

THE CASKET.

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THURSDAY, SEPT. 9th.

Mr. Andrew Lang, in a recent magazine article, makes the statement, doubtless not less true than startling, that if Newman's "Grammar of Assent" and Ruskin's "Modern Painters" had been published within the last ten years "they would hardly have attracted any attention at all, outside a narrow circle." He lays the blame for this state of affairs upon the taste for fiction, the newspaper habit, and the utterly undue prominence given by the daily press to the heroes of athletics. "The result," he says, "is that, to an extent that ought to occasion all serious observers no little alarm, the great reading public is rapidly becoming unable to assimilate any ideas at all." Men may differ as to the cause, but of the fact itself there can be no question among thoughtful observers. A comparison of the periodical literature of the day with that of twenty-five years ago will afford pretty strong proof of it. Take up almost any magazine whose life reaches back that distance and compare the contents of one of its old issues with those of its latest numbers. Explain, if you can, the difference in weight on any other supposition than the truth of Mr. Lang's contention. The editor will doubtless tell you that if he puts weight into its pages he will take it out of the publisher's purse. The scholarly treatment of questions is no longer in demand. Not meat for strong men, but milk for babes, is what is wanted. Fancy a writer in *The Catholic World* of the early seventies disposing of "Socialism and Catholicism" in a little over six pages, as does the contributor of the initial article in the current number of that magazine! Imagine a journalist in those days sneering at a quarterly Review because its articles were weighty, as a Catholic editor did at *The American Catholic Quarterly* only a few weeks ago!

To ascribe this state of things, however, to the reading of newspapers and novels, is, to our thinking, to mistake for the cause of the disease that makes it only one of its symptoms. What makes "the reading public" confine its attention to the daily paper and the latest novel? Why do the youth of both sexes, after leaving school, take exclusively to a diet of these? Obviously because the education they have received has not been such as to give them an interest in anything more solid. That is where the trouble lies. The mind of the child in the modern school is frittered away upon a score of different subjects. He gets a smattering of everything, and pursues no one study to a sufficient depth or with sufficient earnestness to give him any grasp of mind. He leaves school a mental dyspeptic. Our fathers often counted their school life by months; but when they left school they could take up a volume of history, biography, travel, poetry, or even controversy, and keenly enjoy it. Put the average youth of to-day who has just "graduated," into a library composed of such works only, and he would be "bored to death"; he would remain just so long as the door was locked upon him, and on being released would rush to the nearest news-stand or book-stall for "something to read." We boast of our "popular education," but if the stream of education be widening, it is just as surely growing shallower from year to year. The "education" that turns a youth out into the world with no taste for good literature and no intellectual interests is a miserable sham.

Like the little girl of whom we are told in the rhyme that—
"When she was good—she was very, very good,
And when she was bad—she was horrid."
Goldwin Smith in his moral and philosophical opinions oscillates between the soundest orthodoxy and heterodoxy the most extreme. The subject of divorce is one of those on which he displays the former. Speaking of a case recently reported from the United States, where a woman is said to have "married" her fifth husband, all the four preceding ones being alive, and two of them being present at the ceremony, he says: "These people denounce the Mormons, though the only difference is that between simultaneous and successive polygamy;" and he cites with approval the remark of the Roman satirist who called such a woman a legalized adulteress.

Goldwin Smith, however, is, as he proclaims himself in the paragraph on science and religion which we quoted last week, an out-and-out Agnostic. Holding the indissolubility of marriage, he must therefore look for some other sanction for that indissolubility than the ordinance of God. And this is where he finds it. "Marriage," he tells us, "is a restraint laid by the majority on the passions of the strong in the interests of the weak." Did ever schoolboy thus outrage logic! To protest against persons availing themselves of laws, made by the majority, to remove the restraint of marriage, and in the same breath to say that that restraint is itself but the imposition of the majority! Surely if it be the majority that imposes it, the majority can likewise relieve from it! If adultery be nothing more than an offence against the law, what is the meaning of the self-contradictory expression, "legalized adultery?" We suppose Prof. Smith would call it an unlawful act which is lawful. What rank absurdities men fall into when they leave the clear realm of truth and go wandering in the mist and fog of error!

That "The Bystander" (the pseudonym under which Prof. Smith writes his "Comments on Current Events" in the *Toronto Weekly Sun*) is not always in a fog, is shown by the very next passage, in which the variable little girl gets good again. Who could more effectually "ally with some cool drops" of common-sense the "skipping spirit" of the female revolt than he does in the following sentences?—

An agitation for the omission of the word "obey" in the [Anglican] marriage service is said to be on foot both in England and America. The question as to the omission or retention of a particular phrase is of little importance. But the question whether the family is to have a head is one of the greatest importance, both to the family itself and to the State, of which the family is the basis. What is in fact sought by this agitation is the formal deposition of the head of the family, and the innovators are bound to show how, when the head has been deposed, the order of the family is to be maintained. They will also have to tell us who is to be responsible hereafter for the family to the State. At present the man is responsible, and this, together with the necessity of maintaining domestic order, forms the justification of his power. If the family is without a head, whom are the children to obey? Is the emancipation from domestic authority to be extended to them?

AN IMPORTANT SUBJECT.

We trust that the Letter of the Holy Father on Education, which we gave to our readers last week, will receive at their hands the close and careful study to which, by reason both of the source whence it emanates and of the importance of the subject dealt with, it is entitled. It is not by any means the first utterance of the Church on the subject of Education. There never was any excuse for the erroneous views of the professing Catholic who looked with favor on the separation of religious and secular instruction: he must, if he was not quite illiterate, have had at least a strong suspicion that those views were at variance with the teaching of the Church. At the same time he might not know just where his opinions were condemned. Now, however, by reason of the publicity given to the Holy Father's Letter to the Bishops of Austria, Germany, and Switzerland, and of the wonted clearness of his instructions, no Catholic who reads anything can longer be in doubt as to the Catholic position regarding education.

And we cannot, moreover, help regarding it as providential that this pronouncement should be made by the present Pontiff and at this late hour in his illustrious reign. From the disposition of Leo XIII. to secure essentials by conceding as much as possible in non-essentials, he has acquired a reputation for great liberality. This trait of the Holy Father, it must be observed, is in some quarters greatly exaggerated. Designing men, aided by the ignorance or bad faith of certain Catholic publicists, have grossly and grotesquely misrepresented Leo XIII. as a partisan of religious liberalism. One wildly erratic writer, who has adopted a pen-name signifying "the nameless one," and who, though demonstrated again and again to be a false prophet and a teacher of error, is still occasionally quoted by such Catholic editors, persists in representing the Supreme Pontiff as a man given up entirely to the propagation of revolutionary and socialistic principles. All such representations, it is scarcely necessary to say, are absurdly and outrageously false: there is not a sentence in the voluminous writings of the Pope, nor an act in his long pontificate, to justify them. They have no other foundation than the readiness of the Holy Father above referred to—a readiness which, so far from being at variance with the traditional policy of the Church, is in perfect accord with it—to waive mere non-essentials for the sake of what is essential.

This feature of the policy of Leo XIII., while it is wrong to exaggerate its extent or to represent it as a departure from Catholic traditions, has, as we have remarked, won him a reputation for liberality. Many doubtless supposed—indeed within recent years it has been boldly asserted—that the whole policy of the Church on the question of schools had undergone a decided modification—that it was much more "liberal" than it had been. Only a few weeks ago one Catholic editor, with whom the wish was father to the thought, drew practically this conclusion from the appointment of Cardinal Satolli as Prefect of the Congregation of Studies. The Pope's Letter, which was printed in the very next number of the editor's own paper, was the answer to his observation.

Leo XIII. represents to the world at large the high-water mark of liberality in the Catholic Church; and now the world has Leo XIII.'s teaching on the subject of Education; and it is found to be precisely the same as that of all his predecessors who have spoken upon it—the same as that of the Church has ever been. Not one jot or tittle of the Catholic demand for religious schools, for religious teachers, for religion permeating the entire work of the school, does he abate. Many of our non-Catholic friends will be sorely disappointed at this. They had thought—and unfortunately some Catholics who should have known better had encouraged them in the expectation—that the present liberal-minded Pope would abandon the old narrow and exclusive (as they consider it) policy of separate schools for Catholics. Catholics, they thought, were out-growing this,—at least all but the Clericals and Ultramontanians. Had not a great Catholic Minister of the Crown in Canada gone out to Manitoba and told the people there that it was a crime against the country to have Catholic and Protestant children educated separately! It was true, that Catholics repudiated the man's utterances and denounced him as a traitor; but those who did so were "Clericals"—narrow-minded medieval moles whose weak eyes could not stand the light of the nineteenth century! Leo XIII., the broad, liberal Pontiff, had no sympathy with such men: he would never sanction their antiquated views. He was a man of the times. He would speak and show those men that the world had advanced beyond the Middle Ages.

Well, he has spoken on this subject of Education, and he has disappointed those who expected him to reverse the policy of the Church, just as he did those who were confident that so sagacious a student of "the higher politics" (to quote the phrase of the Nameless One) would never commit such an impolitic act as to pronounce Anglican Orders invalid. The beautiful dreams of a "liberal" Catholic educational policy have vanished into thin air. Since Leo XIII.—that Pontiff so liberal—is as "medieval" as the worst Jesuit on this Education question, all hope of such a policy is gone.

It is well that our non-Catholic friends

should be disabused of their groundless notion that the Catholic demands on this subject can be modified; but it is better still that all Catholics should themselves understand that this is not a question upon which there can be any difference of opinion among us—that it is not a mere non-essential upon which we can make concessions in the matter of principle. The rule of the Church is and must ever be the same in regard to it, though special circumstances may in particular cases render impracticable the carrying out of that rule.

And why this immutability of the Church's demand for education permeated by religion? It flows from the very nature of education itself. What is education but the making of man—the fitting him to attain the end of his existence. That end as we all know, is his eternal salvation. Hence nothing is true education which does not fit the man for that end. The difference between the Church and other religious bodies, is that while in theory all hold this to be the man's last and all-important end, she alone realizes it and keeps it ever in view. Everything else with her is subordinate to that. With her God is not a Being entitled to one day out of the week, or a certain hour out of the day: Every hour of every day is His. Her churches are always open, for the same reason that her schools are always separate. She does not understand the separation of religion from other affairs.

With the sects, in practice, it is different. Religion is something for Sunday: their church-doors are locked on other days. For evidence of their superiority as religions they point you to the wealth and prosperity of the peoples belonging to them—clearly showing that, whatever they hold in theory, in practice they regard the attainment of wealth and worldly prosperity as the great end of man. Very naturally, then, they are satisfied with an education that will fit him for that end. Religion is very good in its place, but they do not see why it should be mixed up in things with which, in their view, it has nothing to do.

This whole controversy regarding religious and secular schools, so far from being a controversy as to the end of man's existence.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

By DAVID CREEDON.

Sir Wilfred Laurier having said that the three personages who had impressed him most during his trip abroad were the Queen, Gladstone, and the Pope, a French-Canadian journalist gently hints that he should add the name of President Faure. Were it permissible, we should like to inquire what M. Faure has ever done to deserve such a classification. As far as can be seen, he appears to be a man of very moderate abilities. Nor can it be his exchanging the religion of his youth for political success which renders him so worthy of admiration in the eyes of a journal ostentatious of its Catholicity. But perhaps Francomania as well as Francophobia exists in the old Province of Canada. Which of the two is the more detestable it would be difficult to determine.

Dr. Brownson used to say that he had no special admiration for the Irish as Irish, but an intense admiration for them as Catholics. There are many who will say the same of the French. They are in the van of missionary labor throughout the heathen world, they contribute the bulk of the money and the majority of the men to this work. France is emphatically a Catholic nation, its people as a whole are deeply religious. But as for the little knot of infidels who would make the world believe that they are the literary, scientific, artistic and political life of the nation,—they are deserving of as little respect from Catholics as the fetish-worshippers of darkest Africa.

Joseph de Maistre once called history a vast conspiracy against truth. At the present day many of the conspirators are turning Queen's evidence, but the majority are still faithfully performing the assassin's work. Father Yorke in the *San Francisco Monitor* is turning his powerful search-light on one of those so-called historians, P. V. N. Myers by name, whose insidious lies about the Catholic Church are being taught at the public expense in many schools of the United States. A still later production of similar quality is "A Short History of Medieval Europe, by Profs. O. J. Thatcher and Ferdinand Schwill."

The *Boston Literary World* calls it a capital advanced school-book, just after quoting a paragraph which misrepresents ornamental life as a going out "to live in the desert and find the way to God without the aid of the Church and her means of grace." Such a statement proves the Chicago professors either exceedingly ignorant or exceedingly untruthful, in any case utterly incompetent for the task of historians. The life of the western hermits was by no means as far removed from the world as that of the solitaires of the Thebaid, and yet the latter made careful provision for the visits at stated intervals of priests who should administer to them the Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist.

Aubrey De Vere's recollections of Newman have reminded me of a sketch by one who knew the great Oratorian much more intimately. James Anthony Froude writes thus in one of his volumes of "Short Studies": "When I entered at Oxford, John Henry Newman was beginning to be famous. The responsible authorities were watching him with anxiety; clever men were looking with interest and curiosity on the apparition among them of one of those persons of indisputable genius who was likely to make a mark upon his time. His appearance was striking. He was above the middle height, slight and spare. His head was large, his face remarkably like that of Julius Caesar. The forehead, the shape of the ears and nose were almost the same. The lines of the mouth were very peculiar, and I should say exactly the same. I have often thought of the resemblance and believed that it extended to the temperament. In both there was an original force of character which refused to be moulded by circumstances, which was to make its own way and become a power in the world; a clearness of intellectual perception, a disdain for conventionalities, a temper imperious and wilful, but along with it a most attaching gentleness, sweetness, singleness of heart and purpose. Both were formed by nature to command others, both had the faculty of attracting to themselves the passionate devotion of their friends and followers."

Of Newman's religious poems Froude says "It was hard to say why they were so fascinating. They had none of the musical grace of the 'Christian Year.' They were not harmonious; the metre halted, the rhymes were irregular, yet there was something in them which seized the attention and would not let it go. Keble's verses flowed in soft cadence over the mind, delightful as sweet sounds are delightful, but are forgotten as the vibrations die away. Newman's beat pierced into the heart, and mind, and there remained. The literary critics of the day were puzzled. They saw that he was not an ordinary man; what sort of an extraordinary man he was they could not tell."

