

The Antigonish Casket.

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A CATHOLIC JOURNAL NON-PARTISAN IN POLITICS.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM.

FORTY-FIRST YEAR.

ANTIGONISH, N. S., THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1892.

No. 13

SEEDS! SEEDS!

C. B. WHIDDEN & SON.

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED from reliable Seedmen a Full Assortment of FRESH FIELD AND GARDEN SEEDS

For the Spring Trade, consisting of WHITE RUSSIAN, WHITE AND RED RYE, COLORADO RED, and WHITE CHAFF BEARDED WHEAT. Two, Four and Six ROWED BARLEY, WHITE EGYPTIAN, TRIUMPH, WELCOME, AMERICAN BANNER and BLACK TARTARIAN OATS, JAPANESE BUCKWHEAT, PEAS and BEANS.

Extra Choice Canadian and Choice WESTERN TIMOTHY, LAMNORIAN, ALSIKE and WHITE CLOVER, TURNIP AND MANGLE SEED, And a Full Line of GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS.

Please call and see our Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Orders by Mail Promptly attended to.

RED COB AND WHITE ESILAGE CORN Due to arrive in a few days.

C. B. WHIDDEN & SON, Head of Main Street, Antigonish.

UNDERTAKING!

THE UNDERSIGNED intend making a specialty of the Undertaking business and will carry in stock a full line of Caskets and Coffins, from \$5 up to \$50. For this purpose I am building the latest style of a hearse, and will give personal attention to the business.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever prepared, pleasing to the taste and accepted by the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects. It is made from the most healthy and purest substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and has made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 75c bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Manufactured only by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., LOUISVILLE, KY., NEW YORK, N. Y.

The Old Controversy about the Church and Galileo.

In the *Popular Science Monthly* President Andrew White continues his series of articles in which he attempts to show that science, or the true knowledge of things as they are, has always been discouraged, frowned upon and opposed by the churches, and chiefly and most bitterly by the Catholic Church. It is quite plain that Mr. White is one of those philosophers who hold that to be truly scientific one must be a sceptic in religion—a silly error, and one that is disproved by many plain facts under everybody's observation. In his latest article Mr. White comes to the development of the science of astronomy, and of course he at once falls foul of the Church in the affair of Galileo. The current Protestant notion, which he seems to share, is simply that before Galileo's time everybody supposed that the earth was the centre of the solar system, that it was stationary, and that the sun moved around it, in short, that the universal notion was precisely that of a savage, or an untaught child; that Galileo discovered that the earth revolves on its axis, and also moves in its orbit around the sun; that he proved it beyond doubt, and that the Church, out of pure ignorance, superstition and hatred of learning, persecuted him, oppressed and imprisoned him, declared his doctrine false and damnable, and that Galileo finally died of a broken heart.

We are glad of the opportunity which Professor White's article offers us, to give once more, for the benefit of our readers, the truth of the much-discussed case of Galileo and the Copernican theory, and to show how completely wrong is the ordinary Protestant version. First, it is to be observed that Galileo was not the first to broach the theory. Nearly two hundred years before him, Nicholas of Cusan, a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, who died in 1464, had already mentioned the theory. He was followed about forty years later by Copernicus, himself a Catholic priest, and holding a professor's chair under the very eye of the Pope in the city of Rome, where he taught and delivered lectures on his favorite theme to great crowds, without let or hindrance, and even without. Next it should be noted that Galileo did not at once prove his theory absolutely, clearly, and completely. A man might very well have declined to believe it, as things stood then, without being either a stupid fool or a malicious person. Persons competent to judge matters that go to Galileo's time the balance of proof was pointedly in favor of the old system; that even down to Sir Isaac Newton's time it was not absolutely demonstrated as against the Ptolemaic theory, while many of the arguments upon which Galileo depended were not conclusive, or even were entirely fallacious. So it cannot be said that the Roman theologians were dots and block-heads for not believing that the general belief of mankind with regard to the earth and sun was all wrong, the moment that Galileo said so.

Next, we remark that all the reproaches, anger, and denunciation of the Church for discouraging and persecuting Galileo, are directed invariably against the Catholic Church. Yet Professor White says: "Doubtless many will exclaim against the Roman Catholic Church for this; but the simple truth is that Protestantism was no less zealous against the new scientific doctrine. All branches of the Protestant Church, Lutheran, Calvinist, Anglican, vied with each other in denouncing the Copernican doctrine as contrary to Scripture, and at a later period the Puritan showed the same tendency."

Luther, Calvin, Melancthon—the great reformers themselves—denounced the theory in the most violent terms. In short, whatever errors were made by the learned men and theologians of the day, were due not to their being Catholics or Protestants, but to the state of human learning at the time. Things which are simple as A B C to us, were to them novel, unexpected, and tremendous, involving the overthrow of existing notions and beliefs, and a reconstruction of the whole scheme of things. What wonder that they were slow to accept new theories upon the evidence of one scientific man.

Next, remark that it was purely in defence of the Bible that Galileo was silenced. The Copernican system seemed to conflict with the plain testimony of the holy Scripture. The Catholics of the day were as truly Bible Christians. Passages in the Bible, (notably that one which says that Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, and it stood still for some hours) were thought to declare clearly that the sun moved round the earth. Galileo was permitted to teach the new doctrine without interference so long as he confined himself to a scientific exposition of it. It is absurd and untrue to say that the Church was opposed to the Copernican theory. We have shown how the Cardinal Nicholas of Cusan and Copernicus taught it freely and without interference in Rome.

Galileo was not satisfied with the permission to teach his theory as a scientific affair exclusively. He insisted upon teaching interpretations of the Bible to suit his theories. He was warned not to do this. In his first condemnation in 1616 he was not required to abjure any opinion or doctrine which he might entertain. On the last day of February, 1615, immediately after the denunciation a friend wrote him that he had seen Cardinal Barberini (afterward Pope Urban VIII.) and that the

White Haven Notes.

(Crowded out last issue.) We are having fine weather since April came in. Fishermen are busy preparing for their season's work. Managers of the different lobster factories have arrived to get in working order once more for a busy season. Roy. A. E. Monbouquette, P. P., arrived home to-day from Larry's River, where he spent a few days for the purpose of giving the people of that part of the parish an opportunity of fulfilling their Easter duties.

The shop of V. McDonald, at Port Felix, was broken into a few nights ago, and a quantity of boots, prints and other goods were stolen. The thieves forced a shutter off a back window by which they entered. Navigation is now fairly open and several vessels have already entered and cleared from this port. Schooner "Digitaries," of P. E. I., is here landing freight for V. McDonald. Schooners "Four Brothers," "New Dominion," and "Henry Fenwick" have sailed on their first trip this season. Several applications have already been received from teachers for our school.

A Unitarian Minister on Bigotry.

From a recent address delivered by Rev. R. A. Armstrong, B. A. of Liverpool, the following extract is worthy of reproduction here:—"It is well to remove some common Protestant misrepresentations of Roman teaching. Catholicism, it is true, teaches that the Sacraments have supernatural grace, but only when accompanied by repentance and devout desire. With regard to Mariology and the worship of saints and images, images are only symbols to assist devotion, and the saints and the Virgin are only addressed as advocates with God. I am no Romanist. I reject the teaching of the Roman Church. I refuse her authority. But I see her wisdom, her patience, and her virtue; I see the splendor of the character of many of her sons; and while I decline her dogmas, my whole soul loathes the ignorant and malignant bigotry which has been levelled against her, and I plead for leave to honor her scholars, to love her saints, and to revere her martyrs, whose bones have bleached the soil of every continent the wide earth over. We are progressing unmistakably. When a Unitarian minister in his own pulpit protests against the misrepresentation of our doctrines and practices, we stand in a fair way of having our case put unvarnished before our neighbors in dissent.—*Sacred Heart Review.*

She Said Her Say at Last.

