

THE CASKET.

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A Catholic Journal Non-Partisan in Politics.

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Fifty-sixth Year

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THURSDAY, JUNE 4.

Sir Arthur James Herbert, minister to Christianity, who has just received the Grand Cross of the Victorian Order, is a younger brother of Sir Ivor Herbert, who commanded the Canadian Militia from 1890 to 1895.

The late Albert de Lapparent, secretary of the French Academy of Sciences and Professor of Geology in the Catholic Institute of Paris, was a scientist of the school of Pasteur, whose learning, vast and profound, never weakened his religious faith, but made it stronger if anything.

A very unusual occurrence was seen in Montreal the other day, when Father Martin Callaghan baptized a child whose mother and grandmother he had also baptized. The child's great-grand parents, grand parents, and parents were present at the ceremony, making four generations.

"After listening to Chaplain Gleason," says the editor of the Los Angeles Graphic, "I do not wonder at a story that is told of him. It seems that when the fleet was getting ready to start from the Atlantic coast every one of the sixteen captains asked for Father Gleason as ship's chaplain. 'If you all want him so badly,' said Admiral Evans, 'I guess he is good enough to minister to the spiritual needs of the flagship; he will be with the Connecticut.'"

The United States Ambassador in Rome recently allowed a meeting to be held at his residence in aid of a Protestant mission. If a Catholic official did anything of the kind, the Protestants of the United States would sternly demand his recall. But international law, and the rules of honor and fair play, may be suspended when they are dealing with Papist foreigners. The British ambassador to the Holy See allowed conspirators to meet in his house to plan the destruction of the temporal power of the Pope. And of the expedition of Colonel Peard's English Legion to the siege of Capua, the *Saturday Review* only lately remarked:

"It was a very flagrant breach of international etiquette, but Palmerston carefully looked the other way."

From the Glasgow Observer of May 16 we take the following:

"The Marquis of Queensberry, whose reception into the Church is announced this week, is not the first of his house to return to the Old Faith. His grandmother was that Marchioness of Queensberry who so bravely befriended the Manchester Martyrs during their imprisonment. His uncle, the brother of the eighth Marquis, is Canon Lord Archibald Douglas, the parish priest of Galston, in Ayrshire. One of his aunts was Lady Florence Dixie, and another, Lady Gertrude Douglas, was also a convert to the Catholic Church.

"The Marquis is a comparatively young man, having been born in 1808. His wife is the daughter of an Anglican vicar. He himself has seen service in both branches of his country's defence, having been first a midshipman in the Royal Navy and afterwards a lieutenant in the King's Own Scottish Borderers."

In the year 1809, a young Frenchman twenty-four years old left his native land to become a missionary in Arizona, where a priest must live on horseback, and make long journeys under tremendous heats, and mingle with cowboys and miners of the roughest sort. In 1885 he was made

Vicar-Apostolic of the territory, in 1897 Bishop of Tucson, and in 1899 Archbishop of Santa Fé. He died in Chicago on May 17, and the *Tribune* of that city announces his death in the following words:

"Worn out by a long, unselfish life of toil and hardship spent on burning Southwestern deserts, the Most Rev. Peter Bourgade, who was known as the humblest and best loved man in the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States, passed away at Mercy Hospital yesterday."

Sir Charles Ewan-Smith, who was received into the Church last month, was born in 1842 and entered the Indian Army when he was only seventeen years old. He served under Sir Robert Napier in the Abyssinian War of 1867, and under Sir Frederick Roberts in the Afghan War of 1879, winning medals in both expeditions. He accompanied Sir Bartle Frere to Zanzibar in 1872, and for his services was made a Companion of the Star of India. Subsequently he was Consul-General at Zanzibar, and Minister at Tangier and Bogota. He reached the rank of Colonel in 1885, and became a Knight Commander of the Bath in 1890. He is also a Doctor of Civil Law of Oxford. One of the funniest specimens of "Baboo English" we have ever seen is given by Lady Dufferin in her "Viceregal Life in India," where she tells how a Hindoo once began a letter to Sir Charles with the title "Honoured Enormity."

Francois Coppée's fame as a poet and dramatist was established as early as 1869, when he was in his twenty-seventh year. His drama "Pour la Couronne" (For the Crown), produced in 1895, was thought fit to be compared to the ancient classic masterpieces. In its English form, as played by Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell, it won great favor in London. During this period, M. Coppée was treading the broad and easy path, though he did not travel as far from his father's house as some others of his co-workers in literature. But a severe illness made him retrace his steps, "La Bonne Souffrance" (A Happy Illness), published in 1900, proclaimed to the world his conversion, and from that date until his death last week the distinguished author remained faithful, and his voice and pen were employed in defence of the Church against the persecuting policy of Combes and Clemenceau. May he rest in peace!

The same thought which filled the mind of Macaulay when he was speaking in favor of the Maynooth Bill, now fills the mind of Chief Secretary Birrell. In closing the debate on the second reading of the Irish University Bill, he said:

"I cannot pretend to say what the future of these universities will be, but really some people talk as if Catholics had nothing to do with learning, and as if a learned Catholic hardly ever existed. We Protestants have succeeded to Catholic institutions. For long centuries we have enjoyed our education in the colleges founded by the William of Wykeham, the Lady Margarets, and other Catholics. For long we banged the doors of those places in the face of people who belonged to the same faith as the founders. We benefited by the education provided by Catholics; we enjoyed their literature; and many of us are still brought up in some subjects under their influences. And yet some of us have the audacity to pretend that education will be endangered and that a university will not be a true seat of learning if Catholics have a predominant influence on the governing body. I repudiate that from the bottom of my heart."

Most men are agreed that electricity in respect of its uses in the affairs of the world, is in its infancy. We have often thought that for boys and young men who have any talent or inclination for electrical engineering and science, there is a better and more hopeful field of labor lying in that direction than can be found in the practice of medicine and law to which so many of our young men are turning every year. Hardly a month passes that does not bring news of some new development in electrical science. Nor are these discoveries merely curious or interesting; they are practical and useful, and many of

them will, no doubt, be remunerative. It is reported now that Mr. Leon Dion, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., has devised an electrical apparatus for purifying water. Here is a very useful discovery or invention, if it proves practicable. The troubles arising from the use of impure water in steam-boilers are many and serious. The formation of "scale" from mineral impurities seriously reduces the efficiency of the boiler and shortens the time of its possible use. And this is only one of a host of possible uses of electricity.

The Rev. Eugene Lafont, who died last month at Darjiling, British India, was seventy-one years old and had been forty-three years in India. A Belgian Jesuit, he presided over St. Francis Xavier's College, Calcutta, since 1871, and was also a Fellow of Calcutta University. Father Lafont was the pioneer of experimental science in Bengal, and his great services to education were acknowledged by the decorations of Commander of the Indian Empire and Knight of the Order of Leopold. He established an observatory at his college, was a member of the Institute of Electrical Engineers, a Doctor of Science of Calcutta University, and officer of the French Academy. The *London Times* says: "In him, Calcutta loses one of her most distinguished and veteran educationists, who devoted himself unceasingly to the study and popular teaching of physical science, and for more than 40 years exercised great formative influence on successive generations of European and Eurasian youths in the Indian capital." What terrible fellows those Jesuits be!

We have often regretted the fact that so many of the readers of American yellow journals are Catholics. At the same time we understood why it was. The more respectable journals have been in the habit of ignoring Catholics. Anti-Catholic writers had free access to their columns, but Catholics were shut out. Again, these respectable journals have been the defenders of class legislation and other forms of tyranny. The yellow journal, whatever its motives for doing so, has always advocated the reforms which the workingman desired. And, instead of excluding Catholic priests and prelates from its columns, it has welcomed their contributions and often solicited them. In spite of this, the yellow journal's influence is, on the whole, an evil one. We therefore welcome the slightest sign that the respectable journals are abandoning their anti-Catholic policy. Such a sign was the New York *Tribune's* advertisement in a Catholic journal of a special supplement in honor of the centennial celebration. This was not equal to the *Herald's* circular, of similar import, mailed to every priest in the country. Nevertheless it makes us hope that a day is coming when Catholics will have no excuse for reading yellow journals.

Speaking of the death of Thomas J. Sullivan, director of the bureau of Engraving and Printing, Washington, May 4, Secretary Courtney said: "Mr. Sullivan's death is a heavy blow to the government service. He was completely identified with the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, and had devoted his life to its interests. His connection with it began nearly forty years ago, when it occupied a few rooms in the upper story of the Treasury Building, and he had watched its growth to its present proportions with its force of more than 3,000 operatives. For nearly twenty-five years he was assistant director and during a large part of that time was its active executive officer. His appointment as director on July 1, 1907, was a recognition of his faithful and efficient service. He was an ideal executive. Under his administration the force worked without friction and with personal loyalty which was evident in every division. He was thoroughly familiar with every detail of the business of the great establishment and many of the mechanical devices employed there were of his invention. Lately he became deeply interested

in the proposed new building, for which the House of Representatives has just made an appropriation and which in its construction and detailed arrangement will be a monument to his foresight and to his unflagging devotion to the welfare of the employes under his immediate charge." Mr. Sullivan died May 3. He was born in Washington, September 19, 1845. He was a student in the law department of Georgetown University and received there the degrees of bachelor of laws and master of laws. He entered the Bureau of Engraving and Printing as an expert accountant on Dec. 1, 1869.

A special correspondent of the *Montreal Star*, writing from Medicine Hat, Alberta, speaks of the "Dreamers" as having "created a regular reign of terror by a fanaticism which recalls the darkest days of the middle ages." There was considerable fanaticism in the Middle Ages, but we suspect this is not what the correspondent had in mind. Tanchelin of Antwerp and Eudo de Stella, in the twelfth century, both called themselves the Son of God, both raised armed bands and plundered churches and monasteries. The Petrobrusians, in the South of France, had likewise to be suppressed by the civil authority about the same time. The Flagellants at first seemed to hurt no one but themselves, but they gradually drifted into robbery and all manner of vices. The Albigenses in France, the Lollards in England, and the Hussites in Bohemia, our school children are taught to believe, were excellent early Protestants persecuted by cruel Papists. The fact is that the Albigenses overran and pillaged the country, massacred the Catholic inhabitants, violated their wives and daughters, and plundered and burnt the churches and monasteries. The Lollards were moving in the same direction when Henry V. suppressed them. The Hussites murdered priests and monks, and burned convents and churches. But we do not believe that the writer from Medicine Hat was thinking of any of these.

The season of college commencement exercises has led the *Independent* to make some serious reflections upon the poor quality of student that many pretentious institutions are sending out. It says:

"The trouble is our system is wrong. Few people should be sent to college. Young men who are ambitious, have a serious purpose, know what they want, know why they are going to college, should, perhaps, have financial help from their parents or from society, for it is in the interest of society for such people to be educated."

The *Saturday Review* has been making similar reflections on the free school system of England:

"It has added largely to the average working man's sum of information. There may be those who think information a glorious thing in itself; we are not of them."

But the net result has been the production of the half-educated man, and continues the *Saturday*:

"The half-educated person is the most intractable material in the world; of the illiterate, if not too old, anything may be made; so of him who has had some real education in elements; but the half-educated man or woman does not know and has not been trained to think, except to think that he does know, which is not true. His is nearly a hopeless case."

The ignorant man confounds half-education with imperfect and incomplete education; he seems to think that everyone must be half-educated at some age of his life. The idea is that the half-educated man is on the right road but stops before he gets there. But in truth he is not on the right road, and if ever he was on it, he has taken a wrong turning; or rather been put on it. Intellectual men and women long since, and now even the general public is getting uneasy about this grand total of half-education. The fact is beginning to be felt. Intellectually it means a lower taste in reading; much more reading and far less good; it means nothing but grist to the Harmsworth and other mills. Manners have obviously deteriorated. Efficiency either in work or play is not obviously increased. This is not pessimism; it is looking facts in the face."

There is a thought which this suggests to us which would never occur to the English reviewer. The con-

verts to the Catholic Church in England are drawn almost entirely from the lowest and the highest class of the population; on the great middle class, Catholicism seems to make little or no impression. In other words, the Church draws to her the illiterate of whom the *Saturday* says, "if not too old, anything may be made," and the highly educated. With the half-educated man, "the man who thinks he knows it all," she can do nothing. And the middle class is chiefly composed of such.

The *Tablet's* editorial on the Irish Universities Bill, in its issue of May 6, fairly bristles with sharp points. Here are some of them:

"In England, the old Catholic endowments were made to follow the will of the majority of the nation, and so were adapted to Protestant uses. In Ireland, the old endowments, on the contrary, were made to follow the will of the minority—because the minority happened to be Protestant."

After quoting Matthew Arnold's reference to Trinity College, Dublin, as not merely endowed with confiscated lands but occupying the site of a suppressed monastery, the *Tablet* goes on to say that Ireland is not now asking for a Catholic university but only for a university to which Catholics can go. To those who argue that Trinity is non-sectarian it presents the following dilemma:

"At Trinity the overwhelming majority of the students are Protestants. Its chapel its used exclusively for Protestant services, and its pulpit is found useful for pointing out the errors of the Church of Rome. It is presided over by an eminent Protestant, and its governing body is overwhelmingly Protestant. Now either these facts constitute Trinity a Protestant university or they do not. If they do not, then a university of Catholic students, presided over by a distinguished Catholic, with exclusively Catholic religious services, and a staff of Catholic fellows, would not be properly described as a Catholic university. On the other hand, if Trinity is a Protestant institution, with what face can anyone object to a similar institution for the Catholics of Ireland?"

Even now, the Government feels it unsafe to attempt to undo even in a slight measure the injustice of centuries, unless it makes a fresh gift at the same time to the Protestant minority:

"Even now, when Parliament has at last consented to do this tardy act of justice to the Catholics of Ireland, the concession is to be immediately balanced by the endowment of a new Protestant university in Belfast. So there will be two Protestant universities to one Catholic, and as there are nearly three Catholics to one Protestant in the country, the interests of Protestantism seem sufficiently taken care of."

