

# THE CASKET.

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A Catholic Journal Non-Partisan in Politics.

\$1 Per Annum.

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No. 33

## THE CASKET.

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 18.

Sir Gerald Strickland, K. C. M. G., the newly appointed Governor of Tasmania, is the first Catholic to hold a position of this importance in the Australian colonies. He had previously been Chief Secretary to the Government of Malta, and Governor of the Leeward Islands.

"Death from heart failure, through excessive drinking," was the sad verdict of a coroner's jury in a Cape Breton mining town last week. The young man had been drinking for six weeks, yet those who supplied him freely with liquor during that time would be indignant if told that they were in any way responsible for his death.

Three more names have been added to the glorious roll of martyrs in China. Bishop Verhaegen, his brother, and Father Robberecht, of the Belgian mission in Hu-pei province were murdered some time in the last two weeks. The Bishop was only thirty-six years of age, and was esteemed both by Europeans and Chinese because of his learning and amiable disposition.

Thirty people were seriously injured in Winnipeg last week through the breaking down of a roof on which they had climbed to witness a fight between a negro and a bull at the Provincial Exhibition. It is about time that these fairs confined themselves to their proper business, and got rid of their degrading vaudeville and circus features.

An anti-clerical Paris correspondent, though insisting that the people of France view with indifference the contest between their Government and the Vatican, acknowledges that this indifference may cease if the abrogation of the Concordat should close the churches and reduce the priests to poverty. Bishops and priests will cheerfully accept poverty, if the sight of their privations has the effect of arousing the people from their apathy.

France has broken off diplomatic relations with the Holy See, but is not willing to give up the protectorate over Catholics in the Far East which has given her so much prestige in those regions. She declares that she holds this protectorate by virtue of treaties with European and Asiatic governments,—in other words, by international law,—but she will find that no international law can have any force in this matter if it ignores or antagonizes the Pope.

M. Gevaert, director of the National Conservatory at Brussels, in a recent lecture before the Belgian Academy of Arts, declared that the story of Pope Gregory the Great's reform of church music was a myth, and that what is known as the Gregorian Chant must be credited to Sergius I and Gregory III. This will stir up all the Benedictines of the world to endeavour to support the claim which they have for so many centuries been making on behalf of one of the greatest names in their Order.

On the sixteenth of last month the citizens of Glasgow kept their annual summer holiday known as Glasgow Fair Saturday. The *Observer* says that the origin of this holiday was the consecration of the Cathedral Crypt in 1197, by Bishop Joceline. The

anniversary of this consecration was proclaimed a general holiday for the citizens, and for more than seven hundred years it has been known throughout the length and breadth of the land as Glasgow Fair Saturday.

A writer in the *Boston Advertiser* reviewing the first year of Pius X's pontificate, says that his Holiness is not content to accept the reports of standing committees on the qualifications of candidates for bishoprics, but examines every man's record himself, and gives the preference to personal holiness rather than to administrative ability. We know from his first public utterances that he is anxious to raise the clergy to a higher plane of virtue, and to do this he must begin with the bishops.

Dom Maternus Spitz, O. S. B., sums up a series of articles in the *London Tablet* with the following words: "The history of the Catholic missions in Tibet has first been one of unsuccessful attempts to penetrate into that forbidden kingdom, then one of successive persecutions in 1858, 1860, 1864, 1865, 1873, 1881, 1887, and again in 1901. The Catholic missionaries are still standing at the gates of Tibet, for all the stations are confined to the south-eastern corner, knocking at its gates, but they do not despair. 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.'"

We offer our condolences to the editor of the *St. Louis Review* upon the death of his excellent father, Dr. Edward Preuss, who was a giant among Catholic journalists in his day. If he had remained a Lutheran, his name would doubtless rank with the highest in that communion; by his conversion he lost much which the world could give but won the peace which surpasseth all understanding. His death has been the occasion of our learning, to our great surprise, that Mr. Arthur Preuss, besides conducting his weekly review in English, has for some years past been the editor of the German Catholic daily, *Amerika*. This is a feat worthy of a giant's son.

When Bishop Potter of New York the other day dedicated the Subway Tavern it was with the laudable purpose of providing men who will frequent a saloon with one of an orderly character and respectable as far as a saloon can be. There is danger, however, that many who might otherwise be teetotalers will be lured into drinking habits because of this very respectability. Over the soda fountain, at which beer may also be obtained, there is a sign which reads: "Good beer and good soda water are equally harmless when taken in moderation." No one ever drinks soda water immoderately, unless to dilute brandy or whisky; many, perhaps most beer drinkers, drink beer immoderately. And it may well be feared that immoderate habits of this sort will have their beginning in the Subway Tavern.

Twenty-four Highland ministers and their congregations, claiming to be the legal heirs of the Free Church established by Thomas Chalmers in 1843, have had their claim sustained by the House of Lords, and 1100 churches and manse with £10,000,000 of invested capital are declared to be the property of this small minority to the exclusion of the large majority who broke away and joined the United Free Church a few years ago. The decision is based upon the principle that money contributed and buildings erected for definite religious creed and polity cannot be diverted to any modified form of faith and practice. According to this principle, all the pre-Reformation churches and monasteries together with their revenues should be placed at the disposal of the Catholic Church in Great Britain and Ireland to-day.

Those who have read travellers' tales of the uncleanly habits of the Latin races of Europe will be astonished to learn from the *Lancet*, the leading medical journal of England, that "with possible exceptions in the cases of Tibet and Lapland, we are

compelled to admit that the English working classes are probably the dirtiest bipeds in the world, alike in their clothes and in their persons, and that they display themselves in public, and even travel by public conveyances, in conditions which would not be tolerated in any other civilized country. Nothing like English working class dirt is ever seen in public on the Continent of Europe, unless in its Far Eastern portions." We have always maintained that the English working classes were the most godless people in Europe, and their cleanliness seems to be on a par with their godliness.

Waldeck-Rousseau, member of the Senate of France, and Combes' predecessor as President of the Council, died under the surgeon's knife last Thursday. The last news we had of him previously was that he had tried to commit suicide. When a French infidel becomes afflicted with an incurable malady, he finds this life no longer worth living, and he has trained himself to believe that death is nothing but a dreamless sleep. Had Waldeck-Rousseau awakened from the chloroform, he might have called for the priest as did Paul Bert. So far as we can judge from the despatches, he had no opportunity of doing so, nor, humanly speaking, did he deserve one. He will be remembered as the man who prepared the drastic legislation against the religious orders. Yet it is doubtful if he ever meant it to go as far as it has gone. This is the best that can be said of him.

During the hearing of the Scottish Church case before the House of Lords, the Lord Chancellor declared that the United Free Church had forfeited its right to churches, manse and money, which had been built and subscribed in support of the Westminster Confession with its doctrines of election and predestination, which exclude the ideas of human responsibility and free will now preached by the ministers of this Church. One of the lawyers for the United Free Church insisted that when an office-bearer of that Church declared that the Westminster Confession of Faith was his faith, he might do so with certain reservations with regard to the doctrines above named. To which the Lord Chancellor retorted, "Not if he be an honest man." The *Presbyterian Witness* says the Free Church ministers must preach the word of God as found in Scripture in such form as they think right. The House of Lords does not deny them this privilege, but it says they must not profess one thing, preach the contrary, and at the same time hold on to property whose legal title depends upon a faith which their preaching contradicts.

The general intention of the League of the Sacred Heart for this month is: "A greater Use of Reason in Religion." There are many non-Catholics who seem honestly to believe that we are not permitted to exercise our reason in religious matters at all; but we know better. A great thinker once said that the two greatest books which the Catholic Church had produced were the little Catechism, and the Summa of St. Thomas,—an exposition of religious belief so simple that a child can learn it, and an explanation of the same, developed so magnificently by a thirteenth century monk that it still remains the greatest monument of human reason. Few of us can read the Summa, but we can all strive to understand our Catechism better. The faith which aided St. Thomas is aiding us, and as he took the papers on which he had written his difficulties and laid them on the altar during Mass, so we can join our petitions with those of the Apostleship of Prayer throughout the world for the grace of using our reason in such a way as shall redound to God's glory and the good of our own souls.

The issue of the *Catholic Universe*, of Cleveland, Ohio, for July 29, celebrates the thirtieth anniversary of its foundation. From an interesting sketch by the associate editor, Miss Anne Elizabeth O'Hare, we learn something of the vicissitudes through

which the paper has passed. Founded by sturdy Bishop Gilmour, whom Nova Scotians proudly regard as one of themselves, because "like Archimedes, he wanted a place to stand that he might be enabled to move the dead weight of ignorance and prejudice so prevalent in those days in this Western Reserve," the *Universe* was sustained by his episcopal hand in its darkest days, and the Bishop died a poor man because he had spent \$30,000 to save it from failure. His labour was not in vain, for the *Catholic Universe* is to-day one of the best papers in the United States. The Rev. T. F. Maher, D. D., well-known to many of the priests of this diocese, was associate editor from 1878-1890, and his articles were frequently quoted in the columns of THE CASKET. The present editor-in-chief is the Rev. William McMahon; his associate holds a high place among the Catholic literary women of America; and under their hands our esteemed contemporary has a bright future before it. Father McMahon's words may well be reprinted by every one of his brother-editors, when he says: "No newspaper can or should be such a chameleon as to please the fancy of all its readers all the time. The principle that a Catholic newspaper is a necessity should hold the Catholic people to its support with bands of steel. If its management or its editors or its principles do not further 'the cause,' a change can be brought about by proper means. But it is not a wise act to seek to repair a building by moving its foundation." We congratulate our contemporary on its handsome anniversary number and heartily wish it the prosperity it so well deserves.

### THE CHURCH AND THE PEOPLE.

The Professor of Church History in the Baptist Theological Seminary at Rochester, New York, lately discussed in the *Independent* the failure of Christianity to deal with the questions which agitate the world of the present day. "The morality of the Church," he says, "is not much more than what prudence, respectability and good breeding also demand. Nor is the morality of church members generally distinguished by the glow of spiritual fervor." It does not seem to occur to him that it is because the Reformation gave up the Evangelical Counsels, and treated vows of chastity, poverty and obedience as hypocrisy or fanaticism. "When we pass from private and domestic life to political and business life," continues Professor Rauschenbusch, "the matter is worse. About the most pressing questions arising there the Church as a body is dumb. It has nothing to say about the justice of holding land idle in crowded cities, of appropriating the unearned increment in land values, of paying wages fixed by the hunger of the laborers and taking the surplus of their output as 'profits,' or of cornering the market in the necessities of life. It feels restless about some glaring evils like child-labor, but only moderately so. Individuals in the Church are intelligent and active, but the Church, both as an organized body and as a corporate spiritual force, is inert. The moral guide of humanity is silent where authoritative speech is to-day most needed. Where it does speak, it is often on the wrong side. When we consider the ideas prevalent in the churches, their personnel, and their sources of income, has the Church a message of repentance and an evangel for this modern world? One important and growing class in our population is largely alienated from the Church—namely, the industrial wage-workers. The alienation is most complete where the industrial development under the capitalistic system has most completely run its course." These are words of reproach, and they are well deserved. Elsewhere in the same article Professor Rauschenbusch sums up his complaint against what he calls the Church, in the following words: "In private life its standard differs little from respectability. In commerce and industry, where the unsolved and painful problems lie, it has no clear message, and often claims to be under no obligation to have one. In the State Churches the State has dominated; in

the free Churches the capitalist class dominates. Both influences are worldly—in favor of things as they are, and against the ideals which animate the common people. . . . The Church has passed under the spiritual domination of the commercial and professional classes. I do not mean that they alone compose its membership, but they furnish its chief support, do its work, and their ethics and views of life determine the thought of the Church more than we realize. . . . The people are becoming daily more sensitive to the class cleavage of society. The Church suffers under the general resentment against the class with which it is largely identified."

