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FORTY-FIRST YEAR.

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

No. 13

SEEDS! SEEDS!

C. B. WHIDDEN & SON.

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

For the Spring Trade, consisting of WHITE RUSSIAN, WHITE AND RED YIFE, 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, DANISH RYEGRASS, ALFALFA 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 house, and will give personal attention to the business.

P. S. FLOYD, Antigonish, Feb. 10th, 1892.



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, head-aches 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.

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 revolved 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 with acclamation.

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 should have waited until 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 black-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 assuredly 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 reverence 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. Brief in?" "No, he is not here," replied the dapper young clerk who she addressed, surveying her from head to foot with an approving glance. "Anything I can do for you?" "Yes," was the reply, and the lady produced beneath her wraps a handsome bound volume. "I have here—" "I'm thinking so," interrupted the clerk with a deprecating 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, "it's a 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."

"I wish to say—" "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 stickiness. I say, you're a mighty pretty woman to be obliged to peddle books for a living."

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 passed.

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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 unfading 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.' — *Ed.*

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 specific family medicine in thousands of households.

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 but 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: "I find the day is thirty-six hours long to a busy man."

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 idleness, 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 Thorbar. 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 miracle 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.

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.

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The Idle Man.

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ESTABLISHED, 1852

The Casket

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

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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?

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.

The Presbyterian Witness weeps over "the state of morals in the pre-eminently Catholic countries of South America."

One of the most brilliant and successful diplomats in the British service is Nicholas Roderic O'Connor, an Irish Catholic.

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.

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.

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.

"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.'"

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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 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.

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."

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.

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And everything kept in a first class Jewellery
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100 ACRES OF LAND,

with good House and Barn thereon, and cuts
about 10 tons of Hay, with abundance of wood
and water, everything in good repair, formerly
the property of Alex. Kerr, now in the possession
of the son, Colth. F. Kerr, 140 Westville St. Dor-
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A LOT OF LAND containing One Acre,
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On same, situated on South River Road, about
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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
saw me," but the *cueva* 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, senor, 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."

"Senor Vyner has indeed much to thank
God and you for," said the *cueva* im-
pressively. "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 emo-
tion 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, senor, to
come so promptly in answer to my sum-
mons. 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
cueva 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, senor," she said, "you have fully
repaid me by the strict and honorable
manner in which you have observed the
secret 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, sud-
denly 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? Senor, 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 jarring, "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 cer-
tain 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. Guada-
lupe, 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.

"Senor," 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
I 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
an 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 you.
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 betray-
ing your 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 so 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 con-
sequences which must follow. I feared a
meeting between you and him. But 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
suffer to save you, and to atone for the
great wrongs that had been done here,
and when I asked you to meet me here, it
was to tell you this story that you might
understand a little—how Fernando was
tempted to so base an act."

"I can understand a man being tempted
to anything for love of you!" said Vyner,
as if the words were wrung from him.

"I forced him to return to the mine the
next day," she went on, as if eager to end
her story, "because if he had stayed
away he could at once have been identified
as your assailant. He was loath to go,
but for his father's sake he compelled him-
self 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 inter-
posed 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 me 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 did not love
you? But I do love you with all the
passion of my soul—you must know and
feel 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, senor!" 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, senor. I
have loved only Fernando all my life.
And although he has lost that love 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 be-
fore, in all his spoiled life, had he felt so
hopeless, never before realized that some-
thing 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, senor," 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 mon-
astic chamber, with the white crucifix out-
lined against the wall behind her graceful
head.

The *cueva*, pacing to and fro in the cor-
ridor, 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 see a little longer, senor,"
he said kindly, "before going out again
into the sun? And a glass of wine—"

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

"It is best," said the *cueva*. "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 foun-
tain and doves, its blooming flowers and
aromatic incense, to the white glare and
dust of the street beyond.

**Electricity for Domestic
Purposes.**

At the Crystal Palace Electrical Exhi-
bition 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, outlets are broiled and
pancakes fried in this way, the great ad-
vantages 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 cur-
rents that produce light can be used, and
the fact that no knowledge of machinery is
required on the part of the operator ren-
ders the prospect a hopeful one to house-
wives.—Ex.

How They Write.
(Selected)

Whether or not one be a believer in the
character-in-hand-writing theory, there is
a fascination in examining the varied
chirography 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 descrip-
tion 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 "florescence"
after his well-known sig. If he thinks as
a writer 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. Quid," 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 "cracked post" of
the West? If the late Horace Greeley's
writing would deprive a printer of his
reason, Field's would most assuredly re-
store 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 busi-
ness 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 in-
terested 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 what-
ever.

I have a letter written in 1880 by the
Quaker Poet, Mr. Whittier writes a re-
markably 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 hand-
writing—the good old-fashioned kind
without the modern pitch-pole crosses and
sharp angles of the average "soft-sex"
penmanship.

Sheriff's Sale.

1802 A. NO. 693.
IN THE SUPREME COURT.
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 28th 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,
in 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 three commencing at the place of
beginning; thence north eighty-four feet; thence
east seventy-four feet; thence south eight-
ty-four feet, to the place of beginning. Lot
number four commencing at the place of begin-
ning; thence north eighty-four feet; thence
east seventy-four feet; thence south eighty-
four feet; thence west along the main road
seventy-four feet to the place of beginning. Lot
number seven commencing at the place of begin-
ning; thence north eighty-four feet; thence
east seventy-four feet; thence south eighty-
four feet; thence west along the main road
seventy-four feet to the place of beginning. Also
one-half of the field containing above
mentioned lots that is to say—Said realties
mentioned 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
of Donald Chisholm; also one-half of the
field containing eight acres, more or
less, entire lot situated east and being in
Harbour-au-Bouché, situate being the southern
half of a lot containing eight acres, more or
less, entire lot situated east by lands of James
M. Hall, and land in possession of Donald
Chisholm, towards the south by land of Samuel
McDonald and Edward Gurie; and towards the
north and west 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. MELLISH, 42 Bedford Row, Halifax,
Solicitor for Plaintiff.
March 28th, 1892.

HERE IS THE CUE.
PUT IT TO A GOOD USE.
JUSTICE SOAP
DOES ALL THE WORK
It has no equal for separat-
ing 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,
Anamia, Loss of Flesh, Nervous Prostration,
Adults and Children, Wasting, Prostration.

ECONOMICAL IN USE.
One teaspoonful of Phospholein being equal to
pinture and blood-making value to ten times its
bulk of Cod Liver Oil, will prove to be the cheap-
est 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 their
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

When hereditary, this disease manifests itself
in childhood by glandular swellings,
running sores, swollen joints, and general
feebleness of body. Administrator Ayer's Sarsa-
parilla on appearance of the first symptoms.
"My little girl was troubled with a pain-
ful scrofulous swelling under one of her
arms. The physician, being unable to effect a
cure, I gave her one bottle of
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
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.

**Ayer's
Sarsaparilla**
and will cure you

**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 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.