If all Protestants were as frank as Sir Edward Carson, who represents Trinity college in the House of Commons, and was Attorney-General in the last Conservative Government, the idea of non-sectarianism in education would soon die out. Education must be either Christian or anti-Christian. And if it is Christian it must be Catholic or Protestant. As Sir Edward Carson says:

"When we talk of denominational and undenominational, the question of atmosphere must always be considered. That may be difficult to explain, but I will say this, that if Trinity College was as Roman Catholic in its atmosphere as it is undoubtedly Protestant, would I, as an Irish Protestant, think of sending my son there? I have no hesitation in saying I would not. Then what right have I to go to my Roman Catholic fellow countrymen and say to them, 'You make a mistake in not sending your sons to Trinity College; I can assure you there is nothing in the Protestant atmosphere of which they need be afraid?' That may be true, but I should be giving advice which I should not be prepared to accept."

And the *Saturday Review* says of Sir Edward Carson's question: "To this there is no honest answer; and never has been."

General Buller, well-known British general in the Boer war, is dead.

An entire family, consisting of William E. Eidelman, 38 years old, his wife, Elizabeth, 32, and their two children, Anna, 17, and William, 7, of West Pensauken, N. J., were drowned in Pensauken Creek on Sunday by the capsizing of a small rowboat. They were taking an outing party in celebration of the fact that the father had just cleared off the mortgage on the home he had purchased.

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The Italians.

A statesman of Virginia whose sympathies are Anglo-Saxon but whose patronymic is decidedly Celtic, delivered himself lately of a discourse against permitting Italian immigrants to desecrate the sacred soil by settling on it. Scarcely Christopher Columbus would be allowed. The House had just passed a resolution urging the Congressmen at the Capitol "to oppose in every possible manner the influx into Virginia of immigrants from Southern Europe, with their Mafia, and Black Hand, and murder societies, and with no characteristics to make them with us a homogenous people, believing as we do that upon Anglo-Saxon supremacy depend the future welfare and prosperity of the Commonwealth; and we view with alarm any effort that may tend to corrupt its citizenship." "Yes," said Mr. Flood, "we want the strong historic peoples, the authors of civilization of Northern Europe—the land of Shakespeare, and Gladstone, of Emmet and Burke, of Goethe and Bismarck." Emmet and Burke building up Anglo-Saxon civilization is quite an achievement. Perhaps Emmet was hanged for that. It is true that it may have been all a bit of fun, and that Flood of Virginia was only disporting himself for his own amusement, but the New York Sun took him very seriously and informed him in a way he will not readily forget, that "the great Mediterranean races from which the Italians spring, founded a splendid civilization before his supreme Anglo-Saxons were heard of, even as slaves," and added: "When we notice the good old Anglo-Saxon names of some of the leading spirits in the revels of the *Western Federation of Miners*, the undoubted Anglo-Saxonism of the Kentucky Night Riders, and from day to day the prominent citizens done to death in various parts of the country, and the list of embezzlers and grafters of the first degree, we feel that in point of violence and fraud the Anglo-Saxon is still supreme." Without referring to Mr. Flood and his fellow legislators, *The Evening Post* rubs a few more black lines into the picture of our present civilization:

"Smuggler Basin is gradually winning as bad a reputation as its appearance warrants. Colorado offers no more bleak and forbidding a gulch, timberless and grim, a veritable snow slide trap. Nature in her freakish moods has stored the yellow bonanza beneath many such gray and broken terraces, but man, as usual, seems equal to the task of outdoing nature even in its horrid aspect. The undesirable citizens with their giant powder and sawed-off shotguns are there in numbers. It was up the pitiless slope of Smuggler Basin the non union miners were driven to freeze or starve, one night some few years ago. Through the window of the Smuggler Office, Collins the Superintendent, was shot in the back, in 1902, and now in the very same building ex-Adj. Gen. Bulkeley Wells is dynamited out of bed and saved from death only by miscalculated charge. Coming so soon after Judge Fremont Woods' declaration that he believed every word of Orchard about the deviltry of the Western Federation of Miners, this outbreak has a singular significance. Since the Haywood trial one brave exsh-riff has already been blown to pieces up in Oregon, at his garden-gate exactly as ex-Governor Steunenberg was murdered. 'Steve' Adams, the alleged accomplice of Orchard, is at this very time at Telluride, awaiting trial for the Collins' murder. There is evidently some human infernal machine at work again which has found other Orchards."

Possibly the extraordinary flight of the thousands of Italians who are packing the steerage of every outgoing steamer is not promoted altogether by lack of work, but because their Black Hand and Mafia cannot keep pace with the methods that prevail here already. As the Sun points out, "although some of the Italians are quick with the knife and the trigger, yet their habit, however regrettable, is familiar enough in this country so accomplished in homicide, but on the other hand, no one regrets it more than the great mass of Italian immigrants; and it is none the less true that the Italian immigrants, and Italian citizens are, as a class, remarkably industrious, frugal and amicable folk. Their ultimate blending with the other strains of the cosmopolitan stock can hardly fail to give it elements of vigor, intelligence and inherited love of beauty that be-

long to their race and region." Such a reminder is as true as it is timely. No race has ever produced such a number of illustrious men as the Italian. It has given us the greatest poets, the greatest philosophers, the greatest theologians, the greatest orators, the greatest statesmen, the greatest navigators, the greatest warriors that the world has ever known, and even in practical science they stand without rivals today. They are, generally speaking, shrewd, clever, industrious, honest, business men; they are devoted fathers and husbands; they are polite, considerate, kind, benevolent and obliging, and by heredity and instinct religious. It is altogether unjust to judge the race by the anarchists among them, or the poor people who are driven to our shores, nearly all the victims of poverty, many of the men without the restraints of family life, which would keep them from excesses and who are often compelled to live in shacks along railroads and canals, in shelters not fit for cattle; or crowding with their families into grimy and dilapidated tenements, where every penny can be earned is ground out of them by exorbitant rents. They are often country people, dazed by the whirl and excitement of great cities, and not knowing the language of the country into which they have been thrown, are compelled to huddle together, not only for protection, but for the sake of been able to get a living. Even the Church surroundings are unfamiliar and sometimes repellent, and being highly impressionable they are easily made the prey of secret societies and turned into enemies of all religion. Catholicity is in their blood for nearly two thousand years and can never be expelled to make place for the frigid doctrines or the absence of any doctrine which Protestantism may offer, and efforts at proselytizing them is the supremest folly. They must be Catholics or enemies of God. Catholicity alone can control them; it alone can correct what is evil and perfect what is good in them; and whatever may be their shortcomings, or whoever may be guilty in that respect—and the blame is not all theirs—it is of the most vital importance and necessity for the Catholic Church in America to assimilate this gifted people. Either for good or evil they must exert a tremendous influence in the future of this nation. Our treatment of them will determine the result.—*The Messenger.*

I Want to go to-Morrow.

I started on a journey just about a week ago. To the little town of Morrow, in the State of Ohio. I never was a traveller, and really didn't know that Morrow had been ridiculed a century or so. I went down to the depot for my ticket and applied for tips regarding Morrow not expecting to be asked; Said I, "My friend, I want to go to Morrow and return later than to-morrow, for I haven't time to burn." Said he to me, "Now let me see, if I have heard you right, You want to go to Morrow and return to-morrow night. To go from here to Morrow and return is quite away. You should have got to Morrow yesterday and back to-day. For if you started yesterday to Morrow, don't you see, You could have gone to Morrow, and returned to day at three. The train that started yesterday, now under-stand me right, To-day it gets to Morrow and returns to-morrow night." Said I, "My boy, it seems to me you're talking through your hat. Is there a town named Morrow on your line, now tell me that?" "There is," said he, "and take from me a quiet little tip. To go from here to Morrow is a fourteen hour trip. The train that goes to Morrow leaves to-day eight thirty-five. Half after ten to-morrow is the time it should arrive."

Now if from here to Morrow is a fourteen hour trip, Can you go to day to Morrow and get back to-day, you chump?" Said I, "I want to go to Morrow, can I go to day and get to Morrow by to night, if there is no delay?" "Well, well," says he, "explain to me, and I've no more to say. Can you go anywhere to-morrow and get back to-day?" For if you go to-day to Morrow, surely you'll agree. You should have started not to day, but yesterday, you see. So if you start to Morrow, leaving here to-day, you flat, You'll not get in to Morrow till the day that follows that."

"Now, if you go to-day to Morrow, it's a cinch you'll land To-morrow in to Morrow, not to-day you understand. The train that goes to Morrow, if the schedule is right, Will get you in to Morrow by about to-morrow night." Said I, "I guess you know it all, but kindly let me say, How can I go to-morrow if I leave the town to-day?" Says he, "You cannot go to Morrow any more to-day. For the train that goes to Morrow is a mile upon its way."

FINALE.

I was so disappointed, I was mad enough to swear. The train had gone to Morrow and had left me standing there. The man was right in telling me I was a howling idiot. I didn't go to Morrow, so I guess I'd go to day.

The Night Life of Young Men.

One night often destroys a whole life. The leakage of the night keeps the day for ever empty. Night is sin's harvest time. More sin and crime are committed in one night than in all days of the week. This is more emphatically true of the city than of the country. The street lamps, like a file of soldiers, torch in hand, stretch away in long lines on either sidewalk; the gay colored lights are ablaze with attractions; the saloons and billiard halls are brilliantly illuminated; music sends forth its enchantment; the gay gambling dens are aflame; the theatres are wide open; the mills of destruction are grinding health, honor, happiness hope out of thousands of lives. The city under the electric light is not the same as under God's sunlight. The allurements and perils and pitfalls of night are a hundred-fold deeper and darker and more destructive. Night life in our cities is a dark problem whose depths and whirlpools make us start back with horror. All night long tears are falling, blood is streaming. Young men, tell me how and where you spend your evenings, and I will write out a chart of your character and final destiny with blanks to insert your name. It seems to me an appropriate text would be 'Watchman, what of the night?' Policeman pacing the beat, what of the night? Where do these young men spend their evenings? Who are their associates? What are their habits? Where do they go in and at what time do they come out? Policeman, would the night life of young men commend them to the confidence of their employers? Would it be to their credit? Make a record of the nights of one week. Put in a morning

paper the names of all the young men, their habits and haunts, that are on the streets for new and newer sinful pleasures. Would there not be shame and confusion? Some would not dare go to their places of business; some would not return at night; some would leave the city; some would commit suicide. Remember, young man, that in the retina of the All-Seeing Eye there is nothing hidden but shall be revealed one day.—*The Newsboys' Journal.*

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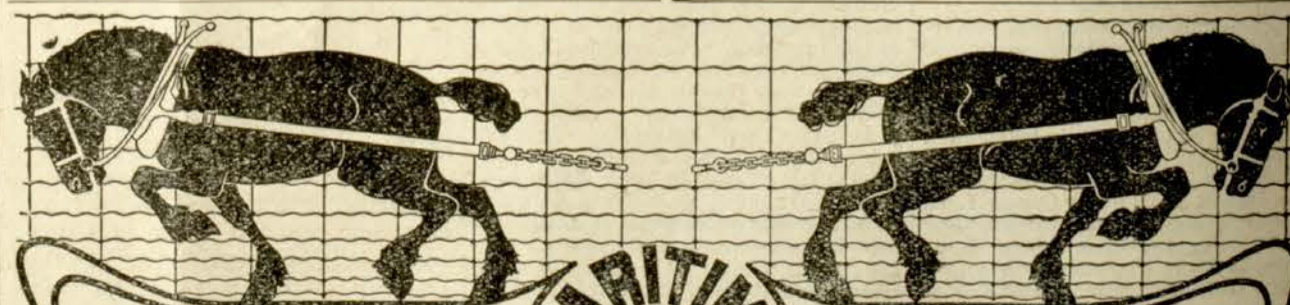
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MY RAID INTO MEXICO.

(Nugent Robertson, in the Catholic World)

CHAPTER VIII.

SAN ANGEL.

'Isn't she a beauty?' asked O'Shea in a whisper.

'Hush!' I said, for I wanted to hear her speak.

'Joe, come here,' said the senora, 'I'll present you to my protegee, the Senorita Inez O'Hara.'

'May I not claim you as a country-woman, Miss O'Hara?' I asked.

'You may and you may not, Joe,' laughed the senora. 'She was born in Ireland and reared in Ireland, but since I mean she been in this country for ten years, and I mean to make a Mexican of her. Don't I Amigo de mi corazon?'

'Si, senora—I mean yes.' And the girl was as red as the blossom of the flor de pasqua—that crimson flower one sees nowhere but in sunny Mexico.

'Do you recollect old Ireland, senorita?' I asked.

'Oh! yes. I could never forget it. We lived in a great house with fields, oh! so green, that sloped down to a river, and there was a crowsery—'

'Rookery, dear!' put in the senora. 'Rookery—and the rooks made such a terrible noise. And we had a jaunty-red coat nearly every day in winter, and we had ever so many beautiful dogs; and I remember going up to Dublin in the train, and I recollect that poor papa pointed out the old Irish Houses of Parliament to me in College Green, and the statue of King William. I was seven years of age then; I am seventeen now.'

'There was a delicious freshness about the young girl. Her manner was naive, graceful, and earnest. Her foreign accent, too, added piquancy to the general effect, while her voice was delightfully low and musical. Her violet eyes looked fearlessly into yours, yet with an alluring softness. The rich red lips seemed loath to part with the words that came from them; her utterance was slow. The senora had entered into a discussion in Spanish with Sister Monica apropos of something I wot not of, in which O'Shea joined, so I had the senorita all to myself.'

'I am sewing pearls on the cloak of our Blessed Lady,' she said. 'We are to have a great feast next Monday. The senora is coming, and I suppose she will fetch you. Are you a Catholic?'

'Thanks be to God, I am!'

'Oh! I'm so glad. Poor mamma was a Protestant, and wanted to compel me to leave the true faith; but the grace of the Almighty was with me and I clung to Him. I suppose the senora has told you all about me?'

'Not one word.'

She was silent a moment, her beautiful head bowed, while a wave of intense, desolating sadness swept over her expressive face.

'Have you come straight from Ireland, Senor Nugent?'

'Straight.'

'And merely to pay the senora a flying visit?'

'She was my dear mother's school-fellow.'

The tears welled up in her eyes. I saw that the word 'mother' touched a chord, so I dashed into a rattling description of my departure from Dromroe, my stay in London, describing my sister, my voyage across the Atlantic, the trip to New Orleans, and finally the sail over the gulf and the railway ride to the capital.

'The senora has spoken of you, oh! ever so often. I know you quite well. I know your sister, too. Why didn't you bring her with you? How I would have loved her!'

'You can love her by proxy,' I laughed.