By the Church, of course, the Professor means the Protestant sects, and his remarks do not apply to the Catholic Church. Still, the last words which we have quoted remind us how the Catholic Church has suffered in Europe by being identified in the eyes of the people with tyrannical governments, and we cannot help wondering whether it will ever be identified with tyrannical corporations in America. It will not, if Catholic bishops and priests are always careful to avoid even the appearance of siding with the capitalists against the just demands of the workmen. In France the clergy were never really in favour of tyranny; but they were afraid of the people, and had a profound distrust of the wisdom of the masses. When these masses finally rose in revolt against conditions which could no longer be endured, they did not look to the clergy for leaders, as other peoples had done in the Middle Ages, but allowed themselves to be guided by unscrupulous demagogues, who bade them throw down the altar along with the throne. If Ireland remained so thoroughly Catholic, it was because the clergy were always in perfect sympathy with people. Mistakes have been made in these matters, and may be made again, not by the Church, however, but by churchmen.

Professor Rauschenbusch cannot have read the Encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*, or he would have modified his statement that "the moral guide of humanity is silent" about the most pressing questions in political and business life. "His great and principal duty," said Leo XIII, speaking of employers of labour, "is to give every one a fair wage. . . . To exercise pressure upon the indigent and the destitute for the sake of gain, and to gather one's profit out of the need of another, is condemned by all laws, human and divine. . . . It is shameful and inhuman to treat men like chattels to make money by, or to look upon them merely as so much muscle or physical power. . . . The laws should forestall and prevent such troubles (strikes) from arising; they should lend their influence and authority to the removal in good time of the

Continued on page four.

### Indulged Pledge.

Mr. Editor,

Knowing how dear to your heart the cause of total abstinence is, I venture to ask the following favor. For the benefit of our good Catholic people be so kind as to publish at an early date in THE CASKET an English translation of the Pontifical Letter which was dated at Rome on the 16th day of April last. This Letter, as you know, attaches a special Indulgence to the devout recitation of a prayer with an offering to abstain for the day from intoxicating liquor.

Yours, etc., SAGART.  
Aug. 15, '04.

The gist of the Papal Letter above referred to is that any one of the faithful may, on any and every day of the year, gain an indulgence of 300 days, applicable to the souls in purgatory, by making, in a spirit of faith and penance, the following offering:

\*\*\*\*\*  
O MY GOD AND FATHER, TO  
SHOW MY LOVE FOR THEE, TO  
REPAIR THY INJURED HONOUR,  
AND TO OBTAIN THE SALVATION  
OF SOULS, I FIRMLY RESOLVE  
NOT TO TAKE WINE, ALCOHOLIC  
LIQUOR, OR ANY INTOXICATING  
DRINK, THIS DAY. AND I OFFER  
THEE THIS ACT OF SELF-DENIAL  
IN UNION WITH THE SACRIFICE  
OF THY SON JESUS CHRIST, WHO  
DAILY IMMOLATES HIMSELF FOR  
THY GLORY ON THE ALTAR.  
AMEN.  
\*\*\*\*\*



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Situating at Antigonish Harbor contains  
330 acres—110 under cultivation, remainder  
woodland and pasture. House with oil containing  
10 rooms with good closets, large attic  
and cemented cellar with large cistern, large  
new basement barn, iron furnace, sheep, wood  
and hen houses, workshop and manure shed.  
All in good order. Farm is in good state of  
cultivation, and help and manure mul can be  
had in autumn and winter. For particulars  
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balance being covered with heavy timber, both  
hardwood and fencing material. It contains a  
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water.  
Also for sale, thirteen head of Cattle, two  
Horses and a few Sheep, and good Farming  
Tools, either with or without Farm.  
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RAILWAY**  
On and after Sunday, July 12th, 1904 trains  
will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows  
LEAVE ANTIGONISH  
No. 56 Mixed for New Glasgow and  
Truro, . . . . . 8.15  
" 59 Express for Halifax, . . . . . 12.55  
" 58 Express for Sydney, . . . . . 17.32  
" 57 Mixed for Mulgrave, . . . . . 13.30  
" 56 Express for Truro, . . . . . 17.55  
" 55 Express for Sydney, . . . . . 13.50  
All trains run by Atlantic Standard time  
Twenty-four o'clock is midnight  
Vestibule sleeping and dining cars on through  
Express trains between Montreal and the  
Maritime provinces.  
Yonkers, N.Y., June 9, 1904

**My Hair**

"I had a very severe sickness that took off all my hair. I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor and it brought all my hair back again."  
W. D. Quinn, Marseilles, Ill.

One thing is certain,—  
Ayer's Hair Vigor makes the hair grow. This is because it is a hair food. It feeds the hair and the hair grows, that's all there is to it. It stops falling of the hair, too, and always restores color to gray hair.

\$.10 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

**Cardinal Manning on the Newspaper's Voice.**  
Coleridge said that "a picture is something between a thought and a thing. It is not a thought, because it is visible to the eye. It is not a thing, because beyond a combination of lines, lights and colors, it has no existence."  
So we may say that a newspaper is something between a voice and a book. It is not a voice, because it speaks inaudibly. It is not a book, because it is a mere sheet or leaf, which is scattered broadcast every day or once a week. He that writes a book studies long, and weighs, and writes and rewrites, and lays up his work till the whole is finished. He prints it and is a successful author if he sells a thousand copies. Many buy and do not read; many read half and never finish; many read and do not understand. The sphere of a book is small; and its fate is the shelf, dust and oblivion. But a newspaper is like a knock at the door morning by morning, or Saturday by Saturday. It is so short that even the idle will read it, and so plain that even the simple can understand. It speaks to thousands at once. Mere curiosity will make men read, and mere dullness will make them talk of what they have read in their newspaper. It thinks for them, and they reproduce it in their talk at breakfast and dinner and supper. It becomes a voice, and speaks wide. There is no more prompt, direct, intelligible and certain way of speaking to men in this nineteenth century than by a newspaper. Books move slowly in a narrow circle; voices are heard only in a church or in a lecture-room; but a newspaper speaks everywhere, whithersoever it floats by sea or flies by post. "The thing becomes a trumpet."

New Cook—I'm afraid I can't take the place, mum.  
Mistress—Why?  
Well, mam, the kitchen table ain't big enough for ping-pong.

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Drugs and Patent Medicines, Pills. All kinds Ointments, Soaps, Perfumes, sponges, Pipes, Cigars, Tobacco.

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The Agency for Antigonish of the well-known  
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has been transferred to me, and I have just received one carload of these splendid Wagons. The McLaughlin Carriages are already extensively used and highly approved of in this county.  
Intending purchasers will do well to call and see for themselves before purchasing.

**W. J. LANDRY,**  
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initiated into that divine corporation by duly appointed officers of it. The only duly appointed officers are the legitimate successors of the original officers. If you have not thus been naturalized, or more correctly supernaturalized, into the kingdom of Christ on earth, His Church, you are not a citizen thereof, whatever you may think about it.  
To come back now to your statement, meant to weaken confidence in ancient manuscripts, we agree with you that there were—as, considering the human frailties of transcribers—there must have been incorrect copies. And we leave you in the position the consequences of that statement place you; you may extricate yourself as best you may. Your position is the logical result of your Protestant principles, and it in no way concerns Catholics. —New York Freeman's Journal.

**More about the Kerr Family.**  
Lord Walter Kerr, who has just been promoted by King Edward to be admiral of the fleet, a rank which is the naval equivalent of field marshal in the army, is a Roman Catholic and a son of the seventh marquis of Lothian. He became a convert through the influence of his mother, who had previously joined the Roman Catholic church, and two of his brothers, as well as two of his sisters, followed his example, much to the anger of their father.  
The lords of Lothian are descended in a direct line from the Roman Catholic abbot of Newbattle Abbey, a prelate who forsook the church of Rome at the time of the reformation, and joined the Protestant church. Wedding Lady Helen Leslie, he retained possession of both the abbey and the lands of the monastic order, of which he had until then been the head, and which had been gifted by King David I. of Scotland to the White monks of the Cistercian order several hundred years previously. Not content with absolving himself from his vow of celibacy, the abbot coolly pulled down the monastery and the stately abbey which formed part thereof, and made use of the material to build himself a country seat on the self-same site.

Lord Walter's mother, that is to say, the wife of the seventh marquis, after her conversion to Roman Catholicism, felt so uneasy at living in a mansion, or rather a castle, built in so impious a manner that she proceeded to Rome and confided her scruples and fears about the matter to the then pope. "Remain quietly where you are without worrying yourself, my daughter," was the kindly response of old Pius IX.  
But Lady Lothian would not be comforted until she had obtained from his holiness a document bearing his sign manual, authorizing both herself and her children to occupy their Scottish home in peace. This papal permit is now preserved at Newbattle among the family archives of the lords of Lothian in the same case which contains the original documents confirming the grant of Newbattle by King David I. to the Cistercian monks.

The present marquis of Lothian, a nephew of Lord Walter, may be said to owe his succession to the family honors and estates to the tragic death in Australia of his elder brother. The latter who had gone out to the antipodes as A. D. C. to Lord Jersey, the governor of New South Wales, was out duck shooting with the Hon. Rupert Leigh and Wilbraham Edwards, when the latter's horse began to buck violently. This caused his gun to go off, the charge striking Lord Ancrem in the back of the head, killing him instantly.

Besides Newbattle Lord Lothian has a country seat in Norfolk, known as Blickling hall, which is celebrated as the birthplace of Queen Anne Boleyn, the ill-fated consort of King Henry VIII. and mother of Queen Elizabeth. According to local tradition the mangled remains of Queen Anne rested in a chest in Sawle church, hard by, where her father, Sir Thomas Boleyn, and so many of her ancestors are buried. This chest has never been opened. It seems that Sir Thomas Wyatt, the poet, and reputed lover of the unfortunate queen, obtained possession of her remains after her execution, and conveyed them secretly to her birthplace for interment. Needless to add that her ghost haunts not merely Blickling hall but also the entire country side. She is said to wander about the corridors and up and down the grand staircase of the hall carrying her head in her hands, while at times she rides at midnight through the grounds in a coach drawn by four headless steeds, driven by a headless coachman. All are heavily draped in black, and the queen is seated in the carriage holding her head in her lap.

The people of the district likewise insist that there is a headless black dog which roams through the lanes between the church and the hall after dark, and which is supposed to be the forerunner of a death in the family of the person who meets it. This dog is credited by the peasantry which being the spirit of Queen Anne Boleyn, who is condemned to wander about thus for her wrongs to Queen Catherine of Aragon.—*Marquise de Fontenay.*  
"I will kill you," hissed the villain with the tin foil sword, "and that will be the end."  
"No it won't," retorted the beautiful heroine; "this is New York, and if you kill me the case will go on forever."  
Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is a boon to any home. It disinfects and cleans at the same time.

Father Lambert and Mr. Jones Discuss the Bible.  
Mr. Jones.—"You say 'it is a principle that the more ancient the copy, the nearer the Apostolic times, the more correct and reliable it is.'"  
Yes. Such is the view of Biblical scholars, and that is why they all, without exception, seek for ancient manuscripts, and prefer them to modern copies. It is a common sense view, for if the ancient copies are assumed to be incorrect, the modern transcripts from them must be assumed to carry the same incorrectness plus others that experience teaches us creep in in the course of many repeated transcriptions.

Mr. Jones.—"That is so, provided the (ancient) copy be a correct one."  
If either the ancient or the modern copy is known to be correct, inquiry need go no further. But where the question is as to the comparative correctness of the two copies, the ancient is to be preferred, for the simple reason that it has not been subject to so many transcriptions through which errors are so liable to creep in, through carelessness or ignorance, or even malice.

Mr. Jones.—"You might as well say that the Chinese plow is superior to our American plow, because the former is nearly 3,000 years older."  
The Chinese plow made 3,000 years ago is certainly better evidence of what the original Chinese plow was than is the American plow. And if we were called upon to determine what the original Chinese plow was like we would prefer the ancient specimen to the modern as the basis of our judgment; and we think you would do the same. The American plow is superior as a soil tiller, but not as a witness to the ancient form of the Chinese plow. It is the same with manuscripts. If asked to determine which of two manuscripts is the more correct reproduction of the original first manuscript, we would prefer the one made in the first century—if we had it—to one made in the tenth or fifteenth century. We think you would do the same.

