

# THE CASKET.

\$1 Per Annum.

A Catholic Journal Non-Partisan in Politics.

\$1 Per Annum.

Fifty-sixth Year

Antigonish, Nova Scotia, Thursday, June 25, 1908.

No 26.

## THE CASKET.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS, \$1.00.

No Subscriptions discontinued until all arrearages thereon are paid. Subscriptions in United States are discontinued at expiration of period paid for.

### ADVERTISING RATES.

ONE INCH, first insertion, SIXTY CENTS second TWENTY CENTS Special Rates for periods of two months or longer.

Advertisements in Local Column inserted at the rate of 10c. per line each insertion. Changes in Contract advertising must be irrevocable Monday.

OBITUARY Poetry not inserted.

### JOB PRINTING.

Neat and Tasty Work done in this Department. Facilities for all Descriptions of Job Printing are A-1.

THURSDAY, JUNE 25.

There is talk of an electric gun, which is to hurl a projectile weighing a ton, 300 miles. Let it come. If we must have wars in future, let us have them in reasonable comfort. Think of the enjoyment of posting a battery on Table Head, Glace Bay, to bombard the citadel at Halifax. And think of having 300 miles of a start when the enemy started to charge! The least proficient runner would have a chance in a sprint under such conditions.

The late Mr. George Matthews Arnold, who died last month in his eighty-second year, was a brother of the poet Sir Edwin Arnold whose "Light of Asia" made him famous, perhaps made him a Buddhist. George Arnold was received into the Catholic Church by Dr. Manning in 1858, and till the day of his death was a zealous worker in every good cause. The esteem in which he was held by his fellow-citizens is shown by his being elected Mayor of Gravesend eight times. He was solicitor for several large estates in Kent, but found time in the midst of an extensive law practice to make studies in archaeology and erect a museum of Roman antiquities. May he rest in peace!

When Socialists want to gather Catholics into their net, they vehemently deny that Socialism stands for free love or the abolition of the Christian home. But when they are addressing another audience they use different language. Here are three sentences from the English Socialist journal, *Forward*, dated May 23rd:

"Under certain conceivable and by no means intrinsically unlikely circumstances monogamous marriage might become unsuitable for the requirements of society."

"With such disparity of numbers between the sexes, polygamy would not be merely permissible, but quite imperative."

"Not only might monogamous marriage be rejected under Socialism, on account of a possibly permanent disparity in numbers between the sexes, it might also be abandoned for other reasons."

In a recent number of the *Tablet* Miss May Quinlan describes a Catholic Women's League formed in London eighteen months ago with the object of uniting all Catholic women for the promotion of religious and intellectual interests, as well as for the encouragement of social work and studies. An Information Bureau has been established, which keeps a register of skilled and paid work open to Catholic women, so that applicants may be directed to such employment or the means of qualifying for it. The Bureau also collects and classifies information regarding Catholic societies and charitable associations. In order to qualify voluntary workers for the discharge of their duties, courses of lectures are arranged for them. Besides this, the League has offered a scholarship worth \$300 a year for the study of Economics and Political Science in the University of London.

The May number of the *Total Abstinence*, in addition to a great many interesting reports from branches of the League of the Cross, contained the prize essay entitled "How Women Can Assist the Temperance Cause," written by Miss Maid Campbell of the Ladies' Auxiliary, Glace Bay. One of the best paragraphs of the essay runs as follows:

"As a wife, woman has numerous

opportunities to assist the cause of temperance. Her home should be kept attractive, clean and interesting so that her husband will have no desire to seek other society. Her economy and management in household affairs must be carefully planned and executed to keep poverty from the door, for home discouragements often drive weak men to the bottle to obtain temporary relief from worry; and in cases like those, troubles are self-inflicted. It is the wife's duty to shun gossips and tipplers as she would a dreaded disease, as it is frequently the first step on the road to ruin."

Mr. Andrew Lang, in the volume entitled "The King over the Water," which he has edited for Miss Alice Shield, says that the Old Pretender was "an upright, honourable gentleman, a Christian wholly devoid of intolerance, a pious, patient, reasonable soul, free from personal ambition; a much-enduring and affectionate husband; a kind, long-suffering, heart-broken father; an industrious statesman; an admirable writer." These are the conclusions of the study of a life time. And a still later volume, "James Francis Edward, the Old Chevalier," by Martin Haile, shows the author to have reached independently the same conclusions as Mr. Lang. Mr. Haile's final verdict is expressed in the following sentence: "Under happier circumstances his reign, the longest England would have known, would have been that of a wise and gentle ruler, of a peace-loving King, reared in the hard school of adversity." Yet Thackeray's portrait in *Esmond* will still be the true likeness of the Old Chevalier for nine out of every ten readers, whereas in fact it is one of the falsest libels to be found in English literature.

A Prince Edward Island jury has won the unenviable notoriety of being the first in Canada to adopt in its entirety the "brainstorm" theory which played such an important part in the trial of Harry Thaw. Doherty may have been insane when he shot McMillan; every man who kills another in the heat of passion is probably insane for the moment. But that he was insane enough not to know the nature of his act, there is no evidence but his own word. Men often get insane in liquor; we call them crazy drunk. But the law has never accepted such insanity as an excuse for homicide. If it did, every man who wanted to kill his enemy would prepare for it by getting drunk. We do not accuse the Summerside jury-men of deliberately violating their oath. We do not charge them with refusing to accept the judge's decision on a question of law. But we do emphatically say that in declaring Doherty insane they defiantly assumed the position of expert psychologists. And this arrogant assumption of acquaintance with one of the most difficult of sciences needs to have a special penalty prepared for it, otherwise murder will be committed with more impunity than common assault or petty theft.

The great activity displayed by the "Suffragettes" in England has led to the formation of the National Women's Anti-Suffrage Association. They hold it to be of fundamental importance that the spirit of sex antagonism aroused by the women's suffrage propaganda should be combated by "recognition of the fact that the respective spheres of men and women are neither antagonistic nor identical, but complementary." While supporting the concession of the municipal vote, they hold that to confer the Parliamentary franchise on women of property would inspire such discontent in the unfranchised women that a wholesale enfranchisement of women would inevitably follow, "with the result that (under adult suffrage) the voting women would outnumber the voting men by a majority greater than often decides the relative position of parties after a General Election." They further point out that political equalisation of the sexes would involve the qualification of women for Parliament and various offices under the Crown,—a result inconsistent with the physical conditions of female life, and calculated to impair woman's influence in the home sphere. Furthermore,

they contend that women could not undertake the physical responsibilities of enforcing any law which they might cause to be enacted by their votes. Boyle O'Reilly put this last point very well many years ago in the *Pilot*, when he said that the voting population of a country should be the fighting population.

Though we believe the English Labor Party mistaken in supposing that King Edward's visit to Russia can be regarded as in any way indicating British approval of bureaucratic tyranny,—the views of the British people on that subject are too well known,—yet we must look upon the *Spectator's* rebuke of the Labor members as a piece of solemn Pharisaical impudence. "The teachings of history show," says the greatest British journal, "that when one nation attempts to interfere in the internal affairs of another nation, the results are always disastrous." Immediately, however, it remembers two very gross cases of interference on the part of Great Britain, and it must explain them away. "The precedent of our sympathy with the Italians," it says, "in their struggle to escape from the yoke of Austria and the Bourbons is not in truth a precedent, for in that case we were sympathising with the whole people in getting rid of foreign oppressors, and not merely with one section of the population engaged in a constitutional and political dispute with another section." This explanation is ingenious but not ingenuous. The Austrian was no more a foreigner in Lombardy than the Englishman is in Ireland; nor had the Italians as great grievances to complain of as the Irish. And the Russian demand for constitutional government is the voice of the people just as truly as was the outcry against King Bomba in Naples. The real reason why Britain is not interfering in the internal affairs of Russia is that it would not be safe.