Inez blushed deeply, and commenced to trifle with a string of pearls. If she had been less unsophisticated I could have had some fun with her over my joke; but it was evident that she wondered what I meant, and took what I said in sober seriousness.

'Do you often come on to visit the Senora San Cosme?' I asked.

'Every week. I spent four days here learning Latin and French from Sister Guadalupe, and assisting her in teaching the children in the village. I am going in to the Calle Marascale so soon as I shall have finished beading this robe of our Blessed Lady.'

'You prefer being in the city to being out here,' I was horribly commonplace, but what could I talk about?'

'If I could have the senora here always I think I would like to remain here. It is so tranquil, so absolutely quiet!'

'Do you ever see the dashing young officers who are quartered in the other wing?'

The senorita shuddered as she replied. 'Never.'

Suddenly I recollected the copy of Raphael's Madonna in my bed-chamber at the Calle Marascale.

'You are an artist, Senorita O'Hara,' I said.

'Has the senora told you?' She asked in some confusion.

'She has, and some of your work meets my eyes the very moment I open them in the morning, and the last thing as I close them for the night—your copy of the Madonna San Sisto.'

'Oh! you are in the Emperor's Room. It was in that room that the poor martyr sat a whole day during the crisis in the Cortes. The senora was honored by his confidence. It has been called the Emperor's Room ever since. I have done an original head of our Lord,' she added. 'Would you like to see it?'

'Immensely.'

She stepped over to one of the quaint old bureaus, unlocked a brass-bound drawer, and produced a picture

on canvas, sketched but unfinished. It was a head of the Divine Master—not in agony, but in beatification. The design was admirable, the execution wonderful for one so young and so untutored.

'Who taught you to paint, senorita?'

'The good Padre Gonzalez. You should see some of his sketches; they are superb, inspired. But he never shows them, he is so modest, so retiring. I—I fear you—you will think it rather—bold—of me to have shown you this, senor.'

'On the contrary, senorita, I feel highly flattered. And now I want to ask you a question: What are you going to do with this picture?'

'Sube Dios. Send it to the raffle they are getting up for the benefit of the poor fathers.'

'Would you sell it?'

'Who would buy it?'

'I would.'

'Would you really?' The joy, the rapture in those violet eyes as, bending forward, the girl gazed at me, awaiting my reply!

'I will give you anything you ask for it, senorita.'

'And I will take anything you offer.'

'Would twenty—thirty pounds be too little?'

'Too little! Why, five pounds. How many Mexican dollars go to five pounds, Senor Nugent?'

'About twenty-five, I think.'

'Sixteen twenty-fives make one hundred and fifty. O senora,' she cried addressing Madame San Cosme. 'Sister Monica, we shall be able to purchase that white satin robe for the Virgin after all. Senor Nugent wants to buy this,' thrusting forth the picture, 'and has offered me one hundred and fifty dollars for it. Isn't that too much? May I take it?'

'For sweet charity's sake,' I exclaimed, gently removing the picture from her hand. 'I shall make it a present to a dear old friend in Ireland for his little chapel, with the condition that—'

At this moment a sergeant entered with an urgent message from the colonel that I should come to him at once.

'Au revoir,' said the senora. 'Do not remain too long, Joe.'

'What about the bottle of Burgundy?' whispered O'Shea. 'Stir him up.'

CHAPTER IX.

I take a deep interest in Inez O'Hara

I found Mojelos in a state of considerable agitation. Without asking me to be seated he burst out with—

'They are a set of idiots, dolts, madmen! I cannot act single-handed. I am willing to give my life, but I want to give it and get something in return. This is not the hour for pronouncing, there are two many powerful personages in the capital with hands raised against the cause. The vultures still batten and fatten on the murdered corpse of imperialism.'

He commenced to walk up and down the room, ever and anon flinging his clenched fists in the air, as if menacing an unseen foe.

I remained perfectly passive. In fact my thoughts were working on the double, if I may use the term. I was thinking of the violet eyes of Inez even while the Mexican *subreux* was prancing about the apartment.

'They urge upon me the necessity for action,' he resumed. 'I can reckon on my regiment, and the Oaxaca men will bring the Chihuahuas, and the Chihuahuas will bring over the Tlantilans. Mr. Nugent, turning to me, 'do you know anything of Austro-Hungarian politics?'

'Absolutely nothing, colonel.'

'Then you may never have even heard of Prince Aachen of Hapsburg?'

'Never.'

'He is second cousin to Francis Joseph. A hero, his charge at Magenta was one of the most brilliant things ever done. He is but forty-six, a diplomatist, a ripe scholar, and a Hapsburg. He is our man. I don't mind talking to you, since my sister has taken you into her confidence.'

I bowed.

'He is not unwilling, but with the sad fate of Maximilian before his eyes he is naturally anxious to see his way a little. The idiots by whom he is surrounded are fairly befogged. They are color-blind. At that distance, and with no diplomatic relations between the countries, it is impossible for them to determine everything. The cause has many friends here, but it has many enemies. The cause would not be worthy of a name if it hadn't foes. Those people, a lot of danglers at Schonbrunn, imagine that an Austrian prince has only to land at Vera Cruz to be welcomed with open arms. If Prince Aachen were to land to-morrow he'd be arrested on the Mole and incarcerated in the fortress of Ulloa; you have seen it, right opposite the town. A court-martial would sit upon him, and the sounds of platoon-firing would frighten the *capitales* within twenty-four hours. He would be shot, Mr. Nugent—shot like a dog. And those ignoramus want to force my hand, want to send his royal highness here at once, and me to pronounce, and just want to sink the whole ship. This is the substance of this precious document which you have so generously undertaken to hand me.'

I could say nothing. The subject was one upon which I was in total ignorance. My silence in this instance was the gold of impotence.

'When do you return, Mr. Nugent?' suddenly demanded the colonel. This question came upon me by surprise. Vague ideas of spending three or four weeks in the country flitted dreamily through my mind. I did not care to focus them, preferring rather to drift. Strange to say, the answering thought was Inez. Yes, Inez O'Hara, the girl whom I had just

quitted in the sacristy. I longed to see more of her, to hear her charming Irish brogue mingled with the high-bred, polished accent of Spain; to be with her, to see her sketch, and paint, and sew; to listen to her dim but piquante recollections of dear old Ireland. She was coming on a visit to the senora. This thought afforded me a sense of exquisite pleasure. She would remain. I should see her daily and all day.

'When do you return?' repeated Colonel Mojelos, for I was so absorbed in my own thoughts that I did not reply.

'I believe I started, and I know that the color rushed to my face as I replied:'

'I do not know.'

'Do you intend to make any lengthened stay, Mr. Nugent?'

'Well, you see I have nothing to call me back, at least for some time, and I am so delighted with everything in Mexico that I shall stop as long as I can.'

'It delights me to hear you praise my beloved country, senor,' cried the colonel in a rapture. 'There is not such a country on the face of God's earth. Poor Mexico!' he added, 'what a struggle thou hast even for existence.'

After a pause he continued: 'I thought perhaps that you might be leaving in a week or two, in which event I would have troubled you with letters. Taking letters out of the country is risky, as you will be examined at Vera Cruz—a regular personal examination—and all your papers overhauled. I must reply to this missive at once, but how? It will be necessary to send a special and trusted messenger.'

Had Colonel Mojelos asked me to do this service for him but one half-hour before, I would have undertaken the mission without a second's deliberation. Now I felt that Mexico possessed a charm for me that bade me linger in almost imperative tones.

'Mr. O'Shea spoke of returning with me,' I said.

'Mr. O'Shea? Oh! that's the gentleman whom I was going to eat, and who in return was going to eat me?'

'Yes.'

'Is he to be trusted?'

'He is an Irish gentleman, Colonel Mojelos,' was my reply.

O'Shea had broached the idea of a visit to Ireland.

'The statutes of limitation are against me, as I was out of the country,' he observed, 'and there's a little tailor in Dame Street that I owe a trifle to, and he'd nose me from Holyhead across the Channel, bad cess to him! I don't mind payin' me just debts, Joe, but a thing so old as that is too hard on a man; besides, the villain didn't put silk linings in me black frock—they were only some sort of glazed calico. I know that old O'Brien, that owned Burton Bindon's oyster-shop, is in Glasnevin, so that debt is paid, and wan little bill at Morrison's hotel will clear me. Yes, Joe Nugent, I'm just thinkin' I'd go over and take a look at dear dirty Dublin with you.'

(To be continued).

California Letter.

For some time I have kept close within my tent. In other words, I have not aired any of my views to readers of THE CASKET of late. I have been waiting for the appearance on the CASKET's cheery pages for a few English and Gaelic sketches of mine, but I suppose the learned editor has carefully considered the public good and the tastes of his readers and has wisely assigned them to his waste-paper basket. At the risk of meeting a similar fate I am bold enough to inflict myself once more on the patient readers who shall find the cozy nook in which these words shall find a resting place.

San Francisco is all agog over the coming of the big fleet that left Hampton Roads, Virginia, on the 16th of last December. This fleet, which has come via the Straits of Magellan to our coast on its long cruise of 13,200 miles is the most powerful one ever assembled by the United States of America. It is thirty times stronger than the victorious squadron that annihilated the old-fashioned Spanish fleet in Manila Bay on May 1st, 1898. We had been expecting Admiral Dewey, who directed the Battle of Manila Bay, to be with us when, on May 6th, we invite Rear Admiral Robley Evans

to take his fleet within our spacious Bay through its Golden Gate.

San Francisco Bay has an area of 400 square miles, and though much of it is shoal water it is said to be large enough to contain all the navies of the world. At all events this is the largest fleet that has come near it and the people of San Francisco and of the other cities on the Bay, as well as the people of the States bordering on the Pacific, are most eager to show their patriotism when the big naval show takes place.

The sixteen battleships that comprise the "Around the Horn Fleet" are, Connecticut (flagship), Louisiana, Minnesota, Vermont, Kansas, Virginia, Georgia, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Maine, Missouri, Ohio, Alabama, Illinois, Kearsarge and Kentucky. Two of these are 368 feet in length, five are 388 feet, four are 435 feet and five are 450 feet, making a total length of 6,076 feet. The smallest has a tonnage of 11,540 tons and the largest 16,000. The combined tonnage of the sixteen is 222,927. Their speed is from 16.8 knots for the slowest to 19 knots for the fastest. The one with the thinnest armor has from 9 to 12 inches of a coat-of-mail on her and the one with the thickest has a steel plate protection of from 15 to 17 inches in thickness. Seven of the ships have 44 guns each and nine have 74, making 972 guns for the sixteen. The largest guns are 16 inch ones.

Seven of the battleships have 772 men and 35 officers; eight have 840 men and 41 officers, while the Connecticut, the flagship, has 1,080 men and 41 officers, making 13,504 men and 614 officers in all.

Accompanying the battleships is a fleet of cruisers, torpedo boats, torpedo boat destroyers and auxiliary ships, making, with the boats of the Navy on the California coasts 46 ships. The San Francisco Fleet Committee is endeavoring to have this large fleet steam into the harbour single file with the battleships 800 yards apart, but the Secretary of the Navy, Victor H. Metcalf (a Californian) does not seem to favor this plan. It seems likely that the Navy Board will order the Atlantic fleet alone to come through the Golden Gate at high noon on the 6th and be joined in the harbor by the Pacific fleet. This precaution may be considered necessary as the entrance to the Golden Gate is often obscured by fog which comes suddenly at times and the presence of which might prove a source of danger to a large number of ships manoeuvring in the vicinity of the bar that lies near the mouth of the harbor.

The Governor of California is to give a banquet in honor of the fleet's arrival, and the Fleet Committee is to give another, each of which will cost \$20 a plate—at least that is what it will cost those who will not be invited to them if they are to have the honor of sitting with the "higher-ups" at the festive board. Our Archbishop, Most Rev. P. W. Riordan, has been invited to the Governor's banquet and I have not. As I can live for a good month on \$20 and as I do not think that Governor Gillett will miss me very much, I think I shall stay at home and partake of a meal of corn-beef and cabbage or some other plain food, go to bed early and get up without a headache the next day.

Our Japanese residents who, last year, were showing considerable spirit are now amongst our most docile citizens. Even the Mikado in his Flowery Empire has been improving in his manners as the fleet has been advancing westward. Now the bow-legged, almond-eyed little brown men want Uncle Samuel's fleet to come a-celidh to their home of islands and it is likely the invitation will be accepted.

The bubonic plague has vanished and so have many of our rats. The rat-catchers have been giving our citizens some trouble in their eagerness to get at the troublesome rodents by tearing up basements, floors, etc. Now that the plague scare is dead and the city declared to be in a sanitary condition, the rat is likely to get a well deserved rest. Our next trouble will be the fleas. They attack us in large numbers in the long, dry season and make life miserable enough for the thin-skinned among us. The ocean side of San Francisco is a large range of sand dunes where the little hopper is quite at home. The flea

* 63,741 rats have been killed during the crusade; 58,451 rats examined, of which 333 had the plague.

Continued on page 6

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There is what is called the worldly spirit which enters with the greatest subtlety into the character of even good people; and there is what is called the time spirit, which means the dominant way of thinking and of acting which prevails in the age in which we live; and these are powerful temptations full of danger and in perpetual action upon us—CARDINAL MANNING.

THURSDAY, JUNE 4.

A VALIANT WOMAN.

Sunday, May 21, was a day of great rejoicing for the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, for on that day the valiant woman who founded their community was raised to the altars of the Church as the Blessed Madeleine Barat. Twenty-five hundred French pilgrims, headed by the Archbishop of Paris, assisted at the ceremony in St. Peter's at Rome. At the Canadian mother-house at Sault aux Recollets, the Archbishop of Montreal unveiled a tablet to Mother Barat. In Halifax Archbishop McCarthy celebrated a Pontifical High Mass of thanksgiving for the beatification, and Bishop Casey of St. John pronounced a glowing panegyric.