Mr. Jones.—"I have stated that old manuscripts have furnished incorrect texts."  
This statement imposes upon you the burden of proving that the old manuscripts used in making the American Revised Version are not copies from some of the older incorrect manuscripts you speak of. Until you prove they are not, the doubt as to the correctness which you raise as to the old manuscripts throws its shadow equally on all modern versions of the Bible. In the absence of the original manuscripts you have no criterion by which to determine which of the extant ancient copies is a correct reproduction of the originals. This is the mesh you, as a Protestant, are placed in by your statement, because you reject the authority of the Church and her traditions, which are the only criterion left to determine which of all the copies represents truly the thought of the writers of the Scriptures. The rejection of this criterion severs you absolutely from the common Christian faith of the past, leaves you an isolated critic and places you in precisely the same position a Chinese pagan would be in if the ancient Christian manuscripts were placed in his hands and he required to determine which of them is a correct reproduction of non-existent originals. He would throw them down in despair of solving the problem. Having rejected the sole criterion—the Church and her traditions—you are as isolated as he, and as helpless to solve the problem. Having rejected this criterion—which as a Protestant you must—you have broken the only link that united you in faith and corporate unity with the early Christians. Having abandoned the divinely built ark, the Church, you float alone and drift with the tide.

You may say you are not isolated from the early Christians, that the Bible is the link that unites you with them. But this begs the question, for until you prove that your Bible is a correct reproduction of the original manuscripts it is not the same Bible the early Christians had; and you cannot prove it to be a correct reproduction without the criterion which you have rejected.  
You may say you have the same faith the early Christians had. This again begs the question, for you claim to get your belief out of the Bible you have. But until you prove it is the same Bible the early Christians had you cannot assert that the belief you get out of it is the same belief they had. As a matter of fact, the early Christians did not get their belief from the Bible. They got it, before the New Testament was written, from the oral teaching of the Apostles and other ministers of the Church of Christ. It was because of their Christian belief thus acquired that they believed in the Bible at all. Their Christian faith was not drawn from the Bible. On the contrary, their belief in the Bible was drawn from their Christian faith.

Even if we were to grant—which we do not—that you had the same belief as the early Christians, it would not prove that you are a member of the same household of faith, that is, a member of the same Church that they were members of. A foreigner may believe in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, but his belief does not make him a citizen of the United States. Besides his belief he must be naturalized, initiated into the corporate unity of the republic by its duly appointed officers. In the same way, before you can be a member of the Church of the early Christians—the Church which Christ established for all time—you must be naturalized, in-

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they are unexcelled. They will stimulate the action of a torpid liver.

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Why Worry.

Why do we worry about the nest? We only stay for a day...

A Wish.

Would I could write In words of living flame, Be a poet truly In heart and name.

TWO RENEGADES.

In the Gate City of the South the Confederate Veterans were reuniting; and I stood to see them march...

While the irregular and halting line was passing I made onslaught upon it and dragged forth from the ranks my friend Bernard O'Keefe...

I say I dragged him forth and held him till the last hickory leg and waving goatee had stumbled past.

"Now, what devilry are you up to?" I asked of O'Keefe when there were a table and things in glasses between us.

O'Keefe wiped his heated face and instigated a commotion among the floating ice in his glass before he chose to answer.

"I am assisting at the wake," said he, "of the only nation on earth that ever did me a good turn. As one gentleman to another, I am ratifying and celebrating the foreign policy of the late Jefferson Davis..."

"What talk is this?" I asked. "Your financial digression is merely a subterfuge. Why were you marching in the ranks of the Confederate Veterans?"

"Because, my lad," answered O'Keefe, "the Confederate Government in its might and power interposed to protect and defend Bernard O'Keefe against immediate and dangerous assassination at the hands of a blood-thirsty foreign country after the United States of America had overruled his appeal for protection..."

"Come, Barney," said I, "the Confederate States of America has been out of existence nearly forty years. You do not look older, yourself. When was it that the deceased government exerted its foreign policy in your behalf?"

"Four months ago," said O'Keefe promptly. "The infamous foreign power I alluded to is still staggering from the official blow dealt it by Mr. Davis's contraband aggregation of States. That's why you see me cack-walking with the ex-rebs to the illegitimate tune about cinnamon-seeds and cotton. I vote for the Great Father in Washington, but I am not going back on Mars' Jeff. You say the Confederacy has been dead forty years—well, if it hadn't been for it, I'd have been breathing to-day with soul so dead I couldn't have whispered a single cuss-word about my native land. The O'Keefes are not overburdened with ingratitude."

"I must have looked bewildered. 'The war was over,' I said vacantly, 'in—'"

O'Keefe laughed loudly, scattering my thoughts. "Ask old Doc Millikin if the war is over!" he shouted, hugely diverted.

"Oh, no! Doc hasn't surrendered yet. And the Confederate States!—well, I just told you they bucked officially and solidly and nationally against a foreign government four months ago and kept me from being shot. Old Jeff's country stepped in and brought me off under its wing while Roosevelt was having a gunboat repainted and waiting for the National Campaign Committee to look up whether I had ever scratched the ticket."

"Isn't there a story in this, Barney?" I asked.

"No," said O'Keefe; "but I'll give you the facts. You know I went down to Panama when this irritation about a canal began. I thought I'd get in on the ground floor. I did, and had to sleep on it, and drink water with little zoos in it; so, of course, I got the chagres fever. That was in a little town called San Juan on the coast."

"After I got the fever hard enough to kill a Port-au-Prince nigger, I had a relapse in the shape of Doc Millikin. 'There was a doctor to attend a sick man! If Doc Millikin had your case, he made the terrors of death seem like an invitation to a donkey-party. He had the bedside manners of a Piute medicine-man and the soothing presence of a dray loaded with iron bridge-girders. When he laid his hand on your fevered brow you felt like Cap. John Smith just before Pocahontas went his bail."

"Well, this old medical outrage floated down to my shack when I sent for him. He was built like a shad, and his eyebrows was black, and his white whiskers trickled down from his chin like milk coming out of a sprinkling-pot. He had a nigger-boy along carrying an old tomato-can full of calomel, and a saw."

"Doc felt my pulse, and then he began to mess up some calomel with an agricultural implement that belonged in the trowel class."

"I don't want any death-mask made yet, Doc," I says, "nor my liver put in a plaster of Paris cast. I'm sick; and it's medicine I need, not frescoing."

"You're a blame Yankee, ain't you?" asks Doc, going on mixing up his Portland cement.

"I'm from the North," says I, "but I'm a plain man, and don't care for mural decorations. When you get the isthmus all asphalted over with that boll-weevil prescription, would you mind giving me a dose of pain-killer, or a little strychnine on toast, to ease up this feeling of unhealthiness that I have got?"

"They was all sassy, just like you," says old Doc; "but we lowered their temperature considerable. Yes, sir, I reckon we sent a good many of ye over to old mortuis nisi bonum. Look at Antietam and Bull Run and Seven Pines and around Nashville! There never was a battle where we didn't lick ye unless you was ten to our one. I knew you was a blame Yankee the minute I laid eyes on you."

"Don't reopen the chasm, Doc," I begs him. "Any Yankeeency I may have is geographical; and, as far as I am concerned, a Southerner is as good as a Filipino any day. I'm feeling too bad to argue. Let's have a session without misrepresentation, if you say so; but what I need is more laudanum and less Lundy's Lane. If you're mixing that compound gefloxide of gefloxium for me, please fill my ears with it before you get around to the battle of Gettysburg, for there is a subject full of talk."

"By this time Doc Millikin had thrown up a line of fortifications on square pieces of paper; and he says to me: 'Yank, take one of these powders every two hours. They won't kill you. I'll be around again about sundown to see if you're alive.'"

"Old Doc's powders knocked the chagres. I stayed in San Juan, and got to knowing him better. He was from Mississippi, and the red-hottest Southerner that ever smelled mint. He made Stonewall Jackson and R. E. Lee look like abolitionists. He had a family somewhere down near Yazoo City; but he stayed away from the States on account of an uncontrollable liking he had for the absence of a Yankee Government. Him and me got as thick personally as the Emperor of Russia and the dove of peace, but sectionally we didn't amalgamate."

"Twas a beautiful system of medical practice introduced by old Doc into that isthmus of land. He'd take that bracket-saw and the mild chloride and his hypodermic, and treat anything from yellow fever to a personal friend."

"Besides his other liabilities Doc could play a flute for a minute or two. He was guilty of two tunes—'Dixie' and another one that was mighty close to the 'Suwanee River'—you might say one of its tributaries. He used to come down and sit with me while I was getting well, and aggravate his flute and say unreconstructed things about the North. You'd have thought the smoke from the first gun at Fort Sumter was still floating around in the air."

"You know that was about the time they staged them property revolutions down there, that wound up in the fifth act with the thrilling canal scene where Uncle Sam has nine curtain-calls holding Miss Panama by the hand, while the bloodhounds keep Senator Morgan treed up in a cocoanut-palm."

"That's the way it wound up; but at first it seemed as if Columbia was going to make Panama look like one of the \$3.98 kind, with dents made in it in the factory, like they wear at North Beach fish fries. For mine, I played the straw-hat crowd to win; and they gave me a colonel's commission over a brigade of twenty-seven men in the left wing and second joint of the insurgent army."

"The Colombian troops were awfully rude to us. One day when I had my brigade in a sandy spot, with its

shoes off doing a battalion drill by squads, the Government army rushed from behind a bush at us, acting as noisy and disagreeable as they could.

"My troops enfiladed, left-faced, and left the spot. After enticing the enemy for three miles or so we struck a briar-patch and had to sit down. When we were ordered to throw up our toes and surrender we obeyed. Five of my best staff-officers fell, suffering extremely with stone-bruised heels."

"Then and there those Colombians took your friend Barney, sir, stripped him of the insignia of his rank, consisting of a pair of brass knuckles and a canteen of rum, and dragged him before a military court. The presiding general went through the usual legal formalities that sometimes cause a case to hang on the calendar of a South American military court as long as ten minutes. He asked me my age, and then sentenced me to be shot."

"They woke up the court interpreter, an American named Jenks, who was in the rum business and vice versa, and told him to translate the verdict."

"Jenks stretched himself and took a morphine tablet."

"You've got to back up against the 'dobe, old man,' says he to me. 'Three weeks, I believe, you get. Haven't got a chew of finecut on you, have you?'"

"Translate that again, with foot-notes and a glossary," says I. "I don't know whether I'm discharged, condemned, or handed over to the Gerry Society."

"Oh," says Jenks, "don't you understand? You're to be stood up against a 'dobe wall and shot in two or three weeks—three, I think, they said.'"

"Would you mind asking 'em which?' says I. 'A week don't amount to much after you are dead, but it seems a real nice long spell while you are alive.'"

"It's two weeks," says the interpreter, after inquiring in Spanish of the court. 'Shall I ask 'em again?'"

"Let 'em," says I. 'Let's have a stationary verdict. If I keep on appealing this way they'll have me shot about ten days before I was captured. No, I haven't got any finecut.'"

"They sends me over to the calabozo with a detachment of colored postal-telegraph boys carrying Enfield rifles, and I am locked up in a kind of brick bakery. The temperature in there was just about the kind mentioned in the cooking receipts that call for a 'quick oven.'"

"Then I gives a silver dollar to one of the guards to send for the United States consul. He comes around in pajamas, with a pair of glasses on his nose and a dozen or two inside of him."

"I'm to be shot in two weeks," says I. "And although I've made a memorandum of it, I don't seem to get it off my mind. You want to call up Uncle Sam on the cable as quick as you can and get him all worked up about it. Have 'em send the Kentucky and the Kearsarge and the Oregon down right away. That'll be about enough battleships; but it wouldn't hurt to have a couple of cruisers and a torpedo-boat destroyer, too. And—say, if Dewey isn't busy, better have him come along on the fastest one of the fleet."