A rather prepossessing young lady entered the office of a well-known lawyer the other day and inquired: "Mr. B. Brief in?" "Yes," was the reply, and the lady produced from beneath her wraps a handsome bound volume. "I have here," she said, "a thoughtful gesture. I sized you up as soon as you came in. But it's no use. We never fool away money on subscription books in this office. Didn't you see the sign outside, 'No peddlers allowed?'" "Sir," began the visitor, "this book—" "Oh," laughed the dapper young clerk, "I've no doubt that it's the biggest thing out, but we don't want it. History of the United States, ain't it, from the mound builders up to the present day? Big thing, I've no doubt, but we've no use for it." "If you will allow me—" "Really," said the youth, who was greatly amused, "I'd like to, but it's against the rules of the office to yield to the blandishments of book-agers, no matter how young and good-looking they are. Couldn't think of looking at the book, my dear. 'Life of Napoleon' ain't it? That's a chestnut. One of our clerks bought one last month, for \$4, and yesterday he traded it off for a yaller dog and then killed the dog."

Correspondence.

To the Editor of THE CASSETT. Dear Sir,—My relish for your paper seems to grow with every issue, and I feel there would be a void in my leisure hours if deprived of its agreeable company. Permit me to express my satisfaction on reading in your last number, (March 24), the phrase "innovations of the sixteenth century." Since I learned the falsity of the term "Reformation" as applying to Luther's "religious" work, the Latin, "Novatores," or the French "Innovateurs" has always been more gratifying than "Reformation" even when qualified by the term "so-called," as used by Catholic writers. It would undoubtedly be no easy task to erase "Reformation" from Catholic writings but a less frequent use thereof and a growing application of the word "Innovation," or some such, in our Catholic papers would not prove disagreeable to a large number of readers.

What a debt of gratitude the world owes to such men as Drs. Ayer and Jenner—the latter for the great discovery of vaccination, and the former for his Extract of Sarsaparilla—the best of blood-purifiers! Who can estimate how much these discoveries have benefited the race!

Glaze Bay Notes.

Beautiful weather! Sunday was like a day in June. The drift-ice which made its appearance about a week ago, began slowly to move out on Saturday, and on Sunday three or four schooners were able to enter the harbor. There was no banking of coal here this spring owing, partly, at all events, to a difference of opinion on the wage question between manager and workmen. The League of the Cross is just now in a flourishing condition. Judging by the attendance at the League and the interest taken by the Rev. Fr. Chisholm to promote the cause of temperance in this parish, we may expect to see some of the local bar-tenders bankrupt this Summer. X. Y.

The Value of Criticism.

The value of literary criticism has to be measured with great caution. No department of literature has witnessed and suffered such serious mistakes; what was praised by the critics has failed out of public recognition; what was received in solemn or contemptuous silence has yet made its way to the public and to posterity with a certain triumph. The critics still continue to differ in opinion about the masterpieces which the world has crowned with an unflinching laurel. Every day we see received with a chorus of praise books obviously not destined to live, and not worthy to live. The system of puffing, against which Macaulay so bitterly protested in his review of Montgomery's poems, the system of literary log-rolling which is pursued with such audacity at present in certain influential literary quarters in London—these systems are responsible for a good deal of ultimately valueless criticism, which, however, serves temporarily to press certain books on public notice, and to procure them a passing vogue. No doubt also the multiplication of critical journals, the increase in literary discussion, must tend to continually recreate and invigorate the public interest in even the masterpieces, which in the nature of things would gradually lose their command of a wide constituency of students, but for this constant and interesting debate. And so, though we may quarrel at times with the apparent pointlessness and little value of criticism, it serves in the long run a useful purpose, in reviving interest in what is old, in attracting notice to what is new, and in familiarizing the public, ever getting more and more absorbed in material affairs, with the best that has been said, the scene, and, thinking I had stolen them, made an effort to take them from me. We were two Irish gamins, of different social positions it is true, but this did not prevent a lively game of shillalah being played between us, and I, the stronger, gave you a good buffing. "All that is correct," said Lord Dufferin, laughing, "as yesterday."

The Man Who Beat Dufferin.

If Beaupard, of Montreal, has just made a trip to the States, where he was the guest of Rutherford B. Hayes, ex-President of the United States, says the *Detroit News*. "I was President of the United States," says Mr. Hayes, "and among my guests at the White House, were Lord Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada, Gen. Sherman, the hero of Atlanta, the Senator of the same name and family, and Gov. Thomas Young of Ohio. Canada's distinguished leader was discussing the question of Irish emigration to the Republic, when Gov. Young said: 'Yes, my lord, there are a great many Irishmen in the States, and this reminds me that I was born in Ireland and met you there for the first time.' 'Indeed,' replied Lord Dufferin, you have a good memory, as I certainly forget the circumstances.' 'Let me tell you I was born on your estate at Claudebevy, and my father was one of your farm hands. One night a fire reduced our miserable abode to ashes, and your father and mother, having come to render us assistance, brought us food and clothing. Your mother was even good enough to bring some playthings for the children, and I became the proud possessor of a whip and top. You, however, appeared on our way just have been said, by the best writers.—'The Observer,' in Toronto Empire.

The confidence that people have in Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a blood medicine is the legitimate and natural growth of many years. It has been handed down from generation to generation, and its family medicine in thousands of households.

The Idle Man.

Standing on the verge of a new century, and looking back through the ages, even to the time "when the years were young," it cannot be noticed that there has always existed a class of people with whom idleness was a natural propensity; a class wholly oblivious to the value of time and to the manner in which it should be employed, writes Eva Adelberger. Nor do we find these lovers of ease confined to any one country or district; on the contrary, they are to be met with in all walks of life, and in every portion of the globe. Moreover there are all grades of society represented among idlers, and men of varied attainments, and gifted with many sterling qualities, are victims to this spirit of indolence. Rip Van Winkle and Micawber are not isolated examples; for we see around us in everyday life men whose repugnance to exertion is painful to those who are blessed with energetic dispositions. Idleness manifests itself at a very early age, and the school-room is generally the first field on which it begins its active career. We say active, for often the idler will go through more labor to avoid accomplishing a task than would be required in the allotted work itself. Those who yield to idleness are often addicted to many other vices, for it is one of a large and prolific family of failings; chief among the near relatives are selfishness, uncharitableness and intemperance. Duties to God and the demands of religion are neglected by the idle man, and he who is not true to the requirements of his Creator is certainly careless in performing the duties he owes to his fellow-men. It has been said that "an idle mind is the devil's workshop;" and who does not realize the truth of this saying? Labor is the law of life, and from the transgressions of our first parents all have come under its exactions. The thinker, the speaker, the writer, the artisan—all must toil. In all walks of life there are to be found men who, like the *vois fainçants*, leave their work for others to do; but like them also in the result repaid, they find that "no service is like self-service."

The noble deeds that have astonished the world have been the fruit of industry; and whether we glean our examples from the pages of history and literature, or from living pages of life and experience, we see that idleness accomplishes nothing worthy of notice, whereas industry makes all things subservient to its efforts. There is happiness, too, in labor, which comes not to the idle man. Men of leisure are generally restless and uneasy in their search after pleasure; they use more energy running from one amusement to another than does the day laborer in his eight or ten hours' manly toil. Father Faber says the day is thirty-six hours long to a lazy man; and Count de Caylus, a French nobleman of wealth who turned his attention to engraving, said: "F. en said the lady.

"Or it may be a humorous work, with woodcuts that look as if they'd been engraved with a meat-ax. No we don't want it. We keep a humorist here on salary to amuse us."

"Say, you are awfully persistent, my dear, but it won't do you any good. If old Brief were here you might talk him around, because he's a susceptible old duffer, and thinks that every young woman who looks at him is in love with him. But I am not that kind."

