

JUST ARRIVED A LARGE SHIPMENT OF
Choice Teas,
Direct from Liverpool in 22lb Caddies and
1-2 Chests.
AT THE LOWEST PRICES
D. G. KIRK:

The Antigonish Casket.

THIS WAY FOR TEA.
Don't you want a Caddy of the Fines
Family
TEA
At the Lowest Price ever Offered Here.
D. G. KIRK.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM.

A CATHOLIC JOURNAL NON-PARTISAN IN POLITICS.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM.

FORTIETH YEAR.

ANTIGONISH, N. S., THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1892.

No. 51.

WE ARE NOW SHOWING A VERY NICE LINE OF
LADIES' KID GLOVES,
In Laced and Patent Clasps, very suitable for Christmas Presents.
**OUR STOCK OF
DRY GOODS**

Is very Complete, and you will find our GROCERIES as low as the lowest.
Our 4 cent Brown Sugar is extra bright.
Best of American Oil for 20c Imp. Gallon.

Wishing all our Customers the Compliments of the Season.

WILKIE & CUNNINGHAM.

IT IS A FACT

Which Nobody can Deny!!
That McCURDY & CO.'S is by far the best place to Purchase
READY MADE CLOTHING,

DROP IN AND SEE THEIR
Tweed Overcoats for \$5.00
Nap Overcoats, velvet collar 6.75
Black Worsted Suits, 6.75
Tweed Suits, 5.00

Full Line of Boys' Clothing.
MEN'S RUBBER COATS, \$2.50

McCURDY & CO.

THE EQUITABLE

Life Assurance Society

OF THE UNITED STATES. JANUARY 1, 1891.

ASSETS, - - \$19,243,744
Liabilities, 4 per cent 95,593,297
SURPLUS, - - 23,740,447

INCOME, - - \$ 35,036,683
New Business written in 1890, 203,826,107
Assurance in force, 720,662,473

HENRY B. HYDE, President. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, Vice-President.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY IS NOW PAYING ITS TWENTY-YEAR TONTINE POLICIES, AND THE ACTUAL RETURNS SECURED BY THE HOLDERS OF THESE POLICIES ARE NOT EQUALLED BY THOSE OF ANY OTHER LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

BEFORE YOU ASSURE YOUR LIFE IN ANY COMPANY, APPLY FOR AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE RESULTS OF A TONTINE POLICY ISSUED AT YOUR AGE ACCORDING TO THE SOCIETY'S EXPERIENCE UNDER THE POLICIES MATURING IN 1891.

EDWARDS & FIELDING,

MANAGERS FOR MARITIME PROVINCES,
HALIFAX, N. S.

LOCAL AGENTS

C. E. HARRIS, Antigonish. J. E. CORBETT, Harbor au Bouchie.
W. CROWE, Sydney. Blowers ARCHIBALD, North Sydney.
H. P. BLANCHARD, Baddeck. J. S. HART, Whycomagh.
M. J. DOUCET, Grand Etang. E. D. TREMAINE, Port Hood.
C. J. FULLER, Arichat. R. R. MORRISON, Gabarous.

WOOTTEN & DEXTER.

STEAM

Hot-Water

FITTERS,

Plumbing, &c

ESTIMATES FURNISHED.

ANTIGONISH, N. S.

Young Men.

This is the day of the Catholic young man, and we have the country for the Catholic young man. By the Catholic young man we mean the young man attached to his Church, by his living up to its precepts. A straightforward, manly fellow, on whose open, ingenuous countenance is written Catholic in great burning characters of honesty, purity, sobriety. As he steps from the threshold of youth and breasts himself for the struggle of life, he is aware of the splendid opportunity that awaits him. Does he realize his fine position? Here is advancement. Place and position are to be had. Slowly, it may be at the outset; but they will come. He must have a fair education and ambition; with his good habits, he is equipped. Our Catholic young man should banish the absurd notion that his religion is a bar. Never was there a more false impression. The Catholic young man who has the advantages and the habits mentioned will find his religion a help and a stepping-stone to success in life. Go to our successful Catholic business men and they will give testimony to the truth of this assertion. When a Catholic young man is known to be an attentive member of his Church, and especially a frequenter of the confessional, for on this point business men outside of the Church place great reliance in their Catholic employees, he is very sure of not only permanent, but advancement; even being placed ahead of his fellow employees not of his faith. Take the great iron industries, the manufacturing interest, the large wholesale and retail houses in our city. In them you will find many of our bright, successful Catholic men who commenced life poor boys, some of them partners, some whole owners, and very many at the heads of the various departments. Among our most successful mechanics, at the head of our civil and engineering corps, on the lines of our many railroads centering in our city, are hundreds of Catholics who have succeeded, an honor to the Church, and citizens whose word is their bond. The successful business man can tell good material when he sees it. What he wants is young blood to train up to his business, and he is on the alert for the right kind of a young man. When he discovers him, as between a question of religion and no religion, it is religion he prefers.

The Evenings in Catholic Homes.

The days are very short and there will be little outdoor exercise for some months. This affects both young and old in the household, but especially the young. Catholic parents have a grave obligation upon them to supplement as far as possible the religious and intellectual education which their children receive in the Church and school. The work of the priest or teacher may be strengthened or weakened according to the influence of the home circle. Hence the suggestion lies near that parents provide as much as possible for the proper employment of their children during the evenings at home. There must be recreation, but there is also a certain amount of discipline required to make that recreation useful and salutary. There are families where some of the members, if not the father or mother, select a few suitable books for reading in common during the winter evenings. A good Catholic paper or a magazine, such as the Ave Maria, or the Messenger of the Sacred Heart, or the Rosary, supply generally a selection of just such reading as will suit both old and young in the Catholic family circle. As to books, there are plenty of good and elevating novels, but they ought to be selected with care and after consulting with some competent person versed in such matters. Let the best reader in the family be selected, and sometimes give the younger ones a chance to read short pieces after having prepared them. This will act as an encouragement for them and help them to profit by their school work.

Good Cause for Complaint.

Major Murgatroyd: "No, sir, I do not like the newspaper of to-day! Let me give you an illustration. Last week I met a reporter of the *Moon*—casually, you understand—and told him—casually, you understand—that I had written a good story about Judge Bunge's visit to my house, and the time he had made him promise he wouldn't publish it. See? Pompano: "Yes. He promised?" Major M.: "He did. Then what do you suppose?" Pompano (gravely): "D'no." Major M. (savagely): "He didn't publish it. Not a line, sir; not a line!" —*South Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

A Young Man's Evenings.

In a late number of the *Arkansas Traveller* there is a little story which has a great deal of meaning for many of the young men in our larger cities, and in the smaller places too for that matter. The narrator is himself a young man who thus explains how it was that about the only time he saw his mother and sister was at dinner on Sunday; he had to be at the office at 8.30 a. m., and consequently he left the house before the rest of the family had got up; his work was over at 6 p. m., and then he would get dinner in the city, and spend his evenings either at the theatre, or the billiard room, or playing cards with the boys, returning home after the others had gone to bed. One day his father made an engagement with him for the following evening to call upon a lady, "one I knew quite well when I was a young man," he explained. To the narrator's surprise she proceeded straight home. "She is stopping at the house," the father further explained. They went in and the young man was introduced with due formality to his own mother and sister. He began to laugh. The others preserved perfect gravity. The mother remarked that she remembered the caller as a boy, but had not seen much of him lately. She also told him some anecdotes of his boyhood. Then the four played whist for a while, and on the young man taking his leave he was cordially invited to come again. He went upstairs feeling pretty small, and did a lot of thinking that night with the result that he decided that his mother was a most entertaining lady, and his sister a good and brilliant girl; that he enjoyed their company, and that he would certainly cultivate their acquaintance. We greatly hope that some young men who would never by any chance encounter this story in the *Arkansas Traveller* may glance over it in these columns, and ask themselves if it has any point for them. How many evenings in the year does the average young man, who boards at home, spend in the society of his mother and sisters? Our own experience leads us to think that the percentage would be woefully small. Is it right then that such should be the state of affairs? Have the mothers and sisters no claim that deserves recognition on the companionship of son and brother? Surely they have. Surely there is something amiss—something to be deplored—something to be rectified in a condition of society where their rights are systematically ignored. A fair proportion of a young man's evenings can hardly be better spent than at home. That ought to be good for him. It certainly will be good for him. Let us trust that the young man of the *Arkansas Traveller* may have many imitators now that the satisfactory issue of his father's clever ruse has been so clearly established.

