

THE CASKET.

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Fifty-sixth Year

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THURSDAY, JUNE 18.

The Rev. Alfred Pampalon, S.S. R., died at St. Anne de Beaupre in 1900, at the early age of 29. His reputation for holiness was such that testimony which it is hoped may lead to his canonization is being already taken at Quebec and in the Belgian monastery where he made his novitiate.

When King Frederic of Saxony was in Leipzig last winter it was noticed that he walked out unattended at half past six every morning, rain or shine, and heard Mass like an ordinary mortal. Such a sight is more edifying in this age at least, than seeing a King in the sanctuary, with the ministers of the altar dancing attendance upon him.

Dominic Leischner, ninety-four years of age and for sixty-four years a lay brother in the Society of Jesus, died in Baltimore last month. He was born in Alsace Lorraine and came to Canada as a young man to help the Indian missionaries. For twenty years he endured the hardships of this life, frequently absent from civilization for six months at a time. Always a man of vigorous constitution he grew stronger by living so much out of doors. Without such men as this, the work of a missionary would be often impossible.

The editor of the *Catholic Fortnightly Review* of St. Louis has for some time been announcing the publication of a book called "A Study in American Freemasonry." He has not promised any sensational disclosures, so far as we are aware, nevertheless the brethren of the three points seem to think he has some knowledge of them which they do not care to have made public, for the Legislature of Tennessee has just passed a law under which the sale of Mr. Preuss' book will be prohibited in that State.

Italian journalists continue to find slandering the clergy expensive. Two members of the staff of the Socialist journal *La Luce*, published in the town of Aversa, have been sentenced, one to a fine of 833 francs and ten months' imprisonment, the other to a fine of 1500 francs and seventeen months' imprisonment, for false charges made against Mgr. Raffaele De Biase, secretary to the Bishop of Aversa. After a time, perhaps, these journalists will learn to do as the slanderers of the clergy do in America, use general terms and mention no names.

M. Andre Tardieu writes in the *Paris Temps* that Americans sincerely love France. Poor France! She did not have to look around so keenly once upon a time. But times have changed. Americans sincerely love the United States; and no definite or positive statement, beyond that, can be made as to their affections. M. Tardieu says the French campaign in Morocco has won back her military reputation in America. And has it come to this? Shades of the victors of Austerlitz and Jena! Is it by backward victories that the military reputation of Napoleon's country is to be redeemed?

The separation of Church and State in France, by relieving the treasury of the burden of paying salaries to the clergy,—said salaries being in reality a partial restitution for stolen property,—was to profit the municipali-

ties immensely. The city of Lyons has received as its share of the spoil for one year the sum of 4,775 francs, which divided among its 472,114 inhabitants comes to about one-fifth of a cent a head. It is calculated that when the liquidation of church property is finished and the pensions and allowances paid, each citizen of France will benefit by the suppression of the Budget of Worship to the extent of fifteen cents.

The parishioners and admiring friends of the Rev. John O'Brien, pastor of the Sacred Heart Church, East Cambridge, Mass., have been celebrating this week a triple anniversary in his honor, the fortieth of his ordination to the priesthood, the thirty-fifth of his pastorate in East Cambridge, and the twentieth of his founding of one of the finest Catholic journals in the English language, the *Sacred Heart Review*. We offer our heartiest congratulations to Father O'Brien, and trust there are many years before him in which he may see abundant harvests reaped from the good seed which he has sown and continues to sow.

Mr. Frederic Harrison is a Positivist, and therefore he cannot with any propriety be termed a Christian. Nevertheless, in his latest book he declares that religion of some sort offers the only real solution of the social question. In the chapter entitled "Social Remedies" he writes as follows:

"Land confiscation is only a fragmentary kind of communism; and communism itself is only a more sweeping confiscation, a fragmentary kind of social disorganization. To regenerate the conditions of industry, society must be regenerated; and society can only be regenerated through the moral forces of sound religion, right education, wise government and true morality."

We noted with satisfaction some weeks ago that a certain Montreal theatre was in financial difficulties. Now we have to note with strong dissatisfaction the demonstration made in favor of the unpaid players by the students in law and medicine of Laval University, Montreal. Our friends of *La Verite* may suspect us of a desire to denationalize these young men, but we certainly wish that they would read none but English novels, and witness none but English plays, if they read novels or go to the theatre at all, as they certainly will. We have vile trash enough in the English language, but the best of our fiction and drama is clean; whereas the best, meaning again the cleverest, of French fiction and drama is unclean.

The late Earl of Derby will be remembered in Canada as Lord Stanley of Preston, the title he took when he was raised to the peerage in 1886, after having been twenty-one years a Member of the House of Commons, and twice a Cabinet Minister, at the War Office and at the Colonial Office. He was president of the Board of Trade when in 1888 he was appointed Governor-General of Canada, and he remained in this country till the death of his brother made him Earl of Derby in 1893. Lord Stanley was in his sixty-eighth year; his successor, who was known as the Hon. Edward Stanley when he was A. D. C. to his father at Ottawa, has completed his forty-third. Like his father he has been in the army, in Parliament, and in the Cabinet, holding the portfolio of Postmaster-General from 1903 to 1905.

M. Francois Veillot, editor of the *Paris Univers*, is the French correspondent of our esteemed contemporary, *L'Action Sociale* of Quebec. He writes that he can testify from personal observation that the number of men who approached the Holy Table in Paris during this Paschal season was greater than it has been for many years. Similar reports have reached him from the principal cities of the country. M. Veillot says he has no illusions on this subject. In certain portions of large cities, and in certain rural districts, there may be found spiritual deserts, and some of these deserts are growing larger and

more desolate. But at the same time there is a militant and apostolic body which is steadily increasing in numbers, in zeal and in cohesion. On the whole M. Veillot has good hopes for the future.

Miss Jean Mary Stone, who died last month, is thus described in the "Catholic Who's Who":

"Educated at a Calvinist school in the Parc de Neuilly, Paris, and in Germany, where she was received into the Church by Bishop Ketteler of Mainz; her first book, *Faithful unto Death*, was published through the encouragement of Father Joseph Stevenson, S. J. (himself a convert through the study of history), with a preface by Father Morris, S. J. This was followed by a study of Franciscan history; and (in 1897) by her memoir of the Scotch convert, *Eleanor Leslie*. Later her admirable monograph, *Queen Mary*, won high praise from *The Athenaeum's* and other critics. Her *Reformation and Renaissance—Studies from Court and Cloister*—and *The Church in English History* (1907), establish her authority as a historian of the special periods she treats."

A gathering which called itself "The Congress of Italian Women" met recently in Rome, and passed resolutions objecting to religious teaching in the schools. This is all that the despatches told us about the Congress. But the editor of the excellent weekly journal, *Rome*, tells us something more: "Papers were read by them and to them on the relations of sex, so crudely shocking that an editor who ventured to print them in an English-speaking paper would infallibly be put into gaol—and yet the audience that listened to them was largely composed of girls." It is not surprising that such women as these, who have emancipated themselves from the thralldom of the Ten Commandments, especially the Sixth, should insist that their children, if they have any, shall be emancipated from infancy, and not compelled during their school days to learn a catechism which teaches the existence of God who will reward the good and punish the wicked.

The Rev. J. H. B. Masterman, Professor of History in the University of Birmingham, in the course of a lecture on "The House of Commons: Its Place in National History," discussed the question whether women could vote in the middle ages. He said it was a question which to answer adequately would involve more knowledge of medieval statutes than anybody possessed at this moment. But he added:

"I can, however, tell you two things. There was no disqualification of women as such. A woman landowner in the 13th and 14th centuries had exactly the same rights in this respect as a male landowner would have had. It seems to have been the general custom, however, for women to conduct their civil business by proxy—a custom which chiefly arose because they had to do their military service by proxy. They would either send their stewards or others because, having the right, they would probably have exercised it."

"I doubt, except on rare occasions whether women took any part in the election of representatives to Parliament, but they were not legally disqualified from voting. It would be interesting to see if any of you can trace it, when the disqualification of women from the exercise of the franchise became law. I am not at all certain that it exists at all."

In a notice of the "Church Handbook" by Philip Vernon Smith, Chancellor of the Anglican dioceses of Manchester and Durham, the *Saturday Review*, while praising the general accuracy of the work, makes this exception:

"But one criticism we must make. When he touches on deep questions of history and theology he displays a not over-judicious partisanship. Just because we accept the continuity of the post-reformation from the pre-reformation Church of England, we feel bound to protest against the imprudent manner in which a good cause is here supported. Seeking to prove that the Papacy possessed less power in England than in other parts of western Europe, the author refers to the well known case of Wilfrid of York: "While Theodore was Archbishop of

Canterbury, Wilfrid, the Bishop of York, appealed in person to Rome against a sub-division of his diocese without his consent, and obtained a papal decision in his favour. But on his return to England, instead of deference being paid to this decision, he was not only deprived of his bishopric, but thrown into prison by order of the King and the Witenagemote of Northumbria." Now, first, it is misleading to draw an argument as to the attitude of England in civilized times to the See of Rome from an isolated action by the rulers of a barbarous and recently converted heptarchic state; and, secondly, it is unfair to suppress the fact that the chief point of Wilfrid's antagonists was that he had secured the papal decision in his favour by bribery—of course a ridiculous accusation. It must further be remembered that Wilfrid in this instance threw down a challenge to Theodore as his metropolitan not on a doubtful point of Church order, but on the ordinary exercise of his canonical jurisdiction. But Chancellor Smith has only eyes for points which assist his side of the case. He makes much of the Statutes of Provisors and Praemunire; but he ignores the fact that the English Church of the fifteenth century as represented by Lyndwood's 'Provinciale' is far more papal than the contemporary Gallican Church of Gerson. Similarly with theology. He seeks to draw from Elfric's homily on the Eucharist the conclusion that Transubstantiation was unknown in the Anglo-Saxon Church. It all depends on what you mean by Transubstantiation. There is nothing in Elfric inconsistent with the dogma of Transubstantiation as explained by Bellarmine.

Since we published a paragraph exposing in a particular instance the dishonest methods of Dr. Henry Charles Lea, we have read several other reviews of new publications or new editions of old publications of his. All these reviews were written in the same tone of reverence for his gigantic scholarship. Not so the following paragraphs from the *Ave Maria* and the *Month*:

"The more one reads of Dr. H. C. Lea, author of the 'History of the Inquisition' and other books, or of the books themselves, the more pronounced becomes one's conviction that this American pseudohistorian is not only temperamentally incapable of treating impartially matters Catholic, but that he seems to be dishonest both in his methods and his statements. A case in point is his declaration, in the 'History of Celibacy,' that sacerdotal marriage was 'defended by St. Ulric of Augsburg.' Apropos of an alleged epistle of St. Ulric to the Pope, Dr. Lea says: 'The authenticity of the document, I believe, is generally admitted by unprejudiced critics.' A writer in the *Month* asks:

"Now what is the truth? This supposed letter of St. Ulric thus championed by Dr. Lea is a notorious forgery, which, in point of fact, no serious scholar, Catholic, Protestant, or agnostic, for the last fifty years, has ventured to defend."

"Fortifying this statement by references to authoritative non-Catholic critics, the *Month* writer pertinently concludes:

"But the worst feature of the case, as the reader will readily perceive, is not that Dr. Lea should have hastily blundered, as any one may do, into accepting a forgery for a genuine document; but that, having made up his mind *a priori* that it was genuine, he should then proceed to convey the impression that he had carefully looked the matter up and had found that all 'unprejudiced critics' agreed with his verdict. We venture to challenge Dr. Lea to produce one respectable authority upon medieval literature, prejudiced, or unprejudiced, who has ventured in the last sixty years to defend the authenticity of St. Ulric's epistle. Even Schoettgen, the Protestant continuator of Fabricius in the eighteenth century, freely admitted its spuriousness. Is it too much to say that a writer who stands convicted of a piece of bluff of this discreditable kind, is the last person in the world who, in this or any other matter, can afford to assume the airs of a judicious and 'unprejudiced' inquirer?"

"The rebuke is well deserved. Dr. Lea resembles Froide in one respect: he 'writes without restriction.'"

On the same day when the President of the Board of Education in the British Government stated that the new Education Bill was "a settlement on a Protestant basis," the *Daily News*, the leading Government journal, declared that the passing of the Bill would mean a truly national system of education of all English children "in a common atmosphere of undogmatic Christianity." On a previous occasion it said that the "bedrock demand" of Liberal statesmanship is "that the Protestant re-

ligion shall be taught in elementary schools." There is a frankness about this that we like. We have often been told that undenominational, undogmatic, and non-sectarian, do not mean Protestant. We thought we knew better than that, and Mr. Ronciman and the *Daily News* bear witness that we thought right. There are members of the Church of England to whom this "atmosphere of undogmatic Christianity" is as objectionable as it is to us. They are represented by the *Saturday Review*, which in its issue of May 23 discusses the question in a leading article containing the severe language which follows:

"It is plain that Liberalism believes itself to be, with the help of the Episcopate, on the threshold of the promised land—for Liberalism is inherently Erastian—of an undenominational and anti-sacerdotal 'national religion' under State patronage and control. That is the legally recognised and rate-supported form of religion in which the childhood of England is to be reared, and if any people want anything more they must pay for it and get it in at odd times. As under the French Republic, so here, parental rights are not to count against the State. It is the State which is to draw up the religious syllabus and define what are the important elements of Christianity. . . . Instead of State neutrality in religion there is to be set up a neutral State religion; and yet it will not be neutral; for, professing to be neither one thing nor the other—neither fish, flesh nor fowl—it is bound to start the child in life with the preconception that Church Christianity is not fundamental Christianity. It is a daily denial of that first truth which the Church inculcates, and which is the 'simplest' of all 'Bible teachings,' that in the Divine plan of redemption the religious life has been bound up with the life of a Home and with membership in a supernatural and authoritative Society. Except this truth, teachers will be free to teach what they like, untested and uncontrolled. They may throw the syllabus into the waste-paper basket, or they may teach out of it Unitarianism or Theosophy or City-Templeism, or anything they like except the faith once delivered to the saints. . . . The invitation to accept this as a State-laid foundation on which a superstructure of more definite religion may be built by voluntary zeal is a pure paradox, and begs the entire question. Only fundamentals can make a foundation, and Churchmen, as Mr. Asquith ought to know, do not admit that the Cowper-Temple residuum of Christianity represents its fundamentals. Nor do they regard Church teaching as superstructure, but rather as substructure. . . . We demand equality before the law for all forms of religious teaching, and that undenominationalism shall be treated as only one form among many. The State must pay either for all or for none. But the essential thing we object to is not the financial handicap, unjust though that is. It is, we say again, the legal setting-up of an invertebrate and erroneous religion as the established and official religion of the coming England. To Romanists and Jews such a question may be indifferent. To the Church of England, with her claim to be the representative of the Catholic fellowship in this land, it is of profound and vital interest. Her rulers may give away her position. It is entirely given away by the Bishop of St. Asaph's Bill. But the faithful clergy and laity will utterly refuse to surrender the trusts of twelve thousand schools for the sake of delusive 'educational peace.'"