A staff correspondent of the *London Times*, after spending a year in the United States and making a special study of social settlement work in that country, writes as follows: The Hull house to which he refers is the well-known settlement in Chicago presided over by Miss Jane Addams:

"I am old-fashioned enough to believe that without a religious motive no life can rise to great heights of self-abnegation, far less achieve the most difficult of tasks, to keep Hellius where the soul is competent to gate, and that no community which is not welded together by a religious faith can find the glow and inspiration necessary for sustained altruistic effort. Religious features, as they are ordinarily understood, are indeed conspicuous by their absence at Hull-house, in which I do not include churches which have absorbed some of the methods of these, are a particular sign of a general attempt that is being made in America, and not in America alone, to restore souls to order and righteousness by enlightening vice and lawlessness. This, in turn, is a token of superficial notion of evil which forgets or ignores the natural instinct of perversity which is contained in the human heart; and, owing to this fundamental error, many fanciful extravagances are mingled with great generosity in religious, educational, and legislative, as well as in social work. In America in general, and particularly in New England, which at first was Calvinistic, many are seeking to correct an indiscriminating narrowness by an equally indiscriminating breadth. The great positives of the Puritan theology have been abandoned before the greater positives of any new theology have been won; and undoubtedly many settlements, having "suppressed sin" (to adopt Renan's phrase), do, in their work, refuse its remedy—doubting its poison, they merely film over its wound."

When Lord Beaconsfield died, in 1881, Queen Victoria sent a wreath of primroses to be laid upon his coffin, with a card inscribed by her own hand "his favourite flower." No one else had known the dead statesman's special liking for this flower, but Her Majesty's words were authoritative, and when, two years later, it occurred to Lord Randolph Churchill and some others to form an association for the propagation of Conservative ideas, it seemed a happy thought to call it the Primrose League. The Marquis of Salisbury was the first Grand Master of the

society, and it has grown in members and in influence till it plays a very important part in elections. Now it comes to light that when the Queen wrote the words "his favourite flower," she supposed it a matter of general knowledge that "his," unless otherwise specified, could refer to no one but her dead husband, Prince Albert. And so the great political society's name has become as meaningless as the "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" inscription on the public buildings of France.

Another mistake of a similar character has just been discovered. In all the naval celebrations in memory of Trafalgar, Nelson's last signal, it was thought, had been reproduced. Now some burrower in the Admiralty Office has found that the signal code was changed two years before Trafalgar, because of its having fallen into the hands of the French when they captured an English ship. "England expects every man to do his duty" was flagged to the fleet with a new code, and all the recent celebrations have employed the code which Nelson discarded.

Letters from a "Student," a "Catholic Theologian" and a "Catholic Father" have appeared in the *Montreal Star*, on the lawfulness of killing an unborn child to save the mother's life. The theologian laid down the principle of morals that we must not do evil that good may come and declared that to kill the unborn child would be murder. The student and the parent vehemently asserted that to neglect cephalotomy in such a case would be murdering the mother to save the child,—an extraordinarily wrong-headed view to take of the matter. According to their argument, the man who stands on the river-bank with his hands tied behind his back, and sees another drowning, while powerless to help him, is a murderer. Whether a man's hands be physically tied with ropes or morally tied by God's prohibition, the case is the same. "Student" and "Catholic Father" are not reasoning at all in the case; they are carried away by sentiment. With such people it is better to use parables than abstract argument, and here is a parable that fits. A mother and her child, shipwrecked in mid-ocean, are clinging to a spar which is too slight to support the double weight. The husband and father stands in the prow of a boat coming to the rescue, but to his anxious gaze it seems certain that both mother and child must sink before the rescuers can arrive, and he communicates his fears to his companions. A man beside him says: "I have a rifle here, and I can shoot the child through the head, if you say so." "Do so, at once, and I will pay you well," cries the husband and father. "I can spare the child better than my wife; my other children need her." What would be thought of such a father? What would be thought of the man who proposed to do the shooting? Both of them would be regarded as murderers, and so should we regard the anxious husband who asks the physician to perform cephalotomy, or who accepts the physician's proposal to perform it. If sound moral principles prevailed, the doctor who cuts the unborn child to pieces would rank with the hired assassin.

We have often had occasion to quote fair-minded articles from the *British Weekly*, which under the editorship of Dr. Robertson Nicoll has shown that there are other Nonconformists than those who follow Dr. Clifford. This is what it says of the "simple Bible teaching" which another Presbyterian editor would like to impose on the Catholics of Nova Scotia:

"We plead that Nonconformists should seriously reconsider the position, and carry on the coming negotiations as men prepared to do justice—we do not say to concede justice, for justice is a right—to their opponents. "Why do the Catholics object to Simple Bible Teaching? In the first place they are not bound to answer. When a great historical body comes forward, and through its authorized representatives says that certain forms of religious teaching are repug-

nant to its conscience, then the fact must be taken for granted and allowed for in whatever has to be done. Surely free churchmen will grant this. There was nothing more exasperating in the disputes of five years ago than Mr. Balfour's calm assumption that he knew much better what was good for free churchmen than free churchmen did themselves. Yet we have read arguments by distinguished Nonconformist leaders elaborately showing that Catholics ought to be satisfied with the simple teaching of the Bible. It is for them to say what they will be satisfied with. They have said it. They have proved their sincerity in a thousand ways. When confronted by the alternative Simple Bible Teaching or no religious teaching they have unhesitatingly chosen the latter, and have made great sacrifices to provide for their children what they themselves desire. . . . Cowper-Temple is essentially Protestantism, unless supplemented, and this is why free churchmen love it. But though they love it and think it good, it does not follow that they can force it upon others who do not love it and who think it evil. That is the apology of all persecutors: 'It is good for you.' We desire very much that the present temper should continue; that the utmost pains should be taken to arrive at an agreement; but if the free churchmen are to exercise any real influence on the deliberations, they must cleanse their minds of the delusion that they can force Simple Bible Teaching upon Catholics, or that they can leave them without religious teaching in school hours."

Mr. George Sampson, writing in the *London Daily Chronicle*, shows that the school histories used in England are very much of the same character as the school histories used in Nova Scotia. Mr. Sampson is not a Catholic, yet this is what he says:

"I am beginning to believe that English history has been written chiefly by Orangemen, so narrowly and exclusively Protestant is its outlook. It puts forward Protestantism not as one view of things, but as the right view of things. The other day I found an elaborate review of Lord Acton's latest published essays gravely assuring the world that of course this Catholic historian writes with bias, and cannot pretend to a Protestant candour of judgment—a charmingly ingenuous assumption in any case, but especially fatuous in the case of Acton, surely the most fair of all historians. Reduced to its elements, the statement comes to this: In a Catholic history you will find Catholic views; in a Protestant history you will find the Truth. Most Englishmen read and write history upon this assumption; and thus grotesque sectarianism is taught and studied in almost every school. The only thing that children seem to learn about the parent Church of their native land is that wicked Catholic Mary habitually burnt good Protestants at Smithfield. In every school manual of history there is shameful unfairness to Catholics—unfairness of silence, and unfairness of accusation, unfairness that is only matched by an equal unfairness to Ireland. To me (a complete Englishman, and as far from being a Catholic as I am from adopting the Ulster creed) the English historical attitude to Rome is ridiculous and irritating. What has history to do with Protestantism, or Catholicism, or any other ism, save phenomenally? When I read history I do not want apologies worthy of that pleasing body the Protestant Alliance. I want adequate recognition of fact, and it is simple fact that in the history of Europe the Church of Rome is the Church of the centre, the other bodies being merely provincial institutions. The Church of history is not the Church of England, nor the Wesleyan Methodist Connexion, nor the Society of Friends, nor the Union of Ethical Societies. The Church of history is the Church of Rome, as Newman asserts in the passage where he sadly admits that the 'unbeliever Gibbon' is our only worthy ecclesiastical historian. But I will go further, and say that the Church of English history is the Church of Rome; for it gave us our cathedrals, set the form of our prayers, marked out our parishes, taught us our duty to the poor, nursed our laws and our learning, won us much of our liberty, and laid the foundation of our last four centuries of progress. Without knowing something of this great Church, you can understand very little of English history, and to minimise the historic importance of the Papacy because you happen to be a Protestant is as stupid as to minimise the historic importance of the House of Austria because you happen to be an Englishman."

The second trial of Alonzo Doherty, of P. E. Island, who shot and killed Joseph McMillan while he was walking with a young lady on the roadside, ended with a verdict of not guilty on the ground of insanity, after the jury was out two and a half hours. The judge ordered prisoner to be placed in custody until the pleasure of the lieutenant-governor be made known.