He quotes "Lead, Kindly Light," calling it "the most popular hymn in the language," and goes on: "It has been said that men of letters are either much less or much greater than their writings. Cleverness and the skillful use of other people's thoughts produce works which take us in till we see the authors, and then we are disenchanted. A man of genius, on the other hand, is a spring in which there is always more behind than flows from it. The painting or the poem is but a part of him inadequately realized, and his nature expresses itself, with equal or fuller completeness, in his life, his conversation and personal presence. This was eminently true of Newman. Greatly as his poetry had struck me, he was himself all that the poetry was, and something far beyond. I met him now and then in private; I attended his church and heard him preach Sunday after Sunday; he is supposed to have been insidious, to have led his disciples on to conclusions to which he designed to bring them, while his purpose was carefully veiled. He was, on the contrary, the most transparent of men. He told us what he believed to be true. He did not know where it would carry him. No one who has ever risen to any great height in this world refuses to move till he knows where he is going. He is impelled in each step which he takes by a force within himself. He satisfies himself only that the step is a right one, and he leaves the rest to Providence. Newman's mind was world-wide. He was interested in everything which was going on in science, in politics, in literature. Nothing was too large for him, nothing too trivial, if it threw light upon the central question, what man really was, and what was his destiny. He was careless about his personal prospects. He had no ambition to make a career, or to rise to rank and power. Still less had pleasure any seductions for him. His natural temperament was bright and light; his senses, even the commonest, were exceptionally delicate. He could admire enthusiastically any greatness of action and character, however remote the sphere of it from his own. Gurwood's 'Dispatches of the Duke of Wellington' came out just then. Newman had been reading the book, and a friend asked him what he thought of it. 'Think!' he said, 'it makes one burn to have been a soldier.' But his own subject was the absorbing interest with him."

At some other time I shall quote what this distinguished writer, himself perhaps after Newman, the greatest master of English prose, or at least *ex æquo* with Macaulay, has to say of Newman's conversational powers and of his preaching.

Farm Notes.

Success in dairying must depend not only on having cows able to give a liberal mess and keep at it, but also on the kind of milkers employed. A careless, lazy milker will easily lose more than his wages during the time he is employed. Not only this, but he will quickly convert a really good cow into a poor one. The milk which the careless milker leaves in the udder is always that which has the largest amount of butter fats. If it is not drawn the fat is re-absorbed into the cow and helps to dry her off.

Four turkeys were confined in a pen and fed on meal, boiled potatoes and oats. Four others of the same brood were at the same time confined in another pen and fed daily on the same article, but with one pint of very finely pulverized charcoal mixed with their food—mixed meal and boiled potatoes. They had also a plentiful supply of broken charcoal in their pen. The eight were killed the same day, and there was a difference of one and a half pounds each, in favor of the fowls which had been supplied with charcoal, they being much the fattest, and the meat being superior in point of tenderness and flavor.

Removing the Second Crop.

It is a great temptation to mow second crop grass or to feed it off with the stock.

On most farms, however "run out" they may be, there are portions of ground that produce a fresh crop of green late in the summer. To cut this just at the driest and hottest part of the season, explains *The Farmer Journal*, is to expose the grass roots to a scorching that greatly weakens if it does not destroy them. These roots are also left without proper covering for the cold of winter, and so the grass suffers a double shock.

In general it may be said that unless the grass has time and strength enough to make a third crop to insure winter protection to the roots the second crop should not be removed from the land.

As to heavy pasturing of the second crop of a mowing field, there can hardly be a chance for discussion. Much tramping of cattle over the loose sod of a field is ruinous to the grass. The roots are trampled into the earth in a way that greatly hinders their future work of producing growth, especially if the ground is at all moist. The advice of the authority quoted is to keep the stock out of the mowing fields or pasture lightly and raise fodder crops to supplement the failing pastures.

Humus in the Soil.

When the land is first broken up it is full of humus in the shape of roots that have been accumulating through the centuries. The land usually produces fine crops. It does not wash much even in heavy rains. It dries out quickly in wet times, and it holds moisture in dry times. This difference is the behavior of old and new lands is due almost wholly to the fact that the humus has become exhausted in the old soil. Cultivation favors the decomposition of this vegetable matter, and it disappears. It takes about twelve years of farming to exhaust the humus in ordinary rolling lands, and a longer period in flat or bottom lands, but when the humus is gone the land is said to be worn out, skinned. Chemical analysis will show that these apparently worn out lands have not greatly decreased in actual fertility. The conditions are such, however, on account of the lack of humus, that the plant cannot get hold of the elements of fertility that are really in the soil. The only way of restoring these lands is to restore the humus in the land, and that is not always an easy matter. Where there is available potash and phosphoric acid, and even a small amount of nitrogen left, these lands can be restored easiest by sowing clover, cutting a crop of hay, and turning the aftermath; or better by sowing mammoth clover, taking a crop of seed, and turning under the haulm; or by sowing clover and timothy and pasturing it for a term of years until humus accumulates; or they may be permanently rendered barren by sowing clover, taking a crop of hay, a crop of seed, then turning under and taking about two or three crops of corn, a crop of spring grain, and repeating the operation, until the last state of that land is worse than the first. Of course the humus can be restored by the continuous and abundant application of manure. This, however, is necessarily a slow process on account of the limited supply on hand. Where land is exhausted of humus, the application of commercial fertilizers cannot bring the relief because they do not restore the physical conditions that are necessary to plant growth. The farmer does not wish his soil to become sodden nor to bake when ploughed when wet, nor to wash during heavy rains, and he must be careful not to exhaust the humus in his soil.—*Wallace's Farmer*.

A minister named Fiddle refused to accept the title of D. D., because he said, he didn't want to be called the Rev. Charles Fiddle, D. D.

Curiosities.

Austria, with Hungary, had 5,737 miles of railroad at the end of 1896. The gross revenue was \$52,000,000, the working expenses \$35,000,000, and the net revenue \$17,000,000 on an invested capital of \$570,000,000.

A plan for connecting south and west Australia by railroad is under consideration. The distance between the ends of their railroad systems is only 553 miles, but the country to be traversed is an arid desert, and reservoirs must be built at twenty-five mile intervals along the whole line. The cost will be about \$10,000,000.

King Leopold of Belgium offers a prize of \$5,000 for the best military history of Belgium from the Roman invasion to the present day. It may be written in English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, or Flemish, and manuscripts must reach Belgium before Jan. 7, 1901.

It is not generally known what loss of power is involved in the starting and stopping of an ordinary train. There is required about twice as much power to stop a train as to start one, the loss of power depending upon the momentum. A train going at the rate of sixty miles an hour can, by means of the Westinghouse air-brake, be stopped within 120 yards from the first application of the brake. Now, enough power is lost to carry this same train fifteen miles over a plane surface. First, there is the momentum acquired by the train flying at this remarkable rate of speed; then the loss of steam applying the brakes; and, lastly, the extra amount of coal to compensate for all these losses.

A Reminiscence of O'Connell.

The following story, told by O'Connell is recalled by a London legal periodical. It shows how the harshness of the penal law system in its decline was mitigated by the action of the judicial bench:

"My poor confessor, Father Grady," said O'Connell, "who resided with my uncle when I was a boy, was tried in Tralee on the charge of being a Popish priest, but the Judge defeated Grady's prosecutors by distorting the law in his favor. There was a flippant scoundrel who came forward to depose to Father Grady's having said Mass.

"Pray, sir," said the Judge, "how do you know he said Mass?"

"Because I heard him say it, my Lord."

"Did he say it in Latin?" asked the Judge.

"Yes, my Lord."

"Then you understand Latin?"

"A little."

"What words did you here him say?"

"Ave Maria."

"That's the Lord's Prayer, is it not?"

asked the Judge.

"Yes, my Lord," was the fellow's answer.

"Here is a pretty witness to convict the prisoner," cried the Judge. "He swears *Ave Maria* is Latin for the Lord's Prayer."

"The Judge charged the jury for the prisoner, so my poor old friend, Father Grady, was acquitted."

Humorous.

Biker—Hi there! Your wheels wabbling?

Beginner—So's your tongue!

Grimpus—Had an attack of the Klondyke mining fever yet?

Crimpus—No; I've taken the gold cure.

"Borgees has untold wealth."

"How do you know?"

"I just saw the tax assessor coming from his house."

"What makes Bumpy so down on the long-distance telephone?"

"He called up a man in Toledo that owes him \$2.50. They wrangled till it cost Bumpy \$15."

Doctor—Hello! What are you doing in this part of the town and at this time of night? Going to draw up anybody's will?

Lawyer—No; I was quite unaware that you had any patient here.

A bailiff had just levied on the poet's first book. But did the poet weaken? No. He borrowed \$100, started the presses again and placarded the book stores:

"Second edition! Marvellous success! First edition exhausted in one day!"

First Western Farmer (at railroad station)—You're a farmer, too, eh?

Second Western Farmer—Yes; been farmin' a good many years.

First Farmer—That so? Glad to meet you. Where is your farm located—in the flood district, the drought section, the grasshopper region or the cyclone belt?

Get Instant Relief from Piles.

This most irritating disease relieved in ten minutes by using Dr. Agnew's Ointment, and a cure in from three to six nights. Thousands testify of its goodness. Good for Eczema, Salt Rheum, and all skin diseases. If you are without faith, one application will convince. 25 cents. For sale by J. D. Cepeland, Antigonish.

Take Care of Your Eyes.

Rest is one of the most important factors in treating diseased or strained eyes—rest of eyes, rest of body and mind. Avoid also wind, dust and smoke. Personal habits enter into the question of causation of eye-disease, and their regulation becomes, therefore, a part of the hygienic treatment. Diet is important, chiefly through its effects upon digestion and general health, which frequently have much to do with the condition of the eye. The first offence against the eyes is reading with a poor light. This requires the ciliary muscles to do extra work to sharpen sight. It applies to dim lights, twilight, sitting too far from the light. The second offence is one of posture—stooping or lying down congests the eye, besides requiring unnatural work of the eye muscles. Reading in trains is our third offence, the motion causing such frequent changes of focus and position as to tax the muscles of accommodation as well as the muscles of fixation. Reading without needed glasses or with badly fitted ones is the last. Eye strain is certainly a factor in producing disease of every part of the eye. Old age is the time of retribution for those who have sinned against their eyes. Young folks, take great care of your eyes, and when you are old you will reap a rich reward.—*Exchange*.

The Inventor of Matches.

Sir Isaac Holden, who died recently, at the time of his retirement from political life two years ago was the oldest and probably the richest member of the House of Commons, and he was certainly one of the most remarkable men in the United Kingdom. He was born at Paisley in Scotland, in 1807. His origin was very humble, his father being a working miner, too poor to keep him at school. So he was put at work to earn his own living at the early age of 10, when he was made an apprentice to a shawl weaver. But removal from school only stimulated his ardor for knowledge, and he managed to attend evening classes when working as an operative in a cotton mill some fourteen hours a day. His studies enabled him to accept a position as a teacher, and it was while serving in that capacity that he bestowed upon the world a great benefit, which was, however, slight benefit to him. This was the invention of the lucifer match, which he came upon unexpectedly while making some chemical experiments for the instruction of his pupils. Other men took up the discovery, and he made nothing out of it.

In time he gave up the ferrule and became a bookkeeper with a Yorkshire manufacturing firm. This was the turning point of his life, for, while working at his ledgers and journals his mind went back to his shawl-weaving apprenticeship, and he became interested in the manufacture of woollen cloth, and sought to construct a machine for carding the wool. For years he studied the problem, making many apparently fruitless experiments. All his savings from his salary were given to the enterprise. The friends to whom he confided his scheme looked with little favor upon it. But his perseverance and genius finally triumphed, and he completed and perfected a carding machine which has revolutionized the wool industry of the world. Happily, he secured letters patent upon the invention, and as a result handsome profits soon came to him. He established mills in Yorkshire, literally creating large centres of industry. He also built several mills in France. For many years his income from them was enormous, averaging probably \$1,000,000 a year. His French mills were founded in partnership with Mr. S. C. Lister, the famous "silk king" of Bradford, and were situated at St. Denis, Rheims and Croix. He dissolved the partnership with Mr. Lister in 1858, after it had lasted nearly eighteen years, and then the present firm of Isaac Holden & Son was formed.

Mr. Holden entered political life in 1865. On the Queen's birthday in 1893 he was created a baronet. Like many millionaires, his habits were as simple as those of the poorest paid clerk in his employ. Throughout his whole life he had never missed a day's exercise, unless, indeed, he was confined to bed. Eight miles a day was his "constitutional" walk, rain or shine, hot or cold. No matter how busy he may have been, or how many hours he had to work, he always took time for such a walk, and continued to do so even after he had reached the age of 85. To this habit and his abstemiousness at table he attributed the excellent and vigorous health which he enjoyed as an octogenarian.—*Exchange*.

THE GREAT TWINS

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Relieve and cure The Great Twin Ills

INDIGESTION and CONSTIPATION.

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Goods are the best and prices the cheapest.
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HAMS, BACON, EXCELLENT TEA, COFFEE, Etc.

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Bargains in Groceries of all kinds.
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Against

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C. M. HENRY,
Chemist and Druggist.
Antigonish, N. S.

LAND SALE.

IN THE SUPREME COURT, 1884.

Between DONALD McDONALD, Plaintiff;
and
ALEXANDER McDONALD and ANGUS McDONALD, Defendants.

TO BE SOLD at Public Auction, by the Sheriff of Antigonish County, or his Deputy at the Court House, Antigonish, on TUESDAY, the 28th day of September, A. D. 1897, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon:

ALL the estate, right, title, interest, claim, property and demand of the above-named Defendants at the time of the recording of the judgment in the above cause, or at any time since, of, in, to, or upon the following lots of land:

First Lot: All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being at McARA's Brook in said County, bounded as follows: Towards the north by lands of the heirs of John McDonald and lands of Angus McGillivray, Esq.; towards the East by lands of Alexander McDonald, senior; towards the south by lands of Angus McGillivray, Esq.; and lands of the heirs of John McDonald; and towards the west by lands of Donald McDonald (Donald's son), containing 45 acres more or less.

Second Lot. All that certain other lot, piece, or parcel of land, situate, lying, and being at the rear of lands at McARA's Brook aforesaid, bounded as follows: Towards the North by lands of Donald McDonald (Donald's son); towards the east by lands of the heirs of John McDonald; towards the south by lands of Donald McGillivray, and others; and towards the west by lands of the said Donald McDonald (Donald's son), containing 16 acres more or less. The said lands and premises have been levied upon under an execution duly issued pursuant to an order granted by His Honor Judge McISAAC, Judge of the County Court for the District No. 6, and master of the Supreme Court, dated August 23rd, A. D. 1887, on a judgment in the above cause, duly recorded in the office of the Registry of Deeds for the County of Antigonish, for upwards of one year.

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

DUNCAN D. CHISHOLM,
High Sheriff of Antigonish County.

WILLIAM CHISHOLM,
Plaintiff's Solicitor on Execution,
Sheriff's Office, Antigonish, N. S., August 24th, A. D. 1897.

The Anglican Encyclical.

The 194 Protestant Episcopal Bishops of the British Empire and the United States have issued a document setting forth the results of their deliberations at Lambeth. It is long enough to fill three closely printed columns in the London Times, and touches upon a great variety of subjects; but it is certainly the vaguest, most irresolute and most inconsequential expression of opinion ever pronounced by a responsible body of men.

