.
In the matter of the estate of Alexander
Forbes, late of Beech Hill, in the County
of Antigonish, Farmer, deceased.

To be sold at Public Auction, at the Court House,
in Antigonish, on Monday, the 12th day of
December, 1892, at ten o'clock a.m., pursuant
to a license to sell, granted by the Court,
Probate for the County of Antigonish, dated
the 2nd day of November, A. D. 1892.

ALL the estate, right, title, interest, claim,
property and demand of the said
Forbes, at or before the time of his decease, in
and to the following land and premises, namely:
All that certain lot, piece or parcel of

LAND,
Situate, lying and being at the South River in
said County of Antigonish, and on the West side
of said River, bounded as follows, that is to say:
On the South by lands of John B. McDonald, on
the West by lands of the heirs of the late John
McDonald, and now, or lately occupied by
Alexander McDonald, on the North by lands of
John McMillan, (Allan's son), and on the East
by the waters of the South River above
said, containing one hundred acres more or less,
and being the Northern one half or quarter of
the lot of land owned and occupied by the
Defendant in his life time, and certain other
lands, situated in the County of Antigonish, and
bounded as follows: On the South by lands of Donald
McLean, (deceased), and now in possession of his
legatees, on the West by lands of the heirs or
legatees or grantees of Angus McDonald,
(deceased), and on the North by lands of
Pinevale Lake, containing six acres more or
less.

TERMS: Ten per cent. deposit at sale, re-
mainder on delivery of deed.
ALEXANDER FORBES, (Junior),
Administrator.
Dated, Antigonish, November 7th, 1892.

LAND SALE.
IN THE COUNTY COURT, 1888, A. No. 401.
For the District No. 6.
Between WILLIAM H. MACDONALD, Plaintiff,
and
ROBERT McSAMARA, Defendant.

To be sold at Public Auction, by the Sheriff of
the County of Antigonish, or his Deputy, at
the Court House, in Antigonish, on Friday
the 23rd day of November, 1892, at 11 o'clock
in the forenoon.

ALL the estate, right, title, and interest of the
above named defendant, at the time of the
sale of the judgment herein, in and to the
following lot, piece or parcel of

LAND,
Situate, lying and being at Antigonish Harbour,
in said County, bounded as follows, that is to
say: On the South by Oudem's Pond (so called),
on the East by lands of Henry H. Crear, on the
North by lands of Allan Cameron or the front
line of the Halliwell grant lots, and on the
West by lands of Elizabeth McLean, containing
ninety acres more or less, and being the same
lands conveyed by Elizabeth McLean and
others to Thomas McSamara by deed bearing
date the 10th day of November, 1887, and recorded
in the Registry of Deeds, kept at Antigonish,
in Book 15 at page 421, as by reference thereto will
more fully appear, the said lands having been
levied upon under an execution issued in the
judgment obtained in the above cause, a certifi-
cate of which was duly recorded in the Registry
of Deeds for the said County of Antigonish, for
upwards of one year.

TERMS OF SALE: 20 per cent. cash deposit at
sale, remainder on delivery of deed.
D. J. CHISHOLM,
Sheriff of County of Antigonish
A. MACGILLIVRAY,
late McGillivray & Chisholm,
Solicitors for Plaintiff.
Sheriff's Office, Antigonish, October 18th, 1892.

**CASH
EGG - MARKET -**
**2000 Sheep and
Calf Skins
WANTED.**
Highest Cash price paid.

DORANT & CO., ANTIGONISH.
FOR SALE.
WRITE TO POST OFFICE BOX 80, Anti-
gonish, Nova Scotia, for the best
HIGHLAND PIPES
in America. Good as new. Very cheap. Old
in the cause.

McCURDY & CO.
Men's Undershirts and
Drawers, good weight, 45c.
All Wool, - - - 56c.
Heavy All Wool, - 75c.
Extra Heavy, - 85c.
Cheapest ever offered, \$.55
Blue Lace Shirt, - .75
English Blue Flannel, .85
A Good Shirt, - 1.00
A Fine Line of Cardigan
Jackets, the best we have
yet shown at
\$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.35, \$1.50,
\$1.75 and \$2.00.

McCURDY & CO.,
WEST END WAREHOUSE.