This is the view point of certain members of the Church of England, but it can scarcely be called a Protestant viewpoint. These people belong to the class who are trying to get rid of the name Protestant, and who resent our calling ourselves the only Catholics. But it is doubtful whether "the faithful clergy and laity" are a majority in the Church of England. It is doubtful whether a majority of the bishops share the *Saturday's* view. The Bishop of St. Asaph certainly does not; nor does the Bishop of Carlisle; and it is hinted that the Archbishop of Canterbury does not, either. The *Saturday* is with one wing of the Church of England, but we believe the *Spectator* is with the main body, whose religious opinions are not caricatured by the *Saturday* as being that "Protestantism without doctrine is the national religion of every good Englishman." But the viewpoint of those Anglicans who think themselves Catholics is also the view point of all genuine Catholics. The argument which the *Saturday Review* makes is our argument, and it is an unanswerable one.

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Guysboro Railway.

To the Editor of the Casket:

The people of Antigonish County may not be aware of the progress of negotiations with respect to the so-called Guysboro Railway.

Let me here state first, that the term is misleading, for the scheme is not for Guysboro County alone, but for the Counties of Halifax and Pictou as well, the latter two, I believe, exerting more influence in its promotion than Guysboro does.

As to present conditions of negotiations, an interested and reliable authority in the matter, viz., *The Eastern Chronicle*, in a late issue says: "As is well known, some railway promoters were over the proposed line of railway during the late session of the legislature. Since the House prorogued, the government have entered into a tentative agreement with those gentlemen, which is to give them a loan of \$12,000 a mile in addition to the Dominion subsidy of \$6,400 a mile, and have given them a written agreement to enter into a contract on that basis, providing they put up certain security guaranteed by some reputable Trust Company. This security the promoters declare they can put up."

Mr. J. H. Sinclair, M. P. for Guysboro, in a public letter published in the same paper, states that "the Federal Parliament has voted \$6,400 per mile and the Local has supplemented this subsidy with a loan of \$12,000 per mile for that purpose."

In another paragraph of the same letter, Mr. Sinclair says, "The Liberal party have voted the large subsidy of \$18,400 per mile or \$3,864,000 in all."

What is this large vote for? For the construction, not of a line of railway for Guysboro County alone, but for a rather extensive railway system to accommodate Halifax, Pictou and Guysboro Counties, but not Antigonish Co. The proposed system was originally known as the "Nova Scotia Eastern," and should not now for obvious reasons, be designated the "Guysboro Road" at all, for it means much more than that.

Three years ago, Antigonish, seeing that it was being entirely ignored in the scheme, petitioned the Government to be included in the system by a branch line from Antigonish to Country Harbor. A delegate to the government in connection with the petition was assured that in the event of the Fitzpatrick contract failing, the Government would be then free to modify or amend the original contract and would give the Antigonish scheme its most favorable consideration.

The Fitzpatrick Company failed to float the enterprise, after repeated extension of time, but the promised consideration of the interests of Antigonish is by no means in sight. It is yet the same old scheme and location, persisted in by Prem. Murray and his government.

Premier Murray has, since that time, done what he could to get a company to build that line, and is doing so now. If we ask for a line of railway, we are told at best, "get a company to build your road and then you may get the statutory subsidy, viz., \$3,200 per mile. It will be vain, at this juncture, for Premier Murray or any member of his Government to plead that he is not wedded to the construction of the so-called Guysboro road; that he is not working heart and soul to secure a company for that purpose, else, why has he, during the past year, caused a complete survey and location of the road to be made, at the expense of the Province?"

In further proof of this, let me again quote from J. H. Sinclair's letter, who also, is heart and soul in the project, in the interests of the County of Guysboro and of New Glasgow and Pictou County.

Here are his words:—"The fact that Premier Murray has spent a large sum of money during the past year in locating the line and ascertaining the probable cost, and the further fact that he is prepared to mortgage the Province of Nova Scotia to the extent of over two and a half million dollars to aid this enterprise, is the best proof that he is in earnest."

Why, then, we have a right to ask, as the government has so determinedly committed itself to the building of this eastern railway system, does it ignore the very reasonable claims of Antigonish County? Why does it dismiss all consideration for the public interests of this County in this scheme, and limit its paternal care to Halifax, Pictou and Guysboro Counties?

Is it because it considers Antigonish a perfectly safe hive, and only to be held in reserve to furnish government supporters fit to discharge the duties of Cabinet Ministers, to work for other Counties round about it, and to studiously neglect and ignore their own in any public utilities that it chooses to bestow? Why is Premier Murray so very solicitous about the public interests of Pictou Co., whose chief record is systematic opposition to himself and his Government, and whose latest feat in this connection, was to express its want of confidence in them by two to one? The County of Antigonish three years ago, asked in a courteous, civil manner, to be included in this Nova Scotia Eastern scheme. They were assured, through their delegate, of favorable consideration, should certain conditions arise. These conditions did arise. How much consideration did we receive? Our petitions have been slighted.

The government scheme now is by no means identical with that of three years ago. Then, it was a subsidy of \$5000 a mile; now it is a loan of \$12,000 a mile saddled on the Province. If Premier Murray had or has any consideration, or, may I say, respect, for that County which has invariably supported him and his predecessor, he would not in this instance brush it aside as unworthy of participating in a railway scheme for the eastern Counties; he would not so

soon forget their petition, but he would have his late survey to include a line from Cape George to Country Harbor, and offer the \$12,000 a mile to assist it as he has already pledged himself in behalf of the other three Counties. It may not be too late for him yet, and it may not be too late for our own representatives to insist on this simple piece of justice for their constituency. Of them, at least, we expect some active effort.

The matter is becoming too serious for this County, and they must not shut their eyes to it, for if this project is carried out to a successful issue,—and it now looks quite probable,—the next transaction will, doubtless be in due time, the absorption of that system by the Government of Canada as part of the I. C. R. after which Antigonish County is forever deprived of further railway conveniences.

Once more, I would impress upon our people, who have any respect and love for our County, to waken up, and protest against its being circumvented as is now threatened. I still think there is enough of pluck and patriotism amongst the people of Antigonish to insist upon their rights, and to resent being, not only ignored, but despised, even by governments. It is also to be hoped that our representatives may take a hint and govern themselves accordingly.

VOX POPULI.
June 6th, 1908.

A Rare Museum.

Among the places which the United States fleet visited on its journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast was the town of Punta Arenas, known as the most southerly town in the world, and there one of the newspaper correspondents who accompanied the fleet, Mr. Franklin Matthews, discovered a Catholic priest of whom he writes as follows:

"In you went, and you met Father Marabini, urbane, gentle, cordial and a scholar, a lover of nature, under whose supervision a small but most valuable collection of birds, fishes, reptiles, animals and geological specimens had been gathered together. When many of the animals found in Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego have been destroyed and wiped out under the pressure of civilization, like our buffaloes and seals, all this country the lovers of natural history everywhere, to say nothing of the devotees of science, will be grateful to this humble Dominican friar for his labor and patience of years.

"In addition to natural history, Father Marabini has gone into anthropology to some extent. His collection along that line has yet to be enlarged, but you find weapons, hunting and fishing implements, canoes, specimens of clothing of Indians, photographs of the aborigines, now fast disappearing. Chief Mulato, the last of the high-grade Patagonian Indians, died only recently of smallpox. The Fuegian Indians, described as the canoe Indians and the lowest form of humanity on earth, are also going. Speed will have to be made to get a complete anthropological collection of these people.

"In the natural history collection you see specimens of the albatross, the largest bird that flies, the condor, all the fowl of the region, the deer, guanaco, otters, seals and other fur-bearing animals. You also see geological specimens bearing on the mineral wealth of the country, and also specimens devoted to pure geology. You see the pottery and the metal working of the natives. You can spend hours there with Father Marabini, and you leave him with regret and respect. His museum is one that would make a most creditable showing in New York's Museum of Natural History."

Men Should Wear Wedding Rings.

Is there any reason why a woman should go around with a ring on her finger saying to all the world, "I am disposed of. Don't look at me. I belong to a gentleman, and if you show the slightest interest I'll call the police," unless her husband does the same?

We believe that it would be even better for men to wear wedding rings than for women to wear them.

For instance, the ring would save a lot of explanation when a sensible man is asked to waste his money in drink or in gambling or otherwise. He would simply lift up his hand with the wedding ring on it, look solemn and go his way. The others would hang guilty heads and say to themselves at once, "He means that he has got a wife and children at home and he has better ways of spending his money than with us. Let us honor that ring."

The wedding ring on the man's finger would also be a necessary indication and guide for young women. Nothing is more deserving of sympathy than the average unmarried girl wandering through the earth conscious of the fact that she must select some imperfect creature and reconcile herself to live with his imperfections all the rest of her life.

She owes it to herself and the future generation to be very particular. It is her principal duty and business to investigate men as a class and as individuals. She ought not to be allowed to waste her investigating powers on men already married when such a simple little badge as a wedding ring could act as a red flag and warn her way.

The wedding ring also would act as a useful reminder and deterrent for a good many men inclined to be foolish. And the sight of a wedding ring would keep men of good character from asking the ringed man to take things to drink or otherwise play the fool.

Many a man misbehaves himself because he thinks it will hurt no one but himself. But with a ring on his finger to tell of a wife and a family at home, he would be ashamed to do anything unworthy of them.

We not only recommend that hus-

bands wear wedding rings as their wives do, but also that the husband's ring be fastened on so that it cannot come off.

That is the least, it seems to us, that wives could reasonably ask. It would do a great deal of good, absolutely no harm; so it could not be objected to.

We are aware that many husbands—especially in Milwaukee—wear wedding rings to-day. But the number should be vastly increased. And we advise the young bride now, at the beginning, when the new husband is like putty in the hands of the window glass man, to get the ring on his finger and fasten it there without loss of time.

Don't fail to select a big one. Twenty-three pennyweights would be about the right weight.—By Arthur Brisbane.

In Memoriam.

To Mrs. A. R. McL.

Thou art with God, in realms of light,
Dark night hath passed away,
Eternal light on thee hath shined,
Thou dwellest in perfect day,
Alone thou hast gone forth, dear friend,
To tread the narrow vale;
But He whose Word is sure hath said,
"My mercy shall not fail."

Dear as thou wert to all thy friends,
We will not weep for thee;
One thought shall check the starting tear
It is—that thou art free,
We feel that faith's consoling power
The tears of love restrain:
Oh, who that saw thy parting hour
Could wish thee back again?

When mourning sorrow weeps as now,
And mourns a sister dear,
'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,
For Agnes, friend, thy cross is past,
Then mourner lift thine eyes above;
There all thy hopes are laid;
In heaven our sainted Mother dwells,
Seek her perpetual aid.

"A Member of Stella Maris Altar Society."
May 26th, 1908.

Many men think they are saints because they have such an intense hatred of certain sinners.

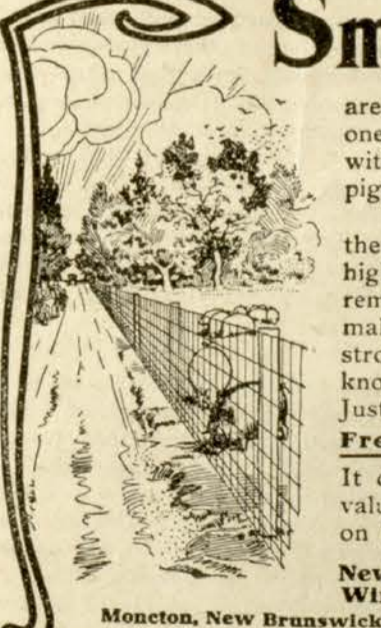
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It is really two flours in one—an Ontario pastry flour and a Manitoba bread flour. Beaver Flour is a blend of Ontario and Manitoba wheats—makes the whitest, most nutritious Bread and the lightest, tastiest Cake, Pies and Pastry.

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Write us for prices on Beed, Coarse Grades & Cereals.
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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 eight-six chains, where all the logs cut off same can be driven on mill 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 Donby 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,
Pictou, N. S.
12th May, 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.

Small Animals

are as effectually imprisoned as the larger ones, for we make "Maritime" Wire Fence with spaces too small for the little, wee piggies to squeeze through.