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Obeying Orders.

Not long ago a little event took place at Powlowsk, a military station, near Berlin, which shows what is the German soldier's idea of obeying orders. The officer in command one morning posted a veteran in front of the officer's residence, with orders to pace up and down a certain distance and on no account to lower his gun from the "carry." The officer, a pompous, self-important man, was expecting visitors that day, and he wished to impress them with his military style. Calling the soldier before him, he gave his orders. "You are to pass the distance assigned, with your gun at the 'carry.' Do you understand?" "Yes, commander." "On no account are you to deviate from your walk, or remove your weapon from its position. You understand?" "Yes, commander." "You will observe strict silence. On no account are you to speak with anyone on your beat. You understand?" "Yes, commander." "Very well; go and obey."

How to Sweep a Room.

In sweeping a room a few simple rules are all that is needed. Let all ornaments, small toilet articles and the like, be placed on the bed and that entirely covered with a sheet. It is well to have sweeping covers of unbleached cotton sheeting, large enough to drape such pieces of furniture as can't conveniently be moved from the room. All chairs, ottomans, light tables, etc., should be dusted and set in the hall or an adjoining room. Loop up curtains and draperies so that they will clear the floor. Have rugs or mats removed first and shaken in the open air. Shut the doors and raise the windows, unless the weather should be exceptionally cold. In that case airing may be deferred until the sweeping is finished. The fresh exercise generally creates a glow that makes cool air desirable. Let the sweeper, attired in an old gown made conveniently short (a wash dress is to be preferred), her head tied up in a good-sized handkerchief or covered with a sweeping cap, attack the work bravely. Sweep from one side of the room, leaving a space into which to push the furniture, as that impedes the progress of the broom. Leave nothing unmoved that can be moved, and see that no corner is allowed to harbor dust or fluff. Drive the dust into the middle of the room, gather into a dustpan and bestow at once in the fire. Let the dust settle thoroughly before the "setting to rights" is begun. Wipe off base board, door panels, and other woodwork first. A square yard of cheese cloth neatly hemmed makes the best duster. It is soft and easily washed, and has the added merit of cheapness. Rub windows and mirrors, brush off picture frames and wash marble mantels and slabs. Replace the rugs, uncover the furniture, dust it carefully, and restore the ornaments to their places, first observing whether they are clean. Last, bring in the furniture from outside.

Mr. Howells' New Work.

The announcement that Mr. Howells will leave Harper's Magazine, to take editorial charge of the *Cosmopolitan*, on March 1st, calls attention to the process of building up the staff of a great magazine. Probably in no monthly has the evolution been so distinctly under the eyes of the public as in the case of the *Cosmopolitan*. The first step after its editorial control was assumed by Mr. John Brisson Walker, was to add to it Edward Everett Hale, who took charge of a department called "Social Problems," subjects concerning with the greatest number of people are thinking to-day. Mr. Hale, who is a student, a fair-minded man, a thorough American and a man of broad sympathies, has filled this position in a way to attract the attention not only of this country, but of leading European journals. Some months later, a department was established called "The Review of Current Events." To take charge of this, a man was needed who should be familiar not only with the great events of the past thirty years, but who knew personally the leading men of both the United States and Europe who could interpret motives and policies. Murat Halstead accepted this position with the distinct understanding that his monthly review should be philosophical and never partisan. The next step in the history of the *Cosmopolitan*, was the placing of the review of the intellectual movement of the month in the hands of Mr. Brander Matthews, who for some time has been recognized as one of the two or three ablest critics in the United States. Finally came the acceptance of the editorship conjointly with Mr. Walker, by Mr. Wm. Dean Howells. Mr. Howells, who is recognized universally as the foremost American of letters, under the expiration of his contract with Harper Brothers, on the first of March will take in hand the destinies of a magazine which promises to exercise a share of influence with the reading classes of the United States. His entire services will be given to the *Cosmopolitan*, and everything he writes will appear in that magazine during the continuance of his editorship.

Care of the Teeth.

The proper care of the teeth is an important question and will always remain so. A lady recently read an article in a French paper entitled "The Care of the Teeth," and so delighted was she with it that she took it to her New York dentist for him to read. Now, this dentist happens to be a thoughtful man as well as a worker, and he wrote his patient to the following effect concerning the flaws he discovered in the article: "The writer states that if the saliva be strongly alkaline, large deposits of tartar will be found about the teeth which, of course, is perfectly true, but he goes further, and, reasoning from the fact that tartar is dissolved by acids, he at once recommends the use of acid tooth powders and washes, an error into which many theorists before him have fallen. It must be borne in mind that tartar is composed mainly of the phosphate and carbonate of lime, and so are the teeth. Therefore, any acid that is strong enough to dissolve the tartar will also dissolve the teeth. The thing is to keep the tartar from getting on the teeth. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Morning and night and after each meal the teeth should be thoroughly brushed, supplemented by the use of floss silk after each meal to cleanse between the teeth where the brush cannot reach. The writer of the article in question fails to mention the floss silk, which is so important always to have hand. He also recommends soft tooth brushes, so that the gums will not be injured. Now, it is a well known fact that any part of the human system is toughened by regular exercise, as the palms of the hands, etc., and I claim that the gums should be brushed thoroughly, always in a direction toward the outer edge of the teeth, the result being a hardening of the gum surface which will prevent the use of the hardest brushes without causing irritation whatever. Having brought the gums up to this splendid condition of health, the stiff brush, so far from injuring them, contributes to their destiny and toughness, and is much more serviceable in keeping tartar from the teeth than the soft brush recommended by the French writer."

Why He Won His Case.

A young barrister, not noted for intelligence, succeeded in having a client acquitted of murder. Meeting a friend a few days afterward, the barrister was greeted with warm congratulations. "Yes," said the lawyer, mopping his brow, "I got him off, but it was a narrow escape." "A narrow escape. How?" "Ah, the tightest squeeze you ever saw. You know, I examined the witness and made the argument myself, the plea being self defense. The jury were out two whole days. Finally the judge called them before him and asked what the trouble was." "Only one thing," replied the foreman. "Was the prisoner's counsel retained by him or appointed by the court?" "No, gentlemen, the prisoner is a man of means," said the judge, "and engaged his own counsel." "I could not see what bearing the question had on the evidence," continued the lawyer, "but ten minutes later in filed the jury, and what do you think the verdict was?" "What?" asked his friend. "Why, not guilty, on the ground of insanity."

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A Retailer's Resolutions for 1892.

Will have a little clearing up after the holidays.
Will make a big effort to curtail credit-giving.
Will not be persuaded into buying goods that we are not really in need of.
Will not repeat an order for goods whose only merit were found to be cheapness.
Will not try to meet the reckless cutting of the rival over the way.
Will collect more promptly than I did before.
Will take stock at least twice a year and clear out shop-worn and slow goods.
Will be quite frank with creditors as to my position from time to time.
Will impress upon my clerks the importance of politeness to customers.
Will be considerate of my employes as to hours of work and wages.
Will not engage in outside speculation of any kind.
Will caution my salesmen against misrepresentation.
Will not try to do more trade than my capital justifies.
Will not go security for anyone, nor endorse "accommodation" paper.
Will advertise in the local paper.
Will keep my stock adequately insured.
Will be well advised before joining any of the various assessment, co-operative, and so-called investment schemes that profess to give \$2,000 for ten, etc., etc.
Will live within my income.
Will read my trade paper diligently and keep track of new ideas.