Of the virtues of temperance and purity the Bishops have little more to say than that they are eminently desirable with something of the platitudinous manner of the old lady who observed that the Bible was a fine book. They describe the vow of marriage as "life-long;" yet they warn people not against the "dissolution of this most solemn bond," but against the "frequency and facility" with which absolute divorce is obtained, and then throw aside this most important of questions with the remark that "the full consideration of this matter it has been impossible to undertake on this occasion." They touch upon the relations between labor and capital only to mention in a half-hearted way the brotherhood of man, and to declare about the present working of our industrial system "that it is obviously not possible for us to enter upon the consideration of such a question in detail." Even on the subject of religious communities they "do not consider it to be yet possible to give advice which can be treated as final." They own that "there are differences of opinion" among them, but further than purposing to form a central consultative body for supplying information and advice (information which may be inaccurate and advice that is to be in no way binding) they "do not think it wise to go." They declare that, next to the Bible itself, the Book of Common Prayer is the authoritative standard of Anglican doctrine; but, instead of attempting to lay down some rule of interpretation, they "hold that it would be most dangerous to tamper with its teaching by narrowing the breadth of its comprehension, or by disturbing the balance of its doctrine." Surely, a pitifully inane bunch of conclusions!

On the subject of the unity of the Church the bishops are not only weak, but incoherently so; "our committee," they say, "has not been able to propose any resolutions which would bind us to immediate further action." Still they recommend that every opportunity be taken to emphasize the Divine purpose of visible unity among Christians as a fact of revelation." And this is how they emphasize it:

"We recognize with warm sympathy the endeavors that are being made to escape from the usurped authority of the See of Rome, as we ourselves regained our freedom three centuries ago. We are well aware that such movements may sometimes end in quitting not merely the Roman obedience, but the Catholic Church itself, and surrendering the doctrine of the Sacrament, or even some of the great verities of the creeds. But we must not anticipate that men will go wrong until they have begun to do so, and we feel some confidence in expressing our warm desire for friendly relations with the Old Catholic community in Germany, with the Christian Catholic Church in Switzerland, and with the Old Catholics in Austria; our attitude of hopeful interest in the endeavor to form an autonomous Church in Mexico and in the work now being done in Brazil; and our sympathy with the brave and earnest men (if we may use the words of the conference of 1888) of France, Italy, Spain and Portugal, who have been driven to free themselves from the burden of unlawful terms of communion imposed by the Church of Rome."

In other words, they sympathize with each and every attempt made in our own times to break up that visible unity among Christians which they wish to emphasize "as a fact of revelation."

On the whole it must be said that the Jubilee Conference and the Jubilee Encyclical are quite worthy of each other and of the motley organization which fathered them.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal.*

The Grim Reaper

Swoops down on young and old alike. The promising buds are nipped off almost as certainly as the fading blossom. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart has stayed death's hands more times than you will count. Relieves in 30 minutes. Over 40 cases of sudden deaths from heart disease were noted in the daily papers in Canada during the past ten days. It seems incredible and proves the uncertainty of life where there is a tendency to heart weakness. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is a never failing remedy for heart disease. It acts like magic. Never fails to give relief in seemingly hopeless attacks in 20 minutes, and to cure permanently. For sale by J. D. Copeland, Antigonish, N. S.

How to Rise.

In 1850 a young clerk at a small railroad station refused to alter the rates of the railroad company to accommodate a village magnate and extensive shipper. The great man went away vowing vengeance on the young man who refused to break the rules of the company whose servant he was. The company appreciated the fidelity and advanced him to more and more responsible stations till Tom Scott

became president of the great Pennsylvania Railroad. After the death of Mr. Scott I said to one of the vice-presidents of the road: "You must miss the president very much." He answered, "No; the man is not great who cannot organize his work so that it will go on without him." Mr. Scott so simplified and organized his work that it would go on successfully when his guiding hand was withdrawn.

Nearly all the men in very high and responsible positions have risen from humble places in lowly life. This same great company is all the time seeking for larger men than it can find. In trying to train them up for its extending departments it takes graduates from college and puts them through every department of wood and iron work, car and engine making, practice on the road and in the offices, etc., hoping that out of many some will be able to take positions that are worth \$50,000 a year. They would gladly pay this to men who would grow to the greatness of their needs.

There are several roads east of Chicago that haul a ton of freight a mile for seven-tenths of one cent. It takes the whole value of a load of wheat to haul it a hundred miles over a common road. On the railroad it is hauled for seventy cents. The price of carrying passengers and freight in this country is constantly decreasing. Passengers are carried first-class for less than one-half of what they are in the united kingdom of Great Britain. To bring about such a result has required the genius of thousands of men. A third of the invested wealth of this country is in railroads. In this large field of thought and endeavor there is plenty of room to rise by thought and endeavor. The world is willing to pay for efficiency, not for ornament.

So of every department of life; thought and efficiency tell, and largely determine the place a man is to hold. Munger, in his little book called "On the Threshold," says a boy at work in a railway office came to his pastor and asked for the names of the best books on the great imperial nations of Rome and the English people. He could read only in the evenings, but he wanted to read the best. Soon after, another boy came from the same office, begging to know if it was wrong to go to the theatre and dancing school. Munger said it was easy to tell which of these boys at forty years of age would be president of the road and which would be dropped to a brakeman.—*Catholic Columbian.*

A Helpless Woman.

FOR YEARS A RHEUMATIC CRIPPLE—UNDER THE HEALING BALM OF SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE SUFFERING VANISHES—THROUGH FAITH IN THE TESTIMONY OF OTHERS SHE IS TO-DAY A WELL WOMAN.

"My daughter, Mrs. Gregory, had rheumatism so badly in her right hand and arm that they were rendered almost helpless for over a year. Noticing the testimony of persons who had been cured by South American Rheumatic Cure, I procured a bottle. She received almost instant relief, and when the bottle was used the trouble had completely left her. It is a great remedy, and we take pleasure in recommending it."—Neil Morrison, St. John, N. B. For sale by J. D. Copeland, Antigonish, N. S.

The Canadian High Commissioner has at length chosen his title—Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal. It is understood that the Macdonalds protested vigorously against his adopting that of Lord Glenoe, as he at first intended. The word "Strathcona" in Gaelic signifies "vale of weeping"—a fitting name for Glenoe.

The Calendar.

DATE.	FEST.
10 Frid.	S. Hilary, P. C.
11 Sat.	S. Nicholas of Tolentinn, C.
12 Sunday.	The Holy Name of Mary.
13 Monday.	Beholding of St. John Baptist.
14 Tues.	Exaltation of the Holy Cross.
15 Wed.	Oct. of Nat. of the B. V. M. (Fast).
16 Thur.	S. Ninian, P. C.

S. Dunstan, Bishop.

S. Dunstan was educated by the Irish monks of Glasstonbury. He there acquired great learning, and also a cultivated taste for music, painting, and metal-work. After long hesitation between the world and the cloister a grievous sickness led him to choose the monk's cowl, which he received from his uncle S. Elphege. He now withdrew to Glasstonbury, where he soon became abbot. His bold condemnation of the public vices of King Elwy drew upon him the royal anger, and he was forced to leave the country. Edgar, on succeeding to the throne, recalled him from exile, and in 960 nominated him to the see of Canterbury. At the cost of much hatred and obloquy, but with the zealous co-operation of SS. Oswald and Ethelwold, his brethren in the cloister, whom he promoted to the episcopate, Dunstan raised the clergy of England from a state of ignorance and laxity. Nor was his zeal confined to the sanctuary. He defended the poor and oppressed, watched over the court and the nobles, and as readily chastised his patron, King Edgar, as his enemy, the prefligate Elwy. On Ascension-eve he sang Pontifical Mass for the last time, thrice preached to the people, and concluded by asking their prayers, as his hour was nigh. On the Saturday following he received the last Sacraments, and after giving thanks

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breathed out his soul to God A. D. 988.

REBUKING VICE.

S. Dunstan's opposition to vice cost him his exile and the destruction of two monasteries, and his fearless rebukes of scandal on his return proved that he had conquered the world and that he was ready again to suffer for Christ. Do we use every endeavor by word an example to check our neighbor's sin?

If thou observe any vice in thy brother, correct him secretly; if he will not hear thee, correct him openly. For such reproofs are good, and often better than silent friendships. And though thy friend deem himself aggrieved, do thou yet correct him; for the wounds of friends are easier to bear than the kisses of flatterers.—*S. Ambrose.*

A nobleman, whom Dunstan had excommunicated for a grave public sin, came to him with an order from the king for his pardon. Dunstan replied: "When you are truly penitent I will gladly obey."

SAY!

What about

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Pic-Nics and Tea Parties.

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GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS
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The above firm are prepared to receive on commission consignments of Produce, Beef, Pork, Apples, etc. Prompt returns made. Wharf and Large Storage Premises. Consignments solicited.

ESTABLISHED OVER 50 YEARS.

the king; as long as you are hardened in your sin, God forbid that any mortal man should induce me to violate the law of God and render void the censure of the Church. This unexpected rigor so affected the noble that he voluntarily repaired the scandal by a public and mortifying penance.

Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thy heart, but reprove him openly, lest thou incur sin through him.—*Lev. xix. 17.*

"The Proof of the Pudding is in the eating."

You may be a splendid cook, yet you cannot overcome the handicap of a poor flavoring extract. The market is full of trashy, flavoring waters sold as Essences, and you cannot afford to waste time and good material in vexatious experiments. Ask for

"Sovereign" Flavoring Extracts.

They are Strong, Pure, Reliable.

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At Mayfield, on the road leading to St. Mary's, 170 acres in a square block. Plenty of wood of all kinds and water, and a frame house. Will be sold at a reasonable price. It used to cut 18 tons of hay.

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DEALER IN

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Estimates for Plumbing and Heating furnished Promptly on application.

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Cheap through Tickets for sale and Baggage checked through by Agents Intercolonial Railway.

All Tickets include, without extra charge: SLEEPING ACCOMMODATIONS, For Foldiers, Rates and further information, write

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ARE YOU SHORT AND FAT? ARE YOU TALL AND THIN?

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If your dealer does not carry Shorey's Off Sizes get him to order for you.

A fibre bath, followed by honest frictional brilliance. The life and glory of leather.

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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, SEPTEMBER 9.

Jottings of a Trip to P. E. Island.

When, a few weeks ago, I told a friend of my intention to take a trip to P. E. Island by the SS. "Halifax" from Hawkesbury, "I don't think you can go by the Boston boat," he said: "American boats are not allowed to carry passengers from port to port in Canada." This, I believe, is the law, passed as a measure of protection to our coasters; but I did go by the Boston boat, just the same. Nor was it done in defiance of law, for the "Halifax" has a British charter and sails under the British flag. I was one of sixty or seventy passengers who boarded the boat at Hawkesbury. The great bulk of them were members of the Press Excursion from the Eastern Townships. There were several Americans on board, men and women from the crowded cities of New England or the busy marts of the West, seeking a brief season of respite from toil and heat in our cooler and quieter land. Most of the press excursionists came from Sherbrooke and Richmond, Que. Some were English in speech and manner, others spoke the language of *la belle France*. Among the latter was one who bore the good old Highland Scottish name of Fraser, but the name alone bespoke his ancestry. His grandfather (or great-grandfather, I forget which he said) had been an officer in the Seventy Eighth Highlanders, which was disbanded after the taking of Quebec. The grandson is a living illustration of how the law of race absorption works; or, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier so happily explained it to his Edinburgh audience, how the French-Canadian women revenged themselves on the conquerors of their people.

Charlottetown is not seen to advantage from the water. And, owing to the absence of hills, one cannot get a good view of it on land. A leisurely stroll through the place, however, will satisfy the stranger that it is a pretty town. The streets are set off with shade trees, and one sees some handsome private residences. The Bishop's house, a tall structure of granite, is by long odds the finest building in the city. West of it, across the street, is the new cathedral, now in course of erection. It will easily be the handsomest church in the Maritime Provinces. The style is pure Gothic. Newcastle stone is used in building, with facings and cornice of Wallace stone. The dimensions are: length, 200 ft.; width, 80 ft.; transept, 120 ft.; height of spire, 175 ft. The main vestry, containing the confessionals, is in the basement. The rest of the basement, which is 17 feet in height under the nave and transept, will contain a chapel 120 feet long and a spacious room which will serve the purposes of a Sunday school and lecture hall. The exterior, with the exception of the spires, will be completed this fall, and the interior temporarily fitted for divine service. The new St. Dunstan's will be an ornament to the city of Charlottetown and an object of just pride to the zealous Bishop and his devoted flock.

Among the other notable buildings are the post-office and the legislative hall. There are two hospitals, one under Protestant the other under Catholic auspices. The latter, which is far the finest and best equipped, is conducted by a community of Gray Nuns from Montreal. The Methodist church is large, but severely plain and primitive in style. Perhaps the most noteworthy feature of the new Anglican cathedral is the material of which it is built—the soft, red sandstone found on the Island. The Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame have two large convents in the city. St. Dunstan's College, just outside the city limits, is a flourishing institution and has a strong staff of professors. There are numerous churches throughout the Island, and it is a fact which cannot fail to strike the visitor that the largest and handsomest are ever crowned with a cross. Even in the matter of church building Catholic unity confers an incidental advantage. In the church at St. Peter's Bay, the spire of which rises to a height of 186 feet, are some fine paintings done in Rome, notably a copy of the famous Immaculate Conception by Murillo. In the vault lie the mortal remains of the late Bishop MacIntyre. The church at Tignish, a stately brick edifice beautifully frescoed inside, is, after the new cathedral, the largest on the Island.

Prince Edward Island has been called the "Garden of the Gulf," and, I think, deservedly. Nature has bestowed upon it fertility of soil and the labor of man has not been wanting to enhance this natural dowry and turn it to account. The greater part of the land is in a state of high cultivation. In former years, potatoes and grain, especially oats, were the staple products. But since the high protective tariff has, in effect, closed the New England market to our produce, the Island farmers are turning their attention to the growing of wheat, dairying, and stock-raising. In 1895 the amount paid for imported flour was estimated at \$500,000; last year it was only \$100,000. There is a large acreage under wheat this year, and the yield is excellent. Corn for ensilage is also largely grown. I have been told that within a few years the number of acres sown with corn has increased from 500 to 15,000. Besides several creameries, which turn out butter of a quality that always commands a good price, there are not fewer than 40 or 50 cheese factories on the Island, all of them, with one only exception, conducted on the co-operative plan. The farmers put up the buildings, and the Local Government, with a fostering care of this important industry which ours would do well to emulate, employs skilled hands to carry on the work during the first year, retaining 1 1/2 p. c. of the proceeds to pay expenses. The co-operative system demands some enterprise on the part of the farmer to begin with, and a neighborly spirit withal. Given these, it cannot fail of profitable results in the long run.