**WIND ON THE STOMACH**  
**HEADACHE**  
**CONSTIPATION**

Wind on the stomach is just the bad gas that rises from indigested food. Constipation comes of sluggish liver, and the impurities in your blood cause headache. Mother Seigel's Syrup cures all these by strengthening stomach and liver, and enabling you to digest your food.

Are Cured by **MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP.**

Price 60 cts. per bottle. Sold everywhere.  
 A. J. WHITE & CO., LTD., MONTREAL.

**Girls With B's.**

Will probably have lighter employment and better pay as stenographers than in any other calling. Six months or so at a good school should be sufficient qualification and at the end of that time she can be independent. We have the only college in the Province devoted exclusively to business education. Is not that sufficient guarantee? Compare our booklet with others.

**The Maritime Business College**  
 HALIFAX, N. S.

**A Very Small Sum**

will pay for instruction at the Empire Business College, during :

June, July and August

Call at the College nearest you or write for particulars :

**O. L. HORNE,**  
**EMPIRE BUSINESS COLLEGE**  
 Truro, N. S.,

**SEEDS! SEEDS!**

A full line of Vegetable Seeds, all new and of the best quality, by the package or ounce, at D. R. Graham's. Get yours here and be sure of the best.

Also a full line of **Choice staple and fancy Groceries, Crockery, ware, etc.**

Beaver Flour, Oatmeal and Rolled Oats for sale. Butter and Eggs taken at the highest price in exchange.

**D. R. GRAHAM.**  
 Telephone 78.

**Inverness Railway & Coal Co**  
 INVERNESS, CAPE BRETON  
 Miners and shippers of the celebrated

**Inverness Imperial Coal**  
 SCREENED  
 RUN OF MINE  
 SLACK

First-Class for both domestic and steam purposes

**COAL! COAL!**

Shipping facilities of the most modern type at Port Hastings, C. B., for prompt loading of all classes and sizes of steamers and sailing vessels. Apply to **INVERNESS RAILWAY & COAL CO**

Inverness, C. B.

M. PETRIE, Agent, Port Hastings, C. B.  
 JAMES KENNA, Local Agent

**CANADIAN PACIFIC**

**Homeseekers' Excursions**

SECOND-CLASS

Round Trip Tickets issued from

**Antigonish**

To Winnipeg, \$42.80; Brandon, \$44.35; Regina, \$46.55; Moosejaw, \$46.80; MacLeod, \$50.80; Calgary, \$51.30; Edmonton, \$53.30.

The following are the going dates: May 12 and 26, June 9 and 23, July 7 and 21, August 4 and 16, Sept. 1, 15 and 29.

Return Limit Two Months from date of issue.

Equally Low Rates to Other Points

W. B. HOWARD, D.P.A., C.P.R.  
 ST. JOHN, N. B.

**Reindeer go Slowly.**

Just how true are those old school-book stories of the Laplander flying over the snowy slopes of Lapland behind his speedy reindeer is a question which would seem to require an answer after anyone reads what Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell writes on the subject of the first journey in Newfoundland of the reindeer which are to be used in the Labrador mission. Dr. Grenfell has been experimenting on the importation of these animals into Newfoundland, and the Grenfell Association brought over a small shipload not many months ago.

The doctor writes as follows: "The new herd of reindeer from Lapland had now been with us nearly three weeks. Under ordinary circumstances we should have expected them to be in good condition by this time. Unluckily, a heavy fall of freezing rain had made a bad glitter, or ice crust, over the ground and had largely hidden the whereabouts of the moss.

"We told the Lapps to have three stags ready for a certain morning at their camp, that we would drive out with our luggage with our dogs, and so possibly cover sixty miles in the one day, as we had been told that the deer had done that distance before. On the day set there was a storm blowing, and it was impossible to face it on the real dog path, so we decided to travel along the foot of the hills and follow a lead of lakes and brooks, steering northwest till we should strike the cut path. According to the Lapp, it was necessary for him to walk ahead of the deer and guide them, as there was no road.

"Things went very well for three or four miles. When, however, we had for a mile or more been traveling along a small brook through thick trees we lost all signs of the deer for so long that we walked back to find them. We found them floundering along somewhat painfully. The little brook bore us on our snowshoes very successfully, but the snow bridges which kept it from freezing below would every now and again give way beneath the deer, and they were advancing in jumps and occasionally lying down for a spell whenever they fell through. Their pathetic faces when only their heads were above the snow made us pity them. It was with no little joy we at length emerged once again on a barren land with lakes, which led us to a high ridge overlooking the direction in which we wished to go. We should soon, we thought, be on the hard road, sitting behind our deer, galloping on our way. But alas! there's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip.' The distance to the road that appeared so short was all rolling land, covered with low trees and bushes known as 'tuckamores.' The snow was over their tops, but the crust would bear neither man nor beast.

"At length, however, by careful piloting, we reached a sudden drop into a nook, and found a fair chance of getting out. Having now a hard road to travel, with fresh light snow over it, we expected to sit on the gallop, like Santa Claus in the pictures. But, alas, for mere human expectation! Nothing would induce the deer to exceed the original walking pace.

"After proceeding about two hundred yards like a funeral procession, we decided it must be due to the exhaustion consequence on our long previous exertions.

The writer then tells how a settlement was finally reached, where the animals were tethered for the night and the men found food and rest.

In the morning the party sat out again. "After the deer had been well fed" continues the writer, "we each took a deer and a pulka, leaving the Lapp to follow with the third in any way he liked. The last we saw of him, he was still walking ahead of his deer, while we were alternately sitting on and running with ours.

"We waited for him, however, on the last hills; but we had learned many things by that time.

"First it was obvious that the deer must either go faster and understand better or be of no use except as draught beasts, for log hauling, etc. Secondly, it was apparent our deer were never broken to driving fast at all. They would stop and eat ice, and never once exceed a slow amble, except when suddenly frightened by one's jumping off and running after them. Then they generally jumped out of the path altogether or turned round and went the wrong way. Thirdly, they showed no capacity, like dogs, for finding the path while running, frequently wandering off it, though that might

have been our driving. They frequently ran right into a pulka, instead of stepping around or over it, and we were inclined to think this stupidity. Fourthly, the pulkas are exceedingly heavy and clumsy. They overran the deer coming down hills, because the deer would, for no apparent reason, suddenly stop—probably because frightened at the pace, and untrained. On these occasions, man and pulka and baggage and deer got all mixed up.

"Since writing the above we have made a good deal of progress. We find two abreast go very well, driving our large sleighs on good paths. We have had some difficulty from deer breaking their tether ropes and wandering back to the herd. They seem to smell that out, even if it is ten miles away. One little stag we have just caught again after a fortnight adrift; he is fat and in good condition. The best time made is six miles in thirty-five minutes over hilly country. That rate would amply satisfy us. One deer chewed through his trace and escaped; as we thought this might be for the salt in it, we have since tarred and paraffined the ropes. We have our three stabled now, and they seem to like it."—*Central Catholic.*

**Catholics in Medical Science.**

The greatest names in medical science in the recent phase of its development are Morgagni, father of pathology; (Virehow) Auenbrugger, father of physical diagnosis (Otis); Galvani, father of medical electricity; Laennec, founder of our knowledge of pulmonary diseases; Johann Muller, father of modern German medicine, Schwann, father of the cell doctrine; Claude Bernard, father of modern philosophy, and Pasteur, father of modern bacteriology.

Everyone of these men was not only a Catholic but a devout Catholic.

In the olden time, the great discoverers in medicine were all faithful Catholics. The greatest list of physicians connected by any bond in history is that of the Papal physicians. The great names in surgery during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries are those of clergymen.

William of Salicet, Lanfrance, Guy de Chaluliac, chamberlain to the Pope, besides being the father of modern surgery, are typical examples. Vesalius, father of anatomy, was a devout Catholic. Steno, who did so much for anatomy and was the father of modern geology, became a convert to Catholicity, was ordained priest and eventually became a Bishop, in the hope to convert his fellow-countrymen the Danes.

Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, an exception to the rule of Catholicity, was educated in Italy and was a great friend of the Jesuits.