Madeleine Sophie Barat was born at Joigny, in Burgundy, on December 12, 1779, the youngest child of Jacques Barat, a vine-dresser and cooper. Her brother Louis, eleven years older, became a priest and professor in the seminary of his native place. In addition to his ordinary duties he undertook the education of his little sister, and being an exceptional linguist he taught her Latin and Greek, Spanish and Italian, besides history and natural science. Unconsciously, he was fitting her for her life work as founder and director of a great teaching society. The Reign of Terror made France a spiritual wilderness, and new methods of cultivation were required. A holy priest named Tournely conceived the idea of a society of women consecrated to the Sacred Heart and devoting themselves to the education of girls. He died before seeing his project accomplished, but a comrade named Varin took it up, and with him was associated Louis Barat. When Father Varin learned that his friend had a gifted sister with a longing to be a nun, he called upon her to carry out his plans. Madeleine Barat, with three companions, made her first consecration on November 21, 1800, a date which the Ladies of the Sacred Heart regard as the birthday of their community. In September, 1801, the first convent was opened in Amiens. In 1804 a community of Visitation nuns was absorbed into the new society, one of them, Philippine Duchesne, being destined to establish the first house of the order in America, fourteen years later. In 1806, Mother Barat was elected superior-general by a majority of only one vote, and she had to undergo one of those trials which seem to be part of the making of a saint, namely, strong and determined opposition to her plans on the part of excellent men and women. The American convent was the first one opened outside France. Next came Italy, where three houses were opened in Rome at the request of three successive Popes. The Paris school had already a European reputation, and the solemn approbation of the rules of the society by the Holy See in 1826, much sooner than such a recognition is usually given, completed the organization of the society of the Sacred Heart. For forty years longer Mother Barat continued to govern it, writing thousands of letters and holding many general assemblies, to discuss methods of teaching and to preserve the first fervor of the community as much as possible. At Lyons, in 1832, she founded the Children of Mary for former pupils and other ladies. In 1842 the first convents of the Sacred Heart were opened in England, Ireland and Canada. When Mother Barat died, in the odor of sanctity, on Ascension Day, 1865, she had seen eighty houses of her society established in various parts of the world. Today they number one hundred and fifty, and the membership of the society is eight thousand. The present superior-general is an English lady, Mother Digby, who was elected in 1895, and the latest foundation is in Tokio, the capital of Japan.

For the facts of Blessed Madeleine Barat's life we are indebted to the sketch written for the second volume of the Catholic Encyclopaedia by Madam Power of the Sacred Heart

Convent, Albany, New York. The article on Beatification in the same volume, written by Camillo Beccari, S. J., Postulator-General of the Society of Jesus in Rome, contains the following passage which will be of interest to our readers as explaining the precise nature of the honor which has been given to this valiant woman:

"Beatification is a permission to venerate, granted by the Roman Pontiffs with restriction to certain places and to certain liturgical exercises. Thus it is unlawful to pay to the person known as Blessed (i. e. the Beatus, Beatified), public reverence outside of the place for which the permission is granted, or to recite an office in his honor, or to celebrate Mass with prayers referring to him, unless special indulgence be had; similarly, other methods of honour have been interdicted. Canonization is a precept of the Roman pontiff commanding public veneration to be paid an individual by the Universal Church. To sum up, beatification, in the present discipline, differs from canonization in this: that the former implies (1) a locally restricted, not a universal, permission to venerate, which is (2) a mere permission and no precept; while canonization implies a universal precept."

The process of canonization requires such a minute inquiry into the virtues and good works of the person whom the Church is asked to honor, that forty-three years must be counted a short time for winning the privilege which now belongs to Mother Barat's eight thousand daughters, in their hundred and fifty convents scattered over the world. And since so much has been accomplished thus quickly, they will redouble the fervor of their prayers that the holy foundress may soon be hailed as Saint Madeleine Barat by the Universal Church.

We cannot better conclude this belated sketch of the life of a valiant woman than by quoting the last portion of Bishop Casey's fine discourse:

"Blessed Mother Barat grew in grace and holiness when the terror of the French Revolution was at its height, when the very idea of virtue and holiness seemed nearing extinction. Though she passed through the Reign of Terror, a happy instrument of grace and truth for all who had the happiness of meeting her, far from being tarnished by her contact with the world, she contributed vastly to the revival of Christian faith and the renewal of Christian morality. Hence the ineffable joy that inundates the souls of her daughters at her glorious Beatification. By this, the Church solemnly affirms the existence of good in the midst of the wickedness around us; she makes, so to speak, a new promulgation of the law of God, or rather, she shows the world the divine law, sensible, living, incarnate in her children. Hence our joy, our exultation that Mother Barat is declared 'Blessed.' We are thus encouraged to aspire after holiness of life; for the Communion of saints is brought home to us more vividly than it was ever brought before. It seems that the saints were far away from us, that they lived hundreds of years ago, and in far distant lands. Blessed Mother Barat was still living when many of ourselves were born; one of her most striking and incontestable miracles was performed in America just a year after her death; her pride and her glory when on earth, her Religious of the Sacred Heart are right here among us; truly, we feel at home now in the Communion of Saints."

The New Endowment Fund.

The April number of the St. F. X. College journal is one of the best we have seen. Several of the articles are of special interest, notably that entitled "The New Endowment Fund" which we are glad to republish in this issue of THE CASKET:

MUCH GENEROSITY MANIFESTED EAST AND WEST.

(Xaverian April and May No. 19 S.) The Dominion of Canada is growing and growing rapidly. So, too, is the Church Universal and Apostolic throughout the length and breadth of the land. And St. Francis Xavier's which is educating the future workers and guardians of the state and of the Church, must grow and stride forward unceasingly, if she is kept to the forefront in these progressive and strenuous days.

The public spirit and generosity of the laymen of the Diocese of Antigonish were long ago something of which everyone of us might well feel proud. These qualities of our people are today more marked than ever. It is encouraging and inspiring to find such virtues waxing stronger with the years; and in this Diocese they certainly do so. The latest proof of that fine spirit and that noble generosity, we find in the determined efforts of the laymen, to add at least one hundred thousand dollars to the endowment fund of this university. This determination will (if speedily carried into effect, as doubtless it shall be) make our Alma Mater one of the most useful institutions—one of the most potent for good—that has grown up in this country.

Assuming, as we may confidently assume from the character of the men who have started the "New Endowment" movement, that even more than the sum of one hundred thousand will be realized in three or four years, we must remember that this addition to the College Endowment will not alone be all-sufficient. As far as ready money is concerned, it will probably do very well for sometime to come. The payment of the last dollar of it must not, however, even for a

moment, lull us into sloth or lethargy or indifference—must not lead us to the rash and unwarranted conclusion that all has been done that could or can be done to secure for our University a notably useful and brilliant future. Much, very much more, must still be planned and accomplished. Good and true men, live and progressive men—men of tact and energy as well as of learning and culture and character—must continue to give their time and their talents to the fine ideals for which St. Francis Xavier's ever stands. Our professors must still be good and earnest men, devoted to the sacred cause of education, and willing and anxious to make this institution in every respect what it has always been in some respects—one of the very best in the land. Our alumni and students must systematically and earnestly endeavor to show themselves worthy sons of our benign mother. In one way or another, each one of us ought henceforth to act the missionary, to convert the cold and indifferent (there are not so many of them) into warm and enthusiastic friends. Each of us has his own circle of personal friends and acquaintances. Let us make known to these the great needs and the great mission of our College. Let us all help, directly and indirectly, to build up, on foundations already laid broad and deep, an institution that will throughout the long years continue to do credit to us, and that will from every standpoint be a boon and a blessing to our country and our people. Money is, of course necessary; but good will and moral support are equally necessary. Remember the good cause—St. Francis Xavier "expects every man to do his duty."

As to the "New Endowment" it is undoubtedly coming. The men that have taken hold of the movement are men that will not let go until the last dollar has been paid to the Board of Governors; and with God's help the good work will in due time be completed to the lasting honor alike of our College and our people; for the good and generous people of this Diocese deeply appreciate the blessings of sound education, and they are at the back of this movement, and they will prevail.

The citizens of the Town of Antigonish are at length awake to the signal advantage to them, of having St. Francis Xavier's in their midst. The sum of three thousand dollars was, we understand, subscribed in two days in this little Town, and we hear that the Parish Committee now expects the total subscriptions of the grand old Cathedral Parish will yet reach three times that sum. Whether this estimate is exactly right, or is too low, we know not; but all interested will find that in a matter of this kind, the zealous, intelligent and large hearted people of Antigonish will respond handsomely to this appeal; they feel the responsibility and the distinction of being at once the Shire Town, the Cathedral Town and the University Town.

One small Parish in Pictou Co. has agreed to contribute two thousand dollars; and upon that sum being paid, one member of the Parish has undertaken to add to it five hundred more. And we hear that the surrounding Parishes are quite resolved to do equally well.

As the late lamented Bishop MacKinnon used to say, "brave generous Cape Breton was never behind in any good work," and we are not surprised to learn that the subscriptions from that portion of our constituency are already large and numerous.

It is gratifying to us to be able to say that here and there our Protestant friends are showing their appreciation of our University by voluntarily coming forward in aid of the "New Endowment."

The officers of the Endowment Fund Association are able, earnest and active men, and from what they have already accomplished, no doubt can be entertained of the ultimate result of their energetic and enthusiastic efforts to make St. Francis Xavier's financially secure and independent.

Pilgrimage Excursion to Quebec.

The pilgrimage announced in our last issue leaves Moncton at 4 o'clock p. m. of July 7th, arriving at Levis at 11 a. m. on the 8th, and at St. Anne de Beaupre about 1 p. m., of the same day.

Arrangements are such that all will have ample opportunity to see the quaint city of Quebec, its lower and upper town, its many points and sites of historic interest, and the preparations for the tercentenary celebration. At about six p. m. on Thursday the pilgrims will re-assemble at Quebec for the return journey. Close ferry connections will be made with Levis and the train which will leave about 7 p. m. It will arrive at Moncton about seven o'clock Friday morning, thus giving eastern pilgrims every facility for close connection with home trains.

At St. Ann arrangements are in progress for ample devotional exercises. Confession and Communion can be attended by all. It is expected His Lordship the Bishop of Charlottetown will be of the party and will celebrate Pontifical Mass at the Basilica.

Hotel rates are quite reasonable at St. Ann's.

To each train a dining car will be attached, and meals and refreshments will be served.

Sleeping berths can be had on application to Rev. E. Savage, Moncton, N. B., who will also give any additional information asked for.

For rates from different eastern points, see advertisement in this issue.

Grey canvas boots, good nailed soles, will wear all summer. Boy's sizes \$5c, men's \$1.00. Chisholm, Sweet & Co.

DRUMMOND COAL

INTERCOLONIAL COAL MINING COMPANY, Limited
Westville, - Nova Scotia

For Sale at ANTIGONISH by JAMES KENNA and A. G. JOCELYN

HUGH D. MCKENZIE, Agent, ST. PAUL BUILDING HALIFAX.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

House Cleaning SALE

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED

Almost every home needs something new in house cleaning time. Our range of spring

Lace Curtains, Wall Paper, Squares and Carpets, Furniture, Linoleum and Oilcloth,

and all kinds of house furnishings exceeds any line we have ever shown. We can show you the largest variety in Antigonish at much less price than our competitors.

Carpets, Rugs and Oilcloths

New Tapestry Carpets from 40c. up to 90c a yard. New Brussels, prices ranging from \$1.00 up to \$1.60. New Axminsters, Wiltons and Velours, Carpets, Prices of these ranging from \$1.50 to \$2.25 per yd.

Tapestry Rugs

Spring shipment just in. Splendid assortment. All sizes from \$7.00 to \$15.00. Carpets or squares of high grade tapestry, different sizes, prices from \$12.00 to \$25.00.

Table Covers

All sizes and qualities, from \$1.00 to \$10.

Floor Oilcloths and Linoleums

1 yard, 2 yards and 2½ yards at 25c. sq. yard. Linoleums, 3 and 4 yards wide, 35c, 50c, 65c sq. yd.

Don't Forget

we are headquarters for

Men's Wear, Clothing, Hats, Caps, Furnishings, Boots and Shoes,

all the leading lines to select from.

A Special Sale of

PRINTS

for the coming week

A. KIRK & CO.

Main Street.

ANTIGONISH

General News.

The new Sydney Mines hospital will be opened for patients on June 15th.

An order-in-Council has been passed repealing the Scott Act in the County of Inverness, C. B., in conformity with the vote recently taken.

Mrs. Philip Ein, wife of the well known confectioner of Glace Bay, was instantly killed on May 28th by the explosion of a soda water cylinder.

The Plant liner A. W. Perry, Boston and Halifax for Charlottetown, which went ashore on McMillan's Point, Strait of Canso, last week was successfully floated Saturday.

Seven former Episcopal ministers, who left the Church following the adoption of the "open pulpit" canon, were received into the Catholic Church on May 27 by Archbishop Ryan at Philadelphia.

According to the annual report of the Registrar-General, the population of Scotland at the middle of the year 1907 is estimated to have been 4,776,063, of whom 2,331,907 were male and 2,444,156 female.

The Conservatives had six candidates elected by acclamation in the Ontario contest, and in Quebec the Liberals had four. Monday last was nomination day and Monday next is election day in both Provinces.

Hon. George P. Graham, in a public address at St. Catharines, Ont., on last Saturday, said the time had about arrived for a new Welland canal, and if the government took up the work the channel would be made at least twenty-five feet deep. He also supported the contention that a rail and water route via Hudson Bay was possible, and might be taken up soon.

Improve the Roads.

Mr. Editor.—Permit me a word about the present condition of our County roads. They are unquestionably bad, probably even worse than at any time for the last dozen years. This assertion, I venture to state, will not be gainsaid. Naturally the suffering traveller asks, what about them? Are they to remain bad? Or are they even to grow worse? What is the reason for their regrettable condition? What can be done to remedy the trouble? To my mind the system of repair in vogue is at fault. The roads are not treated scientifically, the old methods of repair are still pursued, viz., turning the mud from the drains on the centres of the roads to be washed back again by the first heavy rains. Why not have the labour expended on permanent improvements? When a piece of road is bad and boggy, why not dig up the boggy parts and fill up with broken stone and round up the road, so that the water will run off into the drains. Thus only can any permanently good roads be secured. The question of good roads is one that appeals to all classes, particularly so in an agricultural community. Then the road authorities should realize that they have a most responsible duty to perform and the whole community join, I am sure, in asking for serious and intelligent attention to the improvement of our roads. SUFFERER.

The Prince of Wales Presentation.

A movement is on foot to present the Prince of Wales with some tangible expression of the loyalty of the people of Nova Scotia. The movement had its inception in Halifax. Following are some extracts of an outline of the scheme given in the Halifax Herald and some remarks from the Local Committee:

"When the Prince of Wales lands in Canada next July, the people of Nova Scotia will present to him a tangible token of their loyalty to the throne. The first of steps in a movement with that as its patriotic object are now being taken with hearty endorsement and support of the governor of the province, the premier and the leading officials in general.