The Island of Prince Edward is the paradise of bicyclists—provided, of course that the weather be decently dry; for your bicyclist of either sex hates the rain as cordially, and cuts as sorry a figure under it, as does a certain feathered creature which shall be nameless. The roads are smooth and level, and wholly free from stone. Not being a wheelman (which may account for any invidious remark in this connection), I made my way by carriage and on the bars. Wishing to visit friends both in the east and in the west, and having but little time to tarry, I was fain to travel largely by train. Travelling agents, with no eye for scenery of the quiet, rural kind—or any other kind, for the matter of that—and bent only on "getting there," have been known to speak very disparagingly of the P. E. I. accommodation train. But I found it sufficiently progressive, and very accommodating. From its windows I could get more than a passing glimpse of smiling fields and shady groves and cosy cottage homesteads. The country puts one in mind of England, though one misses the trim hedges and majestic oaks, not to speak of that nameless charm which Antiquity bequeaths to the older land. And yet even of England the

beauties are tame and domestic. To one who has travelled the mountains afar. The beauties the "Garden of the Gulf"—and it can justly lay claim to varied beauty—are of the order described in these words of the poet. Mountains, of course, there are none, and I am somewhat doubtful whether there are hills, though I own to having heard this impassioned affirmation of it as we travelled on the train, a couple of stations west of Summerside: "Oh my, what hills! Down around Hunter River they were just dreadful!" But the speaker was a young woman scarce out of her teens, and—well, I will hazard the opinion that she had never seen a hill in her life.

Here is a clipping I made from the Charlottetown *Guardian*, which shows that the voice of the agnostic is beginning to make itself heard in the Island:

A case was tried at the last sitting of the County Court in reference to the manner of which a good deal of comment is made. One of the attorneys objected to the oath of one of the litigants on the ground that he did not believe in the Bible. On being questioned as to the truth of the objection the litigant admitted his disbelief and quoted somewhat extensively from Spencer, Col. Ingersoll and others, in proof of his position. Besides giving a theological disquisition he cited the cases of several other eminent men whose disbelief in the ordinary form of oath entitles them to testify by a simple declaration. After some discussion, however, he took the oath in the usual way and the case was proceeded with. And now the question is being asked what safeguard is there for one who is unfortunate enough to become involved in a law suit with one whose testimony is only guarded by self-interest, and for whom no standard of right can be raised.

The disciple of Ingersoll and Herber, Spencer would probably demur to the last remark. He would claim that reason is the standard of right, and that to one who does not believe in the Bible an oath taken on the Bible is but a meaningless form of words. The editor's remark, however, will be found quite within the truth in the last analysis. Reason can be no ultimate standard of right. It often speaks with an uncertain voice, and is easily swayed by self-interest. The very pagan of old swore by his gods. Mr. Spencer's "Unknowable" proves but a sorry substitute even for these. Tyrant and adulterer though he was, the mighty Jove could yet vindicate with his thunderbolts the sanctity of an oath.

A Visit to Scotland.

(Continued.)

Not far from the Crown-room we came across a far-famed piece of ordnance known as Mons Meg. This huge gun is a relic of the 15th century, and is the oldest cannon in Europe, except one in Lisbon. It measures 13 feet in length, has a calibre of 20 inches, and weighs upwards of 5 tons. But its chief interest lies in its history. On many a bloody day it thundered for Scotland, and its service was so palpable that it was known as "the great iron murderer Muckle Meg." This appellation was never, perhaps, better deserved than when, in 1651, it mounted guard at Dunnottar Castle, where the Scottish Regalia were in keeping. The large embrasure in which it lay is still pointed out upon one of the batteries of the castle. It was from this embrasure that Meg threw a ball which is said by tradition to have dismasted an English vessel as she was about to enter the harbor of Stonehaven, a mile and a half distant.

Near Mons Meg is another famous relic of the past. This relic, however, does not recall the storm and thunder of battle, but peace and social harmony. It is a small chapel of the 11th century—a reminiscence of a saint and queen—the consort of Malcolm Carnmore. It stands detached on the highest pinnacle of the rock, and is yet in an excellent state of preservation. It was built and used as a private chapel by St. Margaret. It, therefore, perpetuates the memory of one of the most beautiful characters in history, for St. Margaret was eminent not only for sanctity and charity, but for learning and prudence as well.

A few paces from this venerable monument of other days is a small apartment that once witnessed the joys and the sorrows of another famous Scottish queen—the hapless Mary Stuart. It is known as Queen Mary's Room. It was here that James VI of Scotland was born. A tablet over the arch of the old door-way commemorates the event. An oak chair which was in the room when James was born has remained there to this day. The only other relic of Mary I saw in the room was a piece of thorn tree which she planted during her captivity at Lochleven. The tree was cut down in 1840, after it had flourished for near 300 years. In the ante-room is a copy of the only reliable portrait of Mary Stuart now extant. The original is in Dunrobin Castle, was executed by Furino, an Italian painter, when Mary was dauphiness of France.

The room brings to mind also some sad memories of Mary Stuart. It witnessed her mourning after the murder of Darnley. It was in it that the messenger sent by Elizabeth to offer condolences found her. He tells us that "he could not see her face, but by her words she seemed very doleful." This was consistent with Mary's conduct when her husband was stricken down with small-pox. She sent her own physician to attend him, and nursed him tenderly though his disease was loathsome and contagious. A few hours before the murder he was taken to Kirk o' Field against her will. And yet Mary Stuart was an accomplice to his murder! What a vile and cruel hypocrite she must have been! What a monster of iniquity! Mary Stuart whose honor had hitherto been stainless, who, when she was in France a short time before, was known as a model of virtue and accomplishment. Are we to condemn Mary Stuart? Will the evidence against her warrant a condemnation? It certainly will not. The casket letters were forged, and the murmurings of anonymous enemies and of conspirators have never been shown to contain a grain of truth. She married Bothwell, the arch-conspirator! She married him because she was forced to do so. He had ravished her, and carried her sobbing to his castle, where she remained in his power—spirit-broken and forsaken. The gullied people did not move, so their queen remained in the lair of the ruthless tyrant. The day of marriage was for her a day of weeping—an index that she had not freely given her consent. Some consolation she perhaps had. Bothwell had shown himself an able man, and might yet do something for her distracted kingdom, but that was poor comfort for her broken heart. Mary Stuart may have been at times imprudent. What wonder if she was? Young and guileless, she was called from the gay and brilliant court of France to wield, in her native country, the sceptre of her fathers, and there with the proud and stupid Darnley, surrounded by treacherous hobnob, what wonder if she avoided Scylla only to shipwreck on Charybdis.

The other memorials of Edinburgh castle I will pass over. Their interest lies in their history, and their history is woven with the story of the grim old stronghold itself, and that story would fill a volume. It extends back to the 6th century, and down the ages reveals many a daring deed and tragic scene.

In "the ancient days of Caledon," the castle was several times taken by the English and as often retaken by the Scots, who would never lay down their arms while the proud invader was within their borders. In re-taking the stronghold the Scots usually had recourse to stratagem. The recapture by Douglas, in the reign of Edward III, is memorable. A sea-captain who obtained a truce into the castle under the pretext of selling wine, managed to upset his cart in the gate-way. The seeming accident was instantly followed by the Douglas war-cry, which rang out from a place of concealment hard by. Then a rush of armed men, a sharp conflict, and the castle was taken.

The stone came thundering down over the heads of Randolph and his men, who natu-

rally thought themselves discovered. If they had stirred, or made the slightest noise, they would have been entirely destroyed, for the soldiers alone might have killed every man of them, merely by rolling down stones. But, being courageous and chosen men, they remained quiet, and the English soldiers, who had thought their comrade was merely playing them a trick, (as, indeed, he had no other meaning in what he did or said) passed on without any further examination. Immediately ladders were planted and the wall scaled. The unfortunate watch were put to the sword. The rest was easy, for the garrison was asleep and unarmed.

Equally memorable was the recapture effected by Randolph, nephew of Robert Bruce. I will let Scott tell it: "Randolph took with him only 30 men (you may be

sure they were chosen for activity and courage), and came one dark night to the foot of the rock. All the while these 30 men were obliged to follow in a line, one after the other, by a path that was fitter for a cat than a man. The noise of a stone falling, or a word spoken from one to another, would have alarmed the watchman. They were, therefore, obliged to move with the greatest precaution. When they were up the crag, and near the foundation of the wall, they heard the guards going their rounds, to see that all was safe in and about the castle. While they were waiting in breathless alarm, they got a new cause of fright. One of the soldiers of the castle, willing to startle his comrades, suddenly threw a stone from the wall, and cried out, "Aha, I see you well!" (To be continued.)

KLONDICITIS

Being very prevalent this season.

A. KIRK & CO'Y.

Would sound a note of warning.

GOLD SAVED IS AS GOOD AS GOLD MADE.

Now Look this Way!

JUST OPENED:

Three Cases Ladies' Jackets,

Direct from the Manufacturers in Berlin.

Latest Styles. Lowest Prices.

WE HAVE ALSO OPENED SOMETHING NEW IN :

LADIES' FALL and WINTER FUR-LINED CAPES,

Trimmed with Tippet and Opposum Fur.

Prices from \$15.75 to \$32.00.

ASK TO SEE THEM.

ALSO A LARGE LINE OF

English and American Hats and Caps

JUST RECEIVED.

WE ARE DAILY EXPECTING ANOTHER SHIPMENT OF

ONYX TABLES.

Invoices of English, German and French Goods are at hand and the goods will be on our counters shortly for inspection.

Our MISS VAN STONE

is now visiting Boston to attend the Millinery Opening, and will no doubt return filled with new ideas in the art of Hat and Bonnet Building.

A CHOICE LOT OF

No. 1 Fat July Herring

JUST RECEIVED.

A. KIRK & CO'Y.

The Tracadie Tragedy.

Last Thursday, the day after the tragedy at Tracadie, Coroner Dr. McKinnon and Crown Prosecutor Hon. A. Macgillivray went to the scene, and the Coroner held an inquest over the body of the deceased. The verdict of the jury was to the effect that Charles Beaumont came to his death from a shot culpably fired at him from a gun in the hands of Henry Davidson.

At 10 o'clock on Friday morning the preliminary investigation into the crime was begun by D. Macdonald, Stipendiary Magistrate for the county—William Chisholm, barrister, acting as clerk. The accused had as counsel Messrs. C. P. Chisholm and Ernest Gregory, barristers. A large number of witnesses were examined, of whom the most important, so far as their evidence was concerned, were Henry Benoit, Mary Delorey, Mary Alice Delorey, and Edward Myette, who were on the premises when the shooting occurred.

Benoit, who is a young man testified that he and the deceased had accompanied the prisoner to Mary Delorey's house, where he had lived for some months, from the picnic grounds, which they left a little before dark. The prisoner was drunk, and could not get home without their assistance. The boy Myette and the little girl Mary A. Delorey were in the house when they got there. Mary Delorey, proprietress, came in while they were there. They sat the prisoner on a chair and at once proceeded to put him to bed. Having done so, Benoit proposed to the deceased that they leave. Deceased promised to accompany him in a minute, saying he would first remove Davidson's shoes. Benoit waited outside. Myette came out and Benoit says he sent him back to hurry the deceased. He next saw both deceased and prisoner come out in their shirtsleeves by the front door and go round the house to the porch in the rear. In about a minute he heard the shot and heard deceased scream "I'm shot, I'm shot." He went to him, and the wounded man said, "Henry Davidson shot me, but I don't think he meant it. God help him! I hope they won't hang him." While Benoit was by Beaumont, the prisoner passed them, paying no attention to them, and Benoit saw no more of the prisoner that night. Prisoner asked him next morning if it was true he (prisoner) had shot Beaumont, and said he remembered nothing about it, adding that if he did he would give himself up, as he deserved to be punished.

The other witnesses present did not differ in their testimony very materially from Benoit, except that the youth Myette says that when Benoit sent him into the house it was to bring him a piece of bread, and that Benoit added he did not wish to be seen by Davidson. Mary Alice Delorey, who is a very bright child of twelve, adopted by Mary Delorey, says she was in the room while Benoit, Beaumont, and the prisoner was there, and Benoit gave the prisoner liquor. The deceased endeavored to dissuade him from taking it. It also came out from the evidence of Myette and the little girl that when prisoner and deceased went out just before the shooting, the prisoner was looking for Benoit. Deceased, who was holding him a moment before asked him if he would do anything if allowed to go. Prisoner promised he would not.

No one saw the shot fired; no one saw the prisoner handle the gun. The latter was in the room in which he was put to bed, off the kitchen, and belonged to him. The shot was fired through the cross-piece of the door between kitchen and porch, on a level with the door-latch. If there was a motive for the crime it was not shown by the evidence. The prisoner was so much under the influence of liquor that after being brought to the house (where he lived) he kept asking his companions to take him home; and after getting out of bed he fell on the floor. Constable McMillan arrived after midnight with a warrant, got the keys and made a thorough search for the prisoner, but could not find him. Next morning between 4 and 5 o'clock he saw him approaching the rear door in his stocking feet and arrested him. At the close of the investigation the prisoner was committed for trial at the October Term of the Supreme Court, which opens on the 12 prox., on a charge of wilful murder.

Echoes from Broad Cove.

Gay weather this. They have had fine catches of mackerel at Broad Cove Marsh a few days since. Report says this fish is worth eight dollars per hundred, fresh, or green, or whatever the piscatorial term is. A happy outlook for our toiling friends, the fisher-folk.

It is said that cod-fish is also plentiful on its wonted beds, but bait is hard to procure. Mackerel is much too expensive for the purpose, and there is no herring, squid, or trout. How would it do to try "moral suasion"?

Some journalistic wise-acres have been suggesting recently that "improved methods of road-making" should receive

earnest public attention. There is nothing very original in the suggestion, and there would be as much practical utility in telling us that men could travel faster if they had wings on. Our roads are bad, wretchedly bad; but what we need is the *wherewith* to improve them, not exasperating platitudes about the methods and necessity of improving them. If the usual resources of the Province cannot be so husbanded as to give us a fairly adequate road grant, the sooner our Government says so, in plain language, the better. The logic of the last decade's experience leads us rapidly to the conclusion that the people, in the various counties, must prepare to face *directly* the responsibility of maintaining their roads. If this added duty must come to us, the sooner we realize it the better for ourselves and the roads. The question is a grave one; but it is one of means, not of methods.

A new hope: We read for the first time in the annals of fallen man that, on Wednesday the 1st day of September, A. D. 1897, a vessel, under full sail and deep laden, glided gracefully into McIsaac's Lake near Broad Cove Mines. She came in without tug, without pilot, and without accident. Her name was "Colibri"; her tonnage, forty tons (I am told); her freight, flour and other goods; her master, James Britt. On Thursday the SS. St. Olaf landed 17000 ft. of plank on the wharf at this port, and will henceforth call regularly. It was here the Broad Cove Coal Company had been for the past two years, with commendable courage and energy, engaged in opening and constructing a harbor from which to ship their coal. Those people were strangers here and had to face many difficulties. They had not merely to overcome the towering obstructions of nature, but also to conquer a settled popular doubt as to the practicability of the project. They have virtually succeeded in both, thus giving us another illustration of the power—"the poetry and prophecy"—of perseverance, and of capital. We congratulate them most heartily, and just as heartily hope that the dawn of a prosperous era is opening up for them and for us. They deserve it: we need it.