The absolute regularity of the weaving, the stiffness and springiness of the English high-carbon, hard-drawn steel wire, the remarkable gripping-strength of our lock, make "Maritime" Wire Fence a decidedly stronger fence—one that you ought to know more about.

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New Brunswick Wire Fence Co., Limited.

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Best because it contains nothing injurious, goes at once at the seat of the trouble and removes it (then the cough stops). It is perfectly safe for the smallest child.

IT ALWAYS CURES

DR. SCOTT'S WHITE LINIMENT CO.

LIMITED

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Proprietors of PENDELTON'S PANACEA.

MY RAID INTO MEXICO.

(Nugent Robertson, in the Catholic World)

CHAPTER X.

A rude awakening.

Mr. Van Dyck O'Shea slept on imperialism, and in the morning declared against the projected trip in imperialistic interests.

"How could he tell anything about it," he hotly exclaimed—"a foreigner? How could he tell the beat of the pulse of the Mexican nation? He is not one of us; he is an outsider. I know how the Mexican heart beats. I do not say that there is no chance of failure; on the contrary, the chances of success are against us; but we will force the running, as you say in English races. I must go myself, since Senor O'Shea declines. It is better as it is. I shall apply for leave. I shall be refused. I shall forward all my preparations and leave Vera Cruz in disguise. Could I make up for an Irishman, Mr. Nugent?"

"Not very well, colonel; you are too dark." "Ah! then I must assume some other nationality. Perhaps I may cross the Rio Grande and touch American soil that way. In any case, Mr. Nugent, you have my lasting gratitude and friendship for the noble part you have acted. You are a gentleman and a man, and a plucky one. No matter what may happen, you will think well of Enrique Mojelos, won't you? Hermano! brother!"

His manner made me very sad. He appeared to me to inwardly despair of the success of the very movement that outwardly he was so sure would succeed. It is not so with many of us? How often do we not force ourselves, or endeavor to force ourselves, to think that something we wish for will come out right! So it was with this high-spirited Mexican. I knew he was about to embark in a hopeless cause, but nevertheless would not admit the fact to himself.

"Your friend is perhaps right," he added, "viewing the situation in the light of events. I consider that to pronounce just now would result in a bloody fusco. For, by my life—pish! I have exposed it so often that I need not say I carry it in my hand into any and every enterprise. There are friends very dear to me who are with me, and who await but the lifting of my finger to go on. It is for these dear fellows that I think, and it maddens me to be urged by a clique in Austria, and who know nothing and could know nothing of the situation here, to pronounce. A pronouncement would prove a dead failure. I shall apply for leave to-day, and let you know the result of my application. The Senora San Cosme has graciously invited me to visit her. I shall avail myself of the privilege accorded me by calling this afternoon before the drive."

When I got back to the Calle Maracala I found the carriage drawn up in the patio.

"Bedad, Masther Joe, the say-norah was gettin' onaisy in regard to ye. She was afeered av thim robbers that's on the road betune this an' where ye wor. Faix, it's little they'd think av cuttin' yer throath, be all accounts, or av runnin' ye up into the snow up beyant, on Pop-up-the-kettle, an' keepin' ye there till ye'd have for to sell Dromroe for to pay the ransom, the villians! Did ye taste the poolkay yet, Masther Joe? High an' low, rich an' poor, is all dhrinkin' it. Be the hole in me coat, I'd as lave swally buttermilk—faix, I'd rather, for it's more wholesomer."

"I rather like the pulque, Billy." "Bedad, thin, sir, yer aisy plazed. I seen how it's med. I went out for to ketch a cuple av horses this mornin' to a farm out beyant—och! I cudn't repayte the name, but it's a roasin' six miles from here, anyhow, on the road towards Ireland. The plant that the dhrink comes from is all swords, and spikes, and pike-heads, an' agossoon wud an iron scoop in his hand cuts the heart out av the plant and lets the juice dhrup into the hole med be the scoop. Thin, Masther Joe, he laves it for a cuple av days, an' comes round wud a dunkey and sheep-skin, and he sucks all the juice that's gathered in the hole up into the sheep-skin, an' runs the dunkey home wud it, leatherin' him all the way. An what do ye think is done thin, sir?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Billy." "Begor, the dunkey is dhruv into a soort av barn, an' in the barn is cow-skin stretched out on frames, the hairy side out, not like Brian O'Lynn's small-clothes; an' on the top o' this the gossoon lets go the juice in the sheep-skin. Another chap wud a wand in his hand makes the sign av the Blessed Cross on the juice wud the wand, an' says a Hail Mary, sir, an' thin the juice is left for another cuple av days, and carted away to the public-houses, where it is sowld like porther in wooden noggins."

Billy's description of the manufacture of pulque, the national beverage, was absolutely accurate, as I subsequently discovered during a visit to the hacienda of Sanor Pancho Buch, at a place call Tlacplam, about ten miles from the city.

"The laddies is dhressin' for to go

out wud ye, Masther Joe. Faix, but it's yerself that's in clover, an' no mistake. The hoighth av politeness extended to ye wherever ye go. I'd give me new brogues this munit that wan av them impident Beresfords was here for to see the state you're in, sir; an' that Captain Mansfield that bet ye the day the hounds threw all at Gort-na-drushka—wudn't it take the consait out av him for to see ye thrated like a prence, no less! Masther Joe," he added, in a confidential undertone, "I heard that the young leddy that's come for to visit us is Irish."

"Miss O'Hara is a native of Ireland." "See that, now. Faix, th' ould country is houldin' up well in this barbarous raygin. There's the say-norah, wan; Misther O'Shea—good luck to him for a divartin' gentleman!—that's two; you an' me, sir, that's four; an' the young leddy, five. That's a quare thing for to find up here. Father Tom won't believe it whin he hears it. Masther Joe, I hope ye write very regular, sir, for av ye don't they'll think we're kilt or lost."

The ladies made their appearance upon the balcony.

"Are you ready for the road, Joe?" asked the senora.

"Perfectly, senora."

"Billy, would you like to sit beside the coachman? We're going out to the great shrine of Guadalupe," she asked of my retainer.

"Av I wudn't be disgracin' th' equepage be raison av me clothes, yer ladyship—say-norah."

"Oh! you'll do very well, Billy."

"That's me darlint av a leddy," observed Brierly, as the senora disappeared.

The two ladies were attired in black, both wearing the mantilla and vela.

"We will call at the cathedral for the padre," observed the senora, as she ordered the coachman to the Plaza Mayor.

"Do you know the beautiful history of the miraculous picture at Guadalupe?" asked Inez.

I replied in the negative.

"Oh! it is wonderfully beautiful. A poor peasant named Juan Diego, noted for the purity and piety of his life, was crossing that very hill—you see it, pointing energetically to a hill that, in the exquisitely by clear atmosphere, seemed at the city gates. 'It was evening and his day's work was done. Suddenly the darkness of night-fall was illumined with sheen and splendor, with a glorious light. He looked up, and before him stood Our Blessed Lady herself. The poor peasant fell on his knees. The Mother of God bade him to go to the bishop and tell him that she wished a church to be erected on that spot to her honor. Then she disappeared. Juan Diego could not realize that such wondrous honor should be paid him, and he considered that that which he had just seen was but an effect of his imagination. The very next evening he was again crossing the hill at the same hour, when at the same spot the blessed vision again appeared to him. The Mother of God was displeased with him for not having obeyed her, and again bade him to go to the bishop. Diego, breathless and trembling, came to the bishop, and emptying some flowers he had gathered for the altar of the Virgin from out of his coarse apron, told the good prelate his wondrous tale. The bishop turned his eyes to the peasant's apron, and, starting back, fell upon his knees, for there, in order to testify to Juan Diego's truth, Our Blessed Lady had imprinted her glorious face. You will see that miraculously-painted apron; it stands in a golden frame over the grand altar, for the church was built on the spot where she had ordered it to be built, and dedicated to Our Lady of Guadalupe."

The young girl narrated the history of the miracle with an animation impossible to describe. She imparted to every word a sort of luminous power which had me completely fascinated. Ever and anon she would break into some expression of piety in Spanish, and she spoke in a sweet, low, awe-hushed tone, as though she were then and there gazing at the beatific apparition.

We picked up the padre, who was waiting within the chains in front of the cathedral, and spun past the National Pawn-shop—one of the sights of the capital, and conducted on the same principle as the Mont de Piete in Paris—past the building formerly used as the Court of Inquisition, now a medical university, and out to the open country, the church-crowned hill of Guadalupe in the near distance. Tram-cars drawn by four mules rattled by us on a hand-gallop. Hausoms in full charro ambled toward the city. Indians laden with edibles trotted countrywards. Pulquerias did a roaring business, for your Indian is a thirsty soul and the roads are exceedingly dusty. Strings of asses, their panniers full of charcoal, wended slowly to the great centre. Beggars sat by the wayside and implored alms in guttural prayers. Sounds of the guitar reached us from walled-in ventas and haciendas, mingled with the light laugh of womal.

"You see those pillars," observed the padre, pointing as he spoke to columns, about twenty feet in height, placed in two straight lines at distances apart of about one hundred yards. "That was the former high-road to Guadalupe. Each of those pillars was erected in memoriam by some pious Spaniard, and the entire causeway was thus lined to the very doors of the church. Now see how the road is occupied."

As he spoke the whistle of a locomotive burst upon our ears and a train slowly approached the city, its black smoke and the terrible dust it raised enveloping the pillars some of which still displayed busts and statues of the patron saints of the donors.

"What a commentary upon the text," exclaimed the padre. "That is the pulque train. That train is laden with the poison which sows such terrible seeds amongst our poorer classes. Two trains arrive from the pulque country daily, the revenue to the government on its manufacture being the chief source, after the spoilation of the churches, of our national exchequer."

There are two churches at Guadalupe, one at the foot of the hill, the other at its summit. The ascent is exceedingly steep and marked by pious pilgrims by wayside crosses, mural tablets, and votive statuettes.

"It is somewhat remarkable," said the padre, "that the infidels and sacrilegious robbers into whose clutches we have fallen have spared the property of this church. The golden chalices studded with gems are still here, the silver sconces and lamps, and the silver chancel-railings. Why they refrain from laying their impious hands on this fragment of church treasure is a puzzle."

"It is the hand of God that prevents them," murmured the senora, as, gliding into the church, she flung herself at the foot of a side-altar hung with crucifixes, bandages, splints, waxen limbs, medals, and paintings, all in testimony of the miraculous cures effected by pilgrimages to the church, and implicit faith in the gracious intercession of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

The padre introduced a clergyman, who took us to the onyx steps leading up to the picture. We all knelt as the white satin curtain slowly unrolled itself, revealing the angelic face of the Virgin Mother, from which bars of gold shot like rays of light. The color is as fresh and vivid to-day as when the pious peasant disclosed it to the awe-stricken prelate. The countenance of Mary is filled with a divine sweetness a sweetness that diffuses like a itself subtle perfume.

"I prayed to the Holy Mother for your safe return," said Inez to me when we stood on the terrace overlooking the Valley of Mexico. My return! Already did she look forward to my leaving the country of the Montezumas, most probably for ever. Little did she know the strange heart-throb those few words of hers caused me. They were earnest words, good words, Catholic words but behind them lay sad-colored thoughts for me, and of so ashen a hue that the senora playfully offered me a penny for my thoughts.

"Are they of Beatrice Butler, Joe?" I grew red to the roots of my hair. I felt the color mounting and could trace its upward progress.

"No, indeed, senora," I blurted, as I turned away.

"And do ye tell me, yer riverince, that these railins is rare solid silver?" demanded Brierly of the padre.

"I will not say that they are solid, but they are silver, Billy," responded the padre.

"The same as is in the shillins an' sixpennies at home, sir?"

"Yes, the very same."

"Glory be to God! May I tell that to Father Tom, sir, boney fidey, an' no ban?"

"Certainly."

"That the railins was silver, an' that, blessed hour! I seen a pictur painted be the glorious Mother av Heaven. That's what I call travelin', an' no mistake!"

(To be continued.)

Protestant Papers Correct a Protestant Bishop.

When Bishop Gailor (Protestant Episcopal) of Tennessee declared, the other day, that there were in Chicago 200,000 "lapsed" Roman Catholics preaching and practising atheism and anarchy, the statement seemed so absurd on the face of it that we did not imagine any one would attempt either to contradict it or corroborate it. Since then, however, we have seen it quoted by Protestant speakers and writers, as if the good Bishop were a statistical expert who had made a complete study of conditions before he spoke. In the Protestant Episcopal Living Church (April 18) a Chicago correspondent takes courteous issue with Bishop Gailor and declares that the anarchists of Chicago do not claim anything like 200,000 altogether. The anarchists in Chicago number all told only 15,000, and this includes lapsed Catholics, lapsed

Protestants and lapsed members of every other church on earth, for Chicago's population includes peoples of forty-five different languages. Bishop Gailor is more successful as an advocate than as a statistician. We hope that the Congregationalist (April 18) which quotes Bishop Gailor's words as if they were final, will take note of the correction in the Living Church, as also of the following in the Churchman, another organ of Bishop Gailor's own communion:—

"What Christian people need today, says Bishop Gailor 'is to know each other better and so get rid of antiquated and ignorant prejudices.' Yet just after opening this hopeful prospect of reconciliation he gives a striking example of those 'very antiquated and ignorant prejudices,' by contrasting 'two hundred thousand lapsed Roman Catholics preaching and practising atheism' in Chicago with the aggressive forces of reform in America, which he implies are largely represented by members of Protestant churches. There is just as much and as little reason for associating atheism in Chicago with Roman Catholics as for connecting the ownership of slums in New York and London with Anglicans."—Sacred Heart Review.

A Visit from the Acting Live Stock Commissioner.