Malpighi, father of comparative anatomy, was a personal friend of several Popes, Paracelsus Baglivi, Aselli, Fabricius, Columbus, Caesalpinus, Eustachius, Varolius, Sylvius Winslow, practically all the men after whom structures of the body are named, were Catholics. Many great physicians were converts to Catholicity.—**JAMES J. WALSH, PH.D., LL.D.**

**Times Have Changed.**

The imposition of a fine \$150 on a newsdealer in New York for selling copies of a French and Italian anti-Catholic publications is another illustration of the marked change in public sentiment toward the Catholic body on the American side. Less than thirty years ago it was considered no offense to revile the Church, her clergy and members—now the people "won't stand for it," as the saying is. The day of the bigot and the defamer is passing—a new era has dawned, and we should rejoice and be grateful. The change of attitude toward us is due first, to a prudent desire to have the conservative force of the church remain as a bulwark of society in times when other forces are making strongly against the rights of property and the rights of individuals—secondly, to a growing recognition of that fact that for all foreign-born citizens of this country and their descendant the Catholic Church afford a home infinitely safer than either sectarianism or secularism.—*Ave Maria.*

The red tape of France is surely redder and its intricacies more involved than that of any other country. Witness the troubles of an American father who has taken a flat in Paris while his sons are being educated. His servant imprudently shakes a carpet out of the window after 9 o'clock in the morning. A policeman enters and points out that the law has

been broken. The American explains he did not know the law, but is quite prepared to pay the fine—how much is it?  
 "One franc," says the policeman.  
 "There you are," says the American, offering the coin.  
 But the policeman refuses to take it.  
 "Later on you will be called before the magistrate."  
 The delinquent in due course is summoned to the court, where he has a wait of three hours before his case is called.  
 "You recognize," the magistrate

asks him, "that you have broken the law?"  
 "I do."  
 "Good! One franc fine."  
 Once more the American offers a franc; once more it is refused.  
 "You will pay the sum later; you will be notified; you can withdraw."  
 Some days later a stamped document arrives at his home inviting him to pay first one franc as fine, 25 centimes for the stamp, then 11 francs 48 centimes for expenses, a total of 12.73 francs, or more than \$2.50 for a 70 cent offence.

**Coil-Spring Wire**




Imported direct from England is used for the laterals of "Maritime" Wire Fence. This wire, while it stretches up stiff and taut, is yet remarkably springy—makes a fence so elastic that it instantly springs back into its original erect position after undergoing pressure severe enough to stretch an ordinary fence permanently out of shape. Test the galvanizing of this English Wire with your knife and you'll find it heavier, smoother, better. Fact is, this English Wire makes Maritime Wire Fence fully 25 to 100 per cent. more lasting than ordinary fencing—a 25 to 100 per cent. better investment.

Will you favor us with a request for our **Free Catalogue** and learn more about our superior Maritime Wire Fence?



**New Brunswick Wire Fence Co., Limited.**  
 Moncton, New Brunswick.



**BEAVER FLOUR**  
 IS  
 A PERFECT BLEND  
 OF MANITOBA AND  
 ONTARIO WHEAT

Manitoba wheat contains more food value than any other. It makes the most wholesome, most nutritious Bread and Biscuits. But it contains so much Gluten (Nourishment) that the dough won't rise properly, and the bread is both heavy and gray.

Ontario wheat does not give as nutritious bread as Manitoba wheat. But what it lacks in food properties, it equals by the tasty lightness of its Biscuits, Cake and Pastry. For Pastry, alone, Ontario flour is better than any other flour made of a single variety of wheat.

That is the reason, too, why Manitoba wheat flour does not yield good pastry. But there is no need to go to the expense of buying two flours.

**Beaver Flour**

is both a bread flour and a pastry flour. It is a blend of { Ontario Fall Wheat } It contains just the right proportion of each to make the most nutritious Bread—the whitest Bread—and the lightest, most delicious Pastry of all kinds.

Beaver Flour also yields MORE Bread, etc., to the barrel, than any other.

No matter what other flour you are using, you are not getting the best results because you are not using the best flour.

Order a trial sack of Beaver Flour. The first baking will prove its quality.

**At your Grocer's.**

Dealers—write for prices on all kinds of Feeds, Coarse Grains and Cereals. T. H. Taylor Co. Limited, Chatham, Ont.



**Dr. White's Honey Balm**

is the best and safest remedy for

**Coughs, Colds, Croup, Etc.**

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.

The days that Inez stopped with us passed as if by magic. The senora, in order to let me see the entire city, made it a rule to hear Mass each morning at a different church, whither we repaired on foot. Oh! those rose-pink mornings—shall I ever forget them. Waiting for Inez, my heart throbbed madly, assuming a nonchalance I was far from participating when, fresh as the morning, she appeared on the balcony to cry, 'Buenos dias, Senor Nugent.' Then the chat apropos de rien. Such causerie is ever fashioned out of nothing, and yet how much it contains to those engaged in it!

'Dans le bouton de rose il y a de quoi écrire un volume.' The senora would appear, grave, earnest, charming, and decide the church to be visited. I walked between the ladies, giving my arm to the elder. Then we would stop at some street-corner, where I would purchase great bouquets of violets to place on the altar of Our Lady. How sweet it was to hear Inez giving utterance to her young, fresh thoughts upon such subjects as came upon the tapis, to listen to her as she explained some national characteristic, or drew my attention to something of color in Mexican inner life!

I carried her prayer-book, and because it touched her hand I revered it. I remember saying to her one morning, as we wended our way to the church of St. Ferdinand: 'I should like to learn Spanish most awfully, senorita.' 'Then why don't you try to?' 'I can read it, owing to the grinding I got in Latin. I think I shall commence with a prayer-book—a book like yours, senorita.'

'It would be a very good plan.' 'May I have a loan of yours?' 'Ye—yes.' 'You hesitate.' 'It is because—I should like to make a gift of it to you.' I have that book to-day. It is a precious memento of my raid into Mexico. Afternoons we would stroll through a market, or visit that wondrous Chalco Canal with its canoes, so closely resembling gondolas, laden with fruits and vegetables, and flowers, clots of color. Then we would return to almuerzo, after which came, not exactly a siesta, but what Americans so aptly term 'a lay-off'—a sort of dreamy dolce far niente. Then Inez would go to the harmonium and play a sonata of Beethoven's or a fugue of Sebastian Bach's. We drove on the Paseo every afternoon; and the evenings—ah! those evenings, when the senora retired to her little library with the dear old padre to concoct plans for the relief of the persecuted clergy, and Inez and I were left *tele a-tele*. How I longed for the Louis Quatorze on the blue drawing-room mantel-piece to strike nine, for then the senora invariably rose, excused herself, and retired for an hour, sometimes for a longer period.

'I go back to San Angel to-morrow,' said the senorita one evening as we sat on a balcony overlooking the garden. I started. 'No!' I cried with considerable vehemence. She laughed as she uttered the single word, 'Si.' 'But you will stop here, as long as I am here won't you?' I eagerly asked. She shook her head. 'I have the senora's command.' 'I will intercede—I mean, wouldn't you prefer to be here instead of being shut up in that gloomy old convent?' 'I—don't—know,' a sort of pause between the words, the words dragging their anchors, as it were. This was a facer. I bore the punishment badly. I absolutely winced under it. I counted for nothing, then. I was a mere cipher, an ordinary guest, a bird of passage, of whom she would say in the after-time: 'Mr. Nugent? Oh! yes, an agreeable young man, I remember him. Is he still living in Ireland?' I reeled under the shock of her words. They brought me suddenly face to face with the ghastly fact that I was nothing to her, not even interesting enough to induce her to prolong her stay. 'The senora commands.' The senora prized her too dearly to deprive her of any reasonable pleasure. I was no pleasure to her, and she wanted to leave. 'Let her go,' I fiercely thought. 'What is she to you, or you to her? Let her go to her convent. It is a rude awakening, but a necessary one, my boy.'

milco. Then there's the extinct volcano at—

'I may come back in twenty years,' I rudely interrupted. 'As Mexico has kept so well, she'll be even more interesting in the eighteen-nineties.'