An event of striking sadness occurred at Broad Cove chapel last Wednesday (1st inst.) About 8 o'clock A. M., Margaret, the beloved wife of Mr. Donald Smith, was taken suddenly ill; at 5 P. M., she was dead. It was a case of confinement, without a doctor. The deceased was a notably good wife and woman, and her death, like her life, was edifying. Shortly before her pure soul took flight she received devoutly the last rites of the Church of which she was always a thorough, practical adherent. On Friday (3rd.) High Mass was celebrated for the repose of her soul by the parish priest—by the way, the first Requiem High Mass ever sung here—after which her mortal remains were laid to rest in the Catholic cemetery at Broad Cove. May God have mercy on her soul; and may He also strengthen and protect the grief-stricken husband with his helpless charge of six dear, motherless, little children. Who that attended this funeral can ever forget the pathetic, the heart-piercing, spectacle of those innocent little ones struggling to keep their mother's remains out of the coffin. O Death! how terrible is thy hand, and cruel!

I intended to make a note on the schools of the country to-day, but I have over-run my space. Later on, perhaps.

VOX VIATORIS.

SEPT. 3, 1897.

The Big Pond Picnic.

The Big Pond picnic of Sept. 1st, and 2nd, in aid of the Catholic Church of that place is over. To say that it was a pleasant affair is putting it mildly, for it was certainly the best picnic, in the line of enjoyment, ever held at Big Pond. The weather during the two days was delightful, the location ideal—the beautiful hill upon which the church is built being nicely fitted up for the occasion. In the rear towered the mountains of Glengarry, in front flowed gently the waters of the golden arm of the Bras d'Or—the waters of East Bay. For over thirty miles the eye could feast upon a panorama of water, hill, and valley; and every man, woman and child, could view without obstruction the inspiring scene.

At sunrise of the 1st., the crowds began to gather; pedestrian after pedestrian, bicycle after bicycle, boat after boat, team after team followed each other in quick succession till the gently sloping hill-side was filled with groups, whose voices mingled merrily with the sound of violin, bag-pipe, and coronet. The steamers, May Queen and Blue Hill, having connected at Grand Narrows with a special train from the east, brought about four hundred people, chiefly miners, to the grounds.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon merriment was at its zenith. Some sauntered idly about, chaffing with friends or chance acquaintances, others sat on benches or re-

clined under shady trees, while the greater number occupied themselves with tripping the light fantastic to sweet strains of music. So matters went on till 5 o'clock when the whistles of the steamers called the excursionists from the east on board. From this time matters moved rather slowly.

The second day saw a goodly number on the field. The saloons and fancy-tables were on both days in charge of young ladies and gentlemen, who showed marked courtesy to all. The dining saloon, particularly, was everything that could be desired. To the people of Big Pond and their zealous pastor, Rev. N. McDonald, great credit is due. They have realized \$1000, they deserved to have realized more.

"Martin Somers is Dead!"

The above sad announcement was unexpectedly and sorrowfully received by the people of Antigonish on Saturday morning last, and all heard of it with deep feelings of regret, for Martin Somers was known and beloved by both young and old of this community, and also by the people throughout the county. His fine presence, his ever cheerful and accommodating disposition and unswerving character caused all to claim him as a friend. "To say that deceased had no faults were to say what is not true of any man," remarked the writer of an obituary notice which recently appeared in THE CASKET; but if there was one man in our midst who was an exception to that rule we should say, from an intimate knowledge of his character, that that man was Martin Somers. On Friday the news spread, startling all who heard it, that he was in a dying condition. On Tuesday he had been about his work as usual and few knew of his illness. He had been ill for a few days some four weeks ago, but had recovered, though he was not feeling quite well. On Tuesday afternoon he was taken with severe pain, and the case was pronounced appendicitis. He continued to grow worse, and Dr. W. H. Macdonald, Jr., who attended him sent for his brother, Dr. Somers of East Cambridge, Mass., who had left Antigonish only a little over a week before, after visiting his old home on his return from Europe. Then, as Dr. Somers' arrival could not be awaited, Dr. Stewart of Halifax was sent for, and on Friday evening an operation was performed. Mr. Somers, however, continued to grow weaker and died about 2 o'clock on the following morning. He accepted his sudden summons with perfect resignation to the Divine Will, and died an edifying death, consoled by all the rites of the Church. Dr. Somers arrived on Saturday afternoon—top late to see his brother alive. His worth as a citizen was appreciated by his fellow townsmen, and he had filled several important offices of trust in the town. He had been a member of the Town Council, was one of the Board of Water Commissioners that established our water service, and was for several years previous to his death one of the Town Assessors. He was fifty-two years of age. He leaves an aged mother, two brothers, and one sister to mourn the loss of an exemplary son and brother. His funeral at 10 o'clock on Monday was the largest seen in Antigonish for many years. High Mass was celebrated at the Cathedral by Rev. Father Laffin, of Tracadie, an intimate friend of the deceased. THE CASKET joins with the entire community in extending heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved relatives. May his soul rest in peace!

DIED.

McDONALD.—At Ardness, August 10th, in the 78 year of her age, Anne, daughter of the late Lauchlin McDonald. Consoled by the last rites of the Mother Church she peacefully departed this life to receive her eternal reward. May her soul rest in peace.

McDONALD.—At West Superior, Wisconsin, on August 20th, after a severe illness of three months duration, Mrs. Florence A. McDonald, (né Miss Beaton), aged 31 years and two months, beloved wife of Archibald McDonald, formerly of Judique, C. B., leaving a disconsolate husband and three children to mourn their loss. Deceased was highly respected in her adopted home. May her soul rest in peace.

Grand Gathering of the Clans! AT ANTIGONISH.

The Highland Society will hold their annual games on the Grounds of A. A. A., on

September 16th.

Prizes will be awarded to competitors in the following events:

Throwing 16 lb Hammer.	1st. \$5.00	2d. \$3.00
Throwing 12 lb Hammer.	4.00	2.00
Putting Heavy Shot.	5.00	3.00
Putting Light Shot.	3.00	2.00
Running High Jump.	4.00	2.00
Standing High Jump.	4.00	2.00
Running Broad Jump.	4.00	2.00
Standing Broad Jump.	4.00	2.00
Foot Race.	3.00	2.00
Hurdle Race.	3.00	2.00
Vaulting with Pole.	5.00	3.00
Pipe Music.	5.00	3.00
Highland Fling.	5.00	3.00
Sword Dance.	5.00	3.00
Tug-of-war between 10 married and 10 single men.	10.00	

Refreshments and the usual amusements will be provided. The L. C. R. will issue Excursion Rates from Mulgrave, New Glasgow, and intermediate stations, good to return on Sept. 17th. PIPE MAJOR MANSON will give exhibitions in pipe music and Scotch dances. Entries and other communications can be sent to D. H. McGILLIVRAY, Secretary. A. J. McDONALD, President.

JUST ARRIVED: THE NEW

Presbyterian Book of Praise.

MRS. L. G. HARRINGTON.

GRAND MID-SUMMER SALE WEST-END WAREHOUSE

McCurdy & Co. having placed Large Orders in the English Market for Fall and Winter Goods, and wishing to make room for this stock are now offering the following lines remaining over of spring goods at the most enticing prices:

On Bargain Table No. 1, we show the following in Dress Good Ends:

	Former Price.	Now.		Former Price.	Now.
3 1/2 yds. Fancy Dress Goods,	\$2.10	\$1.50	6 yds. New Dress Lengths,	\$4.50	\$2.75
" " " " " " " "	4.90	2.45	" " Navy Dress Goods,	2.40	1.75
" " " " " " " "	5.00	2.95	" " Black Dress Goods,	.88	.45
" " " " " " " "	5.50	3.25	Black Fancy Grenadine,	.20	.13
" " New Dress Lengths,	10.50	5.75	Black Fancy Grenadine,	.15	.10

Some Fancy Summer Dress Goods, 15, 17, and 20c. The above only represent a small part of the Dress Goods which we have reduced. You will be well repaid by examining them.

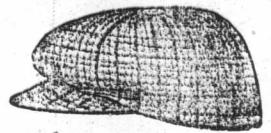


Summer Capes!

These are all beautiful new goods and we are offering them at the following prices:

Nice Stylish Capes, high collars.	Former price \$1.75 now \$0.95
Nice Braided Capes, high collars.	Former price \$2.50 now \$1.80
Former price 1.50 now .85	
Former price 2.25 now 1.75	
Former price 3.90 now 2.95	
Former price 2.90 now 1.95	
Former price 3.85 now 2.80	
Former price 7.75 now 5.25	
Former price 3.75 now 2.90	
Former price 5.25 now 3.95	
Former price 3.75 now 2.90	
Former price 8.75 now 6.00	

Men's and Boys' Hard Hats.	.60	.25
Men's and Boys' Hard Hats.	\$1.00	.50
Men's and Boys' Hard Hats.	1.00	.60
Men's and Boys' Hard Hats.	2.00	.75



Men's Soft Felt Hats, former price 90c now 50c. Boys' Cloth Caps 5c. Ordinary Harvest Hats 4c, good. Best quality Harvest Hats 8c.

Some Fine Remnants and Ends of Tapestry, Brussels and Scotch Carpets AT SNAP SHOT PRICES.

Beautiful Patterns in Tapestry	.65	.45	Hemp Carpets.	.17	.12
Beautiful Patterns in Tapestry	.50	.35	Nice Union Bedroom Carpets.	.30	.15
Mottled Tapestry Carpet for	.25	.25	Union Carpets, good quality,	.40	.25
Choice Patterns in Brussels	\$1.20	.65	Door Mats.	.75	.50
Choice Patterns in Brussels	1.25	.75			

ROLLER TOWELLING for 4c a yard. TOWELS 2c, 3c, and 4c, Each.

Fancy Printed Cottons for 5c.		Some few Ends of Crettone left, former price .20 now 15c
A choice lot of English Prints, FAST COLORS, former price 13 now 10c		Fancy Art Muslins, a few ends of these at cost. Flannelettes for 5c.
White Piques, former price 8 now 6c		Ladies Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats—a few of these left over now selling at greatly reduced prices.
Fancy Duck for Dresses, former price 14 now 10c		

Great Bargains in Ladies' Blouses.

A choice lot of stylish Blouses, former price .75 now .45
Fancy Patterns in Blouses, stylish collars and cuffs former price .85 now .50
Black and White and Striped Blouses former price \$1.10 now .75



Men's Tweed Suits from \$3.75
Boys' Blouse Suits, former price \$1.00 now .75
Boys' Blouse Suits, former price \$1.50 and \$1.75 now \$1.25
Boys' Tweed Suits, 2 pieces former price \$1.75 and \$1.90, now \$1.35



White and Colored Flannelette Blankets 60c a pair. Some Fancy Velveteens, just the thing for Children's Skirts, Blouses, etc., as well as Sleeves and Fronts for Dresses, Sofa Pillows, etc., former price 85c now 50c. Wide White Skirt Flouncings, former price 75c now 18c. Job lots of Laces and Edgings, Embroideries, etc. A splendid line of Men's Undershirts for 25c. A bargain lot of Boots and Shoes HALF PRICE. A new lot of Ladies' Fine Oxford Shoes, for 75c.

McCURDY & CO.

DOMINION LINE BOSTON SERVICE: R. M. S. "CANADA,"

Decidedly the best route to England from the United States is by the sailing regularly between Boston and Liverpool via Queenstown. This magnificent new vessel has a tonnage of 9,000 tons, is 515 feet long and has a beam of 58 feet. Her handsome saloon is situated in a deck house erected on the hurricane deck with seating accommodation for 200, and is surrounded by a beautiful skylight dome of stained glass with decorated panels. No money has been spared to make this the most comfortable ship crossing the Atlantic. Her average passage is under seven days. Her officers are all picked men, and her Commander, Capt. James McAulay, one of the most skillful navigators crossing the sea.

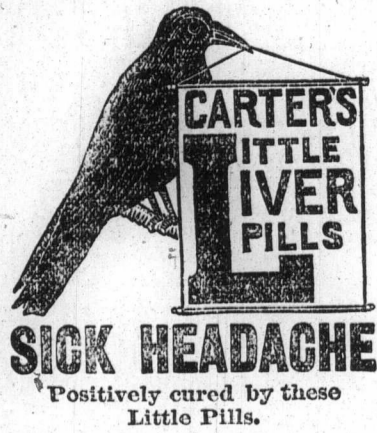
INTENDING SAILINGS OF THE "CANADA."

FROM LIVERPOOL.	TO BOSTON.
Wednesday, June 16	Saturday, July 12 noon
Wednesday, July 21	Saturday, August 7, 4.30 p. m.
Wednesday, August 25	Saturday, September 11, 10 a. m.
Wednesday, September 29	Thursday, October 14, 11 a. m.
Wednesday, October 27	Thursday, November 11, 10 a. m.
Wednesday, November 24	Thursday, December 9, 10 a. m.

AND MONTHLY THEREAFTER.

For Passage, Plans and Information, apply to JOHN FARLEY & SONS, General Passenger Agent, 103 State Street, Boston.

or H. H. McCURDY, Antigonish.



Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution the fraud of the day. See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

MOWERS, RAKES, Etc.

For the very best make of Mowers, Rakes, etc., call and inspect my stock.

The Brantford

AND

The Toronto Mowers

have the New Patent Roller Bearings, and are manufactured by the famous

MASSEY HARRIS CO.,

which of itself is guarantee of best material and skilled workmanship.

— ALSO —

Waggons and Carriages

of every description. If you are contemplating purchasing, pay me a visit.

D. McISAAC, Agent,
Antigonish, N. S.

Geo. G. Handley, MERCHANT TAILOR,

9 Blowers St., Halifax.

WOOL WANTED.

We are paying the Highest Market Price for Wool.

A Large Quantity Wanted.

SOMERS & CO.
Antigonish, June 14, 1897.

The Westville Foundry Co.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Rotary Saw Mills, Shingle Machines, Pullies, Hangers, Shafting, Etc.

Hot Air Furnaces for Wood or Coal, Stoves, Sinks, Plow Castings, Etc.

The Paragon School Desk, Nos. 1 and 2, either set up, or packed, as desired, for shipment.

Iron Fencing with Chain Panels.

Repair Work Promptly attended to. Get our Prices before placing your orders elsewhere.
Address WESTVILLE FOUNDRY CO., Westville, N. S.

Pendleton's Panacea

IF FREELY APPLIED

Will positively Cure Rheumatism

For Neuralgia bathe the back of the head; relieve after the first application, and entirely cured after three or four applications.

STOPS CHOLERA, SUMMER COMPLAINT, DYSENTERY AT ONCE.