The Calendar.

| DATE. | FEAST. |
|----------|-------------------------|
| 8 Fri. | Of the Octave. |
| 9 Sat. | Of the Octave. |
| 10 Sun. | Within the Oct. |
| 11 Mon. | Of the Oct. |
| 12 Tues. | Of the Oct. |
| 13 Wed. | Octave of the Epiphany. |
| 14 Thur. | S. Hilary, Bp. C. D. |

S. Genevieve, Virgin.

Genevieve was the daughter of a shepherd of Nanterre, near Paris. S. Germanus noticed something so remarkable in her, when he passed by her home, that he urged her to consecrate herself to God, and himself received her vows. On the morrow, having tested the firmness of her resolve—for she was but seven years old—he gave her a medal stamped with a cross, and forbade her to wear any other ornament. Her life now became one of singular austerity and prayer, and God Himself shielded her miraculously from harm. One day her mother, vexed at her frequent visits to the church, struck her in the face. That instant she lost her sight, nor was it restored till she had bathed her eyes in water which her daughter had blessed. Later on Genevieve was denounced as an impostor and led out to death, when a messenger from S. Germanus appeared, who testified to her innocence, and saved her life. Henceforth the fame of her sanctity spread throughout Gaul. During the siege of Paris, Genevieve, with only a few followers, brought in corn to the starving citizens; and when Attila and his host threatened the city, she promised the people deliverance if they would turn to God and do penance; and her words were fulfilled. Her holy example through ninety long years enlightened and sanctified her land, and on her death, in 511, she was laid by the side of Clovis in the church which bears her name.

The Power of Holiness.

Genevieve was only a poor peasant girl, but Christ dwelt in her heart. She was anointed with His Spirit, and with power; she went about doing good, and God was with her.

Non est sanctus prater te, quia nemo nisi a te.

None are holy besides Thee, O my God, for none are holy but by Thee.—*S. Augustine.*
A pestilence broke out in 1129 which in a short time swept off 14,000 persons, and in spite of all human efforts, daily added to its victims. At length, on November 26th, the shrine of S. Genevieve was carried in solemn procession through the city. That same day but three persons died, the rest recovered, and no others were taken ill. This was but the first of a series of miraculous favors which the city of Paris has obtained through the relics of its patron Saint.
"They all blessed her with one voice, saying, Thou art the glory of Jerusalem, thou art the joy of Israel, thou art the honour of our people. For thou hast done manfully, and thy heart has been strengthened because thou hast loved chastity."—*Judith xv. 10, 11.*

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In sweeping a room a few simple rules are all that is needed. Let all ornaments, small toilet articles and the like, be placed on the bed and that entirely covered with a sheet. It is well to have sweeping covers of unbleached cotton sheeting, large enough to drape such pieces of furniture as can't conveniently be moved from the room. All chairs, ottomans, light tables, etc., should be dusted and set in the hall or an adjoining room. Loop up curtains and draperies so that they will clear the floor. Have rugs or mats removed first and shaken in the open air. Shut the doors and raise the windows, unless the weather should be exceptionally cold. In that case airing may be deferred until the sweeping is finished. The fresh exercise generally creates a glow that makes cool air desirable. Let the sweeper, attired in an old gown made conveniently short (a wash dress is to be preferred), her head tied up in a good-sized handkerchief or covered with a sweeping cap, attack the work bravely. Sweep from one side of the room, leaving a space into which to push the furniture, as that impedes the progress of the broom. Leave nothing unmoved that can be moved, and see that no corner is allowed to harbor dust or fluff. Drive the dust into the middle of the room, gather into a dustpan and bestow at once in the fire. Let the dust settle thoroughly before the "setting to rights" is begun. Wipe off base board, door panels, and other woodwork first. A square yard of cheese cloth neatly hemmed makes the best duster. It is soft and easily washed, and has the added merit of cheapness. Rub windows and mirrors, brush off picture frames and wash marble mantels and slabs. Replace the rugs, uncover the furniture, dust it carefully, and restore the ornaments to their places, first observing whether they are clean. Last, bring in the furniture from outside.

Mr. Howells' New Work.

The announcement that Mr. Howells will leave Harper's Magazine, to take editorial charge of the *Cosmopolitan*, on March 1st, calls attention to the process of building up the staff of a great magazine. Probably in no monthly has the evolution been so distinctly under the eyes of the public as in the case of the *Cosmopolitan*. The first step after its editorial control was assumed by Mr. John Brisson Walker, was to add to it Edward Everett Hale, who took charge of a department called "Social Problems," subjects concerning with the greatest number of people are thinking to-day. Mr. Hale, who is a student, a fair-minded man, a thorough American and a man of broad sympathies, has filled this position in a way to attract the attention not only of this country, but of leading European journals. Some months later, a department was established called "The Review of Current Events." To take charge of this, a man was needed who should be familiar not only with the great events of the past thirty years, but who knew personally the leading men of both the United States and Europe who could interpret motives and policies. Murat Halstead accepted this position with the distinct understanding that his monthly review should be philosophical and never partisan. The next step in the history of the *Cosmopolitan*, was the placing of the review of the intellectual movement of the month in the hands of Mr. Brander Matthews, who for some time has been recognized as one of the two or three ablest critics in the United States. Finally came the acceptance of the editorship conjointly with Mr. Walker, by Mr. Wm. Dean Howells. Mr. Howells, who is recognized universally as the foremost American of letters, under the expiration of his contract with Harper Brothers, on the first of March will take in hand the destinies of a magazine which promises to exercise a share of influence with the reading classes of the United States. His entire services will be given to the *Cosmopolitan*, and everything he writes will appear in that magazine during the continuance of his editorship.

Care of the Teeth.

The proper care of the teeth is an important question and will always remain so. A lady recently read an article in a French paper entitled "The Care of the Teeth," and so delighted was she with it that she took it to her New York dentist for him to read. Now, this dentist happens to be a thoughtful man as well as a worker, and he wrote his patient to the following effect concerning the flaws he discovered in the article: "The writer states that if the saliva be strongly alkaline, large deposits of tartar will be found about the teeth which, of course, is perfectly true, but he goes further, and, reasoning from the fact that tartar is dissolved by acids, he at once recommends the use of acid tooth powders and washes, an error into which many theorists before him have fallen. It must be borne in mind that tartar is composed mainly of the phosphate and carbonate of lime, and so are the teeth. Therefore, any acid that is strong enough to dissolve the tartar will also dissolve the teeth. The thing is to keep the tartar from getting on the teeth. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Morning and night and after each meal the teeth should be thoroughly brushed, supplemented by the use of floss silk after each meal to cleanse between the teeth where the brush cannot reach. The writer of the article in question fails to mention the floss silk, which is so important always to have hand. He also recommends soft tooth brushes, so that the gums will not be injured. Now, it is a well known fact that any part of the human system is toughened by regular exercise, as the palms of the hands, etc., and I claim that the gums should be brushed thoroughly, always in a direction toward the outer edge of the teeth, the result being a hardening of the gum surface which will prevent the use of the hardest brushes without causing irritation whatever. Having brought the gums up to this splendid condition of health, the stiff brush, so far from injuring them, contributes to their destiny and toughness, and is much more serviceable in keeping tartar from the teeth than the soft brush recommended by the French writer."

ESTABLISHED, 1852.

The Casket.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT ANTIGONISH BY THE CASKET PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY (LIMITED).

M. DONOVAN, Manager.

Terms: \$1.00 per Year in Advance.

Shall we sharpen and refine the youthful intellect, and then leave it to exercise its 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?

THURSDAY, JANUARY 7:

The Baltimore Catholic Mirror became the property of a joint stock company about the same time as THE CASKET. Several Catholic papers in America are now owned by companies in which the clergy hold a large share of the stock.

A Catholic priest, the Rev. T. F. Butler, recently delivered an address by invitation before a meeting of Protestant ministers at Ellsworth, Maine, where thirty-five years ago a priest was tarred and feathered for exercising his ministry. Father Butler's address, which is an able one, will appear in our next issue.

In reproducing our article in reply to the Rev. Mr. Purvis, which it did in its last issue, the New Glasgow Enterprise has given proof of its purpose to deal fairly by its Catholic subscribers. In an introductory note it expresses regret that THE CASKET should have misconstrued its motives in publishing the Rev. Mr. Purvis' discourse. As a matter of fact, THE CASKET made no reference whatever to motives. The few remarks made were to the effect that a newspaper which counts several Catholics among its subscribers should have shown more regard for their faith and feelings. The Enterprise, however, has now made all the reparation in its power, and we readily accept its declaration that in publishing the Rev. Mr. Purvis' discourse it was far from its purpose to wound the feelings or insult the faith of Catholics.