"Sir, if you will—" "Say, I hate to refuse, 'pon my soul I do, but I'm broke, and that's the truth. Come around in about six months, after the old man has taken me into partnership. I'll be flush then, and I'll take a book, just to reward you for your stickativeness. I say, you're a mighty pretty woman to be obliged to peddle books for a living. [L.] Just then the attention of the loquacious youth was attracted by the frantic ejaculations of a fellow clerk in another part of the room, and he paused.

"You are Mr. Freshleigh, I presume?" said the lady.

"I—er—yes, that is my name," was the reply. "I have heard my husband speak of you. I am Mrs. Brief. Will you please hand this book to Mr. Brief when he comes in, and ask him to take it to the binder's? Good morning."

The lady left the office; the mercury in the thermometer crept down out of sight; the office cat had a fit, and young Freshleigh fell in a faint.

The next day Lawyer Brief advertised for a new clerk.—*Tell Bids.*

grave that I may not hang myself."

He realized the truth of the old saying: "The human heart is like a millstone; if you put wheat under it, it grinds the wheat into flour; if you put up wheat, it grinds on, but then 'tis itself it wears away." The experience of all times teaches us that the mind which is left unoccupied with serious thoughts, and the powers suffered to remain unused, lose their vigor, and the noblest purposes of life are thereby frustrated. The necessity of labor and industry is summed up in the strong words of Sir Joshua Reynolds: "Let every beginner in life put forth his whole strength; for if he has great talents, industry will improve them; if he has moderate abilities, industry will supply the deficiency."

Entitled to the Best.

All are entitled to the best that their money will buy, so every family should have, at once, a bottle of the best family remedy, Syrup of Figs, to cleanse the system when constive or bilious. For sale in 75c bottles by all leading druggists.

The Man Who Beat Dufferin.

If Beaupard, of Montreal, has just made a trip to the States, where he was the guest of Rutherford B. Hayes, ex-President of the United States, says the *Detroit News*. "I was President of the United States," says Mr. Hayes, "and among my guests at the White House, were Lord Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada, Gen. Sherman, the hero of Atlanta, the Senator of the same name and family, and Gov. Thomas Young of Ohio. Canada's distinguished leader was discussing the question of Irish emigration to the Republic, when Gov. Young said: 'Yes, my lord, there are a great many Irishmen in the States, and this reminds me that I was born in Ireland and met you there for the first time.' 'Indeed,' replied Lord Dufferin, you have a good memory, as I certainly forget the circumstances.' 'Let me tell you I was born on your estate at Claudebevy, and my father was one of your farm hands. One night a fire reduced our miserable abode to ashes, and your father and mother, having come to render us assistance, brought us food and clothing. Your mother was even good enough to bring some playthings for the children, and I became the proud possessor of a whip and top. You, however, appeared on our way just have been said, by the best writers.—'The Observer,' in Toronto Empire.

The Calendar.

DATE.	FEAST.
15 Feb.	Good Friday.
16 Feb.	Holy Saturday.
17 Feb.	Easter Sunday.
18 Feb.	Monday.
19 Feb.	Tuesday.
20 Feb.	Wednesday.
21 Feb.	Thursday.
22 Feb.	Friday.
23 Feb.	Saturday.
24 Feb.	Sunday.

B. Lidwine, Virgin.

Lidwine was born in a cottage at Schiedam in Holland on Palm Sunday, 1580, while the Passion was being chanted in church. They christened her Lidwine, which means "suffering much," and thus a single word foretold the story of her life. The child at twelve dedicated body and soul to God, and then, lest men should think of marrying her, exceeding beauty, she prayed was more than granted. At fifteen she fell while skating on ice. The hurt she received kept her in the bed from which she never rose, except in ecstasy, for thirty years. Soon every limb was in torture. Her head and left arm only could be moved. Her face became hideous with sores. Her body, eaten with worms, would literally have fallen to pieces if not tied together. For years she ate no food. Crows came to stare at her. Drunken soldiers mocked and even brutally struck her. A bad woman spat in her face. Her very friends through neglect left her once with a heap of red-hot coals in contact with her helpless feet. Meanwhile her poor novel was an apostolate of charity and a paradise of joy. Her few meek words softened hard hearts, healed quarrels, and wrought miracles of grace, until in 1438 her wondrous sacrifice was complete, and her beloved Spouse took her to her everlasting home.

Privileges of Pain.

Pain comes to us from the hand of God for our good. B. Lidwine's life reminds us how great are the rewards in store for those who know its value, and accept it as a mercy.

"Know," says S. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi, "that the experience of pain is something so noble and precious that the Divine Word, who enjoyed the abundant riches of Paradise, yet, because He was not clothed with this ornament of sorrow, came down from heaven to seek it upon the earth."

If men deserted Lidwine, angels became her courtiers. They shed light around her cell, and scattered sweet perfumes upon her bed of straw. They bore her bodily in their arms long journeys to the Holy Land, to Calvary, and to Thabor. From these mysterious visits she brought back visible tokens—a wand, plucked from a tree of paradise, wherewith to move the curtain about her head, a veil given to her by the hand of Mary. Our Lord Himself fed her miraculously with the Sacred Host, and finally restored to her body after death the freshness and beauty of her youth.

PRELIMINARY STATEMENT.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society

OF THE UNITED STATES.

JANUARY 1, 1892.

ASSETS,	\$135,000,000
Liabilities, 4 per cent	110,000,000
SURPLUS,	\$25,000,000
New Business written in 1891,	\$230,000,000
Assurance in force,	800,000,000

The 32d Annual Statement will be issued hereafter; in the interval the foregoing figures will show approximately the chief items of the account.

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

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ANTIGONISH, N. S.

ONE CHANCE ONLY.

Well, I have done all I can and I think he is over the worst stages of the disease, BUT, said the DOCTOR, you know the greatest danger comes from the weak condition in which the Grip has left him. However there is ONE CHANCE MORE, try Aie and Beef Peptonized. It is a wonderful stimulating nutritive Tonic and Food and has never failed me yet. Send around quick; it can be got at any DRUG Store.

K. D. C., the GREATEST

CURE of the AGE, is

GUARANTEED TO CURE

ANY CASE OF DYSPEPSIA

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 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, APRIL 14.

Some Chicagoans, it is said, proposed to purchase the famous cottage of Anne Hathaway at Shutteray and transport it over the Atlantic to Chicago. To prevent this, the trustees of Shakespeare's birth-place have bought the cottage for £3,000. So the scene of the immortal William's wooing will not be shifted to the great pork metropolis.

The Presbyterian Witness weeps over "the state of morals in the pre-eminently Catholic countries of South America." And because the Witness always likes to prove what it asserts, it appears to some council held in the year 1672. Perhaps that was one of the councils presided over by "Saint" Torquemada.

One of the most brilliant and successful diplomats in the British service is Nicholas Roderic O'Connor, an Irish Catholic. The British Government has recently recognized his distinguished abilities by sending him to Peking to fill the vacant post of Minister Plenipotentiary to the Emperor of China. Mr. O'Connor's wife is a daughter of the celebrated convert, James Robert Hope-Scott, and consequently a great-granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott.

The United States, it would seem, is guilty of the diplomatic outrage of attempting to force upon Spain as Consul at Ponapi, one of the Caroline Islands, a man who is peculiarly obnoxious to the latter nation. It is a well-known fact that the United States missionaries in those islands, notwithstanding the admonition of St. Paul as to the duties of Christians towards the civil authorities, are plotting the overthrow of the Spanish power in the Carolines; and the proposed Consul is a brother of the ringleader of those reverend instigators of revolt.