For Cramps, Pains, Pains in the Side, Back or Breast, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Cuts, Burns, Colic, or wind round the Heart relieved at once.

The Best External and Internal Remedy. Try it. Never blisters, and will not injure the hair. Harmless for the Smallest Child.

Price, 25 Cents.

Cardinal Newman.

From Aubrey de Vere's "Recollections," in "The Ave Maria."

(Continued.)

The intense personality of Newman is curiously illustrated by a remark made by Mr. Woolner, the sculptor, when he contemplated the plaster cast which he had made of Newman's bust as placed at last in his studio when finished. He turned to a friend and said: "Those marble busts around us represent some of the most eminent men of our time, and I used to look on them with pride. Something seems the matter with them now. When I turn from Newman's head to theirs, they look like vegetables." What he was struck by was the intense personality of Newman's face—a still intensity.

Newman's humility was not more marked in his relations with Mr. Keble than in his relations with Dr. Pusey. In the early years of the "High Church" movement (to which he contributed more than all its other supporters put together) he had no desire to be its head, and was ever pushing Dr. Pusey into that position. And yet with his humility he united a strong belief in his own powers, and a conviction that God had imparted to him a high and special mission. That conviction must have been a great support to him during all the numerous trials of his long life. One of the severest of those trials came upon him toward its close. During his last two years the state of his eyes rendered it impossible for him to say Mass. Few of his many afflictions pained him so deeply.

Nothing characterized Newman more than his unconscious refinement. It would have been impossible for him to tolerate coarse society or coarse books, or manners seriously deficient in self-respect and respect for others. There was also in him a tenderness marked by a smile of magical sweetness, but a sweetness that hid in it nothing of softness. On the contrary, there was a decided severity in his face—that severity which enables a man alike to exact from others, and himself to render, whatever painful service or sacrifice justice may claim. With his early conviction that he had a mission, there had come to him the thought that deliverance is wrought not by the many, but by the few. In his "Apologia" he says: "I repeated to myself the words which have ever been dear to me from my school-days: *Exoriare aliquis*. Now, too, Southey's beautiful poem of Thalaba—for which I had an immense liking—came forcibly to my mind." The saying, "Out of the strong came forth sweetness," was realized in Newman more than in any one else whom I have known.

In other matters also apparent opposites were in Newman blended. Thus, while his intellect was pre-eminently a logical one, and while it seemed to him impossible or immoral to discard the authority of logic when plainly exercised within her legitimate domain, and yet no one felt more deeply that both the heart and the moral sense possess their own sacred tribunals in matters of reasoning as well as of sentiment. It was this consciousness which protected him from the narrowing tendencies to which the logical passion or habit, when acting by itself, so often leads. Many a vigorous mind includes but a single section of a mind like his. The logical faculty was in his case most fortunately supplemented by an expansive imagination, which grasped thoughts immeasurably beyond the range of the mere logician. The largeness of his intellect thus, also his reverence and humility, protected him from the scepticism often imputed to him by men, who in his place would have become not sceptics only, but unbelievers. It was that wide imagination which made him grasp the hidden but substantial analogies between the chief schools of religious thought in the nineteenth century and the corresponding schools in the fifth,—analogies which had never revealed themselves to minds perhaps as logical as his own, yet which he could never repel, however much they distressed him.

In Newman, again, above both the logical and the imaginative faculty, there ever hung the spiritual mind—a firmament full of light, though clouds might at times oversweep it. These were the characteristics of Newman which made him write the memorable sentence, "No number of difficulties need produce a single doubt"; he meant doubt in a mind capable of real convictions. His mind swung through a wide arc, and thoughts apparently antagonistic often were to him supplemental each to the other. Thus he tells us in his "Apologia" that the existence in the world even of such sin and suffering as sometimes seem to make it incapable of reflecting its Maker's countenance implies, for the true Theist, nothing disparaging to true Theism. What it teaches him is that the world can not have remained what the Creator made it; that some dreadful catastrophe must have overtaken it, and wrecked its chief of creatures, man—namely, the Fall; that, to keep due proportion, a second mystery, and one not less wonderful than that of a creation,

must be true no less—namely, an Incarnation, a Redemption, a Deliverance; that not only Theism is true, but that Christianity, the practical Theism, is its supplemental truth.

It would be a mistake to suppose that Newman's imagination, religious as it was, could spare no space for earthly interests.

Had its energies been thus restricted, it would have dealt less vigorously with heavenly subjects. Many of his writings show how keenly he had studied human character, and the degree in which it affects that great drama of Providence called by us "history," in which whole nations have their entrances and their exits, like actors, on the stage of life. Nothing except his zeal for the highest spiritual truths could exceed the sympathy felt by him with all that concerns the "Humanities"; and I well remember the look of stern disapproval with which he spoke to me of the Abbé Gaume's theory of education—one that must have excluded the Greek and Latin classics from the schools of Christian youth, or left them but a small place therein. Another able and excellent man, Dr. Ward, would, I think, in that matter have sympathized with the Abbé's opinions more than with Newman's. I recollect that once, when I had remarked in a letter to him on the lamentable loss which the world must have sustained if all the works of Æschylus and the other Greek dramatists had perished—as most of them have,—Dr. Ward replied that in the surviving works of those men he could really find almost nothing of a character to be called "ascetic"; and that therefore he could not see what loss would have followed if the whole of them had disappeared. Newman could heartily admire also, in spite of its limitations, the heroism of the early world. His admiration for the greatest of early heroes, Alexander the Great, was ardently expressed in a letter to me on my sending him my drama bearing that name. It demanded, "Who was there but he whose object it was to carry on civilization and the arts of peace, while he was a conqueror? Compare him to Attila or Tamerlane. Julius Cæsar compared with him was but a party-man and a great general."

I have thus recorded some of the traits that struck me as most remarkable in Newman's character. His career bore a singular resemblance to that character. Till his forty-fifth year it was a disturbed one. If, as he informs us in his "Apologia," his submission to the Roman Catholic Church imparted to his soul a profound and lasting peace, while as regards things spiritual, far from chilling or contracting, it greatly stimulated his genius and energies, it is not less true that the antecedent process of conversion was to him an unusually painful one. That conversion meant a separation from all whom the most loved and honored, and also, but only apparently, a desertion of what was then regarded by many as the battle-field of great principles, and in its place, at least, an external fellowship with many to whom he had long felt a strong antipathy on the ground of their philosophic "liberalism," or of the parts they took in political "agitation." Newman was an intense loyalist; and he had long deemed it a duty of loyalty for him, as a church-man, to see matters theological as long as that was possible from an Anglican point of view. Eventually he had to choose between thinking independently or discarding those great main principles which for so many years had been consolidating themselves both within his intellect and his heart; but which, as he had reluctantly discovered, could not be realized in England's established Church, and were realized, as they had ever been, in the Roman Catholic Church notwithstanding the sins or shortcomings of individuals.

(To be continued.)

In a Dynamite Factory.

H. J. W. Dam describes, in *McClure's Magazine* for August, the hazardous conditions of life in a dynamite factory at Ardeer, Scotland, conditions happily requiring the utmost caution, and therefore seldom resulting in any real casualty. The "Danger Area" is guarded with the utmost circumspection.

To enter the "Danger Area," he says, you must pass the "searcher." He stands in front of his cabin, and you will find one of him always blocking the way at the four entrances to the explosive district. He is a tall military-looking man in a blue uniform faced with red, and he takes from you all metallic objects—your watch, money, penknife, scarf-pin, match-case, matches and keys. None of these is allowed to be where nitroglycerine is. He searches every man who enters, no matter how often the man may come and go. The girls, 200 of whom are employed, are not permitted to wear pins, hair-pins, shoe-buttons or metal pegs in their shoes, or carry knitting, crochet, or other needles. These regulations are the outgrowth of experience and the long-ago discovery in dynamite cartridges of buttons and other foreign substances calculated to make trouble at unexpected moments. The girls are searched thrice a day by the three matrons who have them in charge. From

the lack of hair-pins they wear their hair in braids, tied with ribbons, which gives them all an unduly youthful look. The searcher tells you that his chief trouble is with matches. Some of the lower-class male employees—there are 1,100 men in the factory—are willing at times to smuggle in matches for a quiet smoke in a secluded corner. This quiet smoke may of course produce a much louder smoke in a corner not secluded, and is therefore rigidly banned. The discipline in the factory is most extraordinary, and to it must be attributed the marvellous immunity from accidents.

Having passed the searcher, you mount the "hill," an artificial one, built of sand, and perhaps sixty feet high. On the top of it are two "nitrating-houses." They are of thin clapboards painted white, and are about twenty feet square. These houses are always placed on the tops of "hills," in order that the nitroglycerine, passing from process to process, may flow by its own weight downward. It is not exactly the kind of liquid that one wants to pump. At the door of the house you are confronted by two pairs of yawning rubber shoes. Large shoes of rubber, indeed, and sometimes even larger one of leather confront you at the door of every danger house. No shoe which touches the ground outside is allowed to touch the floor of a danger department. The least grit might make friction and lead to an explosion. In all departments the girls are compelled to change to slippers, or work barefooted, the majority, in summer, preferring the latter. Having stepped into the overshoes, you begin to slop like a great auk over the sheet-lead which covers the floor. The shoes are trying, particularly as you have other things to worry you. Snow-shoes, ski and stilt can all be practised with advantage before endeavoring to get about in a pair of overshoes which do not fit your own shoes and are ceaselessly trying to trip you up.

As you enter the nitrating-house your eye is caught by two lead cylinders, five feet in diameter and six feet deep, which are sunk in the floor. They have closed dome-shaped tops, over which many lead pipes curl and into which they enter.

At the farther cylinder sits a man in scarlet watching a thermometer. He never moves, looks up, nor betrays any sign of your presence. The thermometer which he is watching is five feet in length. Only the top or marked portion extends above the cylinder, the tube which carries the mercury reaching down to the hot acids and nitroglycerine. In the cylinder has been placed about a ton and a half of sulphuric acid mixed with a ton of nitric. Into this mixture are now being sprayed 700 pounds of glycerine, the glycerine injector-pipe being joined by another carrying compressed air. As fast as the glycerine spray enters the mixture it seizes the nitrogen of the nitric acid and combines to nitro-glycerine, and the sulphuric takes up the water which is thus set free. The process requires fifty-five minutes, during which the 700 pounds of glycerine becomes almost 1,500 of nitro-glycerine. Great heat is caused by the chemical action, and the absolute necessity is that the heat shall be kept down or it will explode the newly-formed nitro-glycerine. To this end the cylinder is surrounded by a water-jacket, through which cold water is rushing constantly, and four concentric coils of lead pipe occupy the interior of the cylinder, carrying four steady rushes of cold water.

If the heat, through vagaries in the glycerine, rose above the danger point, the thermometer would instantly reveal this to the man on watch. If the thermometer rose ever so little above twenty-two degrees centigrade, the man would turn on more air and shut off the inflow of glycerine. If it continued to rise slowly and he could not stop it by more air and water, he would give warning shout, "Stand by" to man watching below. If it continued would shout, "Let her go," and the man would open a valve; this would sweep the whole charge down to a "drowning-tank" lower down the hill, which would drown the coming explosion in excess of water. The two men meanwhile would bolt to a safe a position behind banks. If the heat rose rapidly, too rapidly for "drowning," the man would pull the valve, give a warning shout and run. So would everybody, you included. You might run on one side to the protecting arms of a dynamite magazine holding twenty tons, or on the other to the soothing shelter of a house where gun-cotton is baking at 120 degrees Fahrenheit. Failing these, there is the pond. This is a sweet, placid pond which is formally blown up once a week because some dregs of nitroglycerine have drained into it and collected at the bottom, making it unsafe. It is comforting to feel, in the hour of danger, that you have havens of perfect security such as these.

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SWEETER THAN HONEY.

"There's one for the Harrison's, one for the Leighs, two for the Marsons—that I suppose, is because they keep bees and have honey of their own—one for Father Moran—that's right enough, only it might have been two. I think—and one for Mrs. Smythe. Now let me see!—that'll leave six jars for our own use—no, seven. Well, I am glad. If old Mrs. Stone doesn't get that odd pot, I'll know the reason why!"

Miss Bland—aged fifty-seven, and acting, as she had done for many years, as her brother's housekeeper—looked very resolute indeed. Putting down the list her brother had written out and given to her that morning, she ceased talking to herself, though her busy thoughts occasionally found vent in an exclamation, accompanied by vigorous noddings of the head. She was in her store room, and at the same store room was a pleasant place. She, and she only, knew all the secrets of its capacious cupboards. To say nothing of the thirteen jars of honey that stood upon the dresser before her, there were whole regiment's of jars and bottles on the shelves above. Miss Bland's pickles alone would have proved an interesting study for the average housewife, though they became comparatively insignificant when the doors of the two great cupboards were thrown open. Cordials and syrups were there and preserves without number, while the quantity of bottled fruits suggested the notion that they had been stored in anticipation of a siege—or at the very least, of a universal fruit-failure in the coming year.

"Why William should always give an apple where there's an orchard is just what I can't understand," she said to herself at length. "However, I will have my own way for once. Soon as ever he's gone to town I'll put on my bonnet and take this down to Mrs. Stone. Sarah and the boy, between them, must deliver the rest."

Miss Bland was "as good as her word." Mr. Bland—never married, just verging upon sixty, tall, straight, and looking like the well-to-do man and retired tradesman he was—had barely reached the little country station on his way to town, when his sister proceeded on her charitable errand. If the jar of honey had been a pot of molten gold, the poor old widow could not have been more delighted with it, or more thankful for it.

"Ah, Miss Bland!" she exclaimed again and again, "I am grateful for it, that I am. You see, ma'am," she continued, when at her earnest entreaty Miss Bland had sat down in the clean little cottage room—"honey's good for so many ailments, isn't it now? To say nothing of saving butter, which as you know, ma'am, has been one and eleven and two shillings a pound for weeks and weeks! And if you'll believe me, it was only last night as ever was, my daughter came in and said, 'Eh, mother, I wonder where I could get a bit o' honey. Our Sam's got such a cold I doubt he'll have to lose a day's work.' And do you know, ma'am, I was just thinking I'd step up to your house and see if you could spare 'em a bit, when, lo and behold!—you bring me a potful your own self. And such a pot too!" the poor woman added, lifting it from the table, and looking upon it with tears of gratitude in her eyes.

"You're very welcome, I'm sure," Miss Bland declared, so don't say another word about it. I'm glad I happened to think of it. But now, Mrs. Stone, don't you go giving all of it away."

"Oh, I'll not do that, ma'am. Just a bit for my daughter, 'of course."

"Of course," nodded Miss Bland.

"I'm so fond of a bit of honey, and often's the time I could eat a spoonful with my bread when I can't touch butter."