A writer in The For nightly Review for November, draws a gruesome picture of famine-stricken Russia. "Famine in Russia," he tells us, "is periodical like the snows, or rather it is perennial like the Siberian Plague." According to this writer Russia has been visited already within the present century no fewer than eight times by what may be called a national famine, while the gaunt figure of want stalks yearly through one or more of the provinces of that vast empire. This year the distress is not more acute, but it is far more widespread. The famine extends over a territory 3,000 miles long, and from 500 to 1,000 miles broad, which contains a population of about forty millions. The Government, it appears, is utterly unable to cope with this terrible calamity. The provision it has hitherto made for the sufferers proves to be miserably insufficient. Indeed, if we are to believe the writer in the For nightly, government officials show far greater activity in collecting taxes of the starving peasantry than in relieving their distress. "The Government and the famine," he writes, "fought a desperate fight, but it was a struggle as to who should first seize the horse, cow, or pig that stood between the peasant and beggary, and the tax-gatherer generally prevailed." Russia has this year in the famine a more formidable foe than any that is ever likely to face her in the field, and her standing army of eight hundred thousand men serves only to eat up her means of defence against it.

A leading article on "Religious Movements in 1891" in the last Presbyterian Witness concludes thus:

"The Christianity which has confronted Mohammedanism was but a weak, ignorant, superstitious, idolatrous caricature of the religion of Christ."

The Christianity that confronted Mohammedanism was the Christianity which inspired the Crusades, of which a Protestant minister writes in the Brittanica: "They failed indeed to establish the permanent dominion of Latin Christendom, whether in New Rome or in Jerusalem; but they prolonged for nearly four centuries the life of the Eastern empire, and by so doing they arrested the tide of Mahometan conquests as effectively as was arranged for Western Europe by Charles Martel on the plain of Tours. They saved the Italian and perhaps the Teutonic and Scandinavian lands from a tyranny which has blasted the fairest regions of the earth." What can the annals of Protestantism show that is comparable with what was in those times achieved by Christian nations under the influence and auspices of that religion which the Witness, with contemptuous disregard of truth and history, describes as "weak, ignorant, superstitious, idolatrous"? And this "caricature of the religion of Christ" forsooth tamed and civilized barbarous races long before the Hegira, kept for centuries the forces of Islam at bay, drove from Europe the hordes of Mo-lem invaders, and is at this day the dominant religion of Christendom while the power of Mahomed is broken! Truly and felicitously as was his wont did Newman write of a certain class of Protestants, of which the map who penned the above for the Witness is

a typical example: "They drop a thousand years from the world's chronicle, and having steeped them thoroughly in sin and idolatry, would fain drown them in oblivion. Whether for philosophic remark or for historical research, they will not recognize what infidels recognize as well as Catholics—the vastness, the grandeur, the splendour, the loveliness of the manifestations of this time-honoured ecclesiastical confederation."

A DESERVING WORK.

Statistics have just been published showing the receipts and disbursements of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith during the year 1890. The aggregate receipts reached the sum of 7,072,811 francs, or nearly a million and a half dollars. By the end of the year the whole of this amount, with the exception of some 17,000 francs, was distributed among the Catholic missions throughout the world. The missions of Europe received over 800,000 francs; those of Asia nearly 3,200,000; those of Africa about 1,000,000; 554,000 francs were sent to the American missions, and 600,000 to those of Oceania. The Catholic missions in Canada received in all 181,000 francs.

The mainstay of the great work of the Propagation of the Faith is Catholic France. She heads the list of contributions with the magnificent sum of 4,310,862 francs, of which Paris alone gives about half a million. Italy comes next with 414,444 francs; Germany and Belgium contribute each a little over 388,000; the two dioceses of Alsace-Lorraine give 358,251; Holland gives 118,719; Spain 106,733; England and Ireland together give about 158,500; the United States about 195,500; Mexico gives 263,129, of which amount its capital contributes about 160,000. The contributions from other countries are severally below 100,000 francs. Our own Canada probably contributes least of any country in proportion to its Catholic population. The collections taken in the several dioceses of the Dominion amount only to 14,811 francs, or less than \$3,000, of which Charlottetown gives something over \$1,000, and Antigonish \$330. It is however, gratifying to learn that last year's contribution from this Diocese, which has already been forwarded, is considerably larger than that of 1890.

Our object in publishing these figures is not simply to interest our Catholic readers, but to interest them in this great work. There are in this Diocese alone not fewer than 12,000 Catholic families. The average contribution of each Catholic family in the Diocese to the Propagation of the Faith for 1890 was thus precisely three cents. That is to say, each family on an average was interested in Catholic missionary work abroad to the extent of three cents. It may be said that the interest of our Catholic people in this work is not to be estimated in dollars and cents. True, the spread of the Gospel may find expression in prayer and earnest desire. Granted; but the fact remains that the only practical outcome of the collective missionary zeal of the Diocese in 1890 was the insignificant sum of \$390, or about one half cent for each individual. And indeed it is difficult to believe that back of these meagre contributions there can be a very great or a very lively zeal for the spread of the Catholic Faith. The extent to which a person is interested in any cause may very safely be measured by the sacrifices he makes for it. And while it must be said that the sacrifices our Catholics make for the support of their Religion at home are neither few nor inconsiderable, the figures we have quoted go to show how far they are from realizing practically the great fact that their Religion is Catholic,—that its interests, its aims, its needs are world-wide. The more fully we realize how precious the gift of faith is, the more eager ought we to be that others also may possess it, and the more generous should be our co-operation to this end. And there is no other way we can more immediately co-operate in pushing forward the great work intrusted by our Blessed Saviour to the Apostles and their successors than by giving of our means to the Association for the Propagation of the Faith. True, the cause of religion at home has a prior claim upon us. Ours is as yet a missionary country; Catholicism has not yet attained its full growth and vigour amongst us. All this is quite true. But could we not do something more for the cause of religion abroad than we have been doing? Is it really Christian prudence that bids us stint our contributions to Catholic missions abroad lest missions at home should suffer? Is that Catholic charity which is practically hedged within the circuit of a parish or a diocese? If all the Catholic families in the Diocese were to give on an average twenty-five cents instead of three, this slight increase would raise the total yearly contribution to \$3,000 without making them the poorer or lessening to any appreciable extent their ability to support their church and pastor. On the other hand there would be a great gain in the practical interest in Catholic missionary effort that would thus be awakened among them; great joy to themselves in the consciousness of having given more tangible aid to a cause so dear to the Heart of the Saviour; and a reward exceeding great, sure to be obtained by them from Him who repayeth bountifully.

We have been requested to state that the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, which had not been sent to this Diocese for some years back, will hereafter be sent as formerly, and that a number of copies will be forwarded to each parish proportioned to the amount of its contribution.

"CITIZEN'S" COMPLAINT.

The letter of "Citizen" in this issue is a complete surprise to us. It could only come from one who, like "Teacher" and others in the Halifax Herald, has been lying in wait for a pretext to attack us. He really destroys the force of his own complaint about that editorial note when he says: "That the Catholic press of the Dominion should speak out boldly in support of Mr. Meredith's rumored appointment is a matter of wonder to none." Therefore THE CASKET has a right to speak out too, for it is one of the Catholic papers of the Dominion, whatever "Citizen's" opinion of it may be. Oh, but you are inconsistently right, says "Citizen." Well, it is a good thing to be right, even if one has to be inconsistent in order to get right, but we don't attach very great importance to "Citizen's" opinion of our consistency. He admits we were right in this case in order to bring up matters which he thinks we should place before our readers more frequently. Our readers do not agree with him. The history of our subscription list proves this. There are always some persons who think they could conduct a paper a hundred times better than the editor, and this seems to be one of "Citizen's" little failings. We like to be consistent of course. We like to have a reputation for consistency, and the utterances and the course of THE CASKET will show that the following declaration is strictly truthful: The Board of Directors (in which the majority are priests of the Diocese) and the Editor and the Manager are all determined to observe strict political neutrality as between the Conservative party and the Liberal party. Conservatives need have none of the fears or suspicions entertained by "Citizen" as to our motives and intentions. If we happen to say anything that has a political bearing it is always from a Catholic point of view, and not with a view to helping this or that party. Let us, we say, be judged on our merits. If we prove unfaithful to our trust as a Catholic paper, we are doomed to failure; if, on the other hand, we continue to do good, honest service in God's Church, let Catholics stand by us, and "Citizen's" petty partisan suspicions will be neither here nor there in the result. This is the real issue before us. We are not going to enter into a controversy with "Citizen" about our honesty of purpose. We are conscious of this honesty, and our readers have confidence in us. This is enough for us. We never dreamed of being able to satisfy every single individual who may happen to read our articles. There are extreme partisans who regard all who are not with them as against them.