A striking illustration of the almost incredible ignorance of Catholic doctrines on the part of even learned men is furnished by a recent editorial in the New York Sun, whose editor, Charles A. Dana, is one of the most scholarly men in the United States. In an article on the Pope's alleged change of policy, he informs his readers quite seriously that His Holiness is about to condemn the monarchical principle. This in the face of the reiterated by the Pope in his recent Encyclical to the French bishops of the immutable Catholic teaching that no form of government is to be condemned which is not per se opposed to right, reason, or the maxims of Christian doctrine. The editor of the Sun would probably be insulted if he were accused of being ignorant of the doctrines of Buddhism; yet he shows himself unacquainted with the teaching of the most august body in the world, the Catholic Church, on an elementary subject.

"D. M." writes us from the Province of Quebec: "In a copy of your paper dated some time after Christmas I observed you state 'there is absolutely no proof for Infant Baptism in the N. Testament. I take grave objection to that statement, etc.'" "D. M." never read in the CASKET the statement to which he takes objection, and which he places within quotation marks, for the simple reason that no such statement was made. Arguing ad hominem against those who reject Apostolic Tradition, we wrote in the issue of February 4: "If the appeal is made to the New Testament alone, the validity of infant baptism will be open to serious question." This is obviously not the same thing as to say that "there is absolutely no proof for Infant Baptism in the New Testament," though even this latter statement does not seem much too strong if the proof is to be sought in the New Testament on Protestant principles. We refer our friend to Franzelin, De Divina Traditione, pp. 215-16, and venture to suggest a more attentive perusal of THE CASKET hereafter.

The Halifax Critic somewhat tardily takes up the question of the proposed monument to Cardinal Newman in Oxford, and parrot-like refers to "the incongruity of erecting such a monument within a hundred yards of the spot where Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer were burned at the stake." It is not necessary to discuss this alleged "incongruity," particularly as the question of the site for the monument has already been settled. As, unfortunately, the dark spirit of bigotry was raised, the promoters of the monument to Newman did wisely in not pressing for the site which the Oxford City Council at first granted them. It was Oxford's cause, not Newman's. Foremost among the master minds of England; lofty in intellect and saintly in life; the embodiment of the long centuries of learning and culture of that ancient seat of letters, Oxford's proudest boast is to call him her own. Yes, verily, it is Oxford's loss that she cannot on her finest square point to the monument of her greatest son and proudly say, "He was mine!"

The Local Government has brought in a bill providing for compulsory instruction in the schools of the province on the effects of alcohol on the human system. The principle of the measure is good. The awful demon of drunkenness that stalks abroad over the land must be fought; and on no ground can this be done more effectively than in the school-room. But it seems to us at least unnecessary to have included in the measure, for the satisfaction of the opponents of tobacco, compulsory instruction on the effects of narcotics generally. Let us not be misunderstood. We believe it advisable to avoid the use of tobacco; but the abuse of tobacco is not as the abuse of alcohol is, a crying evil. Then, too, we must not hope for too much from instruction on the mere physiological effects of strong drink. The physiological argument is a strong one, but it is not the strongest or the most persuasive one, as some of its advocates maintain. The men best acquainted with the effects of alcohol on the system are the members of the medical profession; and we do not think it is a fact that the proportion of total abstainers among physicians is above the average. In this connection we mention that the Rev. Father Gillis, whose work in the cause of temperance is so well known, is about to introduce among the children of his parish an admirable little catechism on total abstinence, by the Rev. Walter Elliot, C. P. We are indebted to his kindness for a copy of this little work, which will do an immense amount of good, and to which we shall refer at greater length hereafter.

Andrew Carnegie, the Scottish-American millionaire, is a benevolently disposed man and deserves credit for his princely gifts to the public both in the land of his birth and in that of his adoption. But he seems to be possessed of the notion that his position as the accumulator of an immense amount of money should give to his views on education a peculiar value; and his efforts to foist his utilitarian theories on the people of the United States almost try one's patience. The one object of education, apparently, in the eyes of Mr. Carnegie, is to fit the young for the hoarding of wealth. We quote the following words of this apostle of utilitarianism, with the excellent comment thereon, from Our Grange Homes, which, as a farmers' journal, will not be suspected of under-rating practical training: "I rejoice when young men and women have been fully occupied in obtaining knowledge of practical affairs, of shorthand and typewriting, of methods of farming, banking methods, book keeping, penmanship, business correspondence, business customs and commercial law."

So says Andrew Carnegie, the millionaire. If Mr. Carnegie's ideas should prevail we know of nothing more disastrous that could happen to the country. We do not by any means belittle the practical preparation of young men and women for the immediate work of obtaining a livelihood; but we believe that the best education is more than a mere earning of bread and butter or accumulating a bank balance, in so much would an education which would be extremely narrow and incomplete. It would develop a generation devoid of any liberal culture or discipline, a nation without artistic impulses or any patriotic instinct, a nation with no love of the higher beauties of art, music or literature; in short, a narrow, dwarfed, petty, one-sided set of men and women would be the result of such education."

ORANGE LOYALTY.

The Unionist members for Ulster held a private caucus on the last day of March, at the residence of Lord Arthur Hill, in London. The object of the meeting was to discuss the steps that the Orangemen of Ulster should take in the event of Ireland obtaining Home Rule. Home Rule is the great bugbear of Orangemen, for they know it will place their Catholic fellow-countrymen on a footing of equality with themselves, and that it will bring about a fairer distribution of Government offices, and more impartial legislation than Ireland has known for long. This is a most unpleasant prospect for the Orange body which has had the lion's share of the good things for the last two centuries. It appears that the tone of the speeches delivered at the caucus was very warlike. Colonel Sanderson was there, of course, and gave vent to some characteristic threats. The granting of Home Rule was to be a signal of revolt in the North of Ireland; 300,000 men would respond to an appeal to arms, and he would be among the foremost to raise the standard of rebellion. The Liberals are nowise daunted by those impotent vapourings, and will not fail, when returned to power, to do justice to long-suffering Ireland in spite of the selfish grumblings of her indolent children in the North. It is by threats of insurrection that Orangemen emphasize from time to time their boasted 'loyalty' to the British Crown. Well may the Royal family pray Heaven to deliver them from such loyalty. Artemus Ward relates in one of his books how he was once called upon to deliver a patriotic address to a regiment of Union soldiers during the Civil War, and how his eloquence excited his audience to such a pitch of enthusiasm that they nearly killed him on the spot. The enthusiastic 'loyalty' of Ulster Orangemen to the British Empire appears to us to bear a very close resemblance to the enthusiasm which came so near proving fatal to the eloquent Artemus. Fortunately it is not so easy to destroy the British Empire as it would have been to put an end to the dear old humorist. As for Colonel Sanderson, it is more than probable that his courage and his loyalty are all of a piece. For the rest, nobody takes him seriously. In many respects he is not a bad modern imitation of Jack Falstaff. His love of bluster and baggadicoo, and his frequent bursts of unconscious drollery of the 'Irish bull' variety, render him a subject for merriment rather than an object of fear to the Home Rulers of the House of Commons.

THE TAXATION OF CHURCHES.

It is not an edifying sight to see a Christian minister, like the Rev. Dr. Saunders, of Halifax, come forth before the public as an advocate of the taxation of places of worship. If, owing to the lamentable want of unity among Christians, the government of a Christian country cannot lend its active assistance to the erection and support of Christian churches, surely the least it ought to do is to refrain from putting obstacles in the way of those who do erect and maintain them. Does Dr. Saunders in his zeal for "religion liberty" desire that the State should cease to profess Christianity altogether and become avowedly 'Godless.' To be consistent, he should go further in his demands for reform. For instance, there are probably some Jewish children attending school in the province. There are likewise a few children of professed infidels. Now everybody knows that many of the books prescribed for our schools have a distinctly Christian tone. Is not this unjust to the Jews and infidel who are taxed to support the public schools, and who have to send their children? Clearly, Dr. Saunders should agitate for a new series of school books wherein the name of the Saviour or even that of the Creator shall not appear. There again is the enforced rest on Sunday. The Jew, the Turk, the Chinese, and the atheist must keep their shops closed on that day. The law forces them to do so, whether they like it or not. As a rule they don't like it: it is a source both of annoyance and of pecuniary loss to them. From Dr. Saunders' point of view this must be a crying injustice, and he ought to raise his voice against it. We could point out to him many other instances in which that "religious freedom" so dear to him, is disregarded by our laws.