"Now, see here, O'Keefe," says the consul, getting the best of a hiccup, "what do you want to bother the State Department about this matter for?"

"Didn't you hear me?" says I: "I'm to be shot in two weeks. Did you think I said I was going to a lawn-party? And it wouldn't hurt if Roosevelt could get the Japs to send down the Yellowyantiskookum or the Ogotosingo or some other first-class cruisers to help. It would make me feel safer."

"Now, what you want," says the consul, "is not to get excited. I'll send you over some chewing-tobacco and some banana-fritters when I go back. The United States can't interfere in this. You know you were caught insuring against the Government, and you're subject to the laws of this country. Tell you the truth, I've had an intimation from the State Department—unofficially, of course—that whenever a soldier of fortune demands a fleet of gunboats in a case of revolutionary katzenjammer, I should cut the cable, give him all the tobacco he wants, and after he's shot take his clothes, if they fit me, for part payment of my salary."

"Consul," says I to him, "this is a serious question. You are representing Uncle Sam. This ain't any little international tomfoolery, like a universal peace congress or the christening of the Shamrock IV. I'm an American citizen and I demand protection. I demand the Mosquito fleet and Schley, and the Atlantic squadron, and Bob Evans, and General E. Bird Grubb, and two or three protocols. What are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing doing," says the consul. "Be off with you then," says I, out of patience with him, "and send me Doc Millikin. Ask Doc to come and see me."

"Doc comes and looks through the bars at me, surrounded by dirty soldiers, with even my shoes and canteen confiscated, and he looks mightily pleased."

"Hello, Yank," says he, "getting a little taste of Johnson's Island now, ain't ye?"

"Doc," says I, "I've just had an interview with the U. S. Consul. I gather from his remarks that I might just as well have been caught selling suspenders in Kishineff under the name of Rosenstein as to be in my present condition. It seems that the only maritime aid I am to receive from the United States is some navy-plug to chew. Doc," says I, "can't you suspend hostilities on the slavery

question long enough to do something for me?"

"It ain't been my habit," Doc Millikin answers, "to do any painless dexterity when I find a Yank cutting an eye-tooth. So the Stars and Stripes ain't landing any marines to shell the huts of the Colombian cannibals, hey? Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light the star-spangled banner has fluked in the fight? What's the matter with the War Department, hey? It's a great thing to be a citizen of a gold-standard nation, ain't it?"

"Rub it in, Doc, all you want," says I. "I guess we're weak on foreign policy."

"For a Yank," says Doc, putting on his specs and talking more mild, "you ain't so bad. If you had come from below the line I reckon I would have liked you right smart. Now since your country has gone back on you, you have to come to the old doctor whose cotton you burned and whose mules you stole and whose niggers you freed to help you. Ain't that so, Yank?"

"It is," says I heartily, "and let's have a diagnosis of the case right away, for in two weeks' time all you can do is to hold an autopsy and I don't want to be amputated if I can help it."

"Now," says Doc, business-like, "it's easy enough for you to get out of this scrape. Money'll do it. You've got to pay a long string of 'em from General Pomposo down to this anthropoid ape guarding your door. About \$10,000 will do the trick. Have you got the money?"

"Me?" says I. "I've got one Chili dollar, two real pieces, and a medio." "Then if you've any last words, utter 'em," says that old reb. "The roster of your financial budget sounds quite much to me like the noise of a requiem."

"Change the treatment," says I. "I admit that I'm short. Call a consultation or use radium or smuggle me in some saws or something."

"Yank," says Doc Millikin, "I've a good notion to help you. There's only one government in the world that can get you out of this difficulty; and that's the Confederate States of America, the grandest nation that ever existed."

"Just as you said to me I says to Doc: 'Why the Confederacy ain't a nation. It's been absolved forty years ago.'"

"That's a campaign lie," says Doc. "She's running along as solid as the Roman Empire. She's the only hope (Continued on page six.)"

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**THURSDAY, AUGUST 18.**

**THE CHURCH AND THE PEOPLE.**

(Continued from page one.)

causes which lead to conflicts between employers and employed. . . . No man may with impunity outrage that human dignity which God Himself treats with reverence, nor stand in the way of that higher life which is the preparation for the eternal life of Heaven. Nay, more; no man has in this matter power over himself. To consent to any treatment which is calculated to defeat the end and purpose of his being is beyond his right; he cannot give up his soul to servitude; for it is not man's own rights which are here in question, but the rights of God, the most sacred and inviolable of rights. . . . If we turn now to things external and corporeal, the first concern of all is to save the poor workers from the cruelty of greedy speculators, who use human beings as mere instruments for money-making. . . . In regard to children, great care should be taken not to place them in workshops and factories until their bodies and minds are sufficiently developed. . . . As a general principle it may be laid down that a workman ought to have leisure and rest proportionate to the wear and tear of his strength. . . . Let it be then taken for granted that workman and employer should, as a rule, make free agreements, and in particular should agree freely as to the wages; nevertheless, there underlies a dictate of natural justice more imperious and ancient than any bargain between man and man, namely, that remuneration ought to be sufficient to support a frugal and well-behaved wage-earner. If through necessity or fear of a worse evil the workman accept harder conditions because an employer or contractor will afford him no better, he is made the victim of force and injustice. . . . We have seen that this great Labour-question cannot be solved save by assuring as a principle that private ownership must be held sacred and inviolable. The law, therefore, should favour ownership, and its policy should be to induce as many as possible of the humbler class to become owners. . . . Many excellent results will follow from this; and first of all, property will certainly become more equitably divided. For the result of civil change and revolution has been to divide society into two widely differing castes. On the one side there is the party which holds power because it holds wealth; which has in its grasp the whole of labour and trade; which manipulates for its own benefit and its own purposes all the sources of supply, and which is even represented in the councils of the State itself. On the other side there is the needy and powerless multitude, broken-down and suffering, and ever ready for disturbance. If working-people can be encouraged to look forward to obtaining a share in the land, the consequence will be that the gulf between vast wealth and sheer poverty will be bridged over, and the respective classes will be brought nearer to one another."

Surely this excellent Baptist Professor has taken a narrow view of the Church, when he has failed to see that a clear pronouncement upon these grave matters to which he refers has been made by the head of that organization which even non-Catholics admit to be the strongest and most important religious society on earth. Nor was Leo XIII laying down in this document any new principles. He was simply applying to the labour question the rules enunciated by moral theologians concerning a maximum and minimum price, rules at variance with the pagan political economy which teaches that every man has a right to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest without let and hindrance. Political economy says that freedom of competition will make the relations between seller and buyer, between employer and employed, harmonious. Religion says that the law of brotherly love is a better promoter of harmony, and now that freedom of competition is being destroyed by combinations of capitalists on the one hand, and by combinations of workmen on the

other, the scientific solution is losing its usefulness every day, and the religious solution is becoming the only one available. Even Socialism recognizes this, and takes as its first principle brotherly love, a brotherly love so similar to and yet different from that taught by Christ, however, that thoughtful men are asking themselves whether Socialism is not the anti-Christ foretold in the Scriptures.

**School Attendance.**

*To the Editor of The Casket:*  
 As the schools throughout the County opened on Monday, 15th inst., a few words to the parents of school-going children may not be inappropriate.

The complaint is generally heard that progress in our public schools is not commensurate with the outlay upon them and the blame, we regret to find, is mostly always attributed to careless or inefficient teachers. The general average attendance in our public schools rarely exceeds fifty per cent. of the number enrolled, during any school year. In other words, school-going children can only be said to attend for one half the time that schools are open.

Moreover as this half year's attendance is invariably scattered over the whole year, week in week out, the average progress made must necessarily be much less satisfactory than it would be, were the classes full uninterruptedly during the first half year, even if absent during the latter half.

Let parents ask themselves what progress can be made at any work under conditions similar to the above. Each school grade is supposed to take up one full year, not one half of it or less, and even the brightest pupil requires every day of the school year to make a pass in his or her grade.

Why not give teachers and pupils a chance in this first and essential condition? It can be done. First, school rooms should be made as comfortable for the winter months as the children's homes and equipped with the school appliances required in each.

In inclement weather and bad roads, children can be conveyed to and from the schoolroom with very little effort. Parents can arrange to take day or week about in carrying all the school-going children on their route to and from the schoolroom.

This active interest on the part of parents will stimulate their children to equally active efforts in class work. It will beget in them a desire to attend every school-day in the year as well as a wholesome ambition to keep up, if not to excel, in their classes.

From many years' experience in various sections and in different Counties, I am forced to state unhesitatingly that, the greatest drawback to progress at School and the chief obstacle to the teacher's work in the school-rooms is irregular attendance of pupils, caused by the open and deplorable indifference of parents in this particular.

Parents should never forget that their example has, naturally, much more effect on their children than the example of any other person. The active interest or apathetic and chronic indifference of the parent, in school matters as in other matters, is sure to be reflected in the child. This may be accepted as a self-evident truth.

Let parents, then, bestir themselves, at the beginning of this school year and instead of grumbling by their fire-sides at home and firing anathemas at unfortunate teachers for their own shortcomings, let them perform their own duty in this connection first and afterwards judge teachers on their merits. Without this, they cannot judge them, much less blame them, if their children, who are more than half the time at home, do not make progress at school, where they are merely casual visitors rather than regular pupils. Let the foremost aim be, to have the children in their classes, as far as possible, every school-day in the year. It is certainly possible to have them there more than half the time. A list of sections with the percentage of attendance made during the year, published in the local papers, would serve the purpose of showing which were active and which lax, in the moral duty of educating the young.

Let us hope that every school section in this county will awaken to this necessity and act accordingly during the coming year, so that the average attendance may be nearer one hundred per cent. than the half of it, and then, I venture to assure them that, the result to themselves, to the children and to their teachers, will be not only satisfactory but highly gratifying.

SCHOOL TEACHER,

Ant. Co., Aug. 9th, '04.

**The Farmers' Meeting.**

The meeting held at the Court House, Antigonish, on Monday afternoon, under the auspices of the Antigonish County Farmers' Association, to consider the conditions created by the great shortage in the hay crop, was very largely attended, and from that point of view, at least, was satisfactory, the Court House being practically unable to contain all who wished to attend. The meeting, however, cannot be pronounced a success. The time was taken up in discussion, much of which had a political tinge. Public meetings as a rule cannot be regarded as the best means of accomplishing results on questions of this nature. When large, they become unwieldy. In fact it is usual to delegate the business to committees, and in this way good is achieved. President McLeod of the Association occupied the chair, and read an address offering suggestions that would tend to cope with the situation. Mr. Vinten, Secretary of

Association, was secretary of the meeting. We have not space to give a synopsis of the many speeches. The only new information on means to supplement the hay supply was furnished by Mr. McIsaac, M. P., who stated he had discussed the matter with Mr. Mann, of McKenzie & Mann, with a view to having them use their coal barges, which are returning light from Quebec points to Port Hastings, to carry hay to Pictou and Muirgrave, at a low rate. He had not a definite reply from the steamboat people on the proposition. He also stated that Mr. Emmerson, Minister of Railways, in reply to a request for cheap transportation for hay from the West and for cattle from the East over the I. C. R., said he and Mr. Pottinger would be here in a short time, and would then take the matter up. The following resolutions were adopted, after which the meeting adjourned:

Resolved, that the Executive of the Antigonish County Farmers' Association be asked to establish a bureau of information where stock could be listed and described for the benefit of possible buyers.

Resolved that the Executive of this Association be empowered to negotiate for the purchase of hay, to the extent of 10,000 tons, same to be sold at cost to the people of Antigonish; no single person to be permitted to obtain more than 10 tons of the said hay, and to obtain same only for his own use and not for the purpose of speculation.

Resolved, that a committee be appointed to wait upon the representatives of the Local Government in order to obtain from the said Government a sufficient guarantee to enable this Society to effect the purchase of hay, up to 10,000 tons, for the use of the people of Antigonish County.