Now a word about our position on the subject of that note. When, not many months ago, the history of a section of his own party prevented Sir John Thompson from accepting the premiership of the Dominion, and that on account of his religion, we protested vigorously in more than one issue. We thought it too bad that the ablest man in the Government should be excluded from a position to which he had a rightful claim, because he professed the Catholic religion, and now when the same wing of the party, not content with its former anti-Catholic victory, pushes to a more advanced position of influence by the promotion of such a man as Meredith, we protest again. This is a perfectly consistent course, and "Citizen's" tirade is all a figment of his own imagination.

A prospectus of THE CASKET Company is being printed. A copy will be sent to "Citizen." This is all we have authority to do in reply to his questions about the Company. When the Board of Directors deem fit to publish the name of the Editor, they will doubtless do so. Very few papers do it, and THE CASKET follows the example of the majority for the present. The need of a change is not likely to result from the question of an anonymous correspondent who is not a shareholder.

COUNTY OF ANTIGONISH. [NEW SERIES.] NO. XXVI.

The Antigonish District—Beaver Meadow.

James Miller, a Presbyterian from the North of Ireland, settled on five hundred acres of land at the mouth of the James River, which is named after him. His son Charles, who lived for some time in town was the father of Senator Miller. His sons Joseph and David, who succeeded their father on the farm, sold out about the year 1834 to Alexander and Donald McDonald, peddlars, sons of Angus McRuar, who lived at the Gulf in the County of Pictou.

Murdoch McRae, a native of Kintail, Scotland, settled on the Beaver Meadow, on the lot west of James Miller's, in 1811. He was the father of Duncan, Alexander and Donald McRae, and of several daughters, one of whom, Ann, was married to Angus Fraser, a brother of the late Bishop Fraser.

James Fraser, Seumas Mor, was born in Ard-Mich-Sihini, in Invernesshire. He settled at Bridgville, on the East River of Pictou, in 1784. His son Hugh was the first man that settled on the Beaver Meadow. He came there in 1800. He sold his farm in the Beaver to John and Hugh McDonald in 1803, and removed to Sunny Brae, Pictou County. He was paternal uncle of D. C. Fraser, the member for Guysboro, and maternal uncle of Simon H. Holmes.

Donald McDonald, was a native of Ionarchanich, in Strathglass. His son John, Iain Ban, was for a few years in a Fencible Regiment in the old country. He was discharged in 1802, and came to Nova Scotia in 1803. He bought two-thirds of

Hugh Fraser's farm in the Beaver. His brother Hugh, Eoghain Mor, who came out with him, bought the remaining third. John Ban married Flora MacKenzie, by whom he had Donald, Gillespie, Hugh, Duncan, Alexander, John, Roderick and some daughters. Hugh married Margaret McRae, by whom he had Donald, Roderick, William and several daughters.

Their immediate neighbor was one John McDonald, son of Alexander McDonald, who lived at Clachraig in Glenelg. John came to this country and settled in the Beaver. It is but a few years since John's son, Lewis McDonald, died at the old homestead. Two or three years ago the farm was bought by Robt Chisholm of St. Andrews. William Forbes, a native of Strathglass, settled on the lot west of Glenelg's. Duncan Cameron, Donnachall Mac Iain Mhic Iain Bhaig, lived in Dochanassie, Scotland. His son Alexander came to N. Scotia in 1818, and settled in Pictou County. He left Pictou and settled south of William Forbes's place in the Beaver. His farm, now occupied by Alexander, his son, is appropriately named Dochanassie.

The beavers had a dam across the river in the B. Meadow. It was broken down by Glenelg and Murdoch MacRae, who coveted the flooded marsh which the beavers claimed as their own, and justly, since they had no doubt possession of it centuries before their assailants had left Scotland. The beavers not in the least discouraged, repaired the dam, and had the marsh again under their control. When the dam was a second time broken up, the beavers left the place in disgust and went to try their architecture in some unknown region.

James Nichols, a native of the North of Ireland, settled on the west side of James River. James McDonald, Seumas Mor, a native of Strathglass, settled on the lot west of James Nichols's place. Donald McLaughlin, a native of Mull, settled on the lot west of James McDonald's, in 1831. Thomas Mooney was the first settler on the farm now occupied by Roderick McDonald. Mooney went to the States.

Hartshorne got a clearing of about thirty acres made in one winter on the farm on which James River station stands. The clearing was known as the Big clearing, an Clerramore. It was made in the spring of 1815. John Cameron, a native of Lochaber, settled in Clerramore in 1816. He bought the farm from Hartshorne. Joseph Dewar, son of John Dewar of Barney's River, settled on the hill northwest of the Big clearing in 1841. In 1857 Donald Cameron succeeded him on the farm.

John McLean, the barl, was born in Tiree, Argyshire, January 2nd, 1757. He came out in 1813. He settled first at B. River. In 1829 he began clearing in Glenelg, and went to live there in January 1831, and died there January 25th, 1848.

John Cameron of Clerramore took up the lot south-east of the Post's, and made a clearing on it. Donald Fraser settled on this farm in 1833. Alexander Fraser settled on the mountain in 1832. The mountain is known as Beaver mountain. John McDonald, an Donnuilach ur, a native of Glenelg, Scotland, came to this country in 1834 and settled on the mountain. John McDonald, an tallair Abrach, settled on the mountain in 1843. He was born in Bohovin, Lochaber. Duncan Cameron, a native of Lochaber, settled in Clengarry, Ontario, in 1820, but he removed to Nova Scotia in 1840, and

settled on the lot on which Lindsay's stables stood. The stables were built in 1856. The line between the counties of Antigonish and Pictou runs through the farm occupied until a few years ago by Gillespie McLean, second son of the barl McLean. Alexander Williams, John's son, settled south of McLean's lot in 1872. Next to him is Joseph Pushee, David's son, who settled in the place in 1873.

Zephania Williams was a native of Wales. He lived for a year or two at Misquodabit. He settled at William's Point in 1788. Zephania Pushee served in the American army under General Washington. He was taken prisoner by the British.

The first schoolhouse in the Beaver Meadow was where the present schoolhouse stands. It was a log house and was accidentally burnt. An old house belonging to big Hugh was then used as a schoolhouse for a year. The second schoolhouse, which was also a log house, was in the line between Alexander McRae and Donald McDonald. The third schoolhouse, stood within a few feet of the present house. John Chisholm, Seco Buidhe, was the first teacher in the Beaver. James Munroe, an old soldier, was the second. Then followed John Ross, W. Grant, Norman MacDonald, John Cam ron, James Nichols, John Boyd, Alexander McGillivray. Norman MacDonald is a native of Glenuig in Moldart. He came out to this country in 1843. He taught in the Beaver school for several years. Among his pupils in that school were the Rev. A. McLean Sinclair, of Belfast, P. E. Island, the Rev. James Fraser of St. Andrews, and the late Rev. Alexander McGillivray of Charlottetown. Father Fraser is the son of John Fraser, son of Alexander or Fraser of Guisachan Strathglass. When John came out to this country he settled on a farm on the James River to the north of Donald McDonald's lot. Another son of John Fraser, and graduate of the Beaver School, is Doctor John Fraser of Weymouth, Mass. Mr McLean Sinclair was brought up in his early days with his mother's people in Glenelg. He ever keeps a warm corner in his heart for Glenelg and the neighboring settlements. He took a leading part in building the Presbyterian church in Glenelg, which was put up in 1859. In the same place there is a Presbyterian burying-ground.

S. A. Cow Bay League.

The very pleasing concert given by the Ladies' Branch of the League of the Cross of Cow Bay, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 29th, in the League Hall, was attended by an audience that tested the capacity of the Hall, and the entertainment was one that the Society should feel proud of, the audience being highly pleased. The Ladies' Branch, for the short period it has been in existence, deserves much credit for the amount of work it has done towards the completion of the hall. The Branch is in a flourishing condition. — Cos.

"Mother, what shall I do for this dreadful cough!" "Take Puttner's Emulsion, my dear, it always helps our family."

A Washington despatch says that it is understood that Secretary Blaine and Sir Julian Pauncefote have signed the Behring Sea arbitration, and the document will be sent to the Senate next week.