The fact of the matter is that Dr. Saunders has an incorrect idea of what the "rights of conscience" are. His idea, if attempted to be put into practice, would make all legislation impossible. One thing is clear. If every enactment or regulation is wrong that happens to clash with the convictions or opinions of every Jew, Mohammedan, Mormon, or atheist that may find his way to our province, it is high time that all our laws that are based on belief in Christian revelation were done away with. It is to this monstrous conclusion that Dr. Saunders' principle inevitably leads.

We are glad to see the Halifax Herald take so sensible and so Christian a stand on this question.

THE PARKHURST DISCUSSION.

The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, a Presbyterian minister of New York, charges the civic authorities, and particularly the city police, with conniving at the illicit selling of liquor on Sunday and the undisturbed existence of dens of infamy throughout the city. He first made these charges in his pulpit about two months ago, and when his charges were denied and he was challenged to produce evidence of their truth, he set about doing so. His course has been widely and warmly discussed; and a few points in connection with this discussion deserve notice.

At the outset we must say that we cannot see how any Christian can fail to be shocked at the methods which Dr. Parkhurst adopted to secure evidence. He must have a strange conscience indeed who thinks it allowable to incite to the commission of gross immorality for the purpose of bringing it to punishment. But leaving aside Dr. Parkhurst's method of obtaining evidence, which we believe no right-thinking person will attempt to defend, we wish to call attention to one or two other points in connection with the controversy that has been raised by his attack on the city authorities. The first thing that strikes one in this controversy - and it strikes painfully - is that in almost every instance praise or censure is bestowed upon Dr. Parkhurst according to the political party to which the writers belong. The Republican press is loud in its approval of Dr. Parkhurst's crusade against vice in New York; while the Democratic papers are even louder in their vehement denunciation of his action. The city of New York is a Democratic stronghold; it is governed by a Democratic organization. Any reflection on the administration of its affairs redounds to the injury of the Democratic party. Hence the vials of wrath which the Democratic papers are pouring out upon Dr. Parkhurst's devoted head. Vice, in their view, is not to be denounced if its denunciation will injure the Democracy. At first they indignantly denied that the state of affairs depicted by Dr. Parkhurst existed; but when that position became untenable they shifted their ground and asserted that it was impossible to prevent it. We are not concerned with Dr. Parkhurst's motives. They may be as partisan as those of his assailants for aught we care; but he has proved that, whatever be the cause for it, the police of New York make practically no effort to enforce the law concerning the Sunday closing of saloons and the suppression of disorderly houses. If, then, the police of New York are derelict in their duty, are they to be shielded lest their exposure should count against the Democracy in the elections? This is precisely what is being done. It is not a question of whether drunkenness and licentiousness are to go unchecked by the law, but whether the Democracy is going to lose votes. Your straight party man is the same every where. Whatever turns up, the first question with him is, How is it going to affect my party?

Another point deserving of notice in this connection is the argument made use of by those who defend the police. It is the old stock-argument of those who are opposed to the suppression of vice: you cannot make men virtuous by legal enact-

ments. It is a very poor sophism. The civil law does not attempt to reach the hearts of men, but it does undertake to control their public actions; and it does and should prevent the holding forth public temptation to vice.

It is claimed further that it is inconsistent with Dr. Parkhurst's position as a Christian minister to call upon the law to punish crime. In other words, because our Lord forgave the penitent thief, no Christian minister should countenance the enforcement of the laws against larceny. It is surely unnecessary to combat such a position as this.

THE SCRIPTURE PROOF.

"The Son of God, the second person in the Trinity, being very and eternal God, of one substance, and equal with the Father, did, when the fulness of time was come, take upon him man's nature, with all the essential properties and common infirmities thereof, yet without sin; being conceived by the power of the Holy Ghost, in the womb of the Virgin Mary, of her substance. So that two whole, perfect, and distinct natures, the Godhead and the manhood, were inseparably joined together in one person, without conversion, composition, or confusion. Which person is very God and very man, yet one Christ, the only Mediator between God and man."

According to the teaching of the Confession, which, on this point, is in reality no other than that of the Catholic Church as set forth in the definitions of General Councils, the Son of God, who is of one substance, and equal with the Father, took upon Him human nature, being conceived by the Holy Ghost, in the womb of the Virgin Mary. The Scripture on which the authors of the Confession rest this doctrine is Luke, 1, where the Angel Gabriel addresses Mary in these words: "And, behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and shalt call his name Jesus. . . . therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." (Protestant Version). Scripture tells us, then, that the son whom Mary brought forth, and who was called Jesus, was to be called, and therefore was, the Son of God, else he could not be so called. It is plain from the above citation that the framers of the Confession understood Scripture to say that he who was born of Mary was no other than the Incarnate God, the second person in the Blessed Trinity, since they affirm that he is "very God and very man, yet one Christ." Now to say, as Scripture does, that the Son of God was "made of a woman" (Gal. iv. 4), that He was "born of" Mary (Luke, 1), is but another way of saying that Mary was the Mother of God. For the word "God," denoting as it does the divine nature, not in the abstract, which we speak of as the Deity or Godhead, but in the concrete, may stand equally for any one of the three Divine Persons, since the Father is God, the Son is God, the Holy Ghost is God. Have not Catholics, then, the most ample warrant in Scripture for affirming that Mary is the Mother of God? Does any one still doubt it? Let him look at the Scripture warrant for the doctrine from this other point of view. If it is true, as Scripture attests it to be, and as all who believe in Scripture must hold, that "the Lord of Glory" was "crucified" (1 Cor. ii. 8), that the Jews "killed the Author of life" (Acts, iii. 15), that God "purchased the church with his own blood" (Acts, xx. 28), how is it not also true that Mary is the Mother of God? It is because Christ had a human nature like ours, but was not a human person, that it can be said with truth: God died, God was killed, God shed his blood. And it was because He was born of Mary, who was therefore His mother, that He had a human nature like ours. Birth and death are predicated of one who has a mortal nature: the two go together. He who dies is first born, if he comes into life by process of generation; and he who is born, is born of woman, and she of whom he is born, is his mother. In affirming, then, that God was crucified, Scripture by necessary consequence affirms that Mary is the Mother of God; for if God had no mother, He would not be born of woman, and if He were not man, He could not be crucified. The Lord of Glory was crucified, therefore He was true man; He was true man, therefore He had a human mother. He who died on the Cross was God; therefore He who was born of Mary, was God. Admit the former, and you must needs admit the latter.

Are we now to be told that the word *theotokos*, or "Mother of God," is nowhere applied to Mary in Holy Writ, and that therefore we may not give her that title? Let those tell us this who profess to hold that no doctrine is taught in Scripture which is not, in set terms, delivered thereon. As for Presbyterians, they profess to hold nothing of the kind, at least if they adhere to their doctrinal standards. Here are the words of the Westminster Confession, c. 2. 6: "The whole counsel of God, concerning all things necessary for his own glory, man's salvation, faith and life, is either expressly set down in Scripture, or by good and necessary consequence may be deduced from Scripture."