Resolved, that the directors of this Association be appointed as that committee.

Resolved, that a committee be appointed to wait upon the Dominion Government, through their representative, to urge upon the said Government the desirability of granting to this Society the privilege of importing free over the Intercolonial Railway hay up to 10,000 tons, for the use of the people of Antigonish County.

Resolved, that the directors of this Association be appointed as that committee.

**A Suggestion.**

*Editor of the Casket:*

Dear Sir,—As one who attended the very large meeting of farmers and others at the Court House on Monday, when the question of procuring cattle feed was so fully discussed, I saw that the important one of finding a market for our large stock of sheep and cattle was far from being solved. One reason was that our beef was shut out of the chief local market by Ontario beef. The other that our stock was too late for exportation to the Western Ontario stockers. Then came the question of funds to pay for the large quantity of hay that must be imported. In discussing this part of the question it was shown, and I believe truly that there is plenty of money deposited in the local banks (at three per cent. interest) by our own people which could be borrowed on good security to pay for hay, etc., instead of asking Municipal or Government aid. Now, the farmer needs encouragement to market his stock to the best advantage. My solution of the difficulty, and one no doubt that would succeed, would be the starting in our midst of a canning industry, where beef and mutton would be put up for any market. What are the facts? Our fishermen are our most prosperous people. Why? Because they can get ready sale, on the spot, for their fish which is canned for the best market. A branch of this canning industry in the town and and through the county is a paying one, namely that of cheese-making and the condensing of milk. Go into a grocery store to-day anywhere and you will find that a large proportion of its stock consists of canned beef, fish, fruit, etc., and much of it from Western Canada. Now, if our live stock is so light why not send the canned article to market. The farmer and those directly engaged in the business expect a steady market in Canada where there are such extensive works going on in mining, railway, lumbering and their other important centres together with our daily increasing population. There surely must be in our midst men of enterprise and capital with sufficient interest in the general welfare to start the industry and make it pay, for nothing succeeds like success.

Now, that our Farmers' Association in its capable and energetic officials, are to work to relieve the present situation, why not call a meeting to organize a company to at once start the industry suggested or appoint a committee to induce those in the business to come.

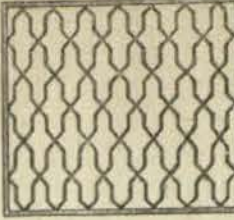
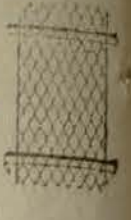
Trusting, Mr. Editor, that you, through the columns of your valuable paper, will continue to further the interest of our farmers.

Thanking you for space.

ANOTHER FARMER.

Antigonish County, August 17th, '04.

The Canadian government by an order adopted in council at Ottawa, will enter into an agreement with the Submarine Signal Company of Boston for the installation of 30 bells in the St. Lawrence river and off the coast of the Maritime Provinces. Of the 30 stations to be established, 25 are to be operated from the shore and four from light-ships. It is expected that all ships making Canadian ports will be equipped with the telephonic apparatus for picking up the sounds of the bells. Already provisional arrangements have been made with the principal steamship of the Dominion for the installation of the apparatus.]

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 Barbed and Plain Wire; Poultry Netting, all widths; Iron Gates; Fencing for Cemetery Lots; Brass and Iron Beds; Springs; Institution Beds; and Mattresses of all kinds.

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A large lot of - - -

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Torpid Liver, Sick Headache, Constipation  
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They are safe and prompt, free from Calomel  
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They are prepared with a concentrated Ex-  
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that make them without doubt one of the  
best Liver, Stomach and Bowel Pills now  
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**STANTON'S PAIN RELIEF.**  
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Cures Rheumatism, Colic, Sprains,  
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Sole proprietors, THE WINGATE CHEMICAL  
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New Features in the Various Departments.  
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Entries Close August 15th and 20th.  
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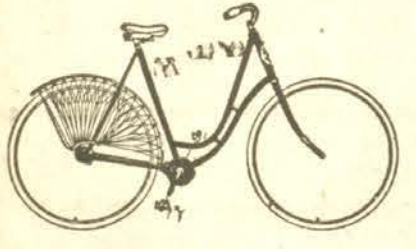
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Apply to **DAVID SOMERS,**  
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Sample Rooms and Stabling in connec-  
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**Second-Hand Wheels**  
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WRITE FOR PRICES.

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**September 6th**

is opening day at the  
**Maritime Business College,**  
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Write for 1904-05 Calendar to  
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Chartered Accountants.

Be sure to get Cowan's. Sold by grocer

**Cowan's**  
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Manufacturers also in N. Y., they, buy the best.

**Rulers Who are Masons.**

Three monarchs—namely, Edward VII, the Kaiser and King Oscar—belong to-day to the craft, and in each instance they have, since their accession to the throne, ceased to be active members and have severed their connection with the lodges to which they belonged, finding the obligations of sovereignty incompatible with those of the brotherhood. Thus, during the last year of Queen Victoria's reign, the discovery that an atheistic Masonic lodge, known as the Hiram Lodge, had been constituted in London under a charter from the Grand Orient of France compelled the then Prince of Wales, in his capacity as Grand Master of the English Rite, to issue a somewhat violently worded decree directed against French Masons, denouncing them as beyond the Masonic pale, and prohibiting British members of the order from holding any Masonic intercourse with them. True, it was in keeping with the attitude assumed by the Grand Lodge of England in 1877, when the Grand Orient of France banished, so to speak, the Almighty from its lodges, excluding in the most rigorous fashion from its ceremonies all acknowledgment of or reference to the Grand Architect of the Universe. But in view of the role played by Masonry in the political life of France, where most of the leading statesmen, from President of the republic and the Premier downward, are members of the craft, it was, to say the least, awkward, and it is easy to see that if circumstances were to arise necessitating the issue of another such attack upon French Masons by the English Grand Lodge, the connection of King Edward with the latter would not merely endow the manifesto with an official and international character, but would be calculated to impair the friendly relations between the two governments.

This danger was brought home to the King within a few weeks after his accession, for among the earliest petitions which he received after becoming King was an appeal signed, not only by a large number of Turkish Free Masons, but likewise by thousands of other members of the craft, calling upon him to use his influence to secure the freedom of a brother mason, ex-Sultan Murad, who "for the last quarter of a century has been imprisoned at Constantinople on the pretext of a mental malady" by his younger brother, the present ruler of the Ottoman Empire. It was, perhaps, fortunate that a few days before this petition reached its destination Edward had surrendered the Grand Mastership of the order in England to his brother, the Duke of Connaught, since otherwise his Masonic obligations would have forced him to take some steps in behalf of Murad which might have clashed with the political interest of his kingdom.

Emperor William, on succeeding to the throne, with the object of avoiding just such quandaries as these, hastened to sever his connection with the craft, nominating his cousin and brother-in-law, Prince Frederick Leopold, to the Grand Mastership, while King Oscar of Sweden showed similar prudence. Napoleon III, however, neglected to take this precaution when he became Emperor of the French and it was owing to his Masonic obligations that he gave such powerful support to the United Italy party south of the Alps, in defiance of French interests. For it is hardly necessary to point out that it was to the advantage of France that Italy should remain divided up into a number of petty sovereignties, instead of constituting one united kingdom that would necessarily become a menace and a danger to France. Napoleon was a Mason of the Italian Rite, and he had joined the order in his youth, while living in Italy, and at a moment when the Italian lodges were the life and soul of the movement in favor of the unification of Italy, with Rome as its capital. When he ascended the throne of France he found it convenient to forget his obligations. But Mazzini, who was one of the principal dignitaries of the Grand Orient of Italy and other influential Italian Masons lost no time in reminding him of his solemn pledges, giving him to understand that the enmity of the craft, and even punishment in the shape of death would inevitably overtake him unless he lived up to his promises. Not merely threats, but bonafide attempts upon his life, began to follow one upon another with startling rapidity, until in 1859 he, to the dismay of all his most sensible counsellors and friends, embarked France in a costly and wholly unnecessary war with Austria, for the purpose of driving her out of Lombardy and of uniting the latter, as well as the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, the Duchy of Parma and a number of other petty sovereignties of the Peninsula, to what was then known as the Kingdom of Sardinia. He likewise gave very material support to the movement which resulted in the overthrow of the Kingdom of Naples and its absorption by what is now the Kingdom of Italy. Napoleon's Masonic friends demanded that he should help them to secure possession of Rome. But he realized that his subjects would not tolerate his taking part as sovereign of France in any movement that had for its object the overthrow of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope, and that he would risk revolution and loss of his throne if he continued any longer to yield to the demands of his Italian fellow Masons. It was then that he caused his cousin, Prince Murat, to become Grand Master of the French Free Masons, and proclaimed his intention of protecting the craft in France in order thoroughly to make it clear, both in his own dominions and in Italy, that he had ceased to be a Mason or to be bound by his obligations as such, although he would

remain a friend of the craft. And in order to give a token of his good will to the latter he issued a decree, bearing the date of 1862, legally recognizing and authorizing the existence of the Order of Free Masons in France. It is an irony of fate that this very fraternity should have become one of the chief factors in bringing about his downfall, and have constituted one of the chief obstacles to any monarchical restoration in France.

To what extent the Masons on the Continent of Europe interfere in politics may be gathered from the fact that after the collapse of the Boulanger bubble those of his adherents who belonged to the order were subjected to severe disciplinary measures by their lodges, not because they had taken part in a political movement, but because they had happened to be on the losing side. In order to appreciate this, let any American Mason consider how he would feel if called to account and punished by his lodge for having voted with the loes of the political party to which the majority of the members of his lodge belonged. In Italy, after Crispi's first visit to the late Prince Bismarck at Friedrichsruhe, he invoked the support of the Grand Orient at Rome for the Triple Alliance, which was very unpopular among the people. As a reward for his services in the matter the late Signor Lemni, the Grand Master of the craft, was granted by the Cabinet of the day the monopoly of purchasing the foreign tobacco needed by the Italian government, the sale of tobacco in King Victor Emmanuel's dominions being a state monopoly. This enabled Lemni and his Masonic confederates to realize enormous fortunes within the space of a few years.

It was in the third and fourth decades of the nineteenth century that the Masons of Italy, Austria, France, Spain and Portugal first commenced to devote their attention to politics. This was due to the severity of the various monarchical governments in dealing with persons professing liberalism and radicalism. The men found that it was only behind the closed doors of Masonic lodges, duly tiled, that they could make their voices heard and give free expression to their political opinions without peril of imprisonment, and even worse. But, while this association between politics and masonry has served the personal ends and ambitions of many of the statesmen who were members of the craft, it cannot be said to have furthered the real interests and aims of the fraternity, which has for its primary object universal brotherhood, and I recall the bitter resentment excited in France by two speeches of Adriano Lemni, the Grand Master of the Orient of Italy, delivered at Naples and at Rome, in which he proclaimed his ardent hope of seeing ere long the flag of his country floating over Corsica.

It was different during the eighteenth and the early portion of the nineteenth centuries. But it is extremely doubtful if, in view of the political role of masonry on the Continent of Europe, we shall ever see again sovereigns acting as grand masters of the craft.—*E. C. Attache, in New York Tribune.*

**TWO RENEGADES.**  
(Continued from page three.)

you've got. Now, you, being a Yank, have got to go through with some preliminary obsequies before you can get official aid. You've got to take the oath of allegiance to the Confederate Government. Then I'll guarantee she does all she can for you. What do you say, Yank?—it's your last chance.

"If you're fooling with me, Doc," I answers, "you're no better than the United States. But as you say it's the last chance, hurry up and swear me. I always did like corn whiskey and cock-fights anyhow. I believe I'm half Southerner by nature. I'm willing to try the Kuklux in place of the khaki. Get brisk."

"Doc Millikin thinks awhile, and then he offers me this oath of allegiance to take without any kind of a chaser:

"I, Barnard O'Keefe, Yank, being of sound body, but a Republican mind, hereby swear to transfer my fealty, respect, and allegiance to the Confederate States of America, and the Government thereof in consideration of said Government through its official acts and powers obtaining my freedom and release from confinement and sentence of death brought about by the exuberance of my Irish proclivities and my general pizenness as a Yank."