Miss O'Hara was silent. A strange, nervous, fluttering excitement seemed to take possession of me, a mean, blackguard desire to torture her—yes, to give her pain. 'You see, senorita,' I spoke rapidly, 'that it wouldn't do for me to spend too much of my time in a mouldy old town like this; why, I'd become blue-moulded myself if I stopped another week. I am wanted elsewhere. I have a most charming invitation in New York, the jolliest city in the world, and I promised to be back; in fact—oh! what a puppy I was—I pledged myself to Conchita Mojelos—she is charming, so *chic!*—to return with all speed. Then by leaving on Monday—I had already forgotten the date of my proposed departure—I can strike New York for a week, and get over to Queenstown, and back to Dromroe for the hunting. I ought to proceed to Liverpool and up to London. My sister is on a visit to a Mrs. Bevens and her dearest friend is one of the richest girls in England.' Oh! coxcomb that I was, vulgar, miserable cad. 'You know, senorita, that hunting to an Irishman is half his life. If I'm fond of anything it is hunting, and if I excel in anything it is in the saddle. And I fetched a cropper at O'Duffy's millstream that a boy of thirteen would have taken like a bird, and Captain Mansfield left me nowhere.'

I rattled on at express-train pace, and I fear almost as noisily. I described hunting, and steeple-chase riding, the meets of the Wards, and Royal Meaths, and Wicklow Harriers. I spoke of the delights of hunt balls, of Timolin and Beatrice Butler, of Dromroe and its surroundings, of Dublin life, the Castle and its glitter, of yachting in the bay, of my club and club life, of my runs up to town, *alias* London—in a word, I made a contemptible ass of myself for nearly an hour, and Miss O'Hara said never a word.

'I have a headache,' she said, as, slowly rising and curtsying deeply—hitherto she invariably gave me her hand—she glided from the room. 'Aha!' I chuckled, 'I think I have shown her that whether she goes or stays don't weigh very much in the balance with me.'

Ah! when I went to my room that night my heart ached horribly, my Dutch courage had vanished, and I realized that life without Inez O'Hara would be but dead ash. Inez did not appear next morning. The senora and I started alone to the church of San Francisco. I would not make a single inquiry about the poor girl, although I was madly hungry for news of her.

'Inez is not well this morning,' observed the senora. 'Ah!' 'She was to have returned to San Angel to-day, but if she's not better of course I'll not let her go.'

'Oh! she'll be all right.' 'I never knew her to complain before.' 'She spoke of a headache last night.' 'She looks dreadfully ill, poor child! I received quite a shock when I went into her room just now. She looked like a person who had been crying all night. I have sent for Dr. Verjuco.'

'Have you no English physician in Mexico?' 'Not one.' 'When we returned to the Calle Marascalea Inez was standing at the top of the grand staircase.'

'I am quite well,' she murmured, her voice faltering. It was only a bad headache.' I looked up at her. Her face was deadly white, her lips were white, and the heavy lids of her beautiful violet eyes were red and swollen. Yes, she had had a bad headache. 'I am going into the chapel,' she said when the senora was leading her toward the breakfast-room. 'Won't you eat something? Try, *mi querida!*' 'Oh! I cannot, cannot.' And as she hurried away I thought I heard a sob. 'Inez is not well. I wonder Dr. Verjuco has not arrived,' exclaimed the senora. After *almuerzo* I strolled into the corridor that led from the principal apartments. Here I suddenly encountered Inez. My heart seemed to cease beating.

have been after she left you,' said the senora, turning to me; she was speaking of Inez to the padre. 'She is in a high state of fever. Only fancy, she insists upon going to San Angel to-day. I have peremptorily forbidden it.' 'What does the doctor say?' 'He says it is nerves—something that has excited her nerves beyond endurance. Nerves! Why, there never was a girl less troubled with nerves than Inez; and as for anything to excite her, her life is one of pure serenity.'

It is best that she should return to Sister Monica,' observed Father Gonzalez. 'The calm of conventual life will soothe the child's nerves, if nerves it be.' 'I could have—well, I felt disgusted with the padre for giving such wise counsel. 'She shall not stir until she is better,' said the senora; and I could have hugged her for so saying. 'I would like to see the dear child,' exclaimed the padre; 'if she has anything on her mind she will tell me.'

'Come and see her, padre.' To feel that she was beneath the same roof was bitter-sweet. What if it were Dead-Sea fruit? I would at least enjoy the sight of her. Like the wretched criminal in the dock, I invariably pleaded for 'a long day' before the sentence should be carried out. I could not bear the idea of Inez being at San Angel and I in the Calle Marascalea. I liked to think that she would be with the Senora San Cosme on the day of my departure. I would like her to see how gaily I could kiss my hand, and cry *Adios* and *A mas ver!*

There was something strange and restrained in the senora's manner when we next met. She asked me to sit down, and fiddling with the hem of her pocket-handkerchief, she commenced: 'Joe, what sort of girl is Beatrice Butler?' 'I started involuntarily. The question was so unexpected that it flung me, as it were, against the wall. Beatrice Butler to come up in this sudden way! 'How do you mean, senora?' 'I mean is she very nice, very fascinating?'

'She is very nice, and I am sure very fascinating.' 'Has she fascinated—you?' fixing her eyes on me with a sort of riveted gaze. I answered quite readily: 'Certainly not.'

She remained silent, her gaze still fixed upon me as if she would read my innermost thoughts. 'You referred to her a good deal, Joe,' she at length observed. 'I suppose I did, senora.' 'Young men of your age do not continually refer to any one particular girl, unless that girl lies very close to the heart.'

To be continued.

Home Rule for Scotland. 'The introduction of a Scottish Home Rule bill into the British House of Commons is not a novelty, but the majority by which it was approved is so. It was introduced by the member for Aberdeen, and the majority in its favor was much more than two to one. In his recent by-election campaign in Dundee Mr. Winston Churchill pledged his word that such a measure would be offered for the consideration of the House, and it may, therefore, be regarded as a quasi Ministerial bill. As such it will be promoted with all the force that can be brought to bear on its progress, its supporters being the Liberals of Scotland and England and the whole of the Irish Nationalists. It is not at all likely that it will very soon become law, but it may have an important effect on the next general election. Several prominent English statesmen represent Scottish constituencies, including Mr. Asquith and Mr. Churchill, Cabinet Ministers. The likelihood is that it will be the means of securing the return of an almost solid Liberal contingent from Scotland at the next election. 'There is nothing surprising in

the strength of public opinion in favor of Home Rule in Scotland. When the northern kingdom gave a monarch to the southern one the obvious course was to give the united countries a common name, and "Great Britain" was selected. Each southern country remained otherwise independent, however, and from 1603 to 1707 Scotland retained her own Parliament under the common Crown. The legislative union of 1707 was not popular in Scotland where it was effected, and though it has been tolerated ever since, it has never appealed to the patriotism of a peculiarly patriotic people. For some reason the Darien scheme and the massacre of Glencoe are still remembered against William III, and there was nothing in the personal character or the royal regime of Queen Anne, his successor, to lessen the national prejudice.

'Apart from the gratification of seeing Edinburgh once more the seat of a Legislature making laws for the ancient kingdom, the Scottish people have good reason to desire some relief from the present legislative congestion in the British House of Commons. The difficulty and expense of securing the enactment of statutes affecting local affairs are very annoying, and the future holds out no prospect of relief. In this respect the situation of Scotland is very similar to that of Ireland, and not unlike that of England itself. There is so much variety in the social conditions and the legal systems of the three countries that local Legislatures with limited jurisdiction would prove quite popular if people had a chance to give them a thorough trial. There can be no doubt about the increased efficiency of the British Parliament in dealing with Imperial problems.'

—Toronto Globe

The Silence Cure. The silence cure is the latest panacea recommended by a London vicar. It is particularly advocated as a cure for the many nervous and mental diseases which affect modern society. The Rev. B. S. Lombard advanced his theory in a lecture on "Silence as a Factor in Healing," delivered before the Psycho-Therapeutic Society.

It was possible, said the lecturer, to waste an enormous amount of vital energy by excessive talking, and the excessive talker was a human vampire sapping the vital energy of those around him.

'People who are silent by nature,' he explained, 'are seldom ill. Very often those whom the specialists receive in their consulting room are great talkers. People induce illness by talking their health symptoms. To talk about symptoms is a fatal habit.'