The principle here laid down Catholics, of course, repudiate. We cite the words for the sake of the clause which we have taken the liberty of putting in italics. It is important as showing that, according to Presbyterian teaching, a doctrine, to be scriptural, need not be expressly set down in Scripture, provided it can, "by good and necessary consequence," be deduced therefrom. Now if the doctrine that Mary is the Mother of God is not, by good and necessary consequence, deduced from Scripture, we should like to see a sample of doctrine that is. There is no resisting the force of the proof from Scripture, we have given above. One may willfully shut one's eyes to it, of

take refuge in evasion or sophistry, if one is bent on denying the doctrine; but no one can honestly question its eugeney. As often as Scripture affirms that Mary is the mother of Jesus or the mother of Christ, so often does it, by direct and immediate consequence, affirm that she is Mother of God, since Christ is God. Nor will it avail to object that Mary is the mother of Christ, not as God, but as man. For while it is perfectly true that she is His mother, not by reason of His divine nature, but by reason of His human nature, yet she truly mother of the person Christ, who is God. In Him let us never forget this: though God-head and manhood are distinct, God and man is not. Christ is not divided: He is a divine Person, having nevertheless a human nature like ours. And this, too, is the teaching of the Westminster Confession; for we are told in the passage already quoted that He who was conceived in the womb of the Virgin Mary "is very God and very man, yet one Christ."

But ye wish to forestall every objection, and remove even the possibility of evil or evasion on this point. Some candid but prejudiced Presbyterians may say: I own, indeed, that, as far as I am concerned, Scripture fully bears out the Catholic doctrine; but I can never bring myself to speak of Mary as "Mother of God," because the words are not found in Scripture, and Paul bids us "hold the form of sound words." Well, once accept the doctrine, and you will soon be led to adopt the words as alone distinctly expressing and adequately safeguarding it. Nestorius was perfectly willing to grant that Mary was the Mother of Christ. But why? Because he divided Christ, and held that in Christ not only the Godhead and manhood were distinct, but that God and man were two distinct persons, the one divine, the other human, of which latter person alone, according to him, Mary was the mother. Sound words, we take it, are words which express, with precision and without equivocation, sound doctrine; and hence the Church, in order to guard the doctrine of the Incarnation from the pernicious error of Nestorius, proclaimed Mary *Theotokos*, or "Mother of God." Did the Apostle mean that the only "sound words" are those of Scripture? Not so at least thought the Westminster divines, who speak of Christ as being "of one substance with the Father." The expression, "of one substance," which is the English equivalent for the Latin *consubstantialis*, and the Greek *homousios*, is nowhere found in Scripture, though it expresses accurately and concisely the Scripture doctrine. The Fathers of Nice first embodied the term in their Creed, and it is well known to every student of Church history that the Arians objected to the expression as being unscriptural. If Presbyterians consider the Arianism well taken, they should revise out of their Creed the unscriptural expression borrowed by its framers from the Fathers of Nice. If they consider it frivolous, as it certainly is, why urge the same frivolous objection against the *Theotokos* of the Fathers of Ephesus? Let Mr. Blair examine whether it be the unscripturalness of the doctrine, and not rather the force of inherited prejudice, which makes him deny that Mary is the Mother of God; and further, whether the same prejudice has not something to do with his denial of other Catholic doctrines as well. We shall see next week what the belief of the Church in the first three centuries was on this point.

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Hic Jacet.

Upon a stone with lichens gray, Mid mossy marbles of the dead, A wild rose weeps itself away In crimson tears and kisses red.

The heech upon it rains in gold: A brief wantons over it, And some old sculptor-hand had scroll'd Its brief hic Jacet, quaintly writ.

But if or beauty, age or youth Be pillowed in the green below; Or heart of hope, or tongue of truth, Or babe or bride, we may not know.

Or if in life's allotted span, Who slumbers here knew aught of love That, hopeless, wastes the heart of man, Or felt the gnawing pain thereof:

What cruel caprice of circumstance O'erlook him, or what fate befell: What lifting wave of lucky chance, Two words alone remain to tell.

For run as will our round of years. In shine or shadow, peace or strife: Let laughter be our lot, or tears, Hic Jacet is the sum of life.

—Patrick J. Coleman in Catholic World.

THE LOST LODE.

A STORY OF MEXICO.

(Christian Field, in Catholic World.)

(Continued from last week.)

Vyner's first sensation on seeing her was one of shocked surprise—so much had she changed since he saw her last. How pale and thin was her face, how dark the shadows beneath her beautiful eyes! She looked like one who had just arisen from a bed of sickness; and this thought found expression in his first words.

"You have been ill!" he said, taken a few impetuous steps to meet her. "It was too much for you—He paused abruptly. He had been about to add, 'the night upon the mountain when you saved me,' but the cura was still standing by, and he suddenly remembered that he did not know how much or how little had been revealed to the latter.

"I have been ill a little," she answered, "but it did not matter. Why should you speak of anything so unimportant? I can think of nothing but my gratitude to God that I see you standing before me once more in life and health. Ah, senior, never, never can I be grateful enough that our prayers—she glanced at the priest as if to show who was included in the plural pronoun—have been heard, and your life has been spared."

"Senior Vyner has indeed much to thank God and you for," said the cura impressively. "And now I will leave you to speak to him undisturbed."

He turned and went out, closing the door carefully behind him. Guadalupe sat down on the sofa, and leaning back with an air of weakness, invited Vyner by a gesture to take the chair nearest her. He obeyed; but so powerful was the emotion which filled his heart as he looked at her, that he was absolutely incapable of utterance, and it was she who spoke first.

"It is very good of you, senior, to come so promptly in answer to my summons. Since we have heard that you were getting better, I have troubled myself much to think how I could possibly be sure of obtaining a few words alone with you—for they are words which it is necessary that I should speak. But my kind friend the cura came to my assistance and offered to arrange an opportunity. This is why I see you here."

"I felt your summons to be an honor," Vyner answered, "and as for my coming promptly—one does not deserve much thanks for doing that which one desires to do above all things. I, too, have been troubling myself with the thought of how I could best manage to see you—but it was not so much for the sake of anything I had to say, as simply to see you. And yet I have much to say, for I have my life to thank you for. I do not know how or why you came to be upon that mountain; but I know well that had you not been there, I should not be here now."

She put her hands to her face for a moment with a slight shudder, as if the memory of that to which he alluded was almost more than she could bear. Then dropping them into her lap, she looked at him steadily with her sad, lovely gaze.

"And if I did something for you that night, senior," she said, "you have fully repaid me by the strict and honorable manner in which you have observed the secrecy I asked of you. To know the truth would, I think, kill my uncle—for he has had much trouble, and he is a proud man. I am aware that I asked much of you in entreating this silence—for you have been betrayed in your most important interests by one whom you trusted—betrayed, as well as almost murdered. I am bowed to the earth with shame when I think of it, when I say to myself that my cousin—"

She paused, her voice choked with the emotion which for a moment she could not control. And it was then, without an instant's premeditation, that Vyner let himself go.

"Guadalupe, Guadalupe," he said, suddenly bending forward and taking the two slender hands that lay in her lap, "do not think of these things! Think only of what I am going to tell you. I love you with all my heart! What is it to me whether your cousin betrayed me or not? I thank him for nearly killing me, since it has made me owe my life—my new life—to you. If you will take this life, which is now yours and yours only, I can ask nothing better of earth. And I have said to myself of late that there may be a hope of this happiness for me if it was indeed for my sake that you climbed that lonely mountain in the dead of night—"

She drew her hands from his grasp with a look of something akin to terror. "Ah, my God!" she breathed, as if to herself, "what is this? Senior, what can I say to you?" she went on, looking at Vyner. "You are mistaken. It was not for your sake I went to the mine that night. It was to warn my cousin of your coming, sick

I saw you pass our house." He started as if she had stung him. "What!" he said in a voice the tones of which were full of warning, "you knew, then, of his treachery, and wished to shield him from discovery?"