"I repeated these words after Doc, but they seemed to me a kind of hocus-poens; and I don't believe any life-insurance company in the country would have issued me a policy on the strength of 'em."

"Doc went away saying he would communicate with his Government immediately.

"Say—you can imagine how I felt—me to be shot in two weeks and my only hope for help being in a Government that's been dead so long that it isn't even remembered except on Decoration Day and when Joe Wheeler signs the voucher for his pay-check. But it was all there was in sight; and somehow I thought Doc Millikin had something up his old alpaca sleeve that wasn't all foolishness.

"Around to the jail comes old Doc again in about a week. I was flea-bitten, a mite sarcastic, and fundamentally hungry.

"Any Confederate ironclads in the offing?" I asks. "Do you notice any sounds resembling the approach of Jeb Stewart's cavalry overland or Stonewall Jackson sneaking up in the rear? If you do, I wish you'd say so."

"It's too soon yet for help to come," says Doc.

"The sooner the better," says I. "I don't care if it gets in fully fifteen minutes before I am shot; and if you happen to lay eyes on Beauregard or Albert Sydney Johnson or any of the

relief corps, wig-wag 'em to hike along.' "There's been no answer received yet," says Doc.

"Don't forget," says I, "that there's only four days more. I don't know how you propose to work this thing, Doc," I says to him; "but it seems to me I'd sleep better if you had got a Government that was alive, and on the map—like Afghanistan or Great Britain, or old man Kruger's Kingdom, to take this matter up. I don't mean any disrespect to your Confederate States, but I can't help feeling that my chances of being pulled out of this scrape was decidedly weakened when General Lee surrendered."

"It's your only chance," said Doc: "don't quarrel with it. What did your own country do for you?"

"It was only two days before the morning I was to be shot, when Doc Millikin came around again.

"All right, Yank," says he, "Help's come. The Confederate States of America is going to apply for your release. The representatives of the Government arrived on a fruit steamer last night."

"Bully!" says I—"bully for you, Doc! I suppose it's marines with a Gatling. I'm going to love your country all I can for this."

"Negotiations," says old Doc, "will be opened between the two Governments at once. You will know later on to-day if they are successful."

"About four in the afternoon a soldier in red trousers brings a paper round to the jail, and they unlocks the door and I walks out. The guard at the door bows and I bows, and I steps into the grass and wades around to Doc Millikin's shack.

"Doc was sitting in his hammock playing 'Dixie' soft and low and out of tune, on his flute. I interrupted him at 'Look away! look away!' and shook his hand for five minutes.

"I never thought says Doc, taking a chew fretfully, "that I'd ever try to save any blame Yank's life. But, Mr. O'Keefe, I don't see but what you are entitled to be considered part human, anyhow. I never thought Yanks had any of the rudiments of decorum and laudability about 'em. I reckon I might have been too aggressive in my tabulation. But it ain't me you want to thank—it's the Confederate States of America."

"And I'm much obliged to 'em," says I. "It's a poor man that wouldn't be patriotic with a country that's saved his life. I'll drink to the Stars and Bars whenever there's a flag-staff and a glass convenient. But where," says I, "are the rescuing troops? If there was a gun fired or a shell burst, I didn't hear it."

"Doc Millikin raises up and points out the window with his flute at the banana-steamer loading with fruit.

"Yank," says he, "there's a steamer that's going to sail in the morning. If I was you, I'd sail on it. The Confederate Government's done all it can for you. There wasn't a gun fired. The negotiations was carried on secretly between the two nations by the purser of that steamer. I got him to do it because I didn't want to appear in it. Twelve thousand dollars was paid to the officials in bribes to let you go."

"Man!" says I, sitting down hard—"twelve thousand—how will I ever—how could have—where did the money come from?"

"Yazoo City," says Doc Millikin; "I've got a little saved up there. Two barrels full. It looks good to these Colombians. 'Twas Confederate money, every dollar of it. Now do you see why you'd better leave before they try to pass some of it on an expert?"

"I do," says I.

"Now let's hear you give the password," says Doc Millikin.

"Hurrah for Jeff Davis!" says I.

"Correct," says Doc. "And let me tell you something. The next time I learn on my flute is going to be 'Yankee Doodle.' I reckon there's some Yanks that are not so pizen. Or, if you was me, would you try 'The Red, White, and Blue'?"—*O. Henry in Everybody's Magazine.*

"Is he in good shape financially— independent?"

"Well, he's in good shape, financially, but as far as being independent, I guess he's like most of us married men."

**FARM FOR SALE.**

An excellent farm formerly belonging to the late Charles Tait, containing 80 acres, well wooded and watered, with house and barn, situated in Grosvenor, Guysboro Co.

For particulars apply to the heirs,  
MRS. ALEX. O'NEIL,  
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Or MRS. ALEX. MCKEOUGH,  
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A large quantity of wool wanted for which highest prices will be paid.  
I have a well selected assortment of  
**NOVA SCOTIA TWEEDS,**  
(made from native wool)  
English and Scotch Tweeds,  
Worsted and Panting.

—ALSO—  
**BLANKETS, RUGS, ETC., ETC.**

I also carry a large stock of  
**Ready-Made Clothing,**  
which I offer cheap for cash or in exchange for wool. Get my prices before disposing of your wool elsewhere.

**THOMAS SOMERS.**

**FOR SALE.**

A number of Wood Lots owned by the undersigned at Pleasant Valley. For terms and particulars apply to McIsaac & Chisholm, Barristers etc., Antigonish.  
ANGUS MCGILLIVRAY, Donald's Son,  
Cross Roads, N.S.

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**Farming Implements**  
**Harness.**

Just received 1 carload of Carriages from William Gray & Sons, Ltd., Chatham, Ont. These carriages have been in service throughout the Dominion for nigh fifty years, and are giving genuine satisfaction wherever used. The works have consequently grown and are to-day the best in Canada. The waggons are guaranteed for service and are strong, yet beautiful and graceful in construction.

**CONCORDS,**  
**RUBBER TIRES,**  
**PIANO and**  
**CORNING BOXES.**

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**Massey-Harris Farm Implements,**  
**HARNESS,**  
Good stock, selected specially for durability.  
An examination of these goods is respectfully solicited.

**D. McISAAC.**

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All persons are warned against trespassing upon the property of Miss Alice Whelan, the Old Gulf Road, and any persons found trespassing thereon, or doing any damage thereto, will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the Law.

C. ERNEST GREGORY,  
Solicitor of Miss Alice Whelan.

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Again to the Front with our Large Stock of Picnic Supplies.

Everything you could possibly want at prices that defy competition. All drinks and factory prices. We are agents for Higgin's Hood's famous Temperate Drinks, 10 Flavors, the best in Nova Scotia. Fruit Syrups—flavors. Cigars, Confectionery, Fruit, Biscuits, etc. etc. We can tell you how much stuff you want if you give us an approximate idea of how many people you expect, as we have a thorough experience. And remember, all goods left over and in good condition, are returned.

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**SCOTTISH CHIEF.**

This fine horse will stand the season at  
**Hugh Cameron's, North Lochaber**  
NEWTON CAMERON, Owner.

**J. H. STEWART,**  
ANTIGONISH, N. S.

AGENT FOR—  
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**BEVERAGES.**

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**Ginger Ale,**  
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**Cream Soda,**  
**Klub Soda,**  
**Champagne Cider,**  
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N. B. Picnics will find it to their advantage to get quotations from me.

**J. H. STEWART,**  
Agent Francis Drake,  
New Glasgow, N. S.



Dr. Starbuck on Persecution.

Our friends of the Presbyterian Witness do themselves honor by denouncing the present Government policy of France as an "odious persecution." However, their diagnosis of the cause appears decidedly faulty. They say that this persecution is "only possible because of the persecutions of past centuries, so flagrant, so pitiless, and at times so popular!" Now the only way of deriving the present policy of M. Combes from former persecutions is to assume that he and his accomplices are moved by hereditary resentment over severities inflicted by the Catholics on their forefathers. This explanation will not hold. Some of Combes' allies are Protestants, and more are Jews, but the great body of them are, like himself, Catholics born and bred, and still Catholics in family connection. These have no hereditary grievances, for, at least in popular remembrance, it was their ancestors who persecuted the Huguenots, not the Huguenots who persecuted their ancestors. Innocent the Eleventh's solemn protests against the Dragonnades appear to have roused scarcely any echo in Catholic France, infatuated as it was with the tyrant Lewis, and certainly have transmitted no indignant remembrances to posterity. Indeed, the present persecutors, I notice, prudently avoid any references to former persecutions. Such reminiscences would be exceedingly awkward for them just now.

besides the Dragonnades, against which the Pope and cardinals, and the Catholic society of Rome, protested so energetically, the massacres of the sixteenth century, of the Huguenots by the Catholics, and of the Catholics by the Huguenots. The latter were far more atrociously cruel, and, relatively to Protestant numbers, more destructive, but as, of course, their absolute havoc was comparatively small, they fell more quickly than would have been expected, even out of Catholic memory, and of course were gladly and quickly forgotten by the Huguenots. It is curious how the Protestants were allowed to have their own way, or rather, how they were encouraged by the Catholics, in the remorse of these over St. Bartholomew's, to exaggerate the number of their martyrs. Their own statistics, naturally resting on the most intimate knowledge, computed the victims of the Massacre at 14,000. However, the Catholic historian De Thou insisted on counting them at 20,000. Other Catholics again would not suffer the number to be less than 30,000. Others again, partly to mark their abhorrence of the deed, partly in the popular love of accumulated horrors, insisted on reckoning the victims at 70,000, and this suited the general taste so well that it was commonly accepted. Finally Archbishop Péréfixe, a good-hearted but rather headlong man, would not let off his Catholic forefathers of the previous century without insisting on their having butchered a round hundred thousand. Yet this was too much even for Protestant acceptance, and 70,000 had remained the popular estimate. The authentic and original Protestant reckoning, however, stands at somewhat less than 14,000. This number is accepted by the Spectator, and, slightly increased, by the very accurate Miss Freer. Professor Fisher's estimate of 22,000 was made before the latest authorities had been examined. We see then how the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's, exaggerated six or seven fold, partly by remorse, and partly by the vulgar love of horrors, has almost entirely extinguished the memory of other Catholic murders of the Huguenots, and completely extinguished the memory of the Huguenot massacres of the Catholics, although these were proportionately of wider sweep, and far more atrocious in their forms of lingering cruelty, besides their accompaniments of sacrilegious outrage, from the destruction of cathedrals and abbeys to the shocking insults offered to the bones of the illustrious dead. All these hideous memories have long since been swallowed up by the memory of St. Bartholomew's, magnified six-fold. It is plain, then, that it is not resentment of former persecutions inflicted on their ancestors which has stirred up these renegade Catholics to the present persecution. They are guided by the same instinct which led Professor Huxley to desire the extermination of Roman Catholicism, not on account of its specific character, but as being in his estimation, not only the most ancient and most numerous, but most logically coherent form of Christianity, which, once rooted out, would leave only *disjecta membra*, easy to be dealt with. I notice that a supporter of M. Combes remarks that while Protestantism is somewhat less offensive to Freethinkers, its offensiveness is of the same kind. The programme of destruction is this: First, the monks; next, the priests; next, the laity; next, the Protestants; next, as it is explicitly avowed by the Extreme Left, all who manifest the religious temper, in any form, or in any degree.—Charles C. Starbuck, in Sacred Heart Review.

An Impressive Rebuke.