As an instance of talking as a factor in disease Mr. Lombard quoted the case of a lady who came to his house in a condition of breakdown. She had been to specialist after specialist with little result and came to him for the spiritual or silence cure.

After staying for some time she left perfectly cured and in robust health, only to be sent back again at the end of a fortnight's time a complete wreck. The cause was quite simple. Her women friends had known her as an invalid, and finding her playing on the golf links in perfect health they came to ask her all about her treatment, until the poor woman was so worn out with talking that the rest and silence treatment was for the time being wasted.

Two teaspoons full of SOVEREIGN LIME JUICE in a glass of cold water sweetened to taste is the most delicious and refreshing of all summer drinks. Large bottles 25¢ THE NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. LTD. HALIFAX

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, Harriet. 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: \$3c. on \$100 assessment. Road Tax, \$1 for day of 8 hours and \$1.25 for ten hours. Man, horse and cart, \$2 for day of 10 hours. Driver, horse and cart, \$1.50 for day of 10 hours. Double team and Plough, \$3 for day of 10 hours. By order D. MACDONALD, M. C. Antigonish, May 9, 1908.

2 in 1 SHOE POLISH. 'I tell you, Boys, people are so particular about the Shoe Polish they use that they ask me each night to be sure and use "2 in 1".' It's easier for me, too, and you should see the smile I get in the morning. At all Dealers 10c. and 25c. tins

GATES LIFE OF MAN BITTERS. Is made of the Roots, Herbs, Barks, Buds and Plants. The People's Medicine. Expressly to cure disease, and in chronic cases the Invigorating Syrup is used in connection to regulate the bowels. Everyone should take a few bottles. Spring and Fall to purify the blood. The cheapest and best on the market, and has been in constant use in Nova Scotia for over 70 years.

The Progress Brand Label, in Suits and Overcoats GUARANTEES that the garments will wear longer, have more style, and keep their shape better, than other clothing costing from 20% to 30% MORE. Look for the label that protects. 7 Sold and Guaranteed by PALACE CLOTHING CO.



ESTABLISHED, 1864

**THE CASKET,**

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT ANTIGONISH BY THE CASKET PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, M. DONOVAN, Manager.

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 25.

**THE FEAST OF THE SACRED HEART.**

There is a great difference between believing a thing and realizing it. Every one of us believes that mortal sin is the greatest evil in the world; if we realized this, we would never commit a mortal sin, we would die first. Every one of us believes that Jesus Christ is our Lord and Saviour, and the Eternal Lover of our souls, but we do not realize it. If we did, not one of us would ever offend Him grievously. The difference between us and the saints is that they did realize this great fact; we do not. And the way they came to realize it was by keeping Jesus before their mind's eye all the time, by watching Him steadily and lovingly, by eagerly looking for some sign to show them what He wanted them to do.

There are many points of view from which we may watch Our Lord, but there is none which seems to be more helpful than the devotion to the Sacred Heart. Devotion to the Sacred Heart follows the doctrine of the Incarnation. We believe that Our Lord was really and truly man; not in appearance only, as certain heretics once taught, but having a body and soul like ours. In Him, as in ourselves, the body influenced the soul, and the soul influenced the body. Fear, sadness and love affected His body as they affect ours, but in a much greater degree. And as we regard the heart as the seat of the affections in every other man, it is natural that we should so regard it in Him. But in our Lord body and soul were united with the Godhead so as never to be separated therefrom. Therefore, it is absolutely true to say that His body was God's body, His blood was God's blood, His heart was God's heart. If we had been present on Calvary when His lifeless body was taken from the cross, we should have knelt down beside that lifeless body and adored it as the body of God. Every drop of His blood that fell to the ground on Good Friday, to be taken up into His body again on Easter Sunday, was worthy of adoration as it lay there on the ground, because it was God's blood, separated from the body indeed, but still united with the Godhead. The Precious Blood of Jesus is God's blood; the Sacred Heart of Jesus is God's heart. God is there in every drop of that blood; God is there in that heart of flesh; and wherever God is, He must be adored. This is the doctrine on which is based the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

If we make a special devotion of adoring the Heart of Jesus, rather than His head, or His hands, it is because the heart has ever been regarded as the special seat of the affections. We find it so spoken of in every language, in every literature. We find it in that most sacred of all literature, the Holy Bible: "My son, give me thy heart." (Proverbs 23:26.) "What is man that thou shouldst magnify him, or why dost thou set thy heart upon him?" (Job 7:17). "I will give you a new heart, and will put a new spirit within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh and will give you a heart of flesh." (Ezekiel 36:26.) And the strongest language we can use of those who seem to have no affection is that they are heartless, that they have a hard heart, or that they have no heart at all. So when we single out the Sacred Heart as a special object of devotion, we thereby fix our attention on the immense love of Jesus for our souls, of which that Sacred Heart was the seat.

He came to show us how much He loved us by suffering for us, and it was in His Sacred Heart that His suffering began. In the Garden of Gethsemane, before a human hand had yet touched Him, he began to be sorrowful and to be sad. He was rehearsing in that hour of agony all the details of His Passion, and His Sacred Heart was crushed with fear and sorrow at the sight of them, crushed till the blood which should circulate freely

within His body broke forth from every pore, and His garments and the ground on which He lay were drenched with it as with dew. Thus did His Passion begin; it continued till he cried in a loud voice from the cross, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me," the death-cry of a broken heart. It is in the heart of man that every sin begins. Our Lord Himself has said it, in the fifteenth chapter of St. Mathew's Gospel. And therefore He willed that His own Sacred Heart should be the chief seat of His sufferings, when He was so painfully making atonement for the sins of men.

And closely connected with the Passion is the Blessed Sacrament. The Holy Eucharist has been happily called the last will and testament of the Sacred Heart. In the Holy Mass Jesus sheds His Precious Blood again in a mystical manner upon the altar. In Holy Communion His Sacred Heart is beating against ours. In the Real Presence in the tabernacle is fulfilled most perfectly the promise made in the Old Testament: "I have chosen this place that my heart may be there forever." And therefore the devotion to the Sacred Heart is the best point of view for watching Jesus; it is the best way of realizing that He is indeed Our Lord, Our Saviour, and the Eternal Lover of our souls.

It used to be the fashion to sign letters "your devoted servant," but the custom is being abandoned as meaningless. For the meaning of devoted servant is one whose love for his master makes him generous and self-sacrificing for his master's sake, even when that master is only a man like himself. We read of such a servant journeying to Jerusalem, bearing his master's heart in a golden casket fastened around his neck, to deposit it on the tomb of our Lord. On his way he joined a Christian army going out to do battle against the Saracens. In the course of the battle he found himself separated from his friends, and surrounded by such a host of enemies that it seemed well nigh impossible that he should be able to force his way through them. He was weary already and he needed new strength, and how was he to get it? This is what he did. He unclasped the casket from his neck and flung it as far as his arm could throw into the midst of the enemy, crying at the same time: "Forward, heart of Bruce, as thou wert wont! Douglas will follow thee or die!" Now it was no longer for his own safety that he must fight; he must not allow his master's heart to fall into the hands of the infidels; he seemed to see that master himself surrounded by his foes, and he must reach his side. And so with superhuman strength and courage he cut his way through the ranks of the Saracens, and when at last he fell, covered with wounds, his friends were near at hand. They found him dead with the casket clasped to his breast.

This was a servant truly devoted to a merely human master. Would that we might all show a like devotion to our Divine Master. For he is our King and we are his soldiers, enrolled as such on the day of our Confirmation. Our life is a constant warfare; at times we seem to be surrounded with enemies, and the cowardly thought comes into our minds that we may as well surrender. At such a moment let us look forward and say:

"O Heart of my Master, Heart of Jesus! Thou hast gone before me. Thou hast suffered more, far more, than I can have to suffer. Thou hast done all and more than I am called to do. Thou hast loved me unto death. Let me keep Thee ever before my eyes, let me ever hear Thy voice, and I will love Thee, I will follow Thee till death."

Surely this thought will give us new courage for the struggle. Surely from the Heart of Jesus there will come to us new strength to continue the good fight. And when the fight is over, and our eyes are closed upon this world, we shall open them to find ourselves in the arms of Jesus, pressed close to His Sacred Heart, never to be separated from Him for all eternity.