Judging from her appearance, Mrs. Stone might have lived on honey all her life through. She was nearing seventy very rapidly and had been a widow nigh upon twenty years. In reality her life had been an exceptionally hard one, so hard indeed that the habitual sunniness of her disposition was a puzzle to some of her neighbors. A few guessed her secret, and only a few; yet the secret was a very simple one. Her years of widowhood had been—years of hard work certainly, but also years of prayer. Indeed, who ever heard of abiding sunniness apart from prayer?

II.

Miss Bland had scarcely left the cottage when the widow began to pour into another jar an exceedingly liberal "half" of the pot of honey. To Mrs. Stone there were many things sweeter than honey, and giving was certainly one of them.

"When the power of imparting joy is equal to the will, the human soul Requires no other heaven,"

says the poet. I sometimes think this is one reason why the good God wishes many of us to be poor. A blessed and meritorious thing it is to have the will to give, but if some of us had the power also, we should be in great danger of forgetting that "we have not here a lasting city, but we seek one that is to come."

"You must have been praying for honey," Mrs. Stone said as she reached

her daughter's cottage and began to tell of Miss Bland's generosity.

"Eh, mother, it's more likely yourself that's been praying for it," said the husband, who was lying on the sofa close to the fire. His cold had worsened considerably, and to his great grief was keeping him from his work. So "mother" began to prescribe for the cold, and showed her daughter how the honey might be used.

It was nearly twelve o'clock before the widow returned home. For her, walking had become very slow work indeed; yet, as she entered her cottage she suddenly "bethought herself."

"There's the Jacksobs, now; however did I come to forget them? They never kill a pig but what they send me a fry; yet I'm sure they have nothing to spare. I must take 'em a bit o' honey. With such a lot of children it's sure to come in handy."

Mrs. Stone had already filled an old marmalade jar with the precious syrup when there came a knock at the door. A pinched and pale faced little girl stood on the step.

"Please would you give mother a bit o' camonile, 'cause she's poorly."

"Eh, poor thing, of course I will!"

Mrs. Stone answered. "Sit ye down there, child, while I go into the garden. Going home from school, are you? How that poor mother of yours does suffer, to be sure! And how's the baby getting on?"

Baby was very poorly too, the child said, and so was Harry.

"Dear heart, alive!" exclaimed the widow, taking up a pair of old scissors for the cutting of the camonile, "you are a poor family, that you are!"

Returning from the tiny garden with a handful of the herb, Mrs. Stone found the child's eyes fixed wistfully upon the honey pot.

"Aye, I reckon you don't like bread and honey?" the widow asked with a playful smile. The child didn't know, she said; she had never tasted it.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Mrs. Stone, bringing out a loaf of bread, "then I reckon it's about time you did taste it."

The pinched, pale face flushed with pleasure, and the hungry eyes gleamed. Two slices of bread lay upon the table, and the golden honey was being lavishly spooned and spread.

"What are you looking at, my dear?" the widow asked, for the child had suddenly run to the open door. Mrs. Stone followed her. "Oh, it's your brother Willie, is it? Well, tell him to come in."

Willie lost no time in entering the cottage. He was bigger and older than the little girl, but, boy-like, had sent his sister upon the begging errand.

Like St. Philip at the picnic he gave to the Dominican novices, I think the poor old woman would have said "it made her fat" to watch her young guests eating bread and honey—for the first time. She had no fear of spoiling their subsequent dinner. She knew they had a mile and a half to walk home, and that when they got there their mid-day meal would be of the scantiest.

Before they had finished, Mrs. Stone opened the door of a corner cupboard. "I must give 'em a bit to take home," she was thinking, "yes, I really must—if it's ever such a bit. Just a cupful, anyhow." She took a tea-cup from a shelf, but immediately exchanged it for a breakfast cup, a sort of bowl with a handle to it. This she filled unhesitatingly, and, tying over the top of it several thicknesses of linen and paper, bade the children carry it home very steadily. When they had left the cottage, she betook herself to the Jacksobs. On her return she peeped into the honey jar. It may be guessed how much, or how little, was left of the honey. But she only smiled as she put away the pot. Her gentle loving soul was filled with a sweetness incomparably greater than that of honey.

And then the poor widow sat down to her solitary dinner. It consisted of one dish—a rice-pudding of so diminutive a character that a child would have laughed at it as a culinary joke of the first order, and would have said: "Please give me that for my doll's dinner-party!"

III.

Mr. William Bland was downright angry. Bees were his hobby, and considering the small number of his hives, the year's supply of honey had been large. In all household matters he gave his sister a free hand, but he thought he had made it clear to her that the disposal of the honey was always reserved to himself. Moreover, on his journey back from town that afternoon, he had met an acquaintance to whom he had actually promised the jar his sister had unwarrantably given away. It was nothing to the point, he said, that his list only included six pots. Elizabeth knew, or ought to have known, that he liked to have an odd jar to dispose of. A pot of honey was nothing, of course; but he had been disobeyed, and he did not like to be disobeyed.

Many of Miss Bland's methods of charity were distasteful to her brother. He said she did not act upon sound and well tried

principles, and that she was all heart. He himself always acted upon principle.

Miss Bland did not retort upon her brother and declare that he was all head, because she new that nearly all quarrels begin with a sharp retort; and though the sister and brother had often agreed to differ on quite a number of subjects, they had never yet quarreled. Besides, she knew very well that her brother had a heart, and a very tender one, though of a truth he did try to conceal the fact, and often succeeded. As to his being "near," or stingy, that was absurd. Father Moran knew better than that. Where would their little country mission have been but for the liberality of Mr. Bland?

No, it was in trifling matters the good man appeared to be stingy. The jar of honey was a case in point. To him it seemed that the giving of such a luxury to a poor woman was an error of judgment. Why give away honey when the quantity of jam at Miss Bland's disposal was so great? Preserves could not be sent to well-to-do people like the Harrisons and Marsons; but honey was a highly suitable article for such a purpose. It gave Mr. Bland immense satisfaction to reflect that the produce of his bees would be set before all the small notabilities of the neighborhood. "Have a little honey," the lady of the house would say to her guest: "It is delicious honey; Mr. Bland's, you know. He sends us a jar every year quite regularly."

It is astonishing how the merest shadow of an injury will grow and increase by being dwelt upon and brooded over. William Bland's injury was the merest phantom in the beginning, but after he had spent three quarters of an hour thinking about it, and looking at it in a variety of lights, he came to the conclusion that it was a matter of the most serious importance, and required from him very vigorous and decisive action.

"Elizabeth," he began, as Miss Bland entered the little room he called his office, "Elizabeth! I must have back that pot of honey you gave away to-day."

"William!" exclaimed his sister, "what ever are you saying?"

"Just exactly what I mean," Mr. Bland answered resolutely. "Send Mrs. Stone a pot or two of jam—what you like—and say the honey was a mistake, as indeed it was."

Miss Bland paused a moment: she could not believe her ears.

"William," she said at length in an indignant tone, "if I have to leave your house this very afternoon, never to enter it again, I'll not do such a mean thing as that!"

"Then I'll do it myself!" her brother answered, jumping from his chair and leaving the room—and the house. At the garden gate he met Father Moran.

IV.

The priest assured Mr. Bland that he (Father Moran) was merely calling to acknowledge the receipt of a very acceptable jar of honey, and that as he had the good fortune thus to meet his benefactor, there was no necessity for a formal visit just then. But Mr. Bland would not hear of this. He almost dragged Father Moran up the little carriage-drive that led to the house.

"Well," began Father Moran as he and Mr. Bland entered the drawing-room where Miss Bland was sitting, "I am not sorry of the opportunity of telling you something of what I have seen and heard to-day. They say nothing travels so fast as bad news: I am inclined to think that good things spread—or are spread—just as quickly. Do you know, Miss Bland, that this very day you have been the means of scattering sweetness, and lightness also, throughout the length and breadth of the parishes?"

Brother and sister flushed crimson, but the priest was so full of his story he did not notice their embarrassment. It was a long story too, and required time for the telling. It consisted of a detailed account of the diffusion of Mrs. Stone's jar of honey. The priest had been out all day making sick calls, and in every house he had entered he had been shown a sample of Mrs. Stone's—or rather, Mr. Bland's—honey. Mrs. Stone herself had distributed it originally (as we know); but in almost every case it had undergone a further distribution. In short, that honey had been made to go very far indeed.

"I was so amused—and of course edified," said Father Moran in conclusion, "that I could not forbear looking in upon Mrs. Stone as I came by. I am so glad I did so. She was in the very act of scraping out the last atom of honey from the jar into a teacup, and a boy was waiting to carry home that same teacup."

Not knowing whether to laugh or to cry, Miss Bland did both at the same time. Mr. Bland crossed the room hurriedly and lifted the lid of an empty coal-scuttle.

"I knew that I should be guilty of no indiscretion in mentioning these facts to you, Miss Bland," the priest went on. "I tried to scold the poor old lady, but I could not manage it. You see, just now she is so very badly off, as I happen to know.

Her son-in-law tells me that the daughter in Manchester who used to do so much for her, has, through a series of misfortunes, been unable to send her mother anything for a long time. You will forgive my saying this, Miss Bland, won't you? I know the number of your clients is very great, but I am sure you will not forget Mrs. Stone."

"Never, Father," Miss Bland sobbed. Mr. Bland had left the room.

When Father Moran went away Miss Bland ventured to look into her brother's office. Mr. Bland was not there.

"Gone to the post office, very likely," Miss Bland said to herself. "Well, I'll just run down to Mrs. Stone's. The dear, silly old creature! And she told me only last Saturday she was doing 'so nicely.' Yes, it's always the way with the deserving poor. I'll never ask her another question as long as I live. No: I'll just act."

The walk to Mrs. Stone's cottage was a short one. When Miss Bland knocked at the door it was opened by her brother, who seemed to be taking his leave.

"William!" exclaimed the visitor.

"Oh, it's you, Elizabeth, is it?" began Mr. Bland, greatly confused. "I—er—I have just been—er—I mean I have had a little chat with Mrs. Stone. She—that is, I—"

"May the Blessing of heaven be upon you both!" interrupted Mrs. Stone, in a voice broken with happy tears.

"Yes, Elizabeth, it's all right. You needn't stop now. I'll tell you all about it as we walk home," he said in a low tone to his sister.

"God will reward you, sir, and you too ma'am!" the widow exclaimed with intense emotion.

Mr. Bland led his sister away, after bidding Mrs. Stone "Good afternoon."

"You see, Elizabeth," he began hurriedly and before she could ask him a single question, "I thought you would like Mrs. Stone to be a regular pensioner of ours." (Miss Bland nodded vigorously.)

"And so—well, I have promised her ten shillings a week for the remainder of her life."

"May she live to be a hundred!" exclaimed Miss Bland enthusiastically. Her brother's reply was an emphatic "Amen."—David Bearne, S. J., in Irish Monthly.

At Trier the remains of a large Roman house have been excavated. It faced on the main street of the old Roman city. A richly-colored mosaic floor and the first window discovered in a Roman Building are the most interesting things brought to light.

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Patent Medicines, Pills, Ointments, Combs, Brushes and Toilet Articles, Soap, Perfumes, Maltine Preparations, Sponges, Emulsions, Pipes, Tobaccos, Cigars, Cigarettes, etc

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

Night Bell on Door.

FOSTER BROS.

Druggists, Antigonish.

Remember the place, opp. A. Kirk & Co.'s.

If Horses could talk what a hum there would be on the streets about the wonderful way in which

QUICKHEAL

cures Scratches, Galls and Sores. Every man who owns a horse should try it.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Established 1848. State University 1866. CREATED A Catholic University by Pope Leo XIII. 1889. TERMS: \$160 Per Year.



Catholic University of Ottawa, Canada.

Under the Direction of the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate.

Degrees in Arts, Philosophy and Theology. Preparatory Classical Course for Junior Students.

COMPLETE COMMERCIAL COURSE. Private Rooms for Senior Students. Fully Equipped Laboratories. Practical Business Department.

SEND FOR CALENDAR.

REV. J. M. MCGUCKIN, O. M. I., Rector.



BICYCLES! 50 TO \$100. BICYCLES!

Large and First-Class Line of 1897 Bicycles. Columbia's, Hartford's Evans & Dodge, Dayton, New Barne, Comet, King of Schorschers, Mussey-Harris, White, Tempest, Speed King, Duke, Duchess, Prince and Princess.

C. B. WHIDDEN & SON.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Kumfort Home Remedies—T V Sears. Ladies' Jackets, etc.—A. Kirk & Co. Auction Sale of Furniture—A. McDonnell. Sheriff's Sale—D. Chisholm. Pianos—Miller Bros.

Local Items.

T. J. BONNER has No. 1 July herring and dry cod.—adv.

USE T. J. BONNER'S blend tea and you will be satisfied.—adv.

EMBER DAYS.—Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday of next week are Ember Days—days of fast and abstinence.

THE members of the Highland Society are requested to meet at C. M. B. A. Hall on Thursday at 11 a. m. sharp, with plaid and bonnet, to march to the grounds.

THE SUPPLEMENTARY High School entrance examinations will be held on Monday and Tuesday, 13th and 14th inst., at 9.30 a. m. Candidates will assemble at the Convent as usual.

A TELEGRAM received by Collector A. Boyd, of this town, this morning conveyed the sad news of the death of his sister, Mrs. Angus McDonell, of Judique Intervale, who had been in delicate health for some time.

THE tri-weekly sailings of the Plant Line will be discontinued for the season on Sept. 11th, after which date steamers will leave bi-weekly, from Halifax SS. Oliveville every Wednesday morning and SS. Halifax every Saturday night.

JOSEPH DeCOSTE and Mary Crispo, pupils of the Convent of the Immaculate Conception, Harbor au Bouche, who applied for Grade D Scholarship at the recent Provincial examinations, were successful. The former with an aggregate of 573 and the latter with 450.

THE TEACHERS and scholars throughout this and the neighboring counties will find McCurdy & Co.'s, headquarters for all the school books prescribed by the council of public instruction. We buy these in large quantities and sell them less than city prices.—adv.

WE DESIRE to thank those who have so promptly responded to our request for payment on account, but there are still a number who seem to think we do not require money, to these we beg to say they will receive no further notice until a summons is handed them by the proper parties authorized by law. McCurdy & Co.—adv.

OMISSION.—The names of Rev. M. McKenzie, P. P., East Bay, and Rev. R. McInnis, P. P., Reserve Mines, were inadvertently omitted by our correspondent in the list of clergymen who assisted at the solemn dedication of St. Joachim's Church, Boularderie, on the 29th ult. There were ten clergymen present on that happy occasion.

THE ANNUAL PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION of Island will be held at Charlottetown on pt. 21st, 22nd, 23rd and 24th. The races, usually a very important feature, for which prizes amounting to \$1000 are offered, will be held on the 22nd and 23rd. Reduced fares are announced on all lines of railway and steam-boats unning to Charlottetown.

THE CASE against Donald McDonald, Upper South River, for violation of the Inland Revenue Act, was tried by Stipendiary D. Macdonald last Saturday—Messrs. J. L. McKinnon and W. Chisholm, barristers, representing the Crown and the accused respectively. Decision was reserved until to-day.