Mr. J. B. Spencer, B. S. A., Acting Live Stock Commissioner for the Dominion, has been in Town for a couple of days last week. The occasion of his visit was to look over the Experiment Station at Cloverville Farm with a view of making suggestions in regard to the care of the flock of pure bred sheep recently landed from Ontario. When speaking to THE CASKET, Mr. Spencer was very enthusiastic as to the outlook for the sheep industry in the County of Antigonish. It is evident to him, who is an expert in sheep husbandry, that the possibilities for the mutton-raiser who will conduct his business with care are very great. The rugged, well-watered hill sides with their variety of herbage, remind him of parts of Scotland, where sheep-raisers pay high rents and have all the comforts of life from the profits from their flocks. It is evident to him as it is to many of us here that improved blood and better feeding are indispensable if the sheep industry is to, in any sense, approach its possibilities. With these and much increased flocks, the mutton and lamb of Antigonish would find favor and demand in every market within reach, to say nothing whatever about the great advantage that must accrue in the fight against Ragwort that has cost our country and districts beyond, so much in cattle. Speaking of the requirements, Mr. Spencer remarked that many changes in the practices of sheep owners were necessary. Not only should the stock be improved by the introduction of pure bred sires, but ewes should not be bred until more than a year old in order that they become well developed, which will insure a stronger progeny and a general improvement of the flocks.

The flock of shearing rams which are to further demonstrate the value of sheep in cleaning weedy areas, has in Mr. Spencer's opinion a paradise at Cloverdale, from whence they will be distributed to the mutton-raisers of the Province at public auction before the breeding season in the autumn. That these will accomplish an enormous benefit, is an assured fact. Apart from these, valuable pointers on sheep husbandry are available at any time to those who care to interview Mr. Scott, B. S. A., the shepherd who has recently, under the direction of Dr. Pethick, dipped the entire flock to destroy all ticks they may have brought to the Province. The dipping was done in a rough, board tank made by Mr. Scott at the Farm. The entire flock of seventy-seven head were put through the insectal preparation in less than two hours.

Mr. Scott is just now busy putting in a field of rape to be used as a supplementary pasture crop, should such be needed in the early fall.

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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.
D. MACDONALD, M. C.
Antigonish, May 9, 1908.

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Subscriptions Payable in Advance

RATES—Canada, \$1.00 per year
United States, \$1.50 " "

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 18.

ENGLAND'S CATHOLIC PAINTERS.

When the Royal Academy was founded for the encouragement of painting in England, Catholics were still enduring the disabilities which accompanied the penal laws. A dozen years later Lord George Gordon could set the country ablaze because a slight relaxation of this harsh legislation was proposed. Even after Emancipation was won, it was almost seventy years before the Royal Academy had even one Associate Member who was a Catholic. The first to win this honor was Charles Napier Hemy, in 1898, but he is no longer alone, for John H. L. Bacon and Frank Brangwyn are associated with him. And the number of Catholic artists exhibiting pictures in the Royal Academy this year is a round dozen.

It is not merely as a matter of courtesy that we name Lady Butler first among this year's exhibitors, but because her pictures which magazine engravings have made known to every household in the land, have taken perhaps a greater hold of the affections of the English people than those of any other living artist. Her brother-in-law, Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, puts it very well when he says that she has done in painting for the soldier what Rudyard Kipling has done for him in literature. It was the "Roll Call," in the Academy of 1874, which first made Elizabeth Thompson famous; it was purchased by Queen Victoria and hangs in Buckingham Palace. In January, 1879, the night after the disaster of Isandula, at a little station called Rorke's Drift, situated on a river afterwards to be better known, the Tugela, two Lieutenants and eighty men of the 24th Regiment held a rampart made of rice bags and biscuit boxes against 4000 Zulus and drove them back six times, thereby preventing the massacre of the wounded in Lord Chelmsford's hospital. All England thrilled with pride, and when, two years later, Miss Thompson, now married to the distinguished soldier Sir William Butler, sent a splendid picture to the Academy, the nation felt that the gallant action had been worthily commemorated: "The Defence of Rorke's Drift" found a home in Windsor Castle. In the same year Lady Butler exhibited another spirited battle piece, "Scotland Forever," picturing the famous charge of the Scots Greys at Waterloo. It may be seen in the Town Hall at Leeds. Nine other military pictures from her brush have graced the walls of the Academy, but her exhibit this year is in striking contrast with these famous pieces, being a pastoral entitled "Homeward in the Afterglow: A Cistercian Shepherd in Medieval England."

Another of this year's exhibitors at the Royal Academy is Mr. Adrian Stokes, with two landscapes. Mr. Stokes has been exhibiting almost every year since 1876, and has won medals at the Paris and Chicago Expositions. Two of his pictures have been bought by the Chantrey Trustees, who have the disposal of \$15,000 a year bequeathed by Sir Francis Chantrey for the promotion of British art by gathering the best pictures of British artists into a National Gallery. Mrs. Stokes, who is an Austrian lady, has also exhibited at the Royal Academy, but this year her picture "Death and the Maiden" is in the New Gallery. Mr. Stokes has two brothers, one of them an architect of national reputation, and the other an eminent engineer who has been decorated by the Khedive of Egypt for his work on the Assouan Dam.

Mr. Hemy, whose name has been already mentioned, has six marine pictures in this year's Academy. He went to sea as a boy, then thought to become a Dominican monk, but gave it up after three years and turned painter. His first picture was accepted by the Academy when he was twenty-four years old, and he has been painting for forty-three years since that. Like Mr. Stokes, he has sold two pictures to the Chantrey Trustees. Many of our readers will note with pleasure that his mother was Margaret Mac-

donald, daughter of Angus Macdonald.

Mr. John H. L. Bacon seems to equal Mr. Hemy in industry, for he too shows six pictures in this year's Academy.

Mr. Chevallier-Taylor's Academy picture this year is not of the usual religious character. Last year it was the reception of a Child of Mary, and on two other occasions a High Mass at Brompton Oratory and a group of First Communion girls. The Fine Arts Society commissioned him to paint the Blessing of the Boats at Boulogne, and his first Academy success was "The Last Blessing," which showed a priest standing by the deathbed of a Cornish fisherman.

Mr. Frank Brangwyn has an international reputation. He is a member of the principal societies of painters on the Continent, and his pictures hang in many of the galleries of Europe. He is considered the first decorative artist in England. His exhibit this year at the Royal Academy represents a number of laborers returning from work at sunset.

Mr. Gerald Moira is also a great decorative artist. This year's Academy picture is entitled "La Lune."

Mr. Bernard Gribble was born in 1873, and has been exhibiting at the Royal Academy since he was eighteen. This year he shows "The Great Hurry," "The Slaver's Doom," and "Ready to Start,"—a life-boat scene.

Mr. Gwilt Jolley became a Catholic in 1890. The following year his picture at the Academy was "Consolatrix Afflictorum." In 1892 he gave "Quasi Aurora Consurgens" to the Church of the Immaculate Conception at Penzance, Cornwall. This year's Academy picture is a landscape entitled "Solitude."

Mr. Lucien Davis has drawn for Cassell's publications, and for the *Graphic*. At present he is on the staff of the *Illustrated London News*. One of his pieces was bought by Queen Victoria. In this year's Academy he has two water-colors. His brother, Mr. Val Davis is absent from the Academy this year for perhaps the first time since 1875.

Mr. Robert Meyerheim is a German by birth, but has lived in England for the last thirty years. In this year's Academy he shows "A Symphony of Spring."

We shall close our list, as we began it, with a woman. Miss Winefride Freeman, sister-in-law of Mr. Napier Hemy, exhibits this year a Breton scene. In previous years she showed the "Blessing of the Children," and a religious procession at Treguier, both also drawn from Brittany.

ENGLISH MISRULE OF IRELAND.

The *Tablet* may never be converted to Home Rule, but it does not mince its words in describing English misrule of Ireland. Discussing some evidence being given before a Select Committee of the House of Commons it says:

"The days were when agriculture and trade flourished in Ireland, and no impartial student of history can deny that the cause of their present depression lies at England's door. The Cattle Acts stopped the export of live stock; prohibitive legislation killed the provision trade with the Colonies; the woollen trade was first nipped by heavy export duties and then almost annihilated. And so it was through the whole series of recuperative efforts which the country made until there was no outlet left for the energy or ability of the people at home, and the swelling tide of emigration began which has depopulated the face of the land to the extent of some 4,000,000 in six decades of years. By this system of commercial restraint in favour of the predominant partner, the industrial instinct and tradition of the people was sapped, and the evil work was completed by the effect of the penal laws. The people who remained at home were thus flung back upon the land as their last resource. The disastrous effects of such a selfish policy are with us still. As Lord Danraven says, 'to the destructive policy pursued by England towards Irish industries may be traced in large part the present economic poverty of the country.' When at length a remedy was sought, the difficulty of the task, which was also a duty of justice, was not realised. 'The free development and progress of a people cannot,' continues Lord Danraven, 'be arrested with impunity; natural growth cannot be stunted, nor national energies forced into false channels without damaging national character.' With the weakening of the industrial tradition, and the persistent discouragement of initiative, an injury had been done which was not to be repaired by the mere removal of the restrictions placed upon Irish trade. Instinct and aptitude had to be restored and hope fanned from dying embers. For, as Sir Horace Plunkett has pointed out, 'the industrial revolution found the Irish people fettered by an industrial past for which they were not chiefly responsible. . . . and still further handicapped towards the middle of (last) century by the adoption of Free Trade, which was imposed upon them

when they were not only unable to take advantage of its benefits, but were so situated as to suffer to the utmost from its inconveniences.'

Among the efforts made at reviving industry was the establishment of classes to teach lace-making and linen-making to the country people so that they could work at it in their homes. For a time this seemed likely to flourish, but now the work is being done cheaper in Switzerland and Japan. The Belfast merchants are sending their linen to Japan, where it is worked up and sent back to compete in the markets of London and New York against the work done in Ireland itself. The steamship freight between Belfast and Japan is only a trifle more than the railway freight between Belfast and the country towns of Ireland. 72,000 yards of Irish linen were sent to Japan to be worked up in 1902; in 1906, the quantity had risen to 4,600,000 yards! When the Committee asked the Inspector of the Congested Districts whether he had any remedy to suggest, that official answered that he was in despair of getting better sanitation in Irish homes and a higher rate of wages for the workers, so long as they had to compete against the world:

"We are living between the upper and lower millstone of foreign competition, and I must say, although I have been a Free-Trader all my life, I do not see my way out. This question will not be studied as long as it is only a question of competing with a small industry in Donegal, but some day, when Japan begins to hit Lancashire hard, the question will be studied. . . . When I see economic tendencies at work and economic tariffs setting up a barrier against our products, and shutting up markets that used to be open, I cannot say that I feel the same absolute faith in Free Trade that I used to do."

The New Endowment Fund Being Subscribed.

ANTIGONISH GIVES \$8,000. MUCH EXPECTED FROM CAPE BRETON.

The many friends of this, the highest institution of learning in our portion of Canada, have reason to feel pleased at the liberality with which many of the people of Nova Scotia have subscribed, and are subscribing, to the New Endowment Fund. Several small parishes have arranged to contribute about (or over) two thousand five hundred dollars each. As we predicted a few months ago, the generous people of Antigonish are well to the front in the subscriptions. In the words of the April-May *Xaverian*, they doubtless "feel the responsibility, and the distinction of being at once the people of a *Shire Town*, of a *Cathedral Town*, and of a *University Town*. J. S. O'Brien, Esq., the Vice-President of the Endowment Fund Association for Antigonish County, has informed us that, in this Parish of St. Ninian, the sums already subscribed, and in part paid, total over EIGHT THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS; and it is believed by the collectors the amount will probably reach the princely sum of TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS. Certainly neither friend nor foe can hereafter be permitted to say—as in some quarters has been said before now—that Antigonish does not appreciate the advantage and the honor of being the seat of a University, for in the present instance Antigonish has "risen to the occasion" and has done it nobly. In the Counties of Pictou and Guysboro, equally gratifying evidences of good will are forthcoming. The contributions that will come in from the four Counties of Cape Breton are likewise expected to be handsome and substantial. As the late lamented Bishop McKinnon used to say, "BRAVE, GENEROUS CAPE BRETON WAS NEVER BEHIND IN ANY GOOD WORK."

The officers and members of the Endowment Fund Association are everywhere giving proofs of their energy and zeal in the noble cause of higher Catholic education. Seeing how much some of them have already accomplished, we cannot entertain any doubt of the ultimate success of their devoted and enthusiastic efforts to make St. Francis Xavier's College financially secure and independent.

The great pageant, the central feature of the festivals marking the reign of the Emperor Francis Joseph, in Vienna on Friday, proved a splendidly picturesque popular festival. More than twenty thousand representatives of different races comprising the population of Austria-Hungary, garbed to represent the different historic periods since the foundation of the Hapsburg dynasty, either rode or walked in the procession, and nearly 500,000 persons witnessed it.

The report of the militia council on the militia during the season of 1907 shows that 3,178 officers, out of a total establishment of 4,189 and 37,575 non-commissioned officers and men, out of a total establishment of 46,506, were trained. The militia council again records its conviction that the twelve days allowed for training in camps of instruction is too short. The report says "the weak feature of the militia force still remains, the deficiency of the officers who are the leaders of the men. With the exception of the troops of the Maritime Provinces, all the corps were greatly under strength and had a far too great a proportion of first year recruits in their ranks, the proportion being from fifty to seventy-five per cent. in Ontario and from thirty to forty per cent. in the other provinces.

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 Oil-cloth,

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.

Lord Stanley, Governor-General of Canada from 1888-1893, died in London on June 14.

The Imperial Tobacco Company, of Montreal, has been incorporated with a capital stock of \$11,000,000.