"The precise nature of the presentation and all details in connection with the movement will be duly presented to The People, for this tribute is to be the tribute of the whole People—All the People—to the throne.

"In our public schools one day in the school year is given wholly over to patriotic entertainment—Empire Day, a day which falls near the end of the present month. On that day every year young Canada hears the duty and beauty of patriotism and the greatness of the British empire extolled by leading men—representatives of government, judges of the law, clergymen, business men, stand up on school platforms and more or less eloquently tell how love for the empire is the larger love out of which true national loyalty really grows and that the citizens of that empire—upon which the sun never sets—should be the most loyal, most patriotic people in the world.

"Rule, Britannia! sing, the boys and girls in splendid chorus. The assembly halls are festooned with bunting—the royal coat-of-arms is conspicuous—for we are teaching the children, or trying to teach them, to appreciate the enormous blessing of the British birthright.

"We owe the rising generation more than patriotic oratory. We owe them the use of every opportunity which presents itself to express our own personal sense as Canadians and as Nova Scotians.

"Such an opportunity will be presented to us on the landing of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who comes to us as the representative of the throne, to unite with the Canadian people in their celebration of a great historical and era marking event.

"The mayor of every town in the

provinces will be communicated with within the course of a few days, and committees will be appointed in these towns to co-operate with a central advisory committee of ladies now being formed in Halifax."

The Mayor of Antigonish has appointed the following ladies as a committee to work with the General Committee. Mrs. F. R. Trotter, Mrs. W. P. Cunningham, Mrs. Tupper Foster, Mrs. A. G. MacDonald, Mrs. Judge MacGillivray, Mrs. C. E. Whidden, Mrs. Dr. Cameron, Mrs. A. D. Chisholm, Miss Ino Sweet and Miss Annie Cunningham. The officers are, President, Mrs. F. R. Trotter; Secretary, Miss Margaret MacDonald; Treasurer, Miss Emma Whidden; Press Com., Mrs. Foster. Lady collectors have been appointed to make a canvass of the town, as follows: Miss Winnie Sweet, the Misses McPhee, Miss Ellie McIsaac, Miss Kate McIsaac, Miss Rose MacDonald, Miss Clara DeLorey, Miss Louise McDonald, Miss Ethel McDonald, Miss Alexina McKinnon, Miss Kathleen McGillivray, Miss Ethel Joscelyn, Miss Jennie Bernasconi, the Misses Floyd, Miss Cassie Campbell, Miss Anna McKinnon.

Every citizen and child of the town and of the county should be given an opportunity to contribute. This testimonial is from all the people of the Province, so all in our County should show some evidence of their loyalty by giving something towards a testimonial from the people of Nova Scotia to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales—our future King.

Each public school teacher throughout the County has been appointed by the committee a collector to solicit contributions from each pupil and others of their district. No large contribution is expected from any individual. If made general a contribution from one cent to five cents from every child of the county and from five cents to fifty cents from every man and woman would make a sufficient total worthy of our county. The amounts mentioned should not be regarded as a limitation to the generosity of any contributor. It is imperative that this work be done within a short time, so we would urge that the collections be made at date appointed, Friday, June 12th. All amounts collected should be sent to the Treasurer, Miss Emma Whidden. Following the plan adopted by the Halifax Committee, contributions from the various schools and sections of the County as well as of the town, will be acknowledged through the press. L. S. FOSTER, Press Com.

Among the Advertisers.

Oak and white enamel easels, 90c \$1.25 at Chisholm, Sweet & Co's.

Wool, wool—Bring your wool to Bonner's. Highest price paid.

Choice hams and bacon, best sugared, received this week at Bonner's.

Wanted, girl for general housework. Apply to Mrs. Geo. A. Ross, at Mermaid Hotel.

Cow for sale, just calved, good milk. Apply to Samuel Chisholm, Salt Springs.

Wanted.—First class tailors, coat, vest and pants makers. Apply to P. J. Stevens, Inverness.

The pure bred Clyde horse Burleigh will be at the stable of John R. MacDonald, Heatherton, June 9th.

Best condition powders for horses and cattle, linseed meal, rock salt and best English harness oil at Bonner's.

The imported pure bred horse Ribbonman, owned by John MacDonald, Cape George, will be in Town every Friday and Saturday until August 1st.

Personals.

Rev. Fr. Boudreau, P. P., L'Ardoise, was in Town this week.

Rev. James McKeough, P. P., was in Town yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Joyce of Inverness were in Town this week on their bridal tour.

Miss Emma Burbidge and Miss Gertrude Noonan of Dartmouth, N. S., were the guests of Mrs. (Dr.) Gillis, Antigonish, last week.

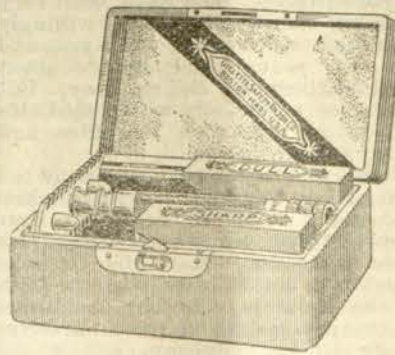
Mrs. J. W. Shorter, and child, of Philadelphia, Pa., and Miss Ella M. Petipas, of Quincy, Mass., are spending the summer months at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Petipas, Tracadie, N. S.

For your bone meal and phosphate go to Bonner's. Liberal credit given. Agent for the N. O. Fertilizer Co.

For sale, a tip cart, a 4 wheel hay truck, two express waggons and two good working horses. Bonner's.

The first reading of a Home Rule bill for Scotland was carried in the House of Commons last week by a vote of 257 to 102.

The Gillette Safety Razor



The Gillette can be used by the aged, the infirm, the novice just beginning to shave, and by all who are nervous, or whose hands tremble or are unsteady.

Sold by J. R. HELLYER, Watchmaker and Jeweller ANTIGONISH, N. S.

NOTICE!

Surveyors of Highways can get their returns from the following persons for 1908:

Road District No. 1, Arisaig — D. McDonald, Arisaig.

Road District No. 2, Cape George — Hugh J. McPherson, Georgeville.

Road District No. 3, Morristown — John A. McLeod, Harbor.

Road District No. 4, Antigonish — James H. Thomson, West River.

Road District No. 5, Lochaber — John J. Inglis, North Lochaber.

Road District No. 6, South River — Angus McPherson, U. S. River.

Road District No. 7, St. Andrews — D. A. Boyd, St. Andrews.

Road District No. 8, Tracadie — Jeffrey Delorey, Tracadie.

Road District No. 9, H. Bouche — Jas. P. Corbett, H. Bouche.

Road District No. 10, Heatherton — John McDonald, Heatherton.

Road District No. 11, St. Joseph's — Alex. G. Chisholm, Pinkietown.

The following rates were passed by the Council:

35c. on \$100 assessment.

Road Tax, \$1 for day of 8 hours and \$1.25 for ten hours.

Man, horse and cart, \$2 for day of 10 hours.

Driver, horse and cart, \$1.50 for day of 10 hours.

Double team and Plough, \$3 for day of 10 hours. By order D. MACDONALD, M. C.

Antigonish, May 9, 1908.



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on

Friday, the 10th July '08

for the conveyance of his Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week each way, between

Antigonish and Goldboro

from the 1st August next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Antigonish, Goldboro and route offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Halifax. Post Office Department, Mail Contract Branch, Ottawa, 27th May, 1908.

G. C. ANDERSON, Superintendent.

Great Clearance Sale Now on at O'Brien's.

We have now decided to reduce stock, and in order to effect this will throw our whole stock on the market at reduced prices. Come early and get the benefit of first choice. We are selling some goods below cost. As an instance, sugar now costs wholesale \$5 per hundred. Our price, while stock lasts, \$4.50 in any quantity.

200 Skirts at \$2.25 each

Two hundred Skirts, some of them worth \$6, your choice for \$2.25. Look out for price list. We are giving genuine bargains in all lines handled by us.

J. S. O'Brien

Fresh salmon, mackerel and cod at Bonner's.

Vermillion finish folding chairs and rockers for verandah, lawn or camp, \$2.25, \$3.95 and \$4.50. Chisholm, Sweet & Co.

Resolution of Condolence.

Branch 192, C. M. B. A., Antigonish, N. S., at its regular meeting, held May 29th, passed resolutions of condolence on the death of Mrs. Mary Somers, beloved mother of the esteemed brothers, Thomas and Moses Somers, and on the death of Mrs. Ann McKinnon, Maryvale, beloved mother of the esteemed brother, Dougall McKinnon, ecclesiastical student.

DIED

At East Tracadie, on 23rd May, SIMON BOUDREAU, aged 79 years. Mr. Boudreau was a fervent Catholic and a good citizen. May he rest in peace.

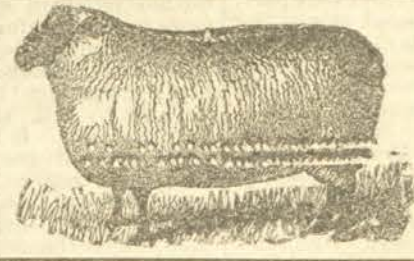
At Arisaig, on the 17th of May, at the age of 69 years, JAMES D. McDONALD (Donad Laddy).

Enemies he had none, friends, all who made his acquaintance. Fortified by the last rites of Mother Church, he went forth to meet his Maker full of faith in God's mercy. Of a large family two brothers and a sister survive him. May his soul rest in peace.

At Maryvale, May 27th, after a short but severe illness, ANN McDONALD, beloved wife of JOHN McKINNON, aged 82 years. She was a woman of many fine qualities and was much thought of in the community. She leaves a sorrowful husband, two daughters and four sons, one, Dougall, is an ecclesiastical student in Rome. After a Requiem High Mass the mortal remains of kind, affable and pious Mrs. McKinnon were laid to rest in Maryvale Cemetery. May her soul rest in peace.

At Sydney, C. B., June 1st, 1908, in the 69th year of her age, MARY, the beloved wife of HUGH McLEAN, and the oldest daughter of the late ANGLUS McFARLANE of South West Margaree. She had a family of eleven, four sons and seven daughters, seven of whom besides her husband survive her. Her whole life was exemplary. She was always resigned to the Divine Will. Consoled by the rites of the Church she peacefully passed to her reward. R. L. F.

Chisholm, Sweet & Co.



SELL YOUR WOOL HERE

Farm produce marketed here always brings the highest price in exchange for goods, on account or for cash. At our store is the best place to do your shopping because ALL YOUR NEEDS are amply provided for and in every department honest values are offered.

HEWSON ALL WOOL TWEEDS 70c. to \$1.00

AT OUR PRICES these Hewson cloths should interest every farmer during the wool season. Heavy Bannockburn tweeds, bearing the Hewson stamp and woven of double and twisted yarn, spun from pure Nova Scotia wool, \$1.00 a yard. Men's tailored Bannockburn suits, ready to put on, double-breasted styles, \$12.00. Separate pants, \$2.95 a pair. Let us show you our counter of Hewson patterns — seeing them implies no obligation to buy.

Prices 70c., 95c. and \$1.00 a yard

WEST END WAREHOUSE

THE Canadian Bank of Commerce

Paid-up Capital \$10,000,000. Reserve Fund \$5,000,000

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO

B. E. WALKER, President. ALEX. LAIRD, Gen'l Manager

BANK MONEY ORDERS

Issued at the following rates:

\$5.00 and under 3 cents
Over \$ 5.00 and not exceeding \$10.00 6 cents
Over \$10.00 and not exceeding \$30.00 10 cents
Over \$30.00 and not exceeding \$50.00 15 cents

These Orders are PAYABLE AT PAR at any office IN CANADA of a Chartered Bank (Yukon excepted), and at the principal banking points in the UNITED STATES. Negotiable at a fixed rate at

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE, LONDON, ENG.

They form an excellent method of remitting small sums of money with safety and at small cost.

ANTIGONISH BRANCH J. H. McQUAID, Manager.

The D. G. Kirk Woodworking & Cont. Co.

DOORS, WINDOWS, MOULDINGS and FINISH OF ALL KINDS, BIRCH and SPRUCE FLOORING, SHINGLES, BRICK, LIME, LATHS, PLASTER, ETC. BUILDING MATERIAL OF ALL KINDS FURNISHED AT SHORT NOTICE. LOGS PURCHASED and MILLED.

Address Correspondence ROD H. McDONALD, Mgr. Antigonish, Nova Scotia

California Letter.

(Continued from page 3)

finds it easy to change from dune to dune, man.

I met in this city a few weeks ago a stalwart son of Cape Breton, Capt. J. P. McInnis of Beinn Eoin. The Captain is the son of the late *Domhnall Dhomhnuill 'ie Fhionnlaidh and Ealasaid Ruairidh 'ie Sheumais*. These names are formidable looking ones in Gaelic but they are not nearly as large as were the generous Highland hearts of their possessors. Their house was well known for its hospitality to all the countryside from Sydney to Loch Lomond and from East Bay to Red Islands.

Captain McInnis left his home in 1880 and since that time he has coursed on many bays, gulfs and oceans, having several times circumnavigated the globe. In 1886 he first saw the port of San Francisco and since 1898 he has sailed out of it. At the present time he is master of the *Lucile*, a 1300 ton ship. On the 8th of last April he came into port with a cargo of 2000 tons of Australian coal from New Castle, having taken seven months for the voyage from this port. Owing to calm and head winds the ship *Lucile* took 113 days from New Castle to San Francisco, a distance Captain McInnis traversed in 45 days on his downward trip. On April 23rd, Capt. McInnis took the *Lucile* to Bristol Bay, Alaska, for the Red Salmon Canning Co. of this city. He expects to be back here next October with from forty to forty-five thousand cases of canned salmon. Bristol Bay is in latitude 58 degrees and the short nights of about two hours, from 12 a. m., to 2 a. m. are so lightsome that lights are never necessary. GAIDHEAL, San Francisco, An Ceitein, 3rd, 1908.

Birmingham—a Remarkable City.