**Corpus Christi Procession at St. Paul's, Harbor Bouche.**

One of the prettiest religious demonstrations we have seen in this parish took place on the 21st inst. This was a Corpus Christi procession, deferred from the feast-day of the 18th, to Sunday, as affording greater opportunity to those wishing to attend. This beautiful and appealing ceremonial has long been discontinued, for formerly processions were held here frequently. We trust that this means a return to the old pious custom, when men and women did not deem it other than happiness to kneel long hours by the road side, while Christ passed

among them as he did of old among the throngs by the shores of Galilee, blessing them and the work of their hands. The parish turned out *en masse* in the sweltering sun of last Sunday afternoon. Scores of carriages from neighboring villages brought many visitors. The grounds and church were thronged by the crowd long before the hour set for the exercises. The route of the procession had been decorated by the young men with arches of evergreen, bunting, flowers and lights, the music being under the skilled direction of the Sisters of Charity. At 3.30 p.m., the procession formed in the sanctuary where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed and incensed. Then to the chanting of the Magnificat, the procession fled from the church and wound between the kneeling throngs along the churchway drive to the convent terrace, where an altar had been erected. The order of the procession was as follows, first the chapel-choir and convent pupils headed by a cross bearer, and followed by a file of little boys, two by two, bearing the Papal colors. After these came eighteen flower-girls dressed in white, strewing flowers, and an equal number of boys bearing lights. Three acolytes followed incensing the Blessed Sacrament which came immediately after, borne under a canopy by Rev. J. Kiely of Mulgrave. The "O Salutaris" and "Tantum Ergo" were chanted by the choir in the open air and Benediction was given. The cortege then returned along the same line to the High Altar in the church. Here the procession halted in the sanctuary. The chanting of the Te Deum terminated the exercises, and the crowds thronged from the church. The whole event passed off beautifully and smoothly, and the Rev. Pastor of St. Paul's, Fr. Butts, is to be congratulated on the excellent order and devout decorum displayed by his people.—A. MCK.

Lovers of "Ceol Mor" in attendance at the mammoth picnic at Avondale on Wednesday next, Dominion Day, will be pleased to learn that Pipe-Major Baillie, 78th Highlanders, will be present and delight visitors with renditions of the Ancient Pibroch, Salutes, Gatherings, etc., the martial music that stirs the blood of the true-born Celt, that cheered the clans in many a fray.

**Contributions to Prince of Wales Fund.**

The committee appointed by the Mayor of Antigonish for the purpose of soliciting contributions from town and country for the testimonial to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales on the occasion of his visit to Canada in July, 1908, have reported the receipt of fifty-two dollars and fifteen cents (\$52.15). This amount has been transmitted by the Treasurer of the local committee to Mrs. G. H. Murray, Hon. Treasurer of the General Committee, Halifax. The contributions from town were: Main St., \$13.75; Hawthorne St., \$4.85; St. Ninian St., \$5.00; Court and St. Mary's Sts., \$2.00; Church St., \$1.20; College St., \$1.15; Pleasant St., \$0.80 cts. The following school sections have contributed: Antigonish Town schools, Main Street—Miss McKenzie's Dept., 67 cents; Miss McDonald's Dept., 76 cents; Mr. D. McK. Gillis' dept., 65 cts. St. Ninian St.—Miss Kennedy, 25 cts; Miss Newcombe, \$1.12; St. Bernard's Convent, \$3.50; Fairmont, \$1.15; Cloverville, \$1.25; S. S. Cape George, \$2.00; Linwood, \$1.50; Dunmore, \$1.25; S. S. Harbor, 85 cents; Upper S. River, \$2.15; Fraser's Mills, 65 cents; Cape George \$1.35; Arisaig, \$2.00; St. Andrews, \$1.00; West River (Consolidated) 60 cents; Morven, 55 cents.

The local committee wish to thank the young ladies who so very kindly collected from the various streets, and also to thank those of the teachers in town and country who have helped by their exertions to make such a respectable showing for our county. The fund will be open for the remainder of the week, for any further contributions which may be given to the Treasurer, Miss Whidden.

L. S. FOSTER, Press Com.

If you are undecided as to where you should take your best girl to spend July 1st, we would all say that for a pleasant outing take her to the Bailey's Brook bazaar, where you'll find the thousands are.

**Among the Advertisers**

We can take a quantity of potatoes, if brought in at once. T. J. Bonner.

For sale, a newly calved milk cow. Apply to P. Wall, Head of Lochaber.

Minard's Liniment, 20c. a bottle, 3 for 50c. at Chisholm, Sweet & Co.'s.

The person who took the fishing rod from Celtic Hall is advised to return it at once.

Candidates for Teachers' examinations can get paper, inks, pens, etc., at C. J. McDonald's.

For sale, a No. 1 four-wheeled hay truck with complete rigging. Also two express wagons. T. J. Bonner.

Chisholm, Sweet & Co. are offering a large quantity of potatoes at the extremely low price of 25c. a bushel.

Families moving to the beach should see our stock of verandah and lawn folding chairs, price \$2.50. Chisholm, Sweet & Co.

Picnics, Picnics. To the front as usual with an unsurpassed picnic supply for 1908. Agent for all kinds of drinks, no picnic too big for us to handle with ease. All goods left over in good condition, taken back. Bonner, the experienced picnic supplier.

When coming to the Bailey's Brook picnic on July 1st and 2nd, all will please remember that trains will stop at the railway crossing near Avondale station, and in full view of picnic grounds.

**DRUMMOND GOAL**

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.

The second son of Queen Victoria and King Alfonso of Spain was born on Monday.

Nine negroes were lynched near Houston, Texas, on Monday. They were charged with the killing of two white men.

Miss Tweedie, daughter of Governor Tweedie of New Brunswick, married her father's coachman during the absence of her parents, last week.

A missionary arriving from the province of Hainan China, states that people are dying of plague like flies. The scourge is abating in Hong Kong.

J. L. Ralston, barrister, of Amherst, was nominated at the Liberal convention, to run for Cumberland for the Dominion House. Mr. Logan retires on account of ill health.

Mr. William Taft, U. S. Secretary of War, and Mr. James S. Sherman of Utica, N. Y., were the choice of the Republican convention as candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency respectively.

An engineer named Ponreux announces the invention of an electric gun which without powder or other explosives is capable of firing 1200 rounds a minute.

Caterpillars are creating havoc in sections of New Brunswick. A regular army of them is reported from York County on the line of the C. P. R. between Fredericton Junction and McAdam Junction.

In view of restricting emigration from India to Canada an order-in-council has been passed making it compulsory that every Indian immigrant 18 years of age, or over, shall have in his possession at least two hundred dollars on landing in Canada.

The condition of the crops, as reviewed in a Departmental report, issued by the Government of Manitoba, is most gratifying. The weather has been perfect and the moisture is ample in all parts of the Province to carry the grain for a considerable time, which almost assures a heavy yield.

A board of conciliation has been constituted to inquire into a dispute between Nova Scotia Steel Company of Sydney Mines and its men. The chairman of the board is Professor Adam Short, Kingston; the nominee of the men is J. W. Madden, of Sydney, and the company is represented by Dr. David Allison, of Sackville.

The Dental Association of Nova Scotia has about established The Maritime Dental College in Halifax. The Provincial Dental Board is the board of Directors, Dalhousie University and the Halifax Medical College are contributing largely to its success. The scientific and medical subjects common to medicine and dentistry are taught in those institutions by the regular professors. The Dental College will occupy part of the south wing of the Dalhousie University building.

Lord Kitchener's term of office as commander-in-chief of the British forces in India, with a salary of \$50,000 a year and allowances to the tune of half that amount, comes to an end two months hence, and he has absolutely declined to accept any extension thereof. In order that his good work of reorganization of the army in India may continue on the lines laid down by him, the government has selected as his successor General Beauchamp Duff, who, throughout his stay in India, has been his chief of staff and his principal lieutenant.

Personals.

Rev. J. W. McIsaac of Thorburn was in Town this week.

Mr. Thomas Sears of Sydney, C. B., is visiting friends in Town.

Mr. John A. Chisholm of Halifax was in Town over Sunday.