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- FUR GOODS of all kinds. IN DRESS GOODS our selection is the Largest and Finest you would wish to see. SLEIGH ROBES and KNEE RUGS, FUR COATS, FUR CAPS and GLOVES. MILLINERY, We will show you some nice TRIMMED HATS and BONNET and PLUSH CAPS. LADIES' FUR LINED CLOAKS, BOAS, COLLARS and MUFFS. SILK HANKERCHIEFS, GENTS' SILK and CASHMERE MUFFLERS. LADIES' ULSTERS, JACKETS and PALETOTS. LADIES' GOSSAMERS from \$1.45. GENTS' RUBBER COATS from \$2.50. WOOL SHAWLS, HOODS, CHILDREN'S WOOL JACKETS, CHILDREN'S DRESSES and CASHMERE CAPES. DON'T forget that we keep the best make of CORSETS and all warranted by the manufacturers. LADIES' GENTS' and BOYS' WOOL UNDERWEAR, BOYS' JERSEY SUITS. GENTS' SILK TIES, COLLARS and CUFFS. LADIES' LEATHER BELTS, LADIES' GLOVES, in WOOL, CLOTH, CASHMERE and KID. FURNITURE, some nice BEDROOM SUITS from \$16 to \$20 and \$25, FANCY PARLOR ROCKERS and CHAIRS, RATTAN CHAIRS, SIDEBOARDS. TRUNKS, LEATHER SATCHELS, SHAWL STRAPS, Etc. SILVERWARE, CASTORS, PICKLE JARS, BISCUIT JARS, FRUIT DISHES, CAKE BASKETS, NAPKIN RINGS, SALT and BERRY DISHES, Etc. CHINA TEA SETS and all kinds of EARTHENWARE and GLASSWARE, LAMPS, HALL LAMPS, CHANDLIER'S, Etc. PARKS COTTON WARP \$1.00. WHITE AND FANCY COLORED CURTAINS, ART CREEPTONES, COLORED DAMASKS.

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If practicable, an afternoon Class will be formed for children. The attention of parents is called to this fact, whereby an opportunity is afforded their children of obtaining a practical course in the art of reading and singing music, at a reasonable rate.

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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.

J. H. M. BROUGH, Agent. Central House, RUFUS HALE, PROPRIETOR. ANTIGONISH, N. S.

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

THE SUBSCRIBER is prepared to give Meals and Luncheons being in the Backing business will guarantee the best of cooking. Oysters and Coffee served at short notice. Free Stabling. MRS. POWER, Opp. Book Store.

Antigonish, 27th Oct. '91. J. R. HELLYER, Watchmaker, Jeweller, Etc.

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN Gold, Silver, and Nickel Watches and Jewellery of every Description, INCLUDING LADIES' AND GENTS' RINGS BOTH PLAIN AND SET.

All Goods New and Fresh and arriving daily. Also Clocks, of every design and pattern for sale cheap and guaranteed. J. R. HELLYER, ANTIGONISH, N. S.

NERVE BEANS NERVE BEANS are a new discovery that cure the worst cases of Nervous Debility, Loss of Vision and Pains in the Head, Neck, and Back, and all other ailments of the system. Sold by drug stores and all other dealers. Write for particulars. Sold by J. D. COPELAND, Montreal, P. Q. Write for particulars. Antigonish by J. D. COPELAND.

A Heart Blossom.

Dear Lord, among the many thorns One blossom bright to-day I've culled with pain and weariness At Thy dear feet to lay.

'Tis only one glad, cheerful smile, That hid the wounded heart— Bestowed on one who e'er bitter words Caus'd blinding tears to start.

A pleasant smile for one who crushed My haughty spirit low; And what it cost my shrinking soul, Thou only, Lord, canst know.

O Jesus, take it! Pity me! My only hope thou art, Then hide Thy weary, wounded child Safe, safe within Thy Heart.

"BETTER THAN RICHES." MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY, IN "AVE MARIA."

"Cash! Cash! here!" cried an attendant at the stationery counter of one of New York's great shopping emporiums. At the summons a delicate-looking little girl came wearily up, and held out a small wicker basket for the goods and the money. "Be quick now; the lady's in a hurry."

Notwithstanding the injunction, the child started off with no special attempt at haste. The same words were dinned into her ears a hundred times a day. She did not see why ladies should be in a hurry. The ladies of her world seemed to have nothing to do but to wear pretty clothes, and to shop, which meant principally the buying of more pretty clothes. It was all very well to make an extra effort to oblige one occasionally; but if she did it every time she was exhorted to, surely her tired feet would give out before the end of the day.

"Cash is so poky!" complained the salesgirl to her companion behind the counter. "He you, Cash! Hustle I say!" called the floor-walker peremptorily, as he passed.

Thus warned, the child skurried away, and reappeared after a very brief interval. As she rushed up with the parcel, an awkward accident occurred. The lady heedlessly stepped backward. Cash dodged, but, alas! before she could stop herself, she had dashed into a pyramid of newspaper that stood upon one of the counter, and sent the boxes scattering over the floor in dire confusion.

"Oh!—oh, my!" exclaimed the salesgirl, distressed, as she contemplated the wreck of the architectural display.

The disturbance at once brought the floor-walker to the spot. "Stupid!" he muttered, taking poor Cash by the shoulder. "Why don't you look where you're going? If you can't mind what you're about, we have no use for you here; remember that!"

"Please do not blame the child," interposed the lady who had unwittingly caused the trouble. "It was my fault; I carelessly gave her in my way. I am very sorry."

"Don't mention it, Mrs. M——. It is not of the slightest consequence," said the floor-walker, with a bland smile and a bow. (Mrs. M—— was a desirable customer, and he would have said the same thing if she had happened to tip the show-case over.) "We have to keep our employees up to the mark, you know," he added in a low tone, by way of apology for his brusqueness. "The best of them become careless. But Cash has found a friend this time, so we'll let it pass."

Cash, who was busily picking up the boxes, made a little grimace to herself at his change of manner. The lady politely inclined her head by way of acknowledgment, and the floor-walker left abruptly, having suddenly discovered that something required his immediate attention in another part of the store.

When he had disappeared, the little girl looked up and faltered gratefully: "Thank you, ma'am!"

Mrs. M—— now for the first time took notice of the individual to whom she had just rendered a service. She glanced down upon a freckled face of the complexion described as pasty, a pair of greyish-blue eyes, and a tangle of reddish curls just long enough to admit of being tied back with the bit of crumpled ribbon which kept them tidy. Cash was not of prepossessing appearance; yet perhaps because the grateful glance touched a chord common to humanity in the heart of the stranger, or because one naturally warms to any creature whom one has befriended, or perhaps simply from the sweet womanliness which finds all childhood attractive, whatever the motive, upon the impulse of the moment the lady did a very graceful thing. Taking a rose from the bunch of Jacqueminots she wore, she fastened it to the breast of the child's black apron, and was gone before the latter could recover from her astonishment.

It was only a little incident, but it changed the whole aspect of Cash's day. The beautiful flower glowed against the dark uniform, like a bit of joy vouchsafed to a sombre life.

"How lovely!" exclaimed the salesgirl. "Aren't you lucky, Cash! Don't you want to exchange with me?" "I'll give you a delicious orange I brought with my lunch for that, please."

Cash shook her head. As soon as she could, she stole away to the room where the girls kept their cloaks and hats. Here, after a furtive look around to see that no one was by who might snatch it away, she unpinned the rose and slipped it into a small card-board box, having first carefully wrapped the stem in a piece of well-moistened paper. Then she tucked the box into the pocket of her jacket, and ran downstairs to the store again.

For the next two or three hours it happened that Cash was kept running to and fro almost without intermission; but she did not mind it now. The kindly word spoken in her behalf by the truly gracious lady, the simple gift of a flower, had given her new spirit. Her heart, like a little bird, kept singing a cheery song to itself, while, as she journeyed hither and thither, her feet seemed to keep time to its gladness.

"Why, Cash, you're getting smart! What has waked you up?" said the sales-

girl, when, well on in the afternoon, the child sat down by the counter for a few seconds. Then, without waiting for a reply, she continued: "Now, aren't you sorry you did not exchange with me? See, you've lost your rose!"