(G. Benyon Harris in Fortnightly Review)

For a long time now it has been the habit of some writers and speakers to refer to the municipality of Birmingham as having always been the great pioneer of municipal progress. It is to be hoped that those writers and speakers are not equally incorrect in the other statements they make, or it is feared they are not much to be relied on. For whatever may be the position which the municipality of Birmingham today holds in relation to other municipalities—and that position is a very high one—its title to distinction has only accrued within times which are too recent to be complimentary. Until recently its public buildings were barns and its shops warehouses; and when, at last, inspired by a sudden and eccentric aspiration to do something really great in the way of building—something that should at once stagger and appease criticism—they told their architect to build a town hall, it stood for years, as the Parthenon on a modern coal-tip would stand, as a Puritan in Paradise, or an undertaker at a wedding would stand, anachronistic, white-elfantine and alone. Men are yet quite young who saw their council house, their law courts, and their Corporation street driven through a collection of fetid courts and hovels to which even a cottage-property owner would have hesitated to give the name of houses, and these are the only notable public buildings the city possesses, though there is now fast rising into communion with the incumbent clouds, the domes and spires of a fane that will banish shame from the brow of the city for ever, and render imperishable the memory of the splendid and judicious energy of the illustrious personality with whom its foundation will ever be associated—the beautiful and imposing university buildings. Both in its business methods and in its buildings the City of Birmingham was without display of any kind. Display, even now, is invariably in inverse ratio to production. The most lucrative of the businesses are hidden away behind rows of cottages at four shillings a week rent; and the only apparent approach is through narrow passages, in which two people could not pass with comfort. The expedient of municipalization, as applied to public works, was a gothic and unknown thing to Birmingham, even so recently as just before the time when, stung by the Aston riots, Lord Randolph Churchill thundered against the "Russian despotism," the "Venetian Espionage," and the "Oligarchy" of the city. Scarce a dozen moons have waned since the one primary essential—an exhaustless water supply—has been amply secured to the city, and the age of its open spaces may be told by the immaturity of their verdure. A pedestrian is still in imminent danger of his life in one of the busiest parts of its main street, a spot where five streets converge, from prehistoric things, dignified by the name of tram engines, which exhale pestiferous fumes, make an ash-heap of the street and exude oleaginous secretions which render the foothold of men and of horses alike always extremely precarious, and sometimes deadly. Even their tram-systems have not yet been municipalized. The city still refuses to give its lord mayor a salary, and thus exhibits to the world the unparalleled spectacle of a community, the most democratic of democracies, placing the lodestar of all civic ambition far beyond the reach of those of its units, however worthy, who do not happen to be rich men. In an age of municipal progression Birmingham, as a city, remained stationary. In an impressionable age Birmingham, as a municipality, remained impervious. It called itself democratic, and exhibited, both in its general civic inaction, and in its extreme deliberation over the few civic motions it had ever made, a conservatism deeper rooted than its own industries; a conservatism the more implacable and unrelenting, because it lobbied along in the vestments of

democracy. By nothing had it ever justified the assumption on its heraldic shield of the majestic apophthegm of "Forward." In almost every salient feature unique amongst the great municipalities of the empire, the City of Birmingham, as a corporate thing, was only rescued from derision and obliquity by the refracted glory it derived from the unofficial enterprise of the men of Birmingham.

Birmingham men were all born to business, and to politics, as the sparks fly upwards. They were cradled in business-like cradles. They were nurtured on methodical and business principles. They wore business-like clothes. Everything they touched was touched with an eye to business. They wooed without sentiment, married for, lived to make, and died to leave, money.

Most of the representative Birmingham men at one time or another have served on some kind of public body, and possess slightly more than a citizen's knowledge of local administration. But they never allowed that to interfere with their legitimate business. The meetings, therefore, were held in the evenings, and were attended by them on their way home from business before they had washed the dust of the day from their faces and hands. They generally reached home about ten o'clock, and going straight to bed, slept until six the next morning. It has always been a peculiarity of their commercial life that their nearest friends are never quite sure what their particular businesses really consists in. Often, indeed, they themselves are not quite sure. The general impression is that they 'have something to do' with iron, brass or gold. That is to say, they are, in one undefined way or another—often in more ways than one—peculiarly interested in the process of melting, burning, and twisting this raw material into shapes recognizable by the wayfarers of life. It may be pens, pins, needles, or toy pistols. It may be the chaste setting of orient pearls for the white bosoms of civilization, or the rude welding of polished steel for the dusky nostrils of barbarism. It may be the molding of a lectern for the rites of Christendom, or the bronzing of a fetish for the eye of Idolatry. A gossamer wire, or a tubular bridge, pop-guns or heavy ordnance, tubes drawn or weldless, a steam engine, or a dog collar; it may be all or any of these, or it may be something else. Nobody knows for certain, and nobody cares. Being, however, thoroughly versed in general commercial methods, they are able with unconcerned volition to vary their occupations, according to the exigency of the moment. If they are beaten in the open market by rails from Belgium, they are able by a quick transition, and often apparently without change of plant, to turn out iron sheets for corrugated roofing. If American or German competition makes it not worth their while to continue the manufacture of tubes for cycles, they turn to bedsteads, collar-studs, or hairpins. Iron and brass are their staple material. Anything that it is humanly possible to make out of that material the men of Birmingham can and do make; and the kind of thing they make out of it depends entirely upon whether the demand at the moment is for a tubular bridge or a trumpet, a toy for the hand of a lady, or sheet armor for a belted cruiser.

Utilitarianism has never been better illustrated than in their methods. That there may be men outside Birmingham possessing a certain kind of artistic or 'flash' ability, men who arrive at just conclusions by means of rigid logic, men who, when they go wrong, do so with great ingenuity, Birmingham men would be the first to admit. But with Birmingham men the only indication of sterling, abiding talent is the rapid accumulation of wealth from business. To them there is only one reason d'être of talent: to amass wealth quick and early. The abstract kind of talent which leaves its possessor in a small house they not only understand but entertain great contempt for. They only look at material results. Whether those results are really due to what is known as talent or to a fortuitous combination of negations they do not stop to inquire. The tree is judged by its fruit. This unrelieved materialism obtrudes itself even in the nomenclature of their thoroughfares corporation street, New Street, Bristol road, Wheelways road, Carpenters road, Arthur road—no poetry, no sentiment, no imagination; stern business to the end of the chapter.

Returning to Their Father's House.

This week opened with interesting developments among Protest and Episcopals. The spirit of unrest, the inevitable result of lack of authoritative teaching, manifested itself more openly, having been aggravated by the action of the recent diocesan convention.

St. Elizabeth's P. E. Church, Philadelphia, was the centre of interest. There, on Sunday, the clergymen who had declared their intention of resigning met those among whom they had labored so faithfully for the last time—at least as members of the Protestant Episcopal ministry. No one of the clergy officiated at the services, but Rev. William H. McClellan preached, speaking from the text, "Your sorrow shall be turned into joy." After the services the congregation bade farewell to Revs. William McGarvey, the rector; Maurice L. Cowl, William L. Hayward and William H. McClellan. The scene was pathetic, one calculated to teach those "to the manner born" the difficulty which converts find in breaking the ties which bind them to the scenes of their labors and to their brethren, to go among those who are strangers, and who are perhaps at times not so

sympathetic as they might be. Spiritually, they are gainers, and they will know "the peace they never had known before." But for St. Elizabeth's clergy here was an edifice built by their labors, and a congregation gathered together in the belief that they formed at least a part of the Church of Christ, only to have the fallacy of this made manifest to them and to hear the Voice, "Leave all and follow Me."

FAREWELL.

To the Parishioners of St. Elizabeth's: "DEAR FRIENDS: For many years we have gone in and out amongst you as your friends. You have been very dear to our hearts, and willingly would we still remain with you, and for your sakes spend and be spent until death should call us away. But obedience to the holy will of God bids us now to lay down our office and to say to you farewell.

"It is due to you that we should tell you plainly why we are leaving you and going forth to begin our lives anew. When we were ordained, we were persuaded that the Catholic religion in its fullness was the faith of the Episcopal Church. Animated by this persuasion, we gave ourselves freely to her ministry, and would gladly have laid down our lives in her service. Misgivings with regard to the legitimacy of our position were first aroused when certain of the Bishops a year or two ago began to invite non-Episcopal ministers into the pulpits.

"Such action was not, of course, the action of the Episcopal Church, although its proceeding from Bishops gave it a serious import. But when the whole House of Bishops, without a dissenting vote, endorsed this practice by incorporating into the discipline of the Episcopal Church explicit provision for an open pulpit, it was manifest that either the non-Episcopal ministers had already the same ministerial status as ministers of the Word with those ordained by Bishops of the Episcopal Church or that the Episcopal Church had, by her enactment of the open pulpit canon, seriously compromised the doctrine of holy orders which we had supposed she held in its integrity.

"Had such a canon been enacted prior to our ordination, our consciences would never for a moment have allowed us to receive ordination in the Episcopal Church. And now that the canon was enacted, it was plain that we must as honest men reconsider our whole position. We set a time for prayer and thought, that we might know God's will and might do nothing hastily.

"That time has now expired. And it has been made abundantly clear to us that the Episcopal Church, in making possible the admission of all sorts of Protestant ministers as teachers of her people, has rightly interpreted her own essential spirit. By the enactment of the open pulpit canon she has given expression to her real mind and attitude toward Protestantism and its ministers, and has put aside the theories of the ministry which modern High Churchmen have supposed to be hers, and with which they have unwittingly hidden her real character from their eyes. She now stands forth before the world in the character which belongs to her, and by which she desires to be known. She is, as she calls herself, as in the last general convention she has demonstrated herself to be, and as most of her members regard her, a Protestant Church.

"Knowing now the true character of the Episcopal Church, and still convinced of the truth of the Catholic religion, there is but one course open to us as honest men—we must relinquish the charge of St. Elizabeth's and lay down altogether the ministry of the Episcopal Church. This we have done."

"And now, to you to whom we have so long ministered and who are still dear to our hearts, we have but one last word as we bid you farewell. Set before yourselves the holy will of God as the one law to which you desire to be conformed. Lift up your hearts to Him who in creating you has given you a proof that He would have you attain to His glory, and let your prayer be, 'Oh, send out Thy light and Thy truth, that they may lead me and bring me to Thy holy hill and to Thy dwelling.' That prayer, if offered in faith and in the spirit of obedience, will not go unanswered. In His light you shall see light.

"May we all so yield ourselves to the holy will of God that we may be counted worthy at the last to stand before the throne of His glory. Farewell."

"Lovingly yours in our blessed Lord,

- "WILLIAM MCGARVEY,
- "MAURICE L. COWL,
- "WILLIAM L. HAYWARD,
- "WILLIAM H. MCCLELLAN."

Within twenty-four hours of the farewell of these ministers, twelve members of that congregation had presented themselves to Rev. Alvan N. Doran, of the Epiphany, for instruction in the faith, and others applied to other priests in various parts of the city, and at least one in another city, who had been connected with St. Elizabeth's. — *Catholic Standard and Times*.

Black Watch
"Biggest and Best"
Plug
Chewing Tobacco

A Hair Dressing

Nearly every one likes a fine hair dressing. Something to make the hair more manageable; to keep it from being too rough, or from splitting at the ends. Something, too, that will feed the hair at the same time, a regular hair-food. Well-fed hair will be strong, and will remain where it belongs—on the head, not on the comb!

The best kind of a testimonial—"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturer of
Ayer's SACSAPATILLA PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

A new era in
Dairying

The first carload of Separators for Antigonish County to arrive within the next few days.

You ask: For what make of Separator is there such a demand? The Sharpley Tubular of course. The Separator without an equal.

THEIR CLAIM.
"We will place a Sharpley Tubular Dairy Separator beside the best separator of the best other make in existence and absolutely guarantee to cut in half an hour for clean skimming which such other machine may be able to make."



FREE TRIAL
We place the machine on trial anywhere and we ask no one to keep it unless it kills closer than any other kind of Separator and satisfies that buying one would be a profitable purchase. Buy the best and buy early so that you can have its use during the entire season. First full payments are due on the same date, no matter whether you buy in March, April, May or June. Booklet mailed for the asking.

In stock: Favourite Roller Bearer Churns, all sizes Earthen Churns, Butter Crocks, Butter Workers, Parchment Rennet and other dairy supplies.

Also in stock: One car Swift's Fertilizers for all crops.

Thomas Somers

2 in 1

SHOE POLISH

"I tell you, Boss, people are so particular about the Shoe Polish they use that they ask me each night to be sure and use '2 in 1'."

It's easier for me, too, and you should see the smile I get in the morning."

At all Dealers 10c. and 25c. tins



Cash Market

Having bought out the good will and business heretofore conducted and known as the Cash Market by J. Arscott & Co., opposite the Post Office, the undersigned now offer to the public, at lowest prices, all kinds of

Groceries,
Boots, Shoes, Rubbers
And a full line of
Crockeryware,
No. 1 July Herring.

Highest prices paid IN CASH for Hides, Wool Skins and Wool.

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Office Hours, 9 to 12 and 1 to 4.30.

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CARRIAGES

Just arrived, one carload Tudhope carriages. These carriages are undoubtedly the best finished manufactured in Canada. Guaranteed first-class material and workmanship. Axles, long distance; recess collars, dust proof, requires oiling but once or twice in a season, also driving harness, farming implements, team wagons, cart wheels, cream separators at lowest prices. Call and examine these goods, and get prices before purchasing elsewhere.

PETER McDONALD
EAST END

Agricultural Warehouse

A carload of Carriages from Nova Scotia Carriage Co. These goods in the past have been noted for their style and quality. : : : : :
Also the Closest Skimming and easiest running Separator as yet introduced in this County made by International Harvester Co., the manufacturers of the famous Deering Mower, etc. Call and see before purchasing : : : : :

F. R. Trotter

FURS.

Fur of all kinds, such as Fox, Mink, Muskrat skins, etc., bought by
H. B. WHIDDEN,
care of C. B. WHIDDEN & Son.

The New York Centenary.

Tuesday, April 28th, was the great day of the week in the splendor of the religious services, Cardinal Logue celebrating Pontifical Mass in the Cathedral in the presence of another prince of the Church, Cardinal Gibbons, ten Archbishops, forty Bishops, eight hundred priests and over sixty five hundred laymen and women.

Cardinal Gibbons' sermon was a masterly, comprehensive and patriotic discourse that took note alike of the zeal and energy of the clergy and the loyalty of the laity; gloried in the patriotism of the early Catholics, and inspired all present to emulate that devotion to the land of their adoption.