Dr. Seward Webb was entertaining a large shooting party at his estate in Vermont. Sport was excellent, and every evening after dinner hunting stories were told in the smoking room. Nearly all the stories were true, but there was one guest, a young man, who pulled the long bow a little. He pulled in more than a little on one occasion, and after he had concluded a story evidently impossible, Dr. Webb took him in hand. "In '94 I was shooting in the Rockies," said Dr. Webb. "I was after grizzlies. I trailed a grizzly to a high peak one day. I advanced toward it along the edge of a precipice three hundred feet high. Getting a good shot at last, I let drive, but missed. The big bear came for me then like lightning. I took aim again, but as I was about to fire my foot slipped, I fell, and my gun dropped from my hand and rolled over the precipice. There I lay, unarmed and helpless, and the maddened grizzly not six feet away." Here Dr. Webb paused and lighted a cigarette. The imaginative young man frowned impatiently. "Well?" he said. "Well? Go on. What happened?" Dr. Webb, looking him calmly in the eye, replied: "The grizzly devoured me."

On the 4th inst., Joseph Chamberlain re-opened the fiscal campaign addressing a meeting of ten to twelve thousand persons from the surrounding agricultural counties in the Riding School of Welbeck Abbey, near Worksop, Nottinghamshire. He maintained that the misery of the grandfathers was due, not to the price of grain as alleged by the free traders, but to lack of employment. It was therefore the duty of the people to ascertain what policy would give most employment and more wages.

The Broad-minded Woman.

The broad-minded woman, at the head of her own house, governs successfully because she does not make too many laws, and is always benevolently near-sighted, not to say blind, before involuntary and minor transgressions. She stands inflexibly for righteousness, but she does not victimize her family with mere fads and caprices of piety. If a near and dear one have a besetting sin, she does not make the house too hot to hold him after a relapse, thus driving him forth to worse excesses; but rather by kindly patience and forbearance, makes home a haven, which the sadly damaged bark of good resolutions can put into for repairs, and whence it can set forth manfully on a fresh start. There is nothing more narrow-minded than the disposition of many good women to make their own imperviousness to temptation or their strength to resist it, the test for all their fellow-mortals. And women are not the only offenders in this respect. Breadth of mind conspicuously appears in the power to put oneself in another's place, especially before recording his condemnation. "But for the grace of God, there goes Francis de Sales," said the great and holy Bishop of Geneva, as he saw a notorious criminal led forth to execution. As another wise man puts it, we judge one another so harshly, even in the closest relations of life, because we have no imagination. A woman knows that she is "good," in the world's acceptance of the word. She unconsciously makes unto herself an idol of her own purity, temperance, decorum and fastidiousness. Because she, without violent effort, can be what she is, there is no excuse for any one who persistently falls below her standard. She does not realize that the virtues on which she most prides herself are rather of the passive order, or, at most, those peculiarly easy to her temperament. She will not try to understand that larger and fiercer life of labor, temptation, and struggle in which habitual well-doing means a daily hard-fought field, and in which defeat has often many mitigating circumstances. We are not condoning any vice, least of all, intemperance, which makes such suffering for women in every rank and conditions. We would but protest against that false and narrow-minded idea of duty in which a woman is moved not by grief for the sinner's offense against God and his own poor soul, but by the indignity offered to her own perfections. She is in a hard place, but she is there of her own choice, and though she had not foresight of the present contingency, she knows that as a Catholic, she must endure the worse as well as enjoy the better, until the end. The demon in the household will never be cast out by mere insistence on the personal equation. The truly broad-minded woman before she seeks to act as exorcist, bethinks herself in all humility and sorrow of heart, that though she is untempted by certain sins, she may have offended God as grievously by untruthfulness or uncharity as the man by his grosser moral lapses. Patience, charitable silence, and the Christlike readiness to forgive and trust again, unto the seventy times seven are the weapons with which such a woman eventually wins her case. To what purpose the struggles of the selfish and self-righteous? She nags, and loses her influence. She threatens the Church authorities on the offender—and keeps him away from church! There are altercations from which he goes forth hard as the nether mill-stone, and through which she loses her beauty and breaks her nerves in storms of tears and temper. She poses as a martyr to her relatives and intimates, and the man, whose self-respect is all gone, and whose love is dead almost beyond a possible resurrection, grimly resolves to give her something to talk about. Most men realize keenly when they have done wrong, and many a one would sorrowfully admit, and resolve on a new beginning, if he were not met by the determination of some good woman who has never known the pangs of remorse herself, to force him to an abject confession of his own worthlessness, and to bear in one form or another the sting of the always ungenerous "I told you so."—Boston Pilot.

HERRING.

NOW IN CHOICE NO. 1 JULY HERRING For Sale at right price.

SALT COD.

Also in Stock C. B. Whidden & Son

William Rowan appeared in the recorder's court at Montreal last week and pleaded guilty to the charge of being drunk but stated that he had not been drunk for nine months. A year ago, he had taken the pledge at the order of Mr. Recorder Weir and had kept it until the present time. "Your name is William Rowan," remarked the recorder, "you are evidently not the man who took the mes-

sage to Garcia, though you bear the same name. I have had a number of famous characters before me, John Milton, accused of drunkenness, Thomas Carlyle, accused of loitering and Joseph Jefferson on both counts. If you will emulate your illustrious namesake you must change your ways, William Rowan." After promising to keep sober, Rowan was allowed to go.

Advertisement for Royal Household Flour. Text: "If a buyer pays 35c.—or even 40c. a barrel more for Royal Household Flour than he would pay for ordinary flour, what does he get? HE gets a flour that makes from 60 to 75c. worth more bread. He gets a bread that no other flour will produce. He gets a flour that is good for pastry as well as bread, a flour that is used in the Household of English Royalty."

Bank of Nova Scotia advertisement. Text: "Bank of Nova Scotia. (INCORPORATED 1832.) CAPITAL, \$2,000,000 RESERVE FUND, 3,100,000 HEAD OFFICE, Halifax DIRECTORS: JOHN Y. PAYZANT, President. CHAS. ARCHIBALD, Vice-Pres. R. L. BORDEN, G. S. CAMPBELL, J. WALTER ALLISON, HECTOR MCINNIS, H. C. McLEOD. A Branch of this Bank is now open on Plain St., Antigonish. General Banking business transacted. Interest paid on deposits at current rates. Savings Bank Department. A. G. MACDONALD, Manager."

COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS. For Hoarseness apply the same as for Sore Throat, taking the Syrup, as directed for coughs, etc. Make a cupful of honey or molasses with 1/2 teaspoonful of Pendleton's Panacea, stirring it each time before you take it. Take as often as you feel you require. No Cough Syrup ever made can equal it for stopping a cough, and none so cheap. No remedy should ever be taken that immediately stops the cough.

PENDLETON'S PANACEA in the above form loosens the phlegm, makes coughing easy, and when the lungs are thoroughly healed, which is done in a very short time, the cough stops. Chills, Ague, Night Sweats, Wind around the Heart, Colic, Sleeplessness, Etc., Etc. Regular doses. A mild dose on going to bed, soothes the nerves and produces sleep. The only safe and positive cure for seasickness. Don't go on a journey, or keep house without it. A doctor always on hand for 25c.

ANTIGONISH WOOD-WORKING FACTORY. ESTABLISHED 1834. REBUILT WITH NEW MACHINERY, 1901. Doors, Windows, Mouldings, and Finish, All kinds. Birch and Spruce Flooring. Lime, Laths, Plaster, Etc., Etc. JOHN McDONALD Proprietor

Vertical text on the left margin: 1904. LE. by the under... Chisholm, Bar... Donald's Son... Roads Ohio... ements... of Carriage... Sons, Ltd... Carriages have... the Dominion... are giving... ever used... ly grown and... Canada. The... service and... graceful in... S, RES, and BOXES... mplements... specially for... goods is re... SAAC... E... with our... Supplies... want at price... drinks sold... for Bigelow... nks, 10 Flav... (uit Syrup... Fruit, Black... nough stuff... accurate idea... as we have a... member, al... can be... OCERY... CHIEF... person at... Lochaber... ON, Owner... ART... N. S... rake's... GES... ed at Fac... a... Cider... phosphate... a... r, der, ps, y, etc., it to their quotations... RT, s Drake, ow, N. S



NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Teacher Wanted—Francis Bruer, Teacher Wanted—John J. Bailey, Teacher Wanted—W. D. Lawrence, Teacher Wanted—Trustees East Bay, North Side, Cattle Vessel—E. L. Girroir.

LOCAL ITEMS.

SOME correspondence crowded out.

A SPECIAL MEETING of the Municipal Council is called for Wednesday, August 31st, to consider the question of supplementing the hay supply.

THE CONVENT Schools and other public schools in Town will re-open on Monday, August 29th. The schools in the Country districts re-opened on Monday.

MISS JESSIE MACLACHLAN, the noted Scottish singer, is to visit America again to make a concert tour. She will be accompanied by her husband, Mr. Buchanan, pianist, and Mr. Douglas Young, of Edinburgh, a tenor singer of note in Scotland.

PROSPECTING FOR COAL at Pomquet, Ant., is to be prosecuted anew. Several men, members of the Workmen's Development Syndicate of Pictou County, arrived at Pomquet on Tuesday to thoroughly prospect the supposed coal areas there.

THE CATHOLIC Congregation at St. Peter's, C. B., are preparing to hold a picnic at St. Peter's on Sept. 6th and 7th. The new Cape Breton railway will convey excursionists from Point Tupper to the picnic. It is expected arrangements will be made for excursion rates from Antigonish.

THE SYLLABUS of the Maritime Business College is at hand. The courses of study are very comprehensive. A Preparatory Department is to be opened under the charge of Mr. Allister Calder, an experienced public school teacher. Students deficient in the common school subjects, can now secure instruction in these subjects, and take up the junior business course at same time. Classes resume work on Tuesday, September 6th.

W. D. HARRINGTON, Collector of Customs at Halifax, died on Monday at his summer residence, Bedford, after an illness lasting about a year. Deceased was a son of the late Aaron Harrington, registrar of deeds in this County, and brother of Archibald of Antigonish and Daniel Harrington of Guysboro. He successfully conducted a grocery business in Halifax for a number of years, retiring therefrom in 1889, and was appointed Collector of Customs same year.

ADVANCE IN FLOUR.—The advance in Ontario and Manitoba Flour of 20c. a barrel last week has been followed by another advance in Chicago which will probably send Canadian prices still higher. At the present price of Manitoba as compared with Ontario flours a consumer can save about thirty-five cents a barrel by purchasing the "Royal Household." This flour is made under a process known only to its manufacturers and gives about sixty to seventy-five cents' worth more bread than ordinary flour to the barrel.

THE MANY FRIENDS of the Rev. J. W. McIsaac in this county and throughout the Diocese will be sorry to learn that it was necessary for him to undergo a surgical operation, and will pray that the operation, which took place at St. Joseph's Hospital, Glace Bay, on Saturday, will prove of permanent benefit. The Sydney Post's Glace Bay correspondent says: "Rev. J. W. McIsaac, Professor in St. F. X. College, Antigonish, underwent an abdominal operation, which in medical science is always regarded as most serious. We are glad to relate that Father McIsaac is to-day resting comfortably."

PROPERTY TRANSFERS.—Mr. Thos. Hogan, one of our Londonderry, N. S., subscribers, after several visits to the county to inspect farms advertised for sale in our columns, has purchased the farm at Harbour Road known as the Dunn farm, consisting of 100 acres of land and buildings, from Mrs. Mary E. McKinnon for \$1,000. Mr. Hogan and family have already taken up their residence at the Harbour Road. Mrs. Catherine McIntyre, of Cambridgeport, Mass., has purchased 121 acres of land at Black Avon, Ant., from the guardians of John Grant for \$550.

THE PROVINCIAL Education Association held its annual meeting at Truro on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. Very Rev. Dr. MacDonald, V. G., P. P., St. Andrew's, Ant., read a paper, of which the Morning Chronicle's report of the meeting says: "Dr. MacDonald attracted and held the attention of every one with his address on 'Shall and Will.' Briefly stated, his was a remarkable address, carefully studied, practically elucidated and converted into rules that must be a guide hereafter to those who have had the opportunity to listen to him."