Senator Power, in a speech in the Senate, said that some patent medicines contain more alcohol than whiskey does.

The Dominion Iron & Steel Company, Sydney, has purchased a large block of land adjoining the blast furnaces. It is thought the Company contemplates an extension of its plant.

Miss Catherine Hughes, biographer and niece of the late Archbishop O'Brien, Halifax, has been appointed provincial archivist for Alberta with an initial salary of \$1,200.

The invasion of the state of Zulia in Venezuela, of which the capital is Maracabao, by locusts, is taking on a very serious character. Fears are entertained that crops will be destroyed and that famine may follow.

Col. John F. Finerty, editor of the Chicago Citizen, for many years prominent as a newspaper man lecturer and Irish patriot, died at Chicago on June 10, aged 62 years.

The premature explosion of dynamite killed nine men, and injured two others on June 11, at Simmon's subcontract on the Grand Trunk Pacific twenty miles east of the Winnipeg River crossing.

At Peabody, Kansas, on June 12th, Frank Good, aged 27 years, cut the throats of his three children and his own throat with a pocket knife on his father's farm. He was despondent over the death of his wife.

A special from Grand Cane, La., says that news reached there that Red River had broken through the levee near Westdale, submerging 25,000 acres of growing crops and drowning much stock.

Barrachois, C. B., called once, now known as Dominion No. 12, will in future be known by the good Irish name of Waterford. This was decided by a large meeting of the residents of the new town Thursday evening.

Augustus Benoit of Arichat was drowned on June 11, while returning from his mackerel nets with a boat-load of fish. No person saw the accident but it is supposed that he took a weak turn and fell out of the boat.

The trial of Alonzo Doherty for the murder of Joseph D. McMillan, whom he admits he shot as he was walking along the road with a young woman, ended on Saturday afternoon in a disagreement of the jury. His defence is insanity. He is now having a second trial.

Speaking at the Church of England's Temperance Society's reception in London, England, the Bishop of Montreal said if only Great Britain was as sober as Quebec, it would be the greatest blessing for the Empire. The French-Canadian peasantry were as respectable as any in the world.

Four persons were drowned at New York on Monday night when an automobile carrying a pleasure party of six, becoming unmanageable, shot at wild speed down West 56th Street and catapulted from an open pier into the North river. The automobile turned over in its flight from the pier and held its four victims fast in their seats.

Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, Chief Justice of Canada, has been notified of his appointment by the British government to succeed the late Major General, Sir A. J. Ardagh, as one of the four representatives of Great Britain on the permanent board of arbitration at The Hague to settle international disputes.

The arrest took place on June 11th, at St. John's, Que., of the Hon. P. H. Roy, ex-Speaker of the Quebec Legislative Assembly, and President of the defunct Bank of S. John's and also Messrs P. L. Lheroux and P. Beaudouin, General Manager, and Assistant General Manager, respectively, charged with making fraudulent returns to the Finance Department at Ottawa. Mr. Roy's bail has been fixed at \$80,000.

Dr. C. J. Hastings of Toronto in a paper on the importance of pure milk read before the Canadian Medical Association declared that impure milk was primarily responsible for the loss of 15,000 of the 30,000 children who die annually in Canada. He strongly urged a more stringent inspection of milk supply in every municipality, and he emphasized the paramount importance of the proper pasteurizing of milk in all dairies. At the conclusion of the paper a committee was appointed to wait on the Government with a view to securing more stringent regulations governing municipal inspection.

The Republican convention to nominate the party's candidate for the forthcoming Presidential election is now in session at Chicago, having convened on Tuesday. It is expected that a ballot will be taken to-morrow and that William Taft, Secretary for War, will be the choice of the Convention. In fact, there appears to be no other candidate prominently before the public for the nomination. Mr. Taft is the choice of President Roosevelt, which fact tends greatly to ensure his selection. The only other possible choice would be President Roosevelt. He, however, has repeatedly asserted that he will not accept a nomination, as he is opposed to a third-term.

Straw.—For about one week C. B. Whidden & Son will be buying straw delivered at their barns.

You want to see our bargains in pickles, sauce and tomato catsup.—Bonner's

Among the Advertisers.

Found.—A fountain pen. Apply to J. A. Wall.

Boy's washable blouses, 50c and 60c at Chisholm, Sweet & Co.'s

Found, on Main Street, a pair of fancy scissors. Apply at this office.

Lime juice, fruit syrups—a large stock—just received at Bonner's

Get a bottle of best English harness oil at Bonner's. It will pay you.

Catechisms No. 1 and 2, and Butler's, wholesale and retail, at Bonner's

Women's house slippers, all sizes up to 8 for 19c a pair at Chisholm, Sweet & Co.'s

Misses' print dresses for ages 6 to 10 years, reduced 25 per cent at Chisholm, Sweet & Co.'s

Ice cream, cakes and pies supplied to order for picnics and parties by Mrs. McNeil, West End.

Lost, between the Landing and ice-cream parlor, lady's gold bracelet. Finder will be rewarded by leaving same at Merrimac House.

We have a large stock of Brothers's celebrated wine—dandelion, rhubarb and currant, 40c per qt. bottle, \$2 per dozen—Bonner's grocery.

The drawing of prizes that should have taken place at the Mount St. Mary's (Bailey's Brook) picnic and bazaar, on July 1, 1907, was postponed on account of some coupons not being returned until recently. Following is a list of the winners:

- 1st, Oil Painting ticket No. 72—Miss Miznie McNeil, Whitney Pier.
- 2nd, ten dollar gold piece, ticket No. 373—James McDonald, Stellarton, N.S.
- 3rd, parlour lamp, ticket No. 98 A—Mrgt. McGillivray, Medford, Mass.
- 4th, hand made mat, ticket No. 141—Sarah B. McGillivray, Bailey's Brook, N.S.
- 5th, piece of embroidery, ticket 187 B—Henry Fraser, Trenton, N.S.
- 6th, silver pitcher, ticket No. 236 A—Joe McDonald, Louisburg, C. B.

An educated blind person is as a rule self-reliant, self-supporting and an inspiration to those with whom he comes in contact. An uneducated blind person is a burden to himself and to his friends. Education is free

GRAND PICNIC AND BAZAAR

The parishioners of Mount St. Mary's, Bailey's Brook, will hold their Church Picnic and Bazaar on the old drill grounds, within 5 minutes' walk of Avondale Station, on

JULY 1st and 2nd

All wishing to spend the great Natal Day of Canada, July 1st, in a most enjoyable manner should remember that the grand picnic and bazaar begins on that day.

This being one of the most delightful and picturesque spots in Eastern Nova Scotia, it is the place to go to enjoy in its fullness the great midsummer holiday. The committee in charge will leave nothing undone to make this the grandest event of the holiday season.

Violin and bagpipe music with organ accompaniment by the best musical talent. Dancing and other amusements usually enjoyed on such occasions will be provided.

The Thornburn brass band will be in attendance and will discourse music on the grounds.

Excursion rates on all trains on July 1st, good to return the following days. A train with first class accommodation, leaving Muirgrave at 6:45 a.m. and calling at all intermediate stations, will arrive at Avondale at 10:55 a.m. A morning train will leave Pictou at 7 o'clock, calling at Westville, Stellarton, New Glasgow and all intermediate stations and arrive at Avondale Station at 11 a.m.

A late train will leave Avondale for the East and West both evenings to accommodate those wishing to return the same night.

Admission to grounds, - 25c.
Children, - - - 15c.
Dinner, 40c. Tea, 35c.
Refreshments served on the grounds.

Proceeds in aid of New Church and Glebe House.
By order of Committee.

CAUTION.

Any person found cutting timber or trespassing in any way on my property at Mayfield "Reppoch" will be prosecuted at once.

WILLIAM McRAE,
Beaver Meadow.
June 8th, 1908.

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

to every blind boy and girl in the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland but this fact is not always known to the parents of such children. Our public-spirited citizens, boys and girls as well as grown-ups, to help forward the work of the School for the Blind at Halifax can do so by sending to Superintendent the names, ages and addresses of all blind persons under twenty-one years of age. Address to C. F. Fraser, Superintendent School for the Blind, Halifax, N. S.

Acknowledgments.

- Mrs. Jones, Chester \$ 3 70
- Rev. H. P. Whidden, Dayton 2 00
- Rev. Jos. Nolan, Fortuna Hbr 2 00
- John E. Landry, Salida 1 50
- Alex. D. McDonald, Cross Forks 3 00
- James Capstick, Bay Road Valley 1 00
- Flora A. Cameron, Lochaber 2 00
- D. McPherson, Halifax 1 00
- Mary McDonald, Marion 2 00
- Mrs. H. D. McMillan, Brookline 1 50
- Chas. A. Mattie, Matile Settlement 1 00
- J. C. McIntyre, Antigonish 1 00
- A. McDonald, 2 00
- Duncan McRae, Moose Creek 1 00
- Rev. D. D. Chisholm, Heatherton 1 00
- John Chisholm, Heatherton 2 00
- A. A. Gillis, Sydney 1 00
- Chisholm, Malden 1 50
- Arch. McLean, Cloverville 2 00
- Mrs. John J. Grant, North Grant 1 00
- Jas. Carter, Antigonish 1 00
- Donald McDonald, Marble Hill, Port Hood 1 00
- Bugh D. McInnis, Livingstones Cove 6 25
- David McVarish, Gloucester 1 50
- Nell J. McKinnon, Shunacadie 1 00
- L. McIsaac, Loch Haven 1 50
- Rev. C. A. McDermott, McKeesport 2 75
- D. A. McDonald, Brookline 1 50
- Margaret Chisholm, Spenerville 3 00
- Isaac Bondro, Revere 1 00
- Mrs. Jas. De Bassio, Providence 1 50
- Rev. B. M. Bogan, Plainfield 1 50
- John Gillis, J. P. Colroy 2 00
- Margaret McDonald, E. Lexington 1 50
- Christina Gillis, Pithers Farm, 1 00
- Duncan Grant, Heatherton, 1 00
- John Leydon, Tracadie, 1 00
- A. Fraser, Dorchester, 1 50
- A. Fraser, Chisholm, Cambridge, 1 50
- Cassie McIsaac, Jamaica Plain, 1 50
- Edmund Purcell, Pleasant Valley, 1 50
- L. B. McNeil, San Francisco, 2 00
- Thos. Chisholm, Big Rapids, 2 10
- Wm. Barry, Halifax, 1 00
- St. Patrick's Convent, Halifax, 2 00
- Wm. Kehoe, Halifax, 1 00
- Mrs. M. G. Flemming, 50
- Geo. Ryan, Canso, 2 00
- C. A. Chisholm, Hannibal, 3 00
- Dr. P. A. McGarry, Canso, 2 00

DIED

At Boston, on May 31st, ANN, relief of the late DONALD CHISHOLM, cutter, of Antigonish. Deceased was an esteemed resident of the Town for many years. May her soul rest in peace.

At East Boston, on June 12th, JOHN MCKINNON, son of the late Angus McKinnon, aged 80 years, formerly of Broad Cove Chapel, Inverness, Cape Breton, leaving one brother and three sisters. May he rest in peace.

At Britley Brook, June 3rd, 1908, after a long illness, MARY, daughter of the late DONALD McADAM. She leaves two brothers and one

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Tenders for Dredging

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Dredging," will be received until Monday, June 22, 1908, at 4:30 p.m., for dredging required at the following places in the Province of Nova Scotia: Arisaig, Cribbin's Point, Fawson's Cove, Fourchu, La Have River, L'Archeveque, Little Bras-D'Or, Musquodouff Harbor, McKinnon's Harbor, North Sydney, Petpeswick, South Igoonish.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

Combined specification and form of tender can be obtained at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa. Tenders must include the towing of the plant to and from the works. Only dredges can be employed which are registered in Canada at the time of the filing of tenders. Contractors must be ready to begin work within twenty days after the date they have been notified of the acceptance of their tender.

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, for six thousand dollars (\$6,000), must be deposited as security for the dredging which the tenderer offers to perform in the Province of Nova Scotia. The cheque will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
FRED. GELINAS,
Secretary.
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, June 5th, 1908.

sister to mourn her loss. Consoled by the rites of the Church she peacefully passed to her reward. R. I. P.

At St. Martha's Hospital, Antigonish, on Wednesday, June 3rd, ELIZABETH CAMERON, daughter of DUNCAN S. CAMERON, South Lochaber, in the 19th year of her age. The deceased was taken ill on Thursday, 28th ult., and on Monday was removed to the Hospital. She was a great favorite with all who knew her. Much sympathy is felt for the bereaved family.

At New Glasgow, on June 8th, after five days severe illness, ANGUS McDONALD, formerly of Coleraine Grndl, Antigonish Co., aged 73 years. After receiving the last rites of Holy Church, he peacefully passed away. He leaves a widow and three daughters to mourn their loss. After Requiem High Mass he was laid to rest at New Glasgow. May his soul rest in peace.

At Malignant Cove, on June 8th, 1908, CATHERINE JENSEN, beloved wife of ANGUS G. GILLIVRAY, aged 25 years. The deceased lived a gentle and virtuous life. She possessed many traits of character worthy of imitation. Her patience and resignation through her illness, and the calmness with which she met her death, showed that she was prepared for her departure and a glorious resurrection. Her last days

were comforted by a humble reception of the last rites of Holy Church. Besides her husband she leaves an infant daughter and a widowed mother to ever mourn the last member of her family. May her soul rest in peace.