"Oh, 'aint lost it," answered the girl. "You did not give it to any one after I made the first bid." (The inquiry was in a sharper tone.)

"No; I'm keeping it for Ellie."

"Oh, sure enough! Poor Ellie! how is she? Cash, you're a good little thing to remember her so kindly. Here, I have the orange still; take it to her, too."

The child's eyes sparkled with pleasure as the salesgirl put the golden ball into her hand. "Ellie'll be awful pleased. I'll tell her you sent it, Julia," she said.

Cash had, of course, another name; it was Katy Connors. Katy lived way over on the east side of the city, in a house which was once a handsome dwelling, but had long since been divided into tenements and given up to ruin. The Connors were known among their neighbors as a respectable, hard-working family. The father was a day-laborer; the mother went out washing; Joe, a boy of fourteen, was in the district messenger service; after him came Katy, who was employed in McNaughton's store; and then Ellie, the little invalid. Two younger children had died in infancy.

Poor Ellie was fast becoming helpless. How different it had been a few months before! What a stirring, active child she was, when one morning she set out in her cap, to "earn money for mother!" Like Katy, she had obtained a position as cash-girl in McNaughton's. And how quick and smart she was about her duties! The floor-walker commended her twice during the week, and said he would speak for an increase in her wages. How proud she felt when Saturday came, and she knew she would have two dollars and a half to take home! Unfortunately, it was to be dearly gained.

Saturday afternoon it happened that the store was unusually crowded; everything was stir and confusion. Little Ellie and her companion lashed now here, now there, in response to the unceasing cry of "Cash! Cash!" In the midst of the hurry, the floor-walker gave Ellie a message to deliver to one of the clerks in the basement. "Don't delay!" he called after her. Eager to please, the child made her way through the throng, and was on the point of darting down the stairs, when, alas! her foot caught, she tripped, gave a little scream, and was precipitated down the entire flight.

In an instant several employees from the neighboring counters rushed to pick her up; but, to their alarm, though she strove to be brave, when they attempted to move her she could not repress a low moan of anguish. The superintendent sent at once for a doctor, who discovered that she had sustained a severe injury, having struck against the edge of one of the iron steps.

Where was now the proud home-coming? Ellie was taken to the hospital, whither frightened Mrs. Connors was summoned. Upon one of the cots in the accident ward lay the child, her small face wan with pain and in her eyes the startled expression which is noticeable in those of a person who has had a serious fall. In one feverish hand she held something tightly clasped—something for which she had asked before being carried from the store. When the doctor turned aside she beckoned to her mother, and, with a pathetic little smile, folded into the palm of the weeping woman a small yellow envelope. The next moment she fainted away. Mrs. Connors' tears flowed faster as she beheld the precious offering—Ellie's first wages and the last which she was likely ever to earn.

The firm of McNaughton & Co. investigated the accident, to see if they could by any means be liable to an action for damages brought by an employee. But there was no loose nail in the stairway, nor the least obstruction. The proprietors were not to blame; it was simply the child's heedlessness, they said. In fact, the fault was with Ellie's shoes.

And she was to have had a new pair that very evening. Mrs. Connors had quietly determined that her first earnings should be expended in this way. Poor Ellie! she would not need shoes now; the doctors feared she would never walk again. The firm sent a twenty-dollar bill to the child's mother, another "Cash" was engaged to take Ellie's place, and the matter was speedily forgotten.

II. Not growing better at the hospital, Ellie begged to be taken home. Rather than live apart from those she loved, she strove to be content to remain alone day after day, propped up by an inverted chair upon a wretched bed. Or, when she felt stronger, with the aid of a pair of crutches, she would drag herself to the window to watch patiently for the return of the dear bread-winners, whose toil she would so willingly have shared.

There, in a little stuffy room, upon the top floor of the old house, she spent the long, sultry summer; there she remained when autumn came; there the approaching Christmas holidays were likely to find her.

How was it, then, that Ellie was generally cheery and blithe? Perhaps her mother's prayer each morning, as she bade her good-bye to go to work, had led her to do it. "May Jesus and His Blessed Mother watch over you, my dear!" the good woman would say, with a slight at the necessity for leaving her.

Frequently, when the child could keep her feet, she would go to the window and watch the little creature, and those hours spent alone often brought serious thoughts, which melted and beautified her character. But Ellie was a thoroughly natural child; there was none of the story-book goodness about her. She was keenly interested in everything that went on. She thought there was no one like mother, but it was Katy who represented the world to her—the world of McNaughton's store, with its brightness and beautiful wares, and its ever-changing crowd of handsomely costumed ladies intent upon the pleasure of shopping. Any scrap of news which one fagged out little cash-girl brought home at the close of the day was eagerly listened to by the other, who found her enforced idleness so irksome.

(To be continued.)

Notes from the Ave Maria.

Signor Crispi, late chief manager of United Italy, and active persecutor of the Church, is supposed by some Americans to be a well-informed man in all international questions. We have been told that he thoroughly understands American institutions and loves them ardently. He says, in the December number of the North-American Review, that he admits three forms of religion as worthy of place in the world: the Oriental Orisholox, the Roman Catholic, and the American. "The American Church," he tells us blandly, sweetly, naively, "has for its chief a magistrate, who acts as bishop and as king." We do not think Mr. Porter, our able minister at Rome, ever told him this. It is possible that somebody has translated Mark Twain or Bill Nye into the language of Italian diplomacy. And Signor Crispi is a statesman!

A touching tribute to the memory of John Boyle O'Reilly, the ex-convict poet and novelist, who dedicated his "Moon-dyne" to "All that are in prison," was recently paid by the inmates of the Massachusetts State Prison. On the failure of the Maverick Bank, in which the O'Reilly Memorial Fund had been deposited, the convicts abstained from tobacco for three weeks, bought with the money thus saved implements, and proceeded to the manufacture of fancy work and bric-a-brac. From the proceeds of the sale of their work, a sum of five hundred dollars has already been handed to the Memorial Fund committee; and a further instalment, it is said, is forthcoming. O'Reilly's words and work appealed to the innate manliness that exists in the majority of even the criminal class; and were he living, this act would be sure to elicit his admiration.

The Ave Maria highly appreciates the courtesies extended to it by Catholic editors at home and abroad during the year just closing, and hopes that it may deserve their kind favors more fully in future. At the same time it heartily wishes its contemporaries increased prosperity and power for good. May the New Year be signalized by a more general appreciation and more generous support of the Catholic press all over the world!

Profit in Sheep. Under proper management either the wool or the increase should pay for keeping while the other should be profit; but sheep cannot grow wool or furnish nutritious milk to lambs if they have only sufficient food to maintain animal life; it requires more food during winter when the animals have no shelter than when they are well protected.

Colic in Sheep. A correspondent of the Maine Farmer cures colic in sheep by dissolving two table-spoonsful of epsom salts in about a half pint of warm water, and adding one teaspoonful of essence of peppermint. Open the sheep's mouth and insert a small funnel in it. He pours the salts while I hold the sheep. In about two hours the sheep will be all right.

Preserving the Carriage. The preservation of a carriage depends largely upon the way in which it is housed. The barn or shed should be airy and dry with a moderate admission of light. The carriage house should not be connected with the stable or next the manure pit; the ammonia fumes arising from the manure ruin varnish. Do not allow mud to dry on a newly varnished carriage; spots and stains will be the result if you do. Do not permit water to dry of itself on a varnished surface, but remove all the moisture with a chamois leather only, after the soft sponge has been used.

Wasteful Methods. In this country we raise an acre and a half of corn to each head of our horned stock, and practically waste two-thirds of it by absolute neglect or wasteful methods of feeding. The fodder is worth within five percent as much as the ears—and look at the results! Can any industry but farming go on year after year wasting 45 percent of a great product? Later discoveries in feeding science go to show that for a large part of the feeding ration of a milch cow, succulent corn fodder and corn has no superior, and if with this corn we combine oats and clover grown on the farm, we have the best ration on earth, and a great supply of fertility to make more clover grow to make more milk and more fertility, and more money for the owner. The call is not for more acres, but shorter rows and better ones.—John Gould in Country Gentleman.