Then, addressing his distinguished colleague, the Irish Cardinal, the prelates and clergy gathered in the sanctuary and the vast assemblage in the body of the Cathedral, Cardinal Gibbons said:

"We are honored today by the presence of His Eminence Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of All Ireland, and successor to St. Patrick. It is eminently becoming that this distinguished prelate should take part in these festivities, as the Cathedral and Archdiocese of New York are consecrated to St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland, and who shares with St. Paul the glorious title of Apostle of the Nations."

We are assembled here this morning to celebrate with joyful praise and thanksgiving the hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the Diocese of New York.

A retrospect of the principal personages who figured in the history of this see during the past century would be manifestly incomplete if no mention were made of John Carroll, the first Archbishop of Baltimore, the metropolitan in his day of the Bishop of New York and the patriarch of the American Church.

He was consecrated in the chapel attached to Lulworth Castle in England, the elegant seat of Thomas Weld, Esq. Mr. Weld had the honor of entertaining more than once King George III. of England, and the friendship of the sovereign secured for his host religious concessions which were denied to the other Catholic gentry and nobility in those days of persecution.

The consecrating prelate was Dr. Walmisley, Vicar Apostolic of the London district. This Bishop was not only a learned churchman, but also a distinguished scientist. When England had determined in 1750 to adopt the Gregorian calendar, Bishop Walmisley was selected with other scientific men to arrange the calendar and adapt it to the British realm.

The sermon on that occasion was preached by Rev. Charles Plowden, an intimate friend of Dr. Carroll and a member of the Society of Jesus. Father Plowden then uttered a prediction that has been amply fulfilled. He said that the day would come when the daughter would surpass the mother, when the Church in America would outgrow in numbers and influence the Church in England.

His words have been abundantly verified, for today the Catholic Church in the United States vastly excels the Church in England in the number of her hierarchy, her clergy and laity and in the splendor of her institutions of religion, charity and education.

I regard the selection of Bishop Carroll as a most providential event for the welfare of the American Church. For if a prelate of narrow views, a man out of sympathy and harmony with the genius of the new Republic, had been chosen, the progress of the Catholic religion would have been seriously impeded.

It is true, the Constitution had declared that no one should be molested on account of religion; but constitutional enactments would have been a feeble barrier to stem the tide of popular and traditional prejudice unless those enactments were justified and vindicated by the patriotic example of the chief ruler of the American Church.

The Diocese of Baltimore embraced the whole territory of the United States until 1808.

In that year, by an apostolic brief of Pius VII., Baltimore was raised to an archiepiscopal see and four suffragan sees were created—New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Bardonia. The Bishop selected to preside over the Diocese of New York was Right Rev. Luke Concanen, of the Order of St. Dominic. The brief which was confided to him creating the See of New York never reached its destination; but an authentic duplicate, issued from the Propaganda, is now preserved in the archives of the Baltimore Cathedral.

After his consecration in Rome, Bishop Concanen proceeded to Leghorn, and thence to Naples, in the hope of finding a vessel that would convey him to America. But after a brief illness he suddenly expired in that city, and

thus the first chosen leader of the people of God in this Commonwealth was destined, like Moses, never to enter the Promised Land.

In 1814, Right Rev. John Connolly was appointed the second Bishop of New York. The new incumbent, like his predecessor, was a member of the learned and illustrious Order of St. Dominic. Owing to the scarcity of priests, Bishop Connolly was compelled to exercise missionary duties throughout his vast diocese, which then comprised the whole State of New York and the eastern portion of New Jersey. He traversed the city of New York on foot, administering the consolations of religion to the sick and afflicted.

After an arduous episcopal career of ten years he surrendered his soul to his Maker in 1825. As an evidence of the esteem and veneration in which the Bishop was held by the community at large, we are informed by a contemporary daily journal that his remains were viewed by about 30,000 persons, who then formed nearly one-fifth of the entire population of your city.

John Dubois, the successor of Bishop Connolly, was a worthy type of those learned and zealous French priests who for three centuries after the discovery of our continent, consecrated themselves to the service of God in this hemisphere. They carried the torch of faith in one hand and the torch of science in the other. They explored our lakes, our rivers and our mountains, everywhere carrying the light of religion and knowledge. As an illustration of their scientific attainments, I may observe that the charts of North America which they sent to the mother country are regarded, even at this day, as marvels of topographical accuracy.

Rev. John Dubois was the founder and first president of Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, which has been called the "Mother of Bishops." It is a notable circumstance that his three immediate successors in the See of New York were educated in that institution.

On the occasion of his consecration in Baltimore with his pectoral cross and ring by Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the last of the singers of the Declaration of Independence.

He labored with indefatigable zeal for sixteen years, until he was worn out by old age and infirmities. No one acquainted with his life can deny that Bishop Dubois was not deficient in force of character, but a stronger and younger hand than his was needed to grapple with the administrative problems that confronted him in his declining years.

Archbishop Hughes was the man for the occasion. Like Archbishop Carroll, he was providentially raised up to meet the exigencies of the times. He braced the relaxing nerves of discipline. The true e system, admirable in itself when exercised within legitimate lines, was grossly abused, and it led to a spirit of insubordination to the ecclesiastical authorities, and this evil he repressed with a firm and vigorous hand. He was also the fearless champion of Christian education, and if today our Christian schools are so thoroughly established and developed throughout the land, this result is due in no small measure to the bold and timely initiative of the Archbishop of New York.

Archbishop Hughes was a prelate of great intellectual power. James Roosevelt Bayley, my venerable predecessor, a man of close observation and large experience and an intimate friend of the New York prelate, informed me that he regarded Archbishop Hughes as one of the ablest minds he ever encountered. His letters to Mayor Harper, of New York, are models of literary style and are worthy of the pen of a Junius and an Edmund Burke.

He was a man of indomitable courage. He had no sense of fear. He never paled before dangers and difficulties. He rather courted them, that he might triumph over them.

As an instance of his fearlessness, he often expressed a desire to witness a storm at sea. His wishes were gratified beyond his expectations in a voyage he made to Europe in a sailing vessel in 1830. A hurricane raged with unabated fury for twenty-four hours. While his fellow passengers were huddled together in a state of consternation, he remained on deck and exulted in the fearful conflict of the elements.

He has left an indelible impress of his works and character on this archdiocese and even on the country at large.

When the See of New York became vacant by the death of Archbishop Hughes in 1864, Right Rev. John McCloskey was chosen to succeed him, and time has amply vindicated the wisdom of the choice. Clergy and faithful of New York, what sentiments of honest pride must be evoked in your hearts at the mention of these two illustrious pontiffs! They will compare favorably with the hierarchy of any see in Christendom, and they will shine as stars of the first magnitude in the bright galaxy of deceased American prelates.

Those two churchmen had each his predominant traits of character; McCloskey, meek, gentle, retiring from the world, reminds us of Moses with uplifted hands praying on the mountain. Hughes, active, bold, vigorous, aggressive, was like Josue fighting in the valley, armed with the Christian panoply of faith, truth and justice. The one recalls the Prince of the Apostles, blending authority with paternal kindness; the other reminds us of the Apostle of the Gentiles, wielding the two-edged sword of the Spirit—the sword of the tongue and of the pen. John McCloskey has the undivided distinction of being the first Cardinal ever created on American soil, and this diocese shares the glory with him.

It is quite unnecessary in this assembly to dwell at any length on the life of the late lamented Archbishop Corrigan. His virtues and good deeds are so fresh in the memory of all of us—of his brothers in the episcopate, his clergy and laity, that they need no rehearsal at my hands.

Suffice it to say that he was a man of many-sided attainments, so learned in speculative theology and yet so practical, so courteously, yet so humble, so gentle, yet so strong. He was a man of most methodical habits, never wasting a moment's time and was eminently conspicuous for administrative ability. In all questions affecting canon law and church history as well as the venerable traditions and usages of the Apostolic See, he was an authority and a living encyclopaedia among his colleagues.

Though obliged by his exalted position to appear in the public walks of life, he courted retirement, and "his life was hidden with Christ in God."

It would ill become me to enlarge here in his presence on the merits and labors of the popular prelate who now happily presides over the destinies of this flourishing archdiocese. He has taken up and holds with a firm and prudent hand the reins of Government laid down by his illustrious predecessors. He enjoys the esteem, the confidence and affection of the clergy and laity committed to his spiritual jurisdiction.

And while "the solicitude of the churches" and the moral and religious welfare of his own people are the primary object of his pastoral vigilance and zeal, nevertheless, like a true, patriotic prelate, he is always ready and eager to co-operate with his fellow citizens of every race and rank and religion in advocating any measure that may redound to the material and temporal well being of the inhabitants of this great metropolis.

(To be continued.)

"Jim" Connolly is Roosevelt's Ideal.

In a walk at Washington, with Martin Sheridan of New York city, the champion athlete of the world, President Roosevelt said:

"My ideal of an all-around man is James B. Connolly of Boston. You know Jim? He was with you at the Olympic games in Greece."

"Connolly is what I think a man should be. If my boy Theodore turns out to be as good a man I will be satisfied."

"Connolly has strength, agility and perseverance. He loves outdoor, healthful life, and he is clean through and through. I want my boy to be as good a man as Connolly."

The man whom President Roosevelt has picked out as a pattern for his son, Theodore Jr., is an author and amateur athlete. He is a husky, breezy, virile type of man, who has shown his ability to hold his own under all sorts of adverse conditions. He is the author of a number of well known sea stories.

From the standpoint of physique young Theodore—although he is a strong, determined youth—is not quite the equal of his father's ideal. Mr. Connolly stands 5 feet 9 1/2 inches and weighs 152 pounds. Theodore Jr. is 5 feet 8 inches and weighs 145 pounds. Young Roosevelt, however, is in his twentieth year—a growing, energetic boy. He will undoubtedly fill out within a few years and gain considerably in weight.

Mr. Connolly is noted as an athlete in New England. He won honors as a jumper in the Olympic games and wears many medals rewarding his prowess in athletics on the field and on the water.

Theodore Roosevelt Jr. was a rather slight, frail boy, but he inherited from his father a good constitution. In point of opportunity for physical development he had no chances like those of Connolly, who was reared in Gloucester and spent his boyhood afloat and ashore with the fisherfolk of that neighborhood—the hardiest men on the New England coast.

Mr. Connolly has been on whaling voyages and has sailed in fishing vessels in the north Atlantic, the North Sea and the Baltic. He has spent the depths of winter on the Newfoundland banks and fought through the Santiago campaign as a member of the United States army. His whole life has been one of physical exercise.

Mr. Connolly's writings deal almost entirely with the outdoor life of the people he has known and lived with.

About a year ago he enlisted in the navy with the consent of the President for the purpose of learning all about life abroad a man-of-war from the inside and writing about it. The enlisted men discovered his identity and he resigned because the work he had set out to do could not be accomplished under those circumstances. He made the trip with the battle ship fleet around South America and only recently returned with a private report for the President.—Catholic Citizen.

A Short Cut to Sanctity.

Guard well your tongue, restrain your feet, keep down your eyes, laugh, sleep, and eat. Be kind to all, be never late. Do all things well, both small and great. Fulfill God's will, give up your own; Leave others and their faults alone. Forget there is a letter I— You'll happy live, and peaceful die.

"Why do you book agents never shut the door behind you?" inquired the victim. "Is it carelessness?"

"No, sir," replied the book agent "it's caution."—Philadelphia Record

"You shouldn't treat your boy so harshly. You'll break his spirit."

"Well, he probably get married some time, and he might as well have it broken now."

Farms for Sale.

Valuable property for sale at Mayfield, Antigonish Co., consisting of two hundred acres, thirty five acres under cultivation, one hundred and forty acres under good hardwood, hemlock and a variety of spruce for logs and material for buildings, the remainder in pasture. It is bordering on the East Branch of the Beaver River, a distance of eighty-six chains, where all the logs cut off same can be driven on said stream to Antigonish, or they can be cut at McGregor's mill established there, and only a distance of a few rods from said lot of land. The distance from James River station is only three miles. There is a house and a new barn thereon.

—ALSO—

One hundred and fifty acres at Dobby Brook, Pictou Co., with a new house and barn thereon, forty acres under cultivation, the remainder well wooded. It is situated within one and a half miles from two saw mills, good soil, Easy terms. For particulars apply to the undersigned.

JOHN McDONALD, Pinktown.

SHINGLES.

For sale at low price 50 M. Spruce and Fir Shingles. T. J. SEARS, Lochaber.

Farm for Sale

The well known farm, situated on Briley Brook road, about 2 miles from Town, known as the Ballentyne Farm, and owned by Christopher Grant, now of Nevada, is offered for sale on good terms. It consists of 125 acres, also 25 acre wood lot on the mountain, four miles from the farm. The buildings are good, and include dwelling and barn. Cuts 3 tons hay. It has good water on several parts of farm. By means of pipes the water can be conducted readily into buildings. Apply for particulars to JOHN McARTHUR, Briley Brook

Fertilizer

Just received at Agricultural Warehouse.

- 1 Car Basic Slag, 1 Car Bone Meal, 1 Car Superphosphates.

This Slag from results in this County has proved its superiority over all other brands. The Bone Meal is made in Nova Scotia and has not had any of its fertilizing qualities taken out. The Superphosphates are from the Provincial Chemical Fertilizer Co. of St. John and are too well known to need further mention.

F. R. TROTTER

DRUGS.

Our line is complete in Drugs and Patents Medicines, Pills. All kinds Ointments, Soaps, Perfumes, sponges, Pipes, Cigars, Tobacco.

FOSTER BROS.' Tonic Pills, Beef Iron and Wine. FOSTER BROS.' Syrup Hy phosphites.

Physicians Prescriptions Carefully Compounded. Mail Orders promptly filled.

House Telephone No. 48. Office Telephone No. 16.

Foster Bros. Druggists, Antigonish.

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HALIFAX TO BOSTON.

Hawkesbury to Boston Tuesdays 9 p. m. From Halifax Wednesdays at Midnight. From Boston Saturdays noon. Through tickets for sale, and baggage checked by Railway agents.

For all information apply to Plans Line Agents at Halifax, and Hawkesbury. H. L. CHIPMAN, Manager

Cowan's Cake Icings

are so perfect a child can ice a cake in three minutes.

Chocolate, Pearl Pink, Lemon, Orange, White, Maple, Almond, and Coconut Cream.