At Arisaig, Friday, June 12th, in the 32nd year of his age, ALEXANDER D. McDONALD, son of the late Donald McDonald of that place, leaving a widowed mother, two sisters, two brothers, the latter absent in the West for the past ten years, and a sorrowing aunt, widow of the late William Gillis, Postmaster, by whom he had been reared and with whom he lived up to the time of his death. "Sandy," as he was always known to his many friends, was a man who possessed the virtues of many honour, probity and piety to an excellent degree. To make his acquaintance was ever afterwards to admire his many superior qualities. His word, as good as his bond, was always spoken in kindly forbearance towards the faults and frailties of his fellows. Enemies, he never made any. The victim of a lingering and insidious disease, he bore his affliction with true Christian patience, and when hope of recovery was gone under the ministrations of his parish priest, and fortified by a pious reception of the Sacraments, he passed away with the hope of a blissful immortality. R. I. P.

Chisholm, Sweet & Co.



Two - Piece Suits

There's no more popular or more dressy suits for summer wear than our two-piece grey tweeds. We would have you judge these values at

\$8.00, \$10.00 and \$12.00

by comparison and note how they surpass in quality and style any others offered at the same prices.

We pride ourselves on our \$6.50 three-piece dark tweed suits for men. They're unmatched value

WEST END WAREHOUSE

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO ESTABLISHED 1867

B. E. WALKER, President
ALEX. LAIRD, General Manager

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

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED AT ALL BRANCHES

DEBITS AND MONEY ORDERS sold, and money transferred by telegraph or letter.

COLLECTIONS made in all parts of Canada and in foreign countries.

FOREIGN BUSINESS. Cheques and drafts on the United States, Great Britain and other foreign countries bought and sold. 113

ANTIGONISH BRANCH
J. H. McQUAID, Manager.

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

Self-Respect and Irish.

ELOQUENT LECTURE BY PROFESSOR STOCKLEY, TO LISMORE GAELIC LEAGUE.

Under the auspices of the Lismore Branch of the Gaelic League, a most eloquent, instructive and interesting lecture was delivered in the Christian Brothers' Technical School by Professor Stockley, Queen's College, Cork. "Self-respect and Irish" was the theme of the discourse.

Professor Stockley, who was cordially received, said,—"I thought first I was going to speak tonight under the heading of the practical use of learning Irish, the money-making object in it, the commercial value. I am glad that is not so. I speak of self-respect and Irish. There is an appeal here to the heart of every one of us, there is a stirring to a love for Ireland, a will to act more nobly, each one of us, for this cause, too (as well as for faith and home), that we wish not to dishonor Ireland. The hope for Ireland, as Davis sang:

"Whisper'd, too, that freedom's ark
And service high and holy,
Would be profaned by feelings dark
And passions vain or lowly."
"Righteous men must make our land
A nation once again."

It is not natural for us to look only to material gain. It may be our fault often that we dream too much, and imagine great things, and have generous longings, and perhaps neglect the work in hand. It is most true of many in Ireland that

"We look before and after and pine for what is not,
Our sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught,
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."

The spirit of our land seems to be in us when we feel and live thus. It is not all the effect of Ireland, but it is one great effect. We are sensitive here, all ready to regret; perhaps our affections sway us more than our reason. That is far from being all a bad thing in us. We have not "that mortal coldness of the soul" at which an English poet shudders. As another great English writer says, the Irish are "an affectionate people, who cannot be governed by heartless persons on scientific principles." How true is Ruskin in that. Doing a service one for another means personal feeling in Ireland, not just demand and payment. Is there any country where there seems more personal pleasure in doing something for another, if we like him, if we are pleased with him? How true this is of Celt, Saxon, Dane, and Norman, of all who have inherited the life of this fair land, so sorely disputed, so masterful over her conquerors, so much loved even by many of the later ones among them. Her Celtic language they would not be hindered from adopting, in spite of the laws of Norman, French and English Kings. It roused a Spenser's indignation as late as Elizabeth's reign, four centuries after Strongbow, to see the English being absorbed by the Gaelic speech of Ireland, "so that," he laments, "the speech being Irish the heart must needs be Irish." So it was in the 17th century, so it was even in the 17th, when the Cromwellians even learnt the Gaelic of their conquerors but conquering Ireland. So even in the sad 18th century the ruling settlers spoke Gaelic with the mass of their countrymen. Let no descendants of Norman knights, lords, and later dukes, no settlers and planter's sons in Ireland, puzzle a bit to know what land they are of, let them not doubt that the air their fathers breathed formed their speech, and hence their hearts and minds to be Irish; however their hands were raised against their brothers in our land. We are men together now, marked by so many Irish ways and looks, and by feelings expressed in our dislike of offending others, in our refinement—it is certainly true of us when we are sober—in our greater impulsiveness, but I need not go on. Everybody knows an Irishman, all the world over, as much as he knows a Frenchman. "If anyone who has lived in Ireland and knows the people ventures to say that they are not a distinct people, with national characteristics, and an intense national sentiment not by any means confined to any class, religion, region, or political section—he must be blind and deaf and without understanding." (Stanley Lane Poole: "The Irish Battle of the Books." "Fortnightly," June, 1907.) And this Ireland of all those races; this mixed people, for all its differences, has become thus as one man, in another sense, and that through the medium of a language which until the last century, the vast majority had spoken for 2,000 years.

"The fading, O, 'tis fading! like leaves upon the trees!
In murmuring tone 'tis dying, like the wail upon the breeze!
'Tis swiftly disappearing, as footprints on the shore,
Where the Barrow, and the Erine, and Loch Swilly's waters roar—
Where the parting sunbeam kisses Loch Corrib in the West,
And O, son, like a mother, clasps the Shannon to her breast!
The language of old Erin, of her history and name—
Of her monarchs and her heroes, her glory and her fame—
The sacred shrines where rested, thro' sunshine and thro' gloom,
The spirit of her martyrs, as their bodies lie in the tomb!
The time wrought shell, where murmured, 'mid centuries of wrong,
The secret voice of Freedom in annals and in song—
Is slowly, surely sinking into silent death at last,
To live but in the memories of those who love the Past!"

So, but a few years ago, an Irish speaker could write. He could write so no more, for the Gaelic stands trembling on the threshold of the morning, the morning of its new world, to which it has awakened, after its short trance, like the coming on of death, the trance that was but the prelude to new life in the 20th century in Ireland of the Gael. For the Gael as made and moulded the rest of us, land was his; and his it is; the

newer comers have come to feel more his feelings than the feelings of those they left, once they let themselves be what their heart wishes to be, Irish. Says that most fair-minded Englishman already quoted, who dares not, he says, grumble at other men's national and political feelings not being his, nor deems them unjustifiable because other than his own: "The Unionists (in Ireland) are every whit as Irish as the Nationalists, and have just as little liking for English ways or English Government." He even advises: "If the Irish language be useful as an educational asset, the true Unionist policy is to acquire it." "Granting, for the argument's sake, that the study of Gaelic is an instrument of intellectual development, are we to denounce and oppose it, and keep the people back, because we are afraid of their development? It seems a cowardly and short-sighted policy." Such generous opponents strike the note, to which we join our voices, not unwillingly, drawing for the moment the needful machinery of politics, and giving us thoughts that are gentle but inspiring, thoughts and feelings rich with promise, leading to self-improvement, determination and self-respect; thoughts most practical and useful.

The work that should today be wrought,
Defer not till tomorrow,
The help that should within be sought,
Scorn from without to borrow,
Old maxims these—yet stout and true—
They speak in trumpet tone,
To do at once what is to do
And trust Ourselves Alone.

"Trust thyself; every heart responds to that iron string." It will be true of Gaelic Ireland—the congnaimh De. I have spoken of a common Ireland; of a common Irish spirit. No one will deny that there is, at least, much truth in what I have said. Ireland is a nation, an entity, a restless, distressful being, as no one knows better than the England who has tormented herself in tormenting us. We need not be concerned now, with discussing why we are what we are. Our history may explain our failings, and perhaps some of our good qualities. And no doubt it is most useful to study our history, when the study is not for keeping us helplessly grumbling, but is with a forward purpose, and with a desire to see the faults that are not to be wailed over merely, but amended. One thing is certainly true of us, we have been imitating others, we are often lacking in a right self respect. Further, this lack of self respect is bad business; it is bad for trade, as this industrial age makes us say. For this disease we believe that the best doctor that has come among us is an Conradh na Gaedhilge. Would that there was here tonight to speak to you in its language himself, an t-Athair Peadar O'Laoghaire (applause). Did any of you see his pamphlet "Home Rule"? It is not about a Parliament at all, but is about the Home Rule that you can have now; here, now, this day. I am sure you may say *buidheachas le Dia*, if the Gaelic League stopped us setting down to our ill-fortune of years ago, all the ills that it is we ourselves are doing to our selves today. What England hinders us from studying a bit of Irish; even if we are getting old and stupid? What English laws hinder us from helping our children to learn their own Irish; when it is easy to them, being young? And don't we hear people saying that it is wonderful the heart it puts in any man in Ireland to know even a little Irish? I can't explain it, says one Irishman who has studied much Irish; but when I began, he said—and he is a Protestant clergyman—it seemed, this old language of the country, to stir up feelings I never had before; it made me love everything about me in the face of the land itself; it made me kindly with my kind, with all those whose land this is; and it made me earnest to try to do her good. And, as Father O'Leary says, the self-respect the speaking of Irish puts in an Irishman and how much of it there was in those who could not write nor read, yet who could recite poems of wonder and magic fear, and heroic passion—that self respect is answered by this foreigner, this stranger; when you are speaking or studying the language of Ireland, the stranger respects you in quite a new way if you have Irish. Never forget it; you have something, then, that is your own; you are not an imitator; you have what is interesting to one of another people.

Look at Holland, with its Dutch; its population nearly a million over ours in Ireland, with an area more like the size of Munster, with its exports four times ours. Belgium, of that size, too, its population running towards twice ours; not surely hindered because it is a bilingual country. Half its land is arable; half the country under the plough. Between 60 and 70 per cent. of Ireland is pasture and hay. Has talking English brought us prosperity? I don't say talking Gaelic or talking two languages, will turn cattle into men. But I am very sure that the Gaelic Revival has put the right spirit in our people, a spirit of hope and self-reliance and self-respect, and a determination to cure what vice there is in our imaginary fine things instead of doing the nearest useful thing we can, in our hoping for a new world by some change of Government, however good, however needful. For "it is in ourselves that we are thus and thus." Look at another example nearer home, Wales. The Welsh, as an Irish writer has noted, "are an educated business people; and they know what their language is worth to them." It means, indeed, not less but more interest taken in them by the world at large. But at home it means that determination to resist what they think religiously unjust, it means their music—would that our villages had such or anything like it and their Eisteddfods, great national gatherings making our Feiseanna still seem uncertain

efforts. What sustained efforts national pride, and confidence lead to, and a healthy natural interest in one's own; in our trades, as well as everything else. Some of you may have seen Lord Duncaven's pamphlet of a couple of years ago, telling the story again of the destruction of Irish industries by the inhuman eighteenth century Government. And, indeed, in fine handicraft work, we all know how the early Irish worker, in metal and precious stones and inlaying, had succeeded. But you will recall, that when Ireland's trade in wool was so flourishing, a couple of hundred years ago, it was flourishing in a country speaking its own separate language. In fact, the decay of Ireland's population, the loss of what was distinctive, and therefore energising, has occurred in the century in which the country lost its own language—not the only cause of the population's decay certainly—but yet it remains true that the great trade had been with this country, then chiefly Gaelic speaking, in its home life at least. And had the language been kept, would a better trade spirit also have persisted amid the disasters of the nineteenth century? And when the people went to America. Ah, what a story. Germans go, and Italians. They have their own languages! They suffer, it is true. But behind them there is Germany, there is Italy—something great, as the world can judge, and something to ensure respect in general for the German, for the Italian name. Alas, the Irish had neither their own nor their conqueror's civilisation. They had a language, but the language of the generally illiterate. This was not all of their fault. But I am coming to something of import for modern Ireland, and that is that Ireland and the Irish in America are far different from what many of our people at home think. We claim that, somehow, we are an intellectual people, a people honouring spiritual and mental cultivation. Yet, in books, in art, in the beauty of the highest cultivation, where do we count in America? What positions in these high things do the rich Irish hold, taken generally? What honourable prestige has the Irish name—the name of the land of scholars? It is a sad picture, under a veil that I hardly like to raise. I heard an Irishman, even an Irish priest, the other day, half-jokingly recount what I think an Irish-American had said, that in America the Irish were the "comics" and the publicans. Unjust, so it is. To begin with, the Germans have even more of those wretched nation destroyers called publichouses in New York than have the Irish, I believe. But tell me why it is that the Irish are more shamefully mocked at in America than are other people? Let not any one be angry at what I say. It is not always so—granted. Of course not. It is more often true for them than for others. I am within the truth in saying that. I know it. Look at the American comic papers. Look at the stage. Listen to the speech of those who can afford to look down on their neighbours. The Italians now are poorer than the Irish, but they suffer less in this way.

(To be continued.)

How Marriage Develops the Best Traits in a Man

'By the way, Mary,' said Mr. Winterbottom, 'young Ascot asked for my advice to-day about getting married.' Mrs. Winterbottom looked up from the pile of socks that she was darning. 'And what advice did you give him, John?' she said.

'Er—hand me them matches, will you? My pipe's out,' said Winterbottom.

She transferred the mound of mending from her lap to a chair, rose and, taking the matches to her husband, quietly resumed her work again.