"I wished," she said, "to save him from possible crime, and you from possible danger—for I feared that would occur if you met. I did not know he was there, but I suspected it; and your going to the mine at such an hour made me almost certain of it. So I went—and although I was not able to prevent what I feared, by God's mercy I prevented its worse consequence."

"Ah," he said, "I remember now that your manner the day before first made me think that there might be something wrong with your cousin. I felt then that you feared or suspected something. But let that pass. How does it matter? Whether you went that night for his sake or not, you saved my life, and I love you with a passionate devotion. I can think of nothing but these things—nothing else is worth a moment's consideration. Guadalupe, will you not take the life and the devotion? Ah! if you only will—"

He leaned forward as if he would again have seized her hands, but she drew slightly away and spoke with a grave and gentle dignity, which even in that moment he thought he had never seen equaled.

"Senior," she said, listen to me while I tell you a story. It is one which I came here to tell you, though I never thought of such a reason for it as the one you have just given me. You know, perhaps, that I have grown up in my uncle's house, and that my cousin Fernando and I have known each other from our earliest years. But you do not know that we have loved each other always—not as cousins only, but in a more tender and peculiar manner. Had things been different, we should have been acknowledged lovers. But everything was against us—most of all our poverty. I am a child of charity, possessing nothing, and my uncle, with a large family and many cares, could give Fernando nothing. So there seemed before us only hopeless waiting, or more hopeless separation.

And then came the temptation which turned Fernando from an honorable man into a traitor. His heart was set upon finding the lost lode of the Espiritu Santo Mine. Once, and once only, he spoke to me of his hopes, when first there was a question on his taking service with me. I urged him not to do so—urged him until I angered him, and never again would he speak to me on the subject. I knew nothing of what he was doing, but I lived in dread. I suspected that he was betraying my interests, and I knew not which I feared most—his conviction of treachery or his success. I could not sleep at night for thinking and watching, and it came to pass that I saw you when you went by on that night. The sight of you seemed to confirm my worst fears, and trusting to the help of God, I took the short path up the mountain, hoping to arrive before you, warn Fernando, and avert the terrible consequences which must follow. I feared a meeting between you and him, for I was too late for this—you were already there when I arrived. So I could do nothing but wait—O Mother of God! in what heart-sickening suspense!—until Fernando came rushing down the mountain like a madman, and told me he had left you injured—dying in the mine—"

Her tones faltered, ceased—for a moment she could not continue. It was Vyner who broke the pause by speaking; but his voice sounded strangely different from that in which he had spoken before.

"And then you went down into that dark and dangerous shaft to save me! Did you not think that it might be better and safer for the man you loved to leave me there to die?"

There was something pathetic, though not reproachful, in the glance of the dark eyes as she met his own. "I only thought," she said, "that I would willingly submit to do so. When you are able to return to the mine, he will leave it at once. All is over. He has lost everything. I hope, therefore, that you will be generous and spare him as much as possible—that you will continue to preserve the secrecy—"

"You have my promise," Vyner interposed hoarsely. "It was given you for a week, a month, a year—but for my life. Your cousin is safe from me. But God of heaven! how can you say that he has lost everything when he still has you?"

"No," she said quietly, "he has no longer. All is at an end between us. I am going away—it is likely that I shall never come back. Before going, I wished to tell you this that you might understand—and I wished also to thank you for the great generosity of your silence."

"You shame me when you speak to me in that manner," he said. "But for you my lips would have been sealed in an eternal silence. Could I do less, then, than I have done—even if I had not loved you? But I do love you with all the passion of my soul—you must know that. What is your childish romance with your cousin to me? You have found him unworthy, you have given him up, Guadalupe, come, then, to me—come and bless my life with your love, for I tell you that I cannot live without you."

"Oh, yes, senior!" she said with almost tender sadness, "you will live very well without me. For, indeed, I think we should prove very unlike, you and I—and when you go back to your own country you will feel this. I should be as alien to your country, your ideas, your life, as

you are to my country, my habit, and my religion. Still I know that love can build a bridge with greater differences than these. But I do not love you, senior. I have loved only Fernando all my life. And although he has lost that which I cannot put another in his place. I have been through dark and bitter waters since the night when I met him flying with your blood upon his soul; but now the worst is over and my way is clear. I am going to offer my heart to God, if he will accept it. If not, I shall find work to do in the world. But with love, as I have known it, I am done for ever. Speak to me of it no more."

He looked at her with an expression of mingled anguish and despair. Never before, in all his spoiled life, had he felt so hopeless, never before realized that something opposed him stronger than any force which he could bring to bear against it. Given a woman of the world—of his own world—and he would have known well what to say in such a case; but what could he say to this girl who had been moulded by influences so alien to any he had known, and in whose beautiful eyes all fires of earthly passion seemed indeed for ever quenched? He could only put out his hand with a great and bitter cry of yearning.

"Guadalupe," he said, "you break my heart! I have hoped so much, so much—and now you tell me that there is no hope!"

"None from me, senior," she answered very gently. But remember that I shall never forget my debt of gratitude to you, and that as long as I live your name will always have a place in my prayers. Take again my heart's best thanks, and now—Adios."

The sweet and solemn farewell was still sounding in his ears as he left the room, and still before his eyes he saw—for how many a long day would he not continue to see!—the last picture of Guadalupe, standing in the dim light of the old moonstone chamber, with the white crucifix outlined against the wall behind her graceful head.

The cura, pacing to and fro in the corridor, brevity in hand, met him with something of compassion in his dark, gentle glance. Perhaps the white face of the young man told its own story to those observant eyes.

"You will rest a little longer, senior," he said kindly, "before going out again into the sun? And a glass of wine—"

But Vyner declined these friendly offers. "The sun matters nothing, senior," he said a little grimly. "It is necessary that I should return to my house. I have many preparations to make, I am leaving for England immediately."

"It is best," said the cura, "if you will find that when you are once at home, your wound will cure very speedily."

Was there a double meaning in his speech? Vyner did not know. But these words too remained with him, as he passed from the cool, shaded court, with its fountain and doves, his blooming flowers and aetetic inscriptions, to the white glare and dust of the street beyond.

THE END.

Electricity for Domestic Purposes.

At the Crystal Palace Electrical Exhibition a room has been fitted up for showing how electricity may be applied to a variety of domestic purposes. The difficulty has been to transfer the great heat generated by electricity from the wire to the surface to be heated. Without this cooking has hitherto been impossible. A new process, however, has been perfected, by means of which the specially prepared enamel at the bottom of cooking utensils is fitted with a fine wire, embedded in the enamel itself. Water is boiled, cutlets are broiled and pancakes fried in this way, the great advantages of this mode of cooking being the total absence of dirt and of surrounding heat, all that is generated being utilized in the cooking. In addition to this, a great economy is effected, the cost of boiling potatoes or cooking a steak being estimated at one farthing. For the heating of irons, the driving of sewing machines, coffee grinders, knife cleaners, fans for ventilators and small electric pumps, and in fact all kinds of domestic machinery, the same current that produces light can be used, and the fact that no knowledge of machinery is required on the part of the operator renders the prospect a hopeful one to housewives.—Ex.

The good used to die young; but since the invention of Putner's Emulsion white parents give it to their children, and prolong their useful lives. Only 50 cents a bottle.

How They Write. (Selected)

Whether or not one be a believer in the character-in-handwriting theory, there is a fascination in examining the varied typography of persons more or less noted. This is especially so, I think, when we study the hand writing of famous folk in the field of literature. During the past four or five years the writer has succeeded in collecting the signatures of a few of our celebrated "literarians," a brief description of which may be of interest to readers.