Good Advice. Young men start out in life with the determination to secure a piece of land which shall be a home for yourself and children, if you should have any, and inculcate the idea that it is to remain in the family through all the future generations. The time will never come again when land, except in special cases, and under disadvantageous conditions, can be bought as cheap as it can now. The landowners will, in the comparatively near future, be masters of the situation and the aristocracy of the country. Class distinctions are permitted to exist in form or fact. Opportunities for acquiring possession of land are presented now that will never be presented again. Get your eye on a home. It is not necessary to go beyond the pale of civilization, nor "out West" to do it. Right here in the East, where you are "to the manor born," and where water and climate are unexcelled, is your opportunity. By all means secure a farm among these life-giving hills where you are at home. You will never regret it. There is no place like home.

Land Sale.

1891 A No. 100 IN THE SUPREME COURT, Between JOHN J. SANISTER, Plaintiff, and MICHAEL SANISTER, Defendant.

TO BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION, by the Sheriff of the County of Antigonish, on Monday, the 15th day of February, 1892, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, in obedience to an order of foreclosure and sale granted herein, dated the 10th day of December, A. D. 1891, and less before the day of redemption, and approved by the Court, the Plaintiff or his solicitor the undersigned, the following described lands, to-wit: The estate, right, title and interest of the said Defendant in and to the certain lot of

LAND Situate, lying and being at New Harbor, in the County of Antigonish, and described as follows, that is to say: Towards the north by the water of New Harbor River, to the east by the water of Alan J. Sanister, towards the West by William's lands, and towards the south by the late Alexander Sanister, containing seventy-five acres (75 acres, more or less, together with the buildings and appurtenances to the same belonging.

Terms: Twenty per cent. deposit at time of sale, remainder on delivery of deed.

W. S. PEART, High Sheriff of the County of Antigonish. A. H. MCGILLIVRAY, Plaintiff's Solicitor. Antigonish, Dec. 18, 1891.

Sheriff's Sale.

1889 A No. 466, IN THE COUNTY COURT (District No. 6), Between JOHN F. McLENNAN, Plaintiff, and DAN McISAAC, and ANGUS McLENNAN, Defendants.

To be sold at Public Auction, by the Sheriff of the County of Antigonish, on Friday, the 11th day of February, 1892, at 12 o'clock noon, the following described lands, to-wit: The estate, right, title, interest claim or demand of the said Defendant Dan McLeenan or any person or persons claiming through or under him, of, in and to all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of

LAND, Situate lying and being at Cross Roads Ohio, in the County of Antigonish, and bounded as follows: On the West by lands formerly owned by the late Angus McDonogh, deceased, and now in possession of Lochlin McDonogh, on the North by lands in possession of Angus McLeenan, on the East by the West River and on the South by lands formerly owned by Angus McLeenan, and now in possession of Angus McLeenan, containing seventy-five acres more or less, together with all and singular the buildings and appurtenances to the same belonging. The same having been levied upon and taken in execution in the County Court and duly registered more than one year.

Terms:—Ten per cent. deposit at time of sale remainder on delivery of deed.

D. D. CHISHOLM, High Sheriff of the County of Antigonish, Sheriff's Office, Antigonish, 24th, Dec. 1891. COLAN F. McISAAC, Plaintiff's Solicitor.

LAND SALE.

1891 A No. 166 IN THE SUPREME COURT, Between JOHN CHISHOLM, Plaintiff, and ANNE A. BETHAN and MARY BOYD, Defendants.

To be sold at Public Auction by the Sheriff of the County of Antigonish, on Saturday, the 14th day of January, A. D. 1892, at 12 o'clock noon, the following described lands, to-wit: The estate, right, title and interest of the said Plaintiff or his solicitor, the undersigned, in and to an order of 24th day of November, A. D. 1891, dated in favor of the said Plaintiff, in and to the mortgage sought to be foreclosed herein and costs are paid to the Plaintiff or his solicitor.

Terms:—Ten per cent. deposit at time of sale remainder on delivery of deed.

D. D. CHISHOLM, High Sheriff of the County of Antigonish, Sheriff's Office, Antigonish, 24th, Dec. 1891. COLAN F. McISAAC, Plaintiff's Solicitor.

LAND SALE.

1891 A No. 166 IN THE SUPREME COURT, Between JOHN CHISHOLM, Plaintiff, and ANNE A. BETHAN and MARY BOYD, Defendants.

To be sold at Public Auction by the Sheriff of the County of Antigonish, on Saturday, the 14th day of January, A. D. 1892, at 12 o'clock noon, the following described lands, to-wit: The estate, right, title and interest of the said Plaintiff or his solicitor, the undersigned, in and to an order of 24th day of November, A. D. 1891, dated in favor of the said Plaintiff, in and to the mortgage sought to be foreclosed herein and costs are paid to the Plaintiff or his solicitor.

Terms:—Ten per cent. deposit at time of sale remainder on delivery of deed.

D. D. CHISHOLM, High Sheriff of the County of Antigonish, Sheriff's Office, Antigonish, 24th, Dec. 1891. COLAN F. McISAAC, Plaintiff's Solicitor.

LAND.

Situate at South River, in the County of Antigonish, and bounded as follows, that is to say: On the North by lands formerly owned by John McLeenan, and now owned by Angus McLeenan, and now owned by Angus McLeenan, on the East by the West River and on the South by lands in possession of Angus McLeenan, containing seventy-five acres more or less, together with all and singular the buildings and appurtenances to the same belonging. The same having been levied upon and taken in execution in the County Court and duly registered more than one year.

Terms:—Ten per cent. deposit at time of sale remainder on delivery of deed.

D. D. CHISHOLM, High Sheriff of the County of Antigonish, Sheriff's Office, Antigonish, 24th, Dec. 1891. COLAN F. McISAAC, Plaintiff's Solicitor.

LAND.

Situate at South River, in the County of Antigonish, and bounded as follows, that is to say: On the North by lands formerly owned by John McLeenan, and now owned by Angus McLeenan, and now owned by Angus McLeenan, on the East by the West River and on the South by lands in possession of Angus McLeenan, containing seventy-five acres more or less, together with all and singular the buildings and appurtenances to the same belonging. The same having been levied upon and taken in execution in the County Court and duly registered more than one year.

Terms:—Ten per cent. deposit at time of sale remainder on delivery of deed.

D. D. CHISHOLM, High Sheriff of the County of Antigonish, Sheriff's Office, Antigonish, 24th, Dec. 1891. COLAN F. McISAAC, Plaintiff's Solicitor.

EM. P. P.

MALTO PEPTONIZED PORTER, That is making a big revolution among the masses.

The Consumptives are taking it in place of Cod Liver Oil.

Protracted cases of Atonic Dyspepsia have been cured by it.

This M. P. P. is a most Efficient Restorative in Convalescence after Acute Typhoid, Typhoid Fevers, etc.

It has never been rejected by the most delicate stomach.

It is an M. P. P. that the medical men of both sides of politics support with the most flattering testimonials.

ORDER IT FROM YOUR DRUGGIST. ADDRESS: Malto Peptonized Porter Co., Ltd. TRURO N. S.

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It contains the most health-giving and nourishing properties. Guaranteed and warranted to give satisfaction.

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Our firm having invested larger capital in this business, is now preparing to put in more machinery, together with strict personal attention, we expect to be in a position to give our Customers thorough satisfaction in all their rights and privileges by a special Act of the Dominion Parliament. For further information, address

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And a full line of CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.

Orders by Mail attended to. HEAD OF MAIN STREET, ANTIGONISH.

HERRING! HERRING! 200 BARRELS Extra Choice No. 1 July Herring just received—in barrels and half barrels. Call and see our stock.

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We beg to announce to our customers and the trade generally that our Travellers' classes of DRY GOODS, especially selected in the BRITISH, FOREIGN & CANADIAN Markets for the SPRING TRADE of 1892. Also a full line of Samples from our stock in warehouse for immediate delivery.

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Are you weak? Are you an invalid? Are you a nursing mother? Are you sensible?

THEN USE ALE and BEEF PEPTONIZED

A COMBINATION OF Beef, Hops, Barley, Pepsine and Malt.

Price 25 cents. All Enterprising Druggists Keep It.

THE SUBSCRIBER has opened a General Fish Store on Sydney Street, near of Christopher McDonald's Store, Main Street, and intends in the near future adding a Stock of Lumber to accommodate customers. Country Produce taken in exchange for above Goods. SAMUEL CAMERON.

MAILED TENDERS, addressed to the Post-