'Well,' continued Mr. Winterbottom, 'allowing in his big chair, 'I told Ascot to go ahead and marry at once. I told him what I have always believed—namely that nothing develops the best traits in a man's character like matrimony. Nothing, I told him, so splendidly brings into blossom those seeds of unselfishness, of self sacrifice, that lie dormant in even the best of bachelors. The bachelor thinks only of myself. The married man forgets himself in the protecting care that he must eternally lavish upon wife and babes. Coarse, selfish brutes of bachelors I have seen transmuted by marriage into a fine gold of such self forgetfulness and tender consideration, such delicate solicitude and courtesy—er—as—'

Mr. Winterbottom had been slapping his pockets and frowning. Now he stopped abruptly. 'Here's my pipe out,' he said, 'and I forgot to bring down that pouch again. Do you mind, Mary, its on the dressing table in the fourth story front.'

Mrs. Winterbottom, with pleasant alacrity hastened from the room.

Knicker—There are plenty of books telling how to save life while waiting for the doctor.

Bocker—Yes. What we need is one telling the young doctor how to save life while waiting for the patient.

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The superiority of the Separator process over the "old style" in the extraction of butter fat from milk, is no longer a matter of discussion. What concerns the up-to-date dairy farmer now-a-days is the superiority of one kind of separator over another. It is by public competition only that this superiority can be decided.

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And what about those separators that does not enter in open competition? They wisely avoid such contests lest they too be among the defeated.

Durability Test

Attached to a driving apparatus, turning it as a man would, a Sharples Separator has run 50 hours a week for one year, which is equal to the actual work in a ten cow dairy for 52 years, and nearing the end of the test required only 75 cents worth of repairs. This proves beyond a doubt the great durability of the Sharples Separator.

Buy the easiest cleaned, the closest skimmer, and the most durable separator.

Sharples Tubular

Thomas Somers ANTIGONISH.

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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 Shimming and easiest running Separator as yet introduced in this County made by International Harvester Co., the manufacturer of the famous Deering Mower, etc. Call and see before purchasing.

F. R. Trotter

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H. B. WHIDDEN, care of C. B. WHIDDEN & Son.

The Vase.

(By James Jeffrey Roche.)
 From the madding crowd they stand apart,
 The maidens four and the Work of Art;
 And none might tell from sight alone
 In which had Culture ripened grown—
 The Gotham Million fair to see,
 The Philadelphia Pedigree.
 The Boston Mind of azure hue
 Or the soulful Soul from Kalamazoo—
 For all love Art in a seemly way
 With an earnest soul and a capital A.
 Long they worshipped; but no one broke
 The sacred stillness, until up spoke
 The Western one from the nameless place,
 Who blushing said, "What a lovely vase!"
 Over three faces a sad smile flew,
 And they edged away Kalamazoo.
 But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred
 To crush the stranger with one small word.
 Deftly hiding reproof in praise,
 She cries: "This, indeed, a lovely vase!"
 But brief her unworthy triumph when
 The lofty one from the home of Penn,
 With the consciousness of two grandpas,
 Exclaims: "It is quite a lovely vase!"
 And glances round with an anxious thrill
 Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.
 But the Boston maid smiles courteously
 And gently murmurs: "Oh, pardon me!
 I did not catch your remark, because
 I was so entranced with that charming vase!"
 Dies erit pragelida
 Sinistra quam Bostonia

A Railroad Hero.

When George W. Cook, Representative from Colorado, took his seat in Congress last winter to play his part on that political stage of the nation, it was just twenty years since he played the star role in a thrilling drama in real life that, but for him, would have been a tragedy with a hundred victims; a drama staged on the snow-clad slopes of the Great Divide, with the eternal peaks of the Rocky Mountains for scenery. The same restless energy that bore him victorious through this struggle had in earlier years swept him into the Civil War at an age that made him the youngest drummer boy in the Union armies. And this same energy made him the fittest man for the place when in the middle 80's he was appointed superintendent of the mountain division of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad.

It was a job that fitted him. He made war with equal grimness and glee upon the lawless mountain terrors that wrecked his trains and the lawless mountain torrents that wrecked his tracks. Torrents and train robbers alike he shoveled into confinement or out of existence, until the mountain division was as safe as a Sunday school to train and traveler. Then things began to pall upon him. His hand itched for something beyond the routine of his position, and in the winter of 1887 that something came.

The division headquarters were at Leadville, a mining camp lying high upon the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. Here on a December midnight he sat.

At an adjacent table a telegraph key nervously clicked the movements of the train struggling through mountain and storm. A listless clerk recorded the monotonous reports and ticked off monotonous instructions to the laboring trains. All was dull and commonplace.

George Cook yawned, stretched his great limbs and sighed for the days of snowslides and hold-ups. He bit the end of a cigar and struck a match.

But that cigar was never lit. As he languidly lifted the match there came a hurried clicking from the telegraph key. The match halted in midair; the clerk paused at his work with listening ears while the little key danced out its tale.

And this is what it told:
 The railway running west from Leadville skirts the flanks of the high Sierras for several miles, and then, clambering up a narrow cleft in the mountain pass, gains Tennessee Pass, the summit of the Great Divide of the Rockies, ten miles from the mining camp. To the left of the pass rises Homestake Peak, a mountain giant shouldering its huge bulk into the blue thousands of feet above the little shanty that did duty as a station house on the summit of Tennessee.

Up from this station, with its solitary telegraph operator, ran a trail half a mile above to where, on the south face of the peak, clung the Homestake mine, great in those days of silver. Its massive, huge gabled buildings, bracketed against the steep wall of the mountain, were overhung by vast reaches of snow fields, from which here and there rose a tall pine, blasted and gaunt, pinning, as it were, the great white snow sheet to the mountain face.

The workings of the mine honey-combed the peak. A long tunnel had been driven into the vein, and from it radiated drift and level, whence had been chambered numberless tons of ore. On this wintry night, when George Cook sat listless in his office, the night shift of a hundred miners was delving in the mountain.

It was just after midnight when the lone operator at Tennessee Pass was roused by a tremor that ran like a shudder of an earthquake through the mountain. The next instant there smote on his ear a low, menacing rumble as of distant thunder.

Rushing to the door of his cabin, his gaze swept the mountain, and he saw that a snow-field had slid from the heights and that the mine and miners were overwhelmed. He staggered to his key, and with trembling fingers sent this message:

"Homestake mine swept away by snowslide. One hundred miners buried alive in the long tunnel."

George Cook sat frozen with horror as the telegraph key clicked out this message. But the instant it ceased he was ablaze with white-hot energy.

In ten minutes every section boss on his division had been notified to rouse his crew, gather his tools and stand ready. In less than half an hour there swept out of Salida, one hundred miles to the east, and Glenwood, one hundred miles to the west, double engine trains flying at express speed, tirelessly breasting the savage mountain grades and leaping along the rails in a flirtation with death as they stormed toward the mountain top. Here and there the whirring wheels halted an instant to take on the waiting section crews, and then sped on, regardless of the sacred rights of mail or express lying sulkily on the sidings. George Cook had given them the track.

In half an hour every available shovel in Leadville—and there are many in a mining camp—was aboard a train that steamed out of the town, carrying every man that drew pay from the railroad, saving a few left for imperative duty, and, with George Cook at the throttle, swiftly climbed the grade to the pass.

As the tardy dawn of the winter day broke through the storm clouds it saw high upon the shoulder of the mountain peak two hundred eager men boring away into the wall of snow that blocked the mouth of the Homestake mine. Of course, it was all hopeless; not a man but knew it as he bent to his shovel. But a cheery word from George and he braced himself again to his task.

And now as the shovels ate their way into the heart of the fallen avalanche nature played a cruel trick upon the workers; on all sides the snow began to cave in upon them. But that didn't dishearten Cook.

In the depths of the Wolfstone and Morning Star and other great mines of Leadville were miners old and cunning in the art of timbering and shoring up great masses of rock and all manner of treacherous earth. If rock and earth, then why not snow?

He leaped on an engine, shot back to the mining camp, by turns threatened and implored the mine managers who were loath to let their best men go, and by night he had fifty of the most skilled miners in the West shouldering up the great snow curtains that hung impending over his men. Inch by inch and foot by foot he crept into the belly of the wrecked avalanche.

And now on the third day came a roar from Denver, in the valley where the magnates of the railway sat in their easy chairs. Competition with the Union Pacific and South Park Railroads was heartbreaking. They could not afford, they said, to jeopardize the interests of their line by depleting its working forces to aid in a work that, their engineers agreed, was utterly hopeless. Cook was ordered to abandon the Homestake, send the men back to their places and keep the trains running.

He obeyed one order and disregarded the other. The trains, though short of men, got through. From the little hut at the pass that had now become his headquarters one hand directed the trains that came panting up the long grades from east and west, and the other was on the pulse of every man fighting the snow wall that blocked in the Homestake miners.

Then the powers of Denver roared again. Three times they fired George Cook, and three times he put the telegrams in his pocket, went up on the icy mountain and cheered the boys to their task.

On the fourth day doubt gave way to hope; on the fifth hope to certainty, and on the afternoon of the sixth the eager picks drove through the last of the barrier and forth from the black mouth of the Homestake tunnel there staggered a hundred haggard miners. Every man buried beneath the five hundred feet of snow came forth alive.

And George Cook? Next day he was back at his desk in Leadville, pegging away at his routine work as though it were an every-day duty to snatch a hundred fellow-beings from a living tomb.

It was heroism—and business, too. Before the powers in Denver had time to denounce this flagrant breach of discipline and make him a horrible example, the tremendous increase of freight business that flowed into the Leadville office turned their thoughts into channels of peace and good-will, for Leadville shipped 1,700 tons of ore a day at \$4 a ton freight, and there were three other powerful roads fighting for it. The astonished eyes of the powers perceived that miner and merchant alike came crowding to ship over "George Cook's road," as the Denver and Rio Grande was henceforth known.

The mountain men of Colorado sent George Cook to Congress. That is because he wanted to go. But if there is anything else on earth that he wants that these mountain men can reach, it is his.—*New York Sun.*

Fleeing Back to The Church.

Secretary Taft in a speech last week told a Protestant audience in one of the most bigoted sections of the country that every sane and sensible man and woman in the world must hope and labor for the success of the Catholic Church in the Philippines. That Church was the prop of civilization in the archipelago, and her prosperity meant the progress of enlightenment and the advance of every civic and moral interest in the Islands. This was bold language for a candidate for the Presidency to use, and it marks a volte face in the opinions of the non-Catholic world. Time was, and not so far ago, either, when every step in advance for civil and religious liberty, every uplift of mankind was in the eyes of many necessarily accompanied by a retrogressive

pari passu of Catholic influence and activity. The success of the Catholic Church meant disaster for every good cause and every civilizing agency in the world. Kings were the first to adopt that theory of progress. They first discovered that the Church was the common enemy, and they were her first persecutors. The conflict of the Church with the people is of recent origin, and is an aftermath of her strife with crowned heads. Kings have since discovered and many of them have had ample time and leisure in retirement to ruminate upon the question, that in persecuting the Church of God they were undermining their own thrones. They made it possible for the clergy to live only on condition of abject submission to their will. The world has since made it next to impossible for Kings to live at all. It may be almost said that all good Kings are deposed Kings. And those that are not good are getting good. They say an empty brain is the devil's worship. Kings are kept busy these days trying to to keep their crowns straight.

Not only in the Philippines, but everywhere else in the world is the Catholic Church the prop of civilization and the pillar of law and order. We know it in this country, and here the government is friendly to the Church. They do not know it in France, Italy and Spain; but when they shall have murdered a million or more of each other and brought these countries to the verge of bankruptcy, then they may discover this truth patent to all the rest of the world. A King can no longer walk the streets without an invisible army of detectives to protect him from assassination; and the heads of the infidel republics and mock monarchies are kept busy dodging the man with the bomb. It used to be that the people had no rights which a King was bound to respect; now a King has no rights that the Anarchist or Socialist or Nihilist feels bound to respect. When Kings claimed prerogatives to which they were not entitled, the Church fought them; and in turn they persecuted her. Now that peoples claim rights and powers that do not belong to them the Church restrains them, mildly, lovingly, but most firmly. For the time being she is as much hated and persecuted by Freemason and Freethinker and Socialist and Anarchist and Nihilist as she ever was by Bourbon or Hohenstauffen. But she has outlived the Kings; she will outlive the lodges. It will not be long before the countries that are at present in open rupture with the Church will rush back to her arms for protection from the common foe of animalism and diabolism. The Kings have "called up the spirits of the vasty deep," and by jingo they have come. Only the Church of God can send them back into the swine and then hurl the swine over the precipice.

How strange it is that all thinking men did not discover the truth before. They have been invoking the influence of enlightenment and civilization to still the storm of popular discontent. Don't they know that only the Catholic Church has any influence over the masses of the people? Protestants admit that the Catholic Church still holds the common people. They claim to possess the religion of the elite. In this great Republic of the United States the Catholic Church is the only power that makes for religion or morality among the common people. What Secretary Taft says of the Catholic Church in the Philippines can be said of her everywhere; and all good men everywhere echo his sentiments.—*Western Watchman.*

The Gude Wife's Warning.

The *Central Catholic* prints the following as a real Bluenose story straight from the Wentworth valley: An old lady who had resided all her life within speaking distance of the lovely hills in that country, and whose only diversion had been, perhaps, a trip to Truro or Amherst, made up her mind a little while ago to go off to Boston to see her married daughter and her grandchildren. She made the rail journey to Halifax all right, and had no trouble with the sea voyage from Halifax to Boston. But when she got to the "Modern Athens" and discovered the "frivolity" which prevails there, she wrote back to the "Old Man," who, it had been arranged, should come and take her home: "Dear Pa: Don't you dare come down here. It costs you five cents every time you look and ten cents every time you turn round. You had better stay home and look after the farm. I will get home somehow, but how, Lord only knows!" The "Old Man's" curiosity was greatly aroused, but as he didn't have the five and ten—the old lady being the keeper of the purse—he stayed at home.