THE COWAN CO., Limited, TORONTO

FARMERS PLEASE NOTE

I have taken the agency for the famous

National Cream Separator

made by the Raymond Sewing Machine Co. of Guelph, Ont., one of the oldest and most reliable manufacturing Co.s in the Dominion of Canada. The National is fully guaranteed by the Company to skim as closely as any Separator in the world, and on account of its innumerable excellent qualities, is a great favorite where ever known. It is easy to operate and to clean, having less parts than any other separator. It insures longer wear, our prices are reasonable, it will be money in your pocket to call or write us before purchasing elsewhere.

D. McISAAC, Antigonish, N. S.

The Alredie BRAND



With just enough spice To make it nice.

At Your Grocer 15 cts. a Pkge.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

Homestead Regulations.

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub Agency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may however, be made at an Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead duties under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of a homesteader has permanent residence on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother)

(4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of the width of road allowances crossed in the measurement.

(5) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

Six months notice in writing must be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Sharples Tubular Separator—Thos Somers. Wool Wanted—L. Isham, Sweet & Co. Sherwin Williams Paint—D. G. Kirk. Clearance Sale—J. S. O'Brien. Gillette Safety Razor—J. R. Hellyer. Mail Contract—G. C. Anderson. Pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupre. Auction—F. H. McPhie.

LOCAL ITEMS

WALDREN'S Photo Studio will be open from Tuesday, June 2nd, till noon Saturday, June 6th.

ON JULY 1ST and 2nd, the parishioners of Brook Village parish, C. B., will hold a picnic near Glendyer Station, in aid of the funds for their new church.

THE REGULAR meeting of Clan Chisholm, O. S. C., No. 179, will be held this evening. A full attendance is requested as matters in connection with the proposed visit of Lord Lovatt will be discussed.

THE LIBERAL-CONSERVATIVE Association of Inverness County has called a convention for Tuesday, June 9th, at St. Peter's Hall, Port Hood, for the purpose of selecting a candidate to contest the County at the forthcoming elections.

PIC-NIC.—The parishioners of Christmas Island will hold a grand picnic on July 21st in aid of extensive repairs on Church buildings, and heating the Church and glebe-house. Notices giving information of train arrangements later on.

A SPECIAL MEETING of the "Antigonish Highland Society" will be held at the office of A. G. Macdonald, Inspector of Schools, on Friday evening next, at 7.30. Officers and members are requested to attend.—By order of President, J. C. McNAUGHTON, Sec.

PRaisEWORTHY.—Mr. William McDonald, St. Mary's Street, on Friday last picked up on the Harbour Road an envelope containing \$41.20. He immediately sought and discovered the owner. The latter, of course, was very grateful and appreciated the honesty of the finder.

THE LAKE COPPER COMPANY of Antigonish has opened an office in Town, in the building wherein is Dr. Cameron's office. In the window are a lot of samples of copper ore from the mine at Copper Lake. All of them are exceedingly rich in copper. The Company is meeting with success in disposing of the stock on the market. Mr. A. G. Baillie, the fiscal agent, is receiving inquiries from practical mining men and others.

FIFTY THOUSAND young salmon were placed in the West River, at Addington Forks, last week, by Mr. Oden, Superintendent of the Dominion Fish Hatchery at Bedford. The object is to improve the salmon fishery in these waters, and doubtless it will have the desired effect. It is hoped that the placing of these young fish in our waters will be continued for several successive years, so that our streams may become well-known resorts for salmon fishing.

MISS KATIE M. CAMPBELL, daughter of Mr. Alexander Campbell, Black River, Inverness, and Mr. S. E. Joyce were joined in holy wedlock at the Convent Chapel, Inverness, by Rev. R. L. McDonald, P. P., Inverness, on Monday. The happy couple were attended by the bride's sister and brother, Miss Martha and Mr. Angus R. Nuptial Mass followed the ceremony. Mr. Joyce is night bank head foreman at the I. & R. C. Co.'s mine, and is one of the most respected young men of Inverness. THE CASKET joins in extending Mr. and Mrs. Campbell a happy and prosperous wedded life. They will reside at Inverness.

PRINTING.—Customers of THE CASKET's job printing department are very well pleased with the quality and style of our work. Often we are in receipt of voluntary expressions of their satisfaction. Only recently we had several much appreciated letters of commendation. A Mabou patron writes: "Work received. It is really an exquisite piece of printing." A Port Hawkesbury patron says: "I must tell you that we are very well pleased with the ball programmes and invitations you sent." From Guysboro: "Printing is very satisfactory." Several letters have been received from Canso, each of which was congratulatory. One of them had following: "Accept our congratulations on promptness with which you filled our order and for the superior quality of the work."

THE FISHERMEN in our coastal waters are meeting with considerable success this year. Lobsters are fairly plentiful also mackerel. A despatch from Gabarus, C. B., states that ten thousand mackerel were caught by the fishermen there on Saturday. On Tuesday a shipment of 400 barrels of mackerel went through here by rail from Queensport, Guy., to Boston. The Portland Packing Company closed its Whitehead and Canso lobster factories on Monday last. Large lobsters, which are shipped alive to Boston, were bringing ten cents apiece. The Company refused to continue paying this price, claiming the price secured in the city markets did not cover cost, and the fisherman refused therefore to sell them the small lobsters, hence the shut-down. The Raspberry Packing Company are now taking all these lobsters. The price for small lobsters is \$4.50 per hundred weight.

ST. PAUL'S (Anglican) Church, Antigonish, was the scene of a very pretty and fashionable ceremony yesterday, when Miss Hazel Harrington, daughter of Mrs. L. G. Harrington, Antigonish, and Mr. Adolphe Bernasconi, C. E., Antigonish, were united in marriage by the Rev. Mr. Andrews, assisted by Rev. Mr. Watson of Mulgrave. The young couple were attended by Miss Jennie Bernasconi and Miss Lena Harrington, sisters of the groom and bride respectively, and by Mr. W. S.

Copeland. The pretty and cosey little church was tastefully decorated for the occasion, flowers being profusely yet artistically displayed. After luncheon at the home of the bride's mother, the young couple left on a honeymoon trip to the principal cities of the Upper Provinces. Both the bride and groom are among our most popular young people, and the presents were numerous and valuable.

HERBERT W. SCOTT, B. S. A., arrived here on Wednesday with a car lot of pure-bred sheep. These animals were purchased from the best breeders in Ontario. This lot contains excellent specimens of Shropshire and Oxford Downs, Leicesters, Cotswolds and Lincolns. The majority are of the three former breeds. These sheep were taken at once to the Experimental Farm at Cloverville, where they will remain under the direct care of Mr. Scott, who, besides being a college graduate, has had a wide experience in the care and fitting of sheep, both in his native province and in Pennsylvania. Mr. Scott reports having had a very satisfactory trip down here. Although on the car continually for over a week and experiencing many changes in weather, the sheep came through admirably well. Arriving here at this season gives them an excellent opportunity to become acclimatized before being sold throughout the County in the autumn.

THE TOWN COUNCIL has appointed the following persons Library and Park Commissioners: Professor A. G. McDonald, Mayor, Judge Macgillivray, E. Lavin Girroir, F. H. MacPhie, and Pearl Cunningham. The Commissioners held their first meeting at the residence of the Mayor, who is chairman of the commission, on Monday evening. Mr. E. Lavin Girroir was appointed Secretary, and Mr. F. H. MacPhie, Treasurer. The commission decided to sell two barns on the McIsaac property on Saturday next in order to make room immediately for filling in and raising the ground by means of a public dump. The Town Council will regulate the manner in which this dumping shall be done in order that the interests of the public will in all respects be preserved. The treasurer, Mr. MacPhie, will gladly accept donations in materials or money from public-spirited citizens who wish to assist in beautifying what will in the near future be one of the most attractive spots in Town. Judge Macgillivray and E. Lavin Girroir were appointed a committee to prepare by-laws for the regulation of the work of the commission. It was unanimously decided to give to both Library and

Park the name of the generous donor, The John E. Somers Library and Park.

The funeral of the late Mrs. John S. O'Brien on Friday, the 22nd May, was one of the largest ever seen here, bearing marked testimony to the high regard in which that estimable lady was held, and the profound sympathy felt for her bereaved husband and family in their irreparable loss. The schools of the Town, of which Mr. O'Brien has been for many years a school commissioner, as well as for two years its Mayor, were closed as a mark of respect, and the school-children took part in the procession. Rev. M. A. McAdam, Rector of the Cathedral, celebrated the Requiem Mass and gave the Absolution, and Rev. J. H. Nicholson, assisted by Rev. H. P. MacPherson, D. D., Rector of the College, Rev. Hugh MacPherson, D. D., Rev. J. H. McDonald, and Rev. R. F. McIntyre, all of the College staff, conducted the service at the grave. Coming unexpectedly after a serious illness from which she was believed to be gradually recovering, Mrs. O'Brien's death was a most painful shock to her very wide circle of friends, all of whom admired and esteemed her. Intensely devoted, as a good Christian wife and mother should be, to her husband, her children and her home, her early call leaves a void there that can never be filled. The three brothers who were mentioned in our brief notice on the morning following her death are D. Grant McIntosh, St. Paul, Minn.; William F., of Washington, and John A. of British Columbia. Two of her sisters are nuns of the Presentation Order in Newfoundland. May she rest in peace!

THE JUNE SITTINGS of the Supreme Court here were concluded in about an hour and a half on Tuesday. Mr. Justice Lawrence, who presided, had taken the Chief Justice's place. It being his Lordship's first official visit to the town, Mr. Gregory, K. C., as senior member of the local Bar, and Mr. Allan J. Cameron, as junior, each in a few well-chosen words, upon the opening of Court, bade him welcome to Antigonish on behalf of the Bar and Court officials, explaining that, as his visit was unexpected, no formal address had been prepared. His Lordship replied briefly but very appropriately, expressing his pleasure in revisiting our thriving town, with which he was familiar many years ago, and noting its numerous evidences of prosperity; congratulating the county upon the absence of any criminal business for the sittings; and thanking the members of the Bar and officers of the Court for their congratulations. In the case of Bligh and Prince vs. George D. Smith and E. H. Arbuckle, of Ponds, Pictou County, to set aside a bill of sale, the instrument was, by a consent order of the Court set aside with costs, fixed at \$60.00 by agreement. Wall for plaintiffs, Graham, New Glasgow and Boyd for the respective defendants. Roderick McDonald vs. Donald McDonald, an action for assault and battery, the parties belonging to North Grant and Pleasant Valley respectively, was tried and judgment given for plaintiff for \$17.50 and costs. Wall for plaintiff; Gregory, K. C., under instructions from Floyd, Guysborough, for defendant, who called no witnesses.

AUCTION.

To be sold at public auction, on the premises, on SATURDAY, June 6th, 1908, at 10 o'clock, a. m., 2 BARNs Situated on the rear of the property on Main Street, formerly owned by the late Angus MacIsaac J. P. The barns to be removed by the purchaser. TERMS CASH: F. H. McPHIE, Auctioneer, Antigonish, N. S., June 2nd, 1908

PILGRIMAGE TO ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

A grand pilgrimage from the Maritime Provinces to St. Anne will leave MONCTON on Tuesday, July 7th Returning leaves QUEBEC ON THURSDAY EVENING, JULY 9th Following is the return fare from the principal points between Sydney and Moncton: Sydney for a party of 100 or more \$10 25 Mulgrave " " " " 8 25 Antigonish " " " " 8 25 New Glasgow " " " " 7 85 Halifax " " " " 8 10 Truro " " " " 7 25 Amherst " " " " 6 50 Moncton " " " " 5 50

Ice Cream

Commencing June 1st an ice cream parlor will be opened at the restaurant, near Main Street School. Open daily from 4 p. m. till 10 p. m.

Farm for Sale

That valuable farm, called the Meadow Green Farm, in the County of Antigonish, containing 100 acres, more or less. About 50 acres of fine interval, well wooded, hard and soft wood. Good house and two barns. Apply to WILLIAM CHISHOLM, Beaulieu, or to T. W. CHISHOLM, 6 Downer St., Dorchester, Mass.

Spring's Choicest Production in Clothes, Toggery, Boots, Shoes, Etc.

People who know come here for their goods.

The man who is not glad when the glorious Spring months arrive has need of a doctor to touch up his liver. Every man in his normal condition, hails with delight the time when it is safe to change from heavy garments to light weights. It lifts a load from the mind as well as the body. This season our lines of wearables are particularly attractive:

- Suits for men, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$8.00, \$10.00, up to \$18.00
Top Coats for men, \$6.00, \$8.00, \$10.00, up to \$15.00
Trousers for men, 90c., \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, up to \$5.00
Suits for youths, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00 up to \$10.00
Suits for boys, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00, up to \$7.00
Trousers for boys, 35c., 50c., 65c., 75c., up to \$1.50

Boots and Shoes

For men, women and children. Prices to suit every purse

Our excellent clothes are made to our special order by the best clothing makers in the business.

Hats, Shirts and Toggery in great variety

We've everything that's been approved as correct for spring and summer. Come in and satisfy yourself. We do business on the square. Money back if you want it.

The Home of Good Goods and Right Prices.

Palace Clothing Co.'y

And Popular Shoe Store, Main St., ANTIGONISH



THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS

Labor Not Paint

is the expensive item in painting, it costs as much to apply a poor paint as a good one. Before you begin to paint your house be sure you get the best paint possible for the money, and at the same time give best satisfaction and longest wear.

The Sherwin-Williams Paint Gives these results

IT 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.

D. G. KIRK, ANTIGONISH N. S.

IT'S A STRONG TEMPTATION

when complete satisfaction has been experienced to come back for more. This is the way with CUNNINGHAM FOOTWEAR. My goods are so stylish and such good value for the money that customers come back again and again. My Fall showing comprises a wide range of the best goods from best makers.

PRICE AND QUALITY are special features with me. My motto is quick sale and small profits.

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There is nothing singular in the fact that the

HEINTZMAN & COMPANY PIANO

made by the oldest firm of Heintzman & Co., Limited, stands out distinctive from other pianos. It is a distinctive production—a piano with an individuality of its own. It is not put in comparison with other pianos. That would be unfair to other pianos. It is in a class by itself.

"I had not the slightest idea that such a magnificent instrument as the Heintzman & Co. Piano was manufactured in Canada. It is easily in the front rank of the leading pianos of the world."

—NUTINI, the Celebrated Blind Italian Artist.

J. A. McDONALD Piano and Music Co. HALIFAX, N. S.