HIGHLAND GAMES, conducted by the Highland Society of Antigonish, will be held on the Athletic grounds, Antigonish, on Thursday next. There are fifteen events on the programme, for which good prizes are offered. The grounds are spacious and well adapted for the holding of sports. For list of events with prizes see adv. in another column.

THE RAILWAY EMPLOYEES' PICNIC at Mulgrave on last Saturday was attended by a very large number of people. The seventeen cars which composed the trains were all well filled on its arrival at Antigonish, yet nearly 200 people got aboard here. Notwithstanding the crowded state of the train, no accidents occurred.

THE CONCERT at Convent Hall last evening was much appreciated by the select audience that attended. Miss Lillie MacCully rendered her selections in most artistic style, and was greeted with rapturous applause. Perhaps the most popular being "Seville's Groves," "Come Unto Me," and "Fiddle Dee Dee." Mr. E. R. Stuart was the accompanist and did excellent work as a soloist also. The opinion universally expressed was that those who did not attend missed the greatest musical treat of the season. It is rumored that Miss McCully and Mr. Stuart will return next year when we bespeak for them a crowded house.

BASE-BALL.—On Saturday two baseball teams from Trenton, Pictou Co., came down on the special train bearing picnicers to Mulgrave to try conclusions with the first and second nines of the A. A. A. In the morning the latter nine, captained by Hugh McDonald, easily vanquished the junior team of the visitors, the score standing 27 to 12. The splendid battery work and the all-round heavy batting of the home team were the special features of this game. In the afternoon the "big" nines engaged, and the victory once more inclined to the side of the Antigonish team. The score stood in its favor 12 to 10 with an inning to spare. At the beginning of the sixth inning the game came to a termination, much to the disappointment of the spectators, by the visitors refusing to abide by a decision of the umpire. However, the game was long enough to demonstrate the superiority of the home team over the visiting one. As the latter had successively defeated the New Glasgow, Pictou and Truro teams, Antigonish can justly claim that it has the champion base-ball nine of Eastern Nova Scotia.

IN COMMON with many other papers throughout the country we deem it well to warn people against buying from traveling strangers, high-priced articles, of the value and quality of which they themselves are not able to judge. Persons

thus buying do not know what they are getting, nor how many times its value they are paying. If the article should turn out to be worthless, or the representations made concerning it to be false, where are they going to find the vendor to make them good. Meanwhile their promissory notes will pass into the hands of innocent parties, or persons whose innocence they will have no evidence to disprove, and they will have no defence whatever when called upon to pay them. Another point upon which no sane man or woman should need advice is, never to buy anything you don't need, or can't afford, just because you will get a long time to pay for it. Consult your past experience and ask yourself: When the time for payment comes, am I going to be any better able to pay than I am to-day?

Personals.

Rev. Donald Chisholm, pastor of this parish, left on Tuesday for a short vacation in Margaree and Broad Cove.

Rev. Father McMannus, of St. Patrick's Church, Halifax, a former student of St. Francis Xavier's, paid the College a visit this week, on his way to Cape Breton. He is accompanied by his younger brother.

Prof. Horrigan returned from his holidays yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus Smith, of Pictou, and Mr. and Mrs. John O'Brien of Hingham, Mass., were in Town over Sunday, the guests of Mr. P. S. Floyd.

W. F. McKinnon, B. A., of Antigonish, went to Church Point, Digby, last week, to take a position on the teaching staff of St. Anne's College.

His Honor Judge McIsaac and Ernest Gregory, barrister, went to Guysboro on Monday for the September Term of the County Court there, which opened on Tuesday.

Miss Bridget Dooley, of Antigonish, teacher of the North River School during the past year, left on Monday for Mount St. Vincent, Halifax, where she enters the novitiate of the Sisters of Charity.

J. A. Boyd, law student, returned to Dalhousie last week.

Prof. Macdonald, of the Normal School, was here from Friday last until yesterday, on his way home from a holiday in Cape Breton.

Miss Minnie Lannigan, of Halifax, is visiting her uncle, Mr. Colin McDonald, at James River.

C. E. Harris, agent of the Merchants' Bank, is spending his holidays at Canning, Kings Co. W. F. Botsford, the Inspector of the Bank, is relieving him. J. R. McKay, of Halifax, takes the place of J. Trainor, late accountant of the agency here, who has resigned from the service.

Obituary.

The hand of death has been laid in rapid succession on five members of the family of the late Alexander and Janet McPherson, Clydesdale. Within a few short years father, mother and three children had been called away. The third child, Sarah, a bright and amiable young girl passed away on the 23rd ult. at the residence of her uncle, Joseph McPherson, of that place, who has taken the place of a loving father to the orphan children. Her pure soul was prepared for its flight by a devout reception of the last Sacraments. Four sisters and one brother are left to mourn the loss of their loved ones. R. I. P.

On Friday, 27th ult., there passed into eternity at Boisdale, C. B., Elizabeth, beloved wife of Mr. Rod McIsaac, station agent of that place. The deceased became

WANTED TO RENT.

Wanted to rent, a small unfurnished house, within the limits of the Town of Antigonish, for a respectable family of three, about October 1st until June 1st, 1898. Must be good locality and moderate. Write particulars to "X" Box No 1, Antigonish Post Office.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

1897—A No 8943. IN THE SUPREME COURT. Between HON. WILLIAM J. ALMON, ROBE UNIACKE and JAIKUS HART, Trustees of the Nova Scotia Permanent Benefit Building Society and Savings Fund, Plaintiffs; AND MALCOLM CAMERON, Defendant.

To be sold at Public Auction, by the Sheriff of the County of Antigonish, at the Court House, in Antigonish, on Monday, the 11th day of October, A.D. 1897, at 12 o'clock noon.

Pursuant to an order for foreclosure and sale made herein and dated the 31st day of August, 1897, unless before the day of sale the amount due and costs are paid to the Plaintiffs or into Court.

ALL the estate, right, title, interest and equity of redemption of the defendant, and which he and Mary Cameron, his wife, had therein at the time they met the mortgage herein foreclosed, and of all persons claiming or entitled by, from or under them of, in or to all the southern half, part, or moiety of all that certain lot, piece or parcel of

LAND,

situate, lying and being at Leclacher Lake, bounded as follows, namely: Beginning at the southern boundary of John Cameron, Junior's, lot at the margin of said lake, thence running north seventy-nine degrees west one hundred and thirty chains, or until it reaches the rear line of lots fronting on said lake; thence south eleven degrees west along said rear line twenty-two chains and fifty links; thence north seventy-nine degrees east until it reaches said lake; thence north by the margin of said lake until it meets the place of beginning, containing in the whole three hundred acres, more or less, being the same lot of land decided by George Patterson and Robert McDonald, executors of the last Will and Testament of Hugh McDonald, late of South River, Esquire, deceased, to Duncan Cameron, by deed dated the 4th day of May, 1875; the above lot of one half or moiety having been conveyed by the said Duncan Cameron to the said Malcolm Cameron, by deed bearing date the 11th day of November, 1882, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds at Antigonish, in Book 34, at page 16. Together with all and singular the appurtenances.

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

D. D. CHISHOLM, Sheriff of Antigonish County. WM. L. PAYZANT, Of No. 33 Hollis Street, Halifax, Solicitor for Plaintiffs.

the victim of consumption and suffered its protracted ravages with Christian fortitude. Consoled and strengthened by the holy Sacraments she breathed her pure spirit into the hands of her Redeemer. She was 22 years of age. Father Grant of Heatherton, Father O'Handley of River Bourgeois, and Father McPherson of Little Bras D'or assisted the reverend pastor, in the funeral services. The Angel of death has repeatedly visited the family within a short time, and they have the sympathy of the whole community. R. I. P.—Com.

Donald McDonald (Ban) died at Beech Hill in this County on Saturday last, 4th inst., aged 74 years. The deceased was one of a family of fifteen children—ten boys and five girls—sons and daughters of the late John Ban McDonald and Ann Gillis his wife who were amongst the first of the good and industrious settlers of the County. Deceased was a man of intelligence, irreproachable character, and was

AUCTION SALE

Household Furniture

At the residence of B. F. Power, Main Street, Antigonish, on TUESDAY, the 28th inst., at 10.30 o'clock, forenoon, viz:

A valuable Piano, Sofa, Whatnot, Centre Table, Extension Table, Operator's Table (key and board), and other tables; Easy Chairs, Parlor Chairs, Dining and Kitchen Chairs, Wash Stands, 12 Fine Well-Framed Pictures, Sewing Machine, Bed Room Set, 2 Iron Bedsteads, 2 Bureaus, 2 good Wardrobes, Looking Glasses, Lamps, 2 Sets Chinaware, Crockery, Effects, Vases and Mantle Ornaments, 2 Show Cases, Writing Desk, 2 Sets Counter Scales, Shop or Office Safe, Combination Baking Oven with outfit (as good as new), Cooking, Hall and Room Stoves, Marble Slab for pastry, Washing Machine and Tubs, Room Carpets, Mats, Screens, Curtains, Table Covering, and various other articles too numerous to mention, all well worthy of the attention of the public. Terms Cash. Also renting of the house and premises, and a good Riding Wagon on time.

By order, ALLAN McDONNELL, Auctioneer, Antigonish, Sept. 8th, 1897.

Farm for Sale by Tender.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to Alexander McDonald, Sylvan Valley, will be received by the undersigned up to 12 o'clock noon SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16th, for the well-known farm of the late Donald Grant, situated on the North Grant Road, one mile from town and about 50 rods from railway platform, containing 90 acres, more or less, all under cultivation. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

DONALD A. CHISHOLM, } Executors. ALEXANDER McDONALD, } Sept. 1st, 1897.

CHURCH FAIR LINGAN,

Thursday, 16th Sept.,

For Raising Funds to Replace the Church Recently Destroyed by Fire at that Place.

The occasion will afford friends both far and near, at home and abroad, an opportunity of showing their sympathy for the people of Lingan in their present trying circumstances. The management will leave nothing undone to cater to the comfort and wants of visitors. The usual round of sports and amusements will of course be provided. By order of Committee.

Teacher Wanted.

A Grade C or D Female Teacher for the school at Dover, Guysborough Co. School opens Sept. 15th. Apply stating salary requirements to JAMES KEEFE, Secretary to Trustees.

THE Charlottetown Races

Provincial Exhibition, 1897, WILL BE HELD UPON THE Charlottetown Driving Park (Member of the National Trotting Association)

September 21st, 22d, 23d and 24th.

The Races will be held on Wednesday and Thursday, 22nd and 23rd, and will be as follows: Premiums \$1150.00.

First Day, Wednesday, Sept. 22nd.

Three-year-old Class, Purse \$150.00 2.35 Class, " " 150.00 Free-for-All (open to Canada and the United States), " 300.00

Second Day, Thursday, Sept. 23rd.

Three Minute Class, Purse \$150.00 2.25 Class, " " 250.00 Free-for-all (Pacers), " 150.00

Return Tickets AT ONE FIRST-CLASS FARE,

will be issued at all booking stations on the Intercolonial and Cape Breton Railways on 20th and 21st September, good to return up to and on Monday, 27th September.

Through return tickets to Charlottetown will be issued by the I. C. R. and Cape Breton Railway on Sept. 20th and 21st at the following rates: Halifax, \$3.75; St. John, \$4.50; Bathurst, \$5.50; Sydney and North Sydney, \$4.50, and \$5.50, respectively. Low rates from other Stations in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Cape Breton. Tickets limited to return September 27th, 1897.

The Charlottetown Steam Navigation Co. will issue return tickets from Pictou to Charlottetown and from P. Du Chene to Summersburg up to and on Saturday, 25th September, for One First-Class Fare and will carry horses attending races, with their outfits both ways for \$5.00. Return from Summersburg to Charlottetown at single fare.

Steamer Eastnet from Halifax, calling at Hawkesbury and other ports on the route, will carry passengers to and from Charlottetown at single first-class fares.

A. B. WARBURTON, Secretary. BENJ. ROGERS, President.

universally respected. Before his death he received the last rites of Holy mother Church. The esteem in which he was held was manifested by the large number who attended his funeral. Requiem Mass was celebrated at St. Andrew's Church on Monday morning by Rev. James Fraser, P. P., before the remains of the deceased were confined to their last resting place. R. I. P.—Com.

New Restaurant.

MISS CATHERINE McISAAC, of Saint Andrews, has opened a first-class restaurant on College Street, next door to Turnbull's bakery, Antigonish, where she will be pleased to serve MEALS and LUNCHES at Reasonable Prices. She also has rooms for lodgers.

THE AGENCY

For the well-known HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANOS has been transferred to MILLER BROS., who now have in their warerooms a stock of the latest style of these Pianos direct from the Factory. Also a large number of the celebrated KARN Pianos and others. SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS offered to anyone buying at this quiet season.

MILLER BROS.,

101 and 103 Barrington Street, HALIFAX.

A \$10

ENLARGED . PORTRAIT FOR NOTHING.

Do you want an Enlarged Portrait of yourself, or your wife, brother, sister, father, mother, child or sweetheart?

You can get one free of charge!

Beautifully done in Crayon work by noted Toronto artists, size 16 x 20 inches.

HOW?

Buy \$10 worth of goods from us. With each purchase of 5c and upwards we give you a coupon representing the amount of the purchase. Save them until you get \$10 worth, and then we will get you an enlargement of any photo you let us have, and will also supply you with a frame at wholesale price.

We Give You the Portrait FREE.

You Simply Pay for the Frame.

We have a sample Portrait, also samples of the different pattern frames for you to select from on exhibition at our store. Come and see them and be convinced that we are giving a grand inducement for you to purchase all your goods at our store.

McDONALD & MCGILLIVRAY.

The Palace Clothing Co.

SPECIAL SALE

SUMMER CLOTHING, Etc.

Rarely are such Chances offered to all classes

1 LOT MEN'S SUITS, regular price \$4.50, 4.75, 5.00, to be offered for a few days at the low price of \$3.75

1 LOT BICYCLE SUITS, with cap to match, only \$2.98

75 BOYS' SUITS, to fit age from 4 to 12 marked down TO COST.

ENTIRE STOCK OF STRAW HATS will be sold AT COST

A LARGE ASS'T OF MEN'S FANCY SHIRTS, with attached collars and cuffs, in tasty shades and patterns, all sizes, regular price \$1.00 to be offered for a short time at 65c each

1 Lot Men's and Boys' Caps, only 15c
1 Lot Men's Sweaters, assorted colors, regular price \$1.15, now 80c
1 Lot Gent's Undershirts and Drawers, regular price 60c each, now 45c
1 Lot Gent's Hose, only 5c per pair
1 Lot Men's Summer Coats, just the thing you need for hot days, only 98c
White Shirts, all sizes, only 35c

Remember our Prices tell the story, and Quality also cuts Ice.

Main Street, Antigonish.