The Song of the Hair

There are four verses. Verse 1. Ayer's Hair Vigor stops falling hair. Verse 2. Ayer's Hair Vigor makes the hair grow. Verse 3. Ayer's Hair Vigor cures dandruff. Verse 4. Ayer's Hair Vigor makes the scalp healthy, and keeps it so. It is a regular hair-food; this is the real secret of its wonderful success.

The best kind of a testimonial—
 "Sold for over sixty years."
 Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
 Also manufacturers of
Ayer's SARSAPARILLA,
 PILLS, CHERRY PECTORAL.

SHINGLES.

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

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 Hyphosphites.

Physicians Prescriptions Carefully Compounded. Mail Orders promptly filled.
 Office Telephone No. 48.
 House Telephone No. 16.

Foster Bros.
 Druggists, Antigonish.

PLANT LINE.



DIRECT ROUTE
 — TO —
BOSTON

And All Points in United States.

SAILINGS
 In effect May 16, 1908.

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 Plant Line Agents at Halifax, and Hawkesbury.
H. L. CHIPMAN,
 Manager

Purity and fine quality are the strong points in

Cowan's
Cocoa, Chocolate,
Cream Bars, etc.,

Milk Chocolate Sticks, Croquettes, Medallions, etc., are very delicious,

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 Cos 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 ALL PREPARED
 THIS IS MAGIC IN EVERY DISH
 THE GREAT TASTE THAT NUTRICES
PLUM PUDDING
 "ALL READY ALL THE TIME"

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 20, 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 situate. 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.

Pleasant Bazaar—Briley's Brook
Unpaid Water Rates—A. S. Hulbert
Men and Horses Wanted—Sergt Mullins
Suits—Chisholm, Sweet & Co.
Live Stock for sale—Newell Chisholm
Tenders for Dredging—Fred Gellinas
Entertainment—Celtic Hall

LOCAL ITEMS

THE STORES and other business places of the Town will be closed on Wednesday, July 1st, Dominion Day.

THE SPEEDY MARE "Rita Mac," owned by Alexander McIsaac, Antigonish, was sold on Tuesday to W. H. Rogers, of New Glasgow.

THE PLACE to enjoy the great natal day of Canada for young and old will be at the Bailey's Brook Church picnic.

DR. STANDISH, the well known authority on horses, will address meetings at Heatherton and at Puel Brook on June 24th and June 25th respectively, at 7 p. m.

MR. JOHN STEWART, of Linwood, Ant., who suffered the loss of the sight of both eyes last winter by an explosion while railroading in Quebec, arrived home last Saturday.

THE CONTRACT for conveying the mails daily between Antigonish and Livingstone's Cove, via North Grant, Malignan Cove and Georgeville, has been awarded to Hugh Smith, Pleasant Valley, whose tender, slightly over \$800 per year, was the lowest.

DR. PETHICK, V. S., of Antigonish, went to Prince Edward Island yesterday, where he will be one of the speakers at twenty-three institute meetings. The P. E. I. Department of Agriculture has arranged for sixty meetings during the coming season.

THE GOVERNMENT intends to do some dredging at the wharves at Arisaig and Cribben's Point, Antigonish. The sand has accumulated inside the Arisaig pier, so that now the water there is quite shoal. Dredging, it is understood, will be done on both sides of the pier at Cribben's Point.

DROWNED.—Angus McDonald, son of Mr. Dan. A. McDonald of Big Marsh, Ant., was drowned at Wilbur, Vt., on Sunday. The telegram conveying the sad intelligence gave no further particulars. The body will reach here to-day. Deceased was but twenty years of age. He had only left home on April 15th last. He was a young man of fine character. His bereaved family have the sympathy of the community. R. I. P.

BLESSING OF CROSS.—The services in connection with the blessing of the new cross at New Aberdeen cemetery last Friday was one of the most beautiful ceremonies that has taken place here for many months. Over 2,000 people formed in procession carrying torches and banners, and marched to the ceremony where an eloquent and forceful address was delivered by Rev. Father Devlin. The cross is a beautiful one of bronze and cost in the vicinity of \$100.—*Sydney Record Corr.*

THE ITALIAN residents of Cape Breton County are forming a society, modelled after L'Assomption, the French-Canadian fraternal organization. An organization meeting was held last Sunday at King's Theatre, Glace Bay, which was addressed by Rev. Dr. Viola on the objects of the association. Very Rev. Dr. Thompson, V. G., was appointed Director General; W. F. Carroll, barrister, was chosen advocate, and Dr. Egan, medical director. The association will likely have a parade on next Sunday.

SUDDEN DEATH.—When returning home from Mass and the funeral of the late Alexander McDonald at Arisaig, Sunday last, Angus McDonald (Sandy Charlie) of MacAra's Brook, Ant., took a pain in the side. He went into a barn at the roadside to rest, with the hope of the pain subsiding. He was found shortly after, and removed to the open air, where he passed away in about a quarter of an hour. He leaves two sisters, to whom his death is a deep affliction, as he was their only support. Angus was well known in town and County. His happy disposition and humorous conversation made his company enjoyable. R. I. P.

"LENA RIVERS," presented at the Celtic Hall last Friday evening, was a delightfully interesting drama with a genuine plot, that was only cleared in the last of four acts. The Company was one of the best we have seen here. Sadie Calhoun as Lena Rivers proved a bright, vivacious and clever actress. Her rendering of her role was the finest piece of emotional acting seen in the Celtic Hall. The other members of the Company gave her excellent support, so that the audience was highly pleased with the performance. The Company returns to Antigonish on the 24th inst. The announcement of a possibility of a second visit was received with such an outburst of appreciation that the management has definitely decided on the second visit.

THE BOARD OF CONCILIATION to inquire into the dispute between the owners of the Port Hood Colliery and their employees met at Port Hood on Monday last. There were present: Judge Macgillivray (Chairman), G. S. Campbell, and Hon. James Macdonald, who constitute the board; H. A. Morine, Sec. Treasurer, Archibald R. McLellan, Manager, and Norman McDonald, Accountant, representing the employers, and John Moffatt, Grand Sec. P. W. A., John A. McDonald and Ronald Beaton, representing the employees. The employees' case was presented by Mr. Moffatt, and the reply thereto by Mr. Morine. The former claimed that because of the present high cost of living and the favorable conditions of the coal trade

all the day labourers and mechanics and miners employed by the Company are entitled to an increase of 15 per cent., and that to bring the wage rate of the mine to the standard of miners throughout the Province an increase of 15 per cent. is necessary. The latter replied that the Company is prepared to maintain a rate equal to that maintained by the other coal companies throughout the province. The Board is engaged in ascertaining, by evidence presented by both parties both in writing and *viva voce*, the rates in other mines so as to compare the same with the rates paid at Port Hood. There are other minor points of difference also to be settled by the Board, which is sitting from day to day.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S COLLEGE and High School parents and others interested, would do well to note that all students desiring to enter the Bachelor of Arts Course or the Bachelor of Letters Course in St. Francis Xavier's College, must have completed an ordinary High School Course. It is also to be noted that St. Francis Xavier's High School (formerly known as the Collegiate School of St. John the Baptist,) while it provides an excellent High School Course, does not do elementary or Common school work. Ordinarily, students may enter the first year of the High School Course who have completed a good Common School Course, but they must be particularly well grounded in Arithmetic and English Grammar. Students who hold undoubted certificates showing that they have successfully passed an entrance examination to any High School in Nova Scotia or New Brunswick, or to any High School of good standing elsewhere in Canada, or in the United States, will be admitted to the High School without further examination. All other applicants must be prepared to pass a High School Entrance Examination the first week of September. Particulars of the High School Entrance Examination, and of the College Matriculation examination, will be found in the Calendar of each institution for 1908 or 1909.

Rev. Mr. Armstrong will preach in the Antigonish Baptist Church morning and evening of the Sabbath.

Persons wanting cabbage, tomato and cucumber plants, please apply to Thomas Brothers, who has them all ready to set out.

MEN AND HORSES WANTED

A number of men and fifty horses wanted to go to Aldershot, N. S., with the Antigonish Field Battery for two weeks. Apply to SERGT. MULLINS, Antigonish, N. S.

FOR SALE.

One Milk Cow, to calve on December 15.
One two-year-old Heifer, to calve in January.
One Pair Yearling Steers. Apply to NEWELL CHISHOLM, Briley Brook.

CELTIC HALL

Special engagement. One night only
Wednesday, June 24

The Maritime favorite,
Sadie Calhoun

presenting
Miss Calvert from Louisiana

Special added attraction
The Famous Knickerbocker Quartette
Late with the Geo. H. Primrose Minstrels in
SONGS AND SPECIALTIES

Seats on Sale at the Celtic Hall.
Prices, 50c. and 35c. Children 25c.

FOR SALE.

Summer cottage and seven acres of land at Bayfield.
Price, \$300.
Apply to DR. E. A. RANDALL, Truro, N. S.

NOTICE!

Tenders will be received at the Municipal Clerk's office up to
SATURDAY, the 27th June inst.,
at Noon, for supplying the following articles at the County Asylum for one year from the 1st July 1908:

Wheat Flour, per bbl, name brand.
Corn Meal (Kin dried) per 100 lbs.
On Meal, per 100 lbs.
Butter, per lb, by the Tub.
Tea, per lb, by the Chest.
Molasses per gallon, (best Porto Rico).
Hake, dry, per 100 lbs. None less than 24 in.
Kerosene Oil, per gallon (name brand).
Scap, per lb, by the bar, long bars.
Herring, per bbl
Sugar, per lb, No. 1, yellow.
Rice, per 100 lbs.
Beans, per Bushel
Tobacco, per lb. (Bulldog or equal).
Beef, per 100 lbs, by the quarter.

Goods to be approved of by the Commissioners, and delivered at the Asylum as ordered. Goods not approved of, to be taken away by the Contractor, or at his expense payment quarterly. The right to accept reserved.
D. McDONALD, M. C.
Antigonish, 8th June, 1908.

Personals.

Mr. J. G. McKinnon of Sydney was in Town this week.

Miss Anna McKinnon of Antigonish is visiting at North Sydney.

Dr. and Mrs. Francis and child of Sydney Mines are in Town on a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. William A. Barry of Exeter, N. H., are visiting in Antigonish.

Mr. J. W. McPhie of Dover, N. H., is spending a few days at the Harbor Road, Ant., his former home.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert McPhie of Antigonish arrived home on Saturday from their bridal tour.

Mr. George J. Lynch, of Halifax, Provincial Inspector for the Sun Fire Insurance Co., was in Town this week.

Mrs. Hugh Macdonald, of Dorchester, Mass., is visiting relatives and friends at Doctor's Brook, Antigonish.

Arthur B. Copeland of Antigonish has passed the Nova Scotia Pharmaceutical Association's examination, and is now a registered druggist.

Mrs. Alexander L. Macdonald, of Portland, Maine, is visiting her brother, Mr. Daniel McDonald, Arisaig, Ant.

Mr. Samuel Doyle, lately of the College staff, has taken up the study of law at the office of Morsen & Duffy, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

D. F. McDonnell of Port Hood was one of the class graduating in medicine from McGill University this term. Mr. McDonnell passed a successful examination for the degree of M. D. C. M., and was the class valedictorian. He is a B. A. of St. F. X. College.

Mr. and Mrs. L. I. McGillivray and children of Rosindale, Mass., arrived in Town on Monday, and will spend several weeks in the County. Mr. McGillivray is a native of Glen Road, Ant.

Unpaid Water Rates

The Water will positively be turned off from all premises whose owners or occupiers fail to pay their water rates before

Tuesday, the 23rd inst.

It will cost \$1.00 to again have the water turned on.

By order,
A. S. HULBERT,
Supt. Water Works
Antigonish, June 17th, 1908

Agents Wanted.

We want agents in districts in which we are not yet represented.
W. J. BUTLER & CO.
General Insurance Agents.
138 Hollis St., Halifax.

We Want your business. Get our rates.

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 95
Antigonish	8 35
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.

Crown Tailoring Co.

THE Crown Tailoring Co. has sent forth to its agents this season a line of samples of cloths for

Spring and Summer Wear
which for beauty and durability cannot be equalled in Canada. The cloths are thoroughly spanned and the making up of garments is conducted in the latest and most improved designs. Prices lower than the lowest.

P. S. Cleansing and pressing clothes done on the premises. Ladies tweed garments also attended to.

J. C. CHISHOLM, Agent,
Main Street, Antigonish, N. S.

Hot Weather Comforts

Choice Negligee Shirts, Straw and Crash Hats, underwear, etc.

Take a peep at our Men's Fixin's

A man should give more attention to his toggery at Spring time than at any other season, it's more in evidence, the tie, the shirt, hat, the hosiery and every other sort of trimmings a man wears, stands out boldly during the Spring and Summer months.

Choice Shirts,	40c.	50,	75,	\$1.00 up to \$2.00		
Dainty Ties,	15,	25,	35,	50, " " 75		
Smart Hose,	15,	25,	40,	and " " 50		
Straw Hats,	10,	20,	25,	50,	75,	\$1.00 " " \$2.00
Crash Hats,	25,	50,	75,	\$1.00		

Gloves, Underwear, Collars, Cuffs and everything in toggery at FAIR PRICES. The man who buys toggery here, will get the latest production the market affords. We've everything a high class furrier can supply, always remember, please, that our prices are as low as quality will admit. Call and see our BARGAIN TABLES of Men, Women, Boys' Girl's and Children's Shoes. Also Boys' Washable Suits, etc., values hard to beat.

Palace Clothing Company
And Popular Shoe Store,
Main Street, Antigonish, N. S.



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 newest goods from best makers.

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

N. K. CUNNINGHAM

There is nothing singular in the fact that the

HEINTZMAN & COMPANY PIANO

made by ye olde firme 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.