THE FOLLOWING young ladies, pupils of Mt. St. Bernard, were successful in the recent Provincial examinations: Miss Sadie Flynn, C. 478; Miss Margaret A. Webb, C. 447; Miss Mary Johnston, C. 439; Miss Cassie Sutton, C. 407; Miss Isabel Chisholm, Sydney, C. The following candidates succeeded in taking D (a grade not previously held): Miss S. McArthur, with 2nd rank; Miss Tena Cameron, M. P. Q.; Miss M. B. Chisholm with third rank M. P. Q. Miss Mary Johnson also obtained 2nd rank M. P. Q.

THE SYDNEY DAILY POST announces that the School Districts of Cape Breton are to be re-arranged, a new one created, and that Mr. T. M. Phalen, barrister, North Sydney, is to be the new Inspector, his district being Cape Breton County, which, according to the announcement, comprises the newly

instituted School District. The counties of Victoria and Richmond, under the new arrangement, will form a district, and Inverness County a third. Mr. Phalen is a very talented young man, a graduate of St. F. X. College and of the Dalhousie College Law School, and brings to the position much knowledge of the teaching profession gained by experience in different parts of the Province.

THE FOLLOWING PUPILS of Margaree Forks school succeeded in taking scholarships at the July Provincial examinations: Ronald J. Jemison, B. aggregate 589; Ellen J. McDaniel, C. 487; Daniel H. Doyle, C. 441; Matilda A. Doyle, C. 433. Annie Coady, James P. Coady and Ellen J. McDaniel also succeeded in taking second rank M. P. Q. Those who took up supplementary examinations were likewise successful with very respectable marks. Much credit is due Mr. Bernard McDaniel, principal at Margaree Forks school the past term, for the skillful manner in which he conducted the school as is shown by the success of all his candidates.

THE C. M. B. A.—Rev. M. A. MacAdam, P. P., leaves on Monday next to attend the convention at Toronto of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, which opens on the 24th inst., as delegate from the local Branch. This convention is likely to be the most important in the history of the Canadian Branch of the Association. Notice has been given of many changes which it is proposed to make. One of the proposed amendments to the constitution is the addition of sick and funeral benefits. A second proposal is to introduce a regular system of assessments as in other fraternal societies. At present special calls are made to meet the circumstances that arise. These calls are in addition to the regular assessments. The question of appointing a chartered accountant to audit the accounts, the matter of admitting women to the association and a thorough overhauling of the organization department are also contemplated. There will be about 400 delegates from all parts of the Dominion.

Personals.

Coun. Beaton of Mabou was in Town last week.

Miss Rebecca McDonald, Town, is visiting at Westville.

Rev. Chas. McDonald, P. P. Bridgeport, was in Town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Chisholm, Portland, Me., are spending a few weeks in the County.

Mr. Fred. Hanrahan of Boston is spending a few weeks with relatives at Fairmont, Ant.

Mrs. Sylvester Gallant, of St. George's, P. E. I., returned home yesterday after spending a couple of weeks in Antigonish.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Miles of Gloucester, Mass., arrived here August 10 and are visiting relatives at South River.

Mr. James Chisholm, who has lived the past sixteen years in Seattle and Klondyke districts, is now at Glen Road, his native home.

Neil McNeil, Esq., of the firm of McNeil Bros., builders, Mr. Shea and Mrs. Uring, all of Boston, spent several hours in Town Tuesday afternoon, leaving for home by the fast express. They visited the College, the Cathedral, the Convent, and called on His Lordship Bishop Cameron.

Mr. Alex. McDonald, Copper Lake, Ant., of the firm of Kennedy & McDonald, railroad contractors, and Mr. D. MacDonald, Town, time keeper and clerk for the firm, left on Saturday for Otter Lake, Ont. Messrs. Kennedy & McDonald are taking a contract to construct a section of the Canadian Northern Railroad at Parry Sound. Mr. Kennedy goes West in a few days.

TEACHER WANTED.

Principal wanted for High School, Town of Inverness. Grade A or B, male. Apply stating salary.

W. D. LAWRENCE, Town Clerk. Inverness, Aug. 15, 1904.

Teacher Wanted.

Wanted for South Ingonish Section, a Grade C female teacher, capable of playing an organ and teaching a choir. Salary \$25.

Apply to FRANCIS BRUER, Secretary to trustees. South Ingonish, Aug. 28th, 1904.

Teacher Wanted.

A Grade D teacher wanted for New France, Ant., School Section No. 75. Apply to JOHN J. BAILEY, Secretary to Trustees. New France, Aug. 15, 1904.

Teacher Wanted.

Wanted, a Grade C or D male or female teacher for School Section No. 100, East Bay, North Side, C. B. Apply to TRUSTEES EAST BAY, NORTH SIDE.

WANTED.

LIFE INSURANCE AGENTS. A Canadian Life Insurance Co. wishes to engage several good special agents in Nova Scotia, who can write life insurance. Terms—salary, commission and bonus to successful agents. Apply, giving age, residence, references, with experience if any, to "AGENCY," Post Office Box 78, Montreal.

Teacher Wanted

A grade D teacher for North River School, Antigonish County. JOHN P. McNEIL, Secretary.

Among the Advertisers.

Bananas, peaches, pears, plums, at Mrs. McNeil's, West End.

FOR SALE, a good No. 9 Farmer wood stove, almost new. Apply at this office.

A country boy wishing to attend school in Town can get board free with small family by doing odd jobs. Apply, stating age, to MAC, Box 295, Antigonish.

SCHOOL BOOKS and school requisites for colleges, high schools and public schools, now ready for school openings at Mrs. Harrington's book and fancy store, Main street.

Cape Breton Notes.

The stock and machinery in R. Gillis's wood-working factory, Sydney, were badly damaged by fire and water Tuesday night.

The schooner Voyageuse, Captain Gerardine arrived in Sydney on a Saturday night and lay in the stream till Monday morning, when she went to International Pier without reporting to the customs. Collector McPherson went over and seized the schooner, which he immediately released upon the fine being paid. The Voyageuse had been boarded by the the cutter and her captain thought it was not necessary to enter at the customs.

The government telegraph line is now working satisfactorily between Louisbourg and Scaterie. There was some trouble with the cable across Mainadieu Passage, but the steamer Tyrian some time ago repaired the defect. The line is now in operation from St. Peters to Scaterie, and is quite a era in the state of things to the people of the places that have hitherto not been in touch with the outside world either by telegraph or telephone.

A horrible lynching "bee" took place at Statesport, Georgia, on Tuesday. Two negroes, accused and found guilty by usual course of law of murdering a man and wife and three children, were forcibly taken from prison, tied to a stake, covered with oil and pine kindling and burned to death. Their dying agonies were frightful. They confessed participation in the crime and accused others, so that further lynchings are probable.

CATTLE VESSEL.

The owners of the Schooner Helen Shaffner, Capt. J. De Coste, beg to announce that they have decided to put their vessel in the cattle trade with St. John's, Newfoundland, for the remainder of the season at least.

This vessel is about 180 tons burthen, four years old and, because of her depth of hold and breadth, an excellent vessel for the business. Capt. De Coste has had a long experience in the cattle trade and will see that every attention is given stock entrusted to his care. Mr. J. W. Pitts, the well-known commission merchant, has also promised to give every attention to our shipments.

The following telegram was received from Mr. Pitts on Aug. 13th:

ST. JOHN'S, Nfld., Aug. 13th, 1904. E. LAVIN GIRROIR, Agent Helen Shaffner, Antigonish.

Certainly will do our best to serve best interests of shippers and ship.

(Sgd.) PITTS. The following persons have been appointed agents to book cattle:—

E. Lavin Girroir, Antigonish Angus McGillivray, Esq., St. Josephs Lauchlin McMillan, Esq., St. Andrews John Chisholm, Blksmith, Heatherton William Girroir, Esq., and A. F. Gallant, Tracadie

Michael V. Webb, merchant, H. Bouche R. J. McDonald, Esq., Port Hastings Murdoch McLean, Esq., Port Mulgrave L. Whitman, Esq., merchant, Boyiston Antigonish, Aug. 15th, 1904.

E. LAVIN GIRROIR, for owners.

Farm for Sale.

The Subscriber offers for sale the well known farm situated at Pomquet River, consisting of 150 acres, 100 of which is well wooded and 8 or 10 intervals.

For further particulars apply to ANGUS BEATON, 27 Lawrence Street, Brockton, Mass., or to FINLAY BEATON, Monk's Head

HALF - PRICE.

Suits of Clothes Cleaned and Pressed for 50 cents, during August and September, at

J. C. CHISHOLM'S, Main St. Antigonish, opposite J. D. Copeland's

WANTED.

C or D Male or Female teacher, for Glendale School Section.

Apply stating salary to, ANGUS CHISHOLM, Secretary. Glendale, Inv., Co. C. B.

INSURE

IN THE : : Nova Scotia Fire Insurance Co.

A home Company and Nova Scotia capital. THE LOWEST RATES. R. R. GRIFFIN, Antigonish, Agent.

Selling at Cost.

During the months of July and August the subscriber will sell at cost, for Cash or Produce only

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes and lots of other articles usually kept in a General Store.

Bargains May Be Expected.

JAMES BROPHY, MORRISTOWN.

Cut all to Pieces.

MID-SUMMER CLEARANCE SALE!

A GRAT WRECK OF CLOTHING PRICES. OPPORTUNITY IS KNOCKING. BIG TALK, THERE'LL BE LOTS OF IT NOW. THE DISCOUNT SEASON IS AT HAND. WHEN WEEKLY ANNOUNCEMENTS APPEAR.

Do you want \$10.00 FOR \$7.50 \$12.00 FOR \$9.50

If so, don't fail to attend the Great Mid-Summer Sacrifice Sale of Men's and Boys' Good Clothing, Boots, Shoes and Gents' Furnishings. We are going to convert the balance of our Stock into Cash, if Low Prices will do it. We want the room and money for Fall Goods.

MEN'S \$6.00 SUITS FOR \$4.00. MEN'S \$8.00 SUITS FOR \$6.00. MEN'S \$10.00 SUITS FOR \$7.50. MEN'S \$12.00 SUITS FOR 9.50.

Similar reductions on Boys' and Youths' Furnishings, etc. 1 LOT MEN'S FANCY AND WHITE SHIRTS reduced to 50 cents

During this Sale we will give from 15 to 20 per cent. off our regular prices on our entire Stock of Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes. Big discount for your money. Buy for your present and future wants.

PALACE CLOTHING CO.'Y, AND POPULAR SHOE STORE, ANTIGONISH.

HAYING TOOLS.

Now in Stock at D. G. KIRK'S, HARDWARE EMPORIUM,

SCYTHES, RAKES, SCYTHE STONES, CUTTER SECTIONS, MOWING MACHINE OIL, ETC. SNATHES, FORKS, GRINDSTONES, GUARDS,

Just Received Another large shipment of the Clebrated, SHERWIN WILLIAMS ready-mixed paint for all purposes. This is a pure Lead, Zinc, Linseed Oil Paint, thoroughly mixed, covers more surface to the gallon, easily applied and wears longer than any other. Try a gallon and be convinced.

Also in Stock ENGLISH AND CANADIAN WHITE LEAD AND ENGLISH BOILED AND RAW LINSEED OIL

Mail orders and enquiries receive special attention.

D. G. Kirk, Antigonish, N. S.

Advertisement for N. K. CUNNINGHAM, ANTIGONISH'S EXCLUSIVE SHOE STORE. Includes image of shoes and text: 'Up to your Shoe Tops in Comfort. You can be if you buy your shoes at CUNNINGHAM'S. There's comfort for men and woman in the shoes we sell, and we show the very latest in stylish footwear.'

N. K. CUNNINGHAM, ANTIGONISH'S EXCLUSIVE SHOE STORE.

... THE ... Mason & Risch Piano.

Its marvelous sustaining and carrying quality, as well as the delicacy and evenness of action, make the Mason & Risch one of the truly great Pianos of the world. The price is fair, neither high nor low. Pay by the month if you prefer.

MILLER BROS. & McDONALD Halifax, N. S., Moncton, N. B., Sackville, N. B.