The most peculiar handwriting in the lot, perhaps, is that of one Edgar Wilson Nye, better known as Bill Nye, humorist, lecturer and playwright. It looks as though the writer had played his pen-point on paper and then had suddenly been stricken with fever and ague. For example, the word "running," in Mr. Nye's handwriting, consists of a fairly recognizable "r," and a beautiful wavy line which suddenly descends, at a sharp angle, below the line. He spares no ink in the grand "flooreesh" after his well-known sig. If he thinks as he writes he must frequently tremble on the verge of vertigo.

I might name at least a dozen school-children of my acquaintance who would make a better display of penmanship than "M. Quad" the Detroit Free Press man, now on the staff of the New York World. It does not quite agree with Webster's definition of "calligraphy."

For clear, graceful penmanship compare me to Eugene Field, the "crowned poet of the West." If the late Horace Greeley's writing would deprive a printer of his reason, Field's would most assuredly restore him to the bosom of his family. There lies before me a poem by Mr. Field, of twenty-eight lines, exclusive of title, signature and date, and all written in a space easily covered by an ordinary business envelope, and as clear as a steel engraving.

"A good, legible business hand" exactly describes Mark Twain's penmanship. James Whitcomb Riley writes straight up and down—often drifting into back-hand; writes with a heavy stroke, but makes his letters small. His capitals are almost invariably pen-printed.

Alex. E. Sweet, of Texas Siftings, writes a large, bold hand, and is evidently interested in some ink manufactory. Robert J. Burdette, writer, lecturer and humorist, writes a slow hand that is half written and half printed. It is a round hand and exhibits no shading whatever.

I have a letter written in 1880 by the Quaker Poet, Mr. Whittier writes a remarkably steady hand, considering his age. It is in light, thin lines, but very clear and legible.

Madeline S. Bridges, the voluminous poetess, has an ordinary feminine handwriting—the good old-fashioned kind without the modern pitch-pole crosses and sharp angles of the average "soft-sex" penmanship.

Sheriff's Sale.

IN THE SUPREME COURT. 1802 A. NO. 493. Between SYDNEY HOWE, Trustee of the Estate of the late CATHERINE SYDNEY HOWE, deceased, Plaintiff, and ARGUS DONALD, Defendant.

To be sold at Public Auction by the Sheriff of the County of Antigonish, at the Court House at Antigonish, in said County, on Tuesday, May 10th, A. D. 1892, at 12 o'clock, noon, pursuant to an order of foreclosure and sale made hereto, dated the 23rd day of March, 1892, unless before the day of the sale the amount due and costs are paid to the plaintiff, or into Court.

ALL the estate, right, title, interest and equity of redemption of said defendant, ARGUS DONALD, or Eliza McDonald, his wife, and of all persons claiming through or under them, of and to all those certain lots, pieces and parcels of LAND,

Situate, lying and being at Harbour-au-Bouché, in said County, and described as follows, viz:—Lot No. one commencing at the east from the road leading to Crispo's wharf; thence west fifty-four feet along the main road; thence north eighty-five feet on a line parallel with the road to Crispo's wharf; thence east to said road; thence along said road to the place of beginning; Lot number two commencing at the east from the main road seventy-four feet; thence north eighty-four feet; thence west along the main road seventy-four feet; thence north eighty-four feet; thence east to the place of beginning. Lot number three commencing at the east from the main road seventy-four feet; thence north eighty-four feet; thence west along the main road seventy-four feet; thence north eighty-four feet; thence east to the place of beginning. Also the one-half of the field containing the above mentioned lots that is to say—said realties bounded on the north eighty-four feet from the main road; on the west and north-west by land of Joseph Crispo; on the north by land in possession of Donald Chisholm; and on the east by the road leading to Crispo's wharf, entire lot by the road leading to Crispo's wharf.

TERMS.—Ten per cent. deposit at time of sale, remainder on delivery of deed.

DUNCAN D. CHISHOLM, High Sheriff of Antigonish Co. H. McLELLAN, 42 Bedford Row, Halifax, Solicitor for Plaintiff. March 29th, 1892.

HERE IS THE CUE. PUT IT TO A GOOD USE. JUSTICE SOAP DOES ALL THE WORK. It has no equal for separating dirt from clothes, or as a Pure, Wholesome, Fragrant and Refreshing article FOR THE TOILET.

EAGAR'S PHOSPHOLEIN A COMBINATION OF Cod Liver Oil Cream WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES FOR THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION, PARALYSIS, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Salt Rheum and other Skin and Blood Diseases, Rickets, Anemia, Loss of Flesh, Nervous Prostration, Adults and Children, Wasting, Prostration.

ECONOMICAL IN USE. One teaspoonful of Phospholein being equal to a pint of Cod Liver Oil, will prove to be the cheapest preparation in use.

Phospholein is the ONLY PREPARATION that we know of which has effected actual cures in Wasting Diseases.

It is so PLEASANT that some mothers have put it into the reach of their children to prevent them from drinking a whole bottle.

See last and next issues for Certificate. FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS AT 50c. PER BOTTLE OF 50 DOSES.

The Cure For

Scrofula was once supposed to be the taint of royalty. Today, many grateful people know that the "sovereign remedy" is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This powerful alterative eliminates all the morbid poison from the 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. Administrator Ayer's Sarsaparilla on appearance of the first symptoms. "My little girl was troubled with a painful scrofulous swelling under one of her arms. The physician, being unable to effect a cure, I gave her one bottle of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and the swelling disappeared."—W. F. Kennedy, McFadden'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 throat 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. e. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

Cures others, will cure you

NEW BUTCHER SHOP, MAIN STREET.

JAMES BROADFOOT

BEGS to inform the Public that he has just opened a Butcher Business in the Shop lately occupied by MESSRS. WOOTEN & DEXTER, and will be glad to serve all who may favor him with their patronage with Fresh Meats of all kinds. Having experience and a thorough knowledge of the business, I am prepared to give perfect satisfaction.

HAMS, BACON, ETC., ALWAYS ON HAND. Meat delivered in any part of the Town at short notice. TERMS CASH.

JAMES BROADFOOT.

FINE NEW MILLINERY WEST END WAREHOUSE.

We show here some of the New Styles which we have now in Stock.



We have secured the services of MISS WILLIAMS, of Fredericton, whose reputation in that City bespeaks for her here a large share of the Fashionable Trade of both town and country.

McCurdy & Co. Antigonish, March 30, 1892.

JOHN McDONALD, Contractor and Builder,

ANTIGONISH WOOD-WORKING FACTORY

Flooring, Sheathing, Shingles, Laths, Doors and Windows.

Also for Sale: Lime, Plaster, Cement, Etc.

Antigonish Woolen Mills.

McKAY & BRINE, PROPRIETORS.

OUR new 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.

CUSTOM CARDING, SPINNING, WEAVING, FULLING, DRESSING and DYEING.

We have now in Stock a large quantity of KNOTTING YARN, both Double and Twisted, and Single, of all Colors, also TWEEDS, HOMESPUNS, FLANNELS and SHIRTINGS, which we can recommend to our customers, and guarantee them best value in the market, as we use PURE WOOL only in our manufacture.

McKAY & BRINE.

Our Specialty

ROTARY SAW MILLS, LATH MACHINES, SHELBY PLANES, 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.

STOVES, PLOW FITTINGS, and other Castings of every description.

Particular Attention given to JOB-BING in all its Branches. Write for Prices.

FOR SALE BY Weir & Morrison, STELLARTON, N. S.

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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.

NEW BUTCHER SHOP, MAIN STREET.

JAMES BROADFOOT

BEGS to inform the Public that he has just opened a Butcher Business in the Shop lately occupied by MESSRS. WOOTEN & DEXTER, and will be glad to serve all who may favor him with their patronage with Fresh Meats of all kinds. Having experience