Rev. Dr. McPherson, Rector of the College, is spending a few days in Sydney.

Mrs. Percy Williams, Sydney, left for home on Friday after spending a few weeks in Antigonish.

The Rev. Fr. Devlin, S. J., Montreal, preached a retreat to the Sisters of St. Martha's Convent and Hospital this week.

Rev. R. K. McIntyre of the College is taking the "summer school" course of engineering at the Institute of Technology, Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolphe Bernasconi, Antigonish, arrived home yesterday from their wedding tour. Mrs. Bernasconi will receive at Ingleside on the 29th and 30th.

Mr. J. J. Macdonald of Newark, N. J., arrived in Town on Tuesday, on a visit to their parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Macdonald of William's Point.

Dr. Ronald McDonald, who for the past few weeks has been confined to St. Martha's hospital, Antigonish, is steadily improving, and, it is hoped, will soon be able to resume his duties at Margaree.

Mr. C. C. Gregory, K. O., went to Quebec on Tuesday to negotiate for the sale of some timber limits at Sandwich Bay, Labrador, to an English lumber company. The limits are chiefly owned in Antigonish.

General Deury and Colonel Weatherbee of Halifax and C. E. Gregory, barrister, of Antigonish, were fishing the St. Mary's River, Guv., last week, and were quite successful in catching trout, though they failed in securing any salmon.

Acknowledgments.

- Rev Dr E McSweeney, Emmitsburg, \$5 00
Annie McEachern, Quincey, 2 10
Ronald McDonald, Williamsburg, 1 50
Mrs Mary Smith, Marlboro, 1 00
Jeremiah Delorey, E Tracadie, 1 00
Geo J Lynch, Halifax, 1 00
Angus Gillis, P Valley, 2 00
Alex D McDonald, Ballyntyne's Cove, 3 00
P A McLeish, Oran, 1 00
Michael Short, Shubunacadie, 1 00
Joseph R McNeil, Bay St Lawrence, 2 00
Annie Chisholm, Cambridge, 1 50
Mrs M McNeil, Exeter, 1 00
Hugh A McGillivray, Morristown, 1 00
Michael Carroll, Lochaber, 4 00
Dr B Francis, S Mines, 1 00
John Grant, Antigonish, 1 00
John A Gillis, Georgeville, 1 00
N McIsaac, N Sydney, 1 00
Angus McDonald, W Lakevale, 1 00
Angus McDonald William's Point, 3 00
Hugh McLean, Antigonish, 1 00
Mrs F Murphy, Dorchester, 2 00
Rev J M O'Shaughnessy, St Andrews, 1 00
Miss M E Doyle, Providence, 1 50
Walter F Chisholm, Lourdes, 2 00
Cassie McDonald, Milford, 1 00
Annie C Chisholm, Brookline, 1 00
W H De Laurier, Montreal, 1 00
Alice S Chisholm, Newton Lower Falls, 1 50
Mrs B Lunn, St Mary's Bay, 2 00
W S McIle, Cape George, 3 00
Wm Barry, Exeter, 1 50
Finlay Beaton, S Side Harbor, 1 00
Mr D Banrahan, Fairmont, 1 00
John A Cameron, Marydale, 1 00
Augustus McGillivray, Pleasant Valley, 1 00
Mrs Jas Delancy, Pleasant Valley, 1 00
Hugh McDonald, 2 00

Resolution of Condolence.

Branch 192, C. M. B. A., Antigonish, N. S., at its regular meeting held June 19th, 1908, passed a resolution of condolence on the death of Alexander, beloved brother of the worthy brother member, Joseph McIntyre.

DIED

At Antigonish, on Thursday, June 18th, CHARLES FRANCIS, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McQUAID.

At his home, in Bayfield, on the 14th of June, RODERICK GRANT, in the 79th year of his age. After High Mass his remains were laid to rest at Heatherton. May he rest in peace!

At Antigonish, on 26th inst., ANNE, wife of Hugh McLean, aged 40 years, after a lingering illness which was borne with great patience. She leaves a sorrowing husband and four children. Comforted by the last rites of Holy Church, she passed away with the hope of a blissful hereafter. May she rest in peace!

At Mabou Ridge, on the 24th ult., CATHERINE CAMPBELL, relict of the late Alexander McDonald, in her 83rd year. Deceased, with her father and other members of the family emigrated from Scotland in 1840 and settled at Mabou. She leaves four sons and two daughters to mourn the loss of a good mother. After a devout reception of the last rites of Holy Mother Church she peacefully passed away. Her remains were interred in the Glenoe Cemetery. R. I. P.

On Friday, the 19th inst., at his home at Sylvan Valley, ALEXANDER, son of NEIL McCLYDE, his manly character and unassuming disposition made him popular with all who knew him. The large number that followed his remains to their last resting place on Sunday afternoon, bore testimony to the esteem in which he was held. His parents, three brothers and five sisters survive to cherish the memory of a faithful son and a true brother. R. I. P.

After a brief illness at Aberdeen Hospital New Glasgow, on the 18th inst., DONALD STEVEN, son of Pine Tree, Pictou County in the sixty-fifth year of his age. A few days previous he had been removed from his home to the hospital, where he underwent a very painful operation. But his case was hopeless. Unsoled for his aged father by the last rites of Holy Mother Church, he passed away to his reward on the bright and beautiful festival of Corpus Christi. On Saturday, 20th, followed by a large concourse of people, both Catholic and Protestant, his remains were taken to the Church at West Antigonish, where a Requiem Mass was celebrated by his cousin, the Rev. W. B. Macdonald, P. P., Lourdes, after which he was laid to rest in the parish cemetery. He is mourned by all the community, irrespective of class or creed. Besides the celebrant the other clergymen present were Rev. R. McDonald, P. P., Westville; Rev. J. J. MacNeil, P. P., Port Hawkesbury; Rev. W. J. Ryan, Westville, and Rev. J. W. Selsman, P. P., Thorburn. The deceased was a man that was highly honored and respected by all who had known him. Of a kind, happy, charitable disposition, he had a host of friends who will greatly miss the cheerful smile, and the happy retort which did not fail him until the very end. Much sympathy is expressed for his aged mother, now bearing her four score and ten years, his grief-stricken wife, and his sisters and brothers in the great sorrow which has befallen them. May he rest in peace!

Farm for Sale
The farm at Fairmont, known as the Coll McDonald, Ban, farm is offered for sale. It consists of one hundred acres, more or less. It is situated five and one-half miles from the Town of Antigonish and in the centre of the active Fairmont Agricultural Society's district. Post Office on next farm, schoolhouse and telephone office within one-half mile. A spring of water that would supply house and barn through pipes one hundred feet from house. Two streams cross farm, also several other good springs. It is a good sheep farm. Soil excellent. For further particulars apply to P. D. HANRAHAN, Fairmont, Ant. Co., N. S.



One Trial
Give a "Gillette" Safety Razor one trial and you will congratulate yourself the rest of your life. The razor itself is a stronger argument than any we can put on paper. Ask or write for our free booklet explaining a hundred and one things you ought to know about shaving and the care of your face. Gillette Safety Razor Set consists of triple silver plated holder that will last a lifetime, with 12 double-edged blades (4 keen edges) in velvet lined leather case. Price \$5.00. Combination Sets—Brush, Soap, etc. \$6.50 to \$50.00. FOR SALE BY J. R. HELLYER Jeweller, Antigonish, N. S.

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

from Scotland in 1840 and settled at Mabou. She leaves four sons and two daughters to mourn the loss of a good mother. After a devout reception of the last rites of Holy Mother Church she peacefully passed away. Her remains were interred in the Glenoe Cemetery. R. I. P.

After a brief illness at Aberdeen Hospital New Glasgow, on the 18th inst., DONALD STEVEN, son of Pine Tree, Pictou County in the sixty-fifth year of his age. A few days previous he had been removed from his home to the hospital, where he underwent a very painful operation. But his case was hopeless. Unsoled for his aged father by the last rites of Holy Mother Church, he passed away to his reward on the bright and beautiful festival of Corpus Christi. On Saturday, 20th, followed by a large concourse of people, both Catholic and Protestant, his remains were taken to the Church at West Antigonish, where a Requiem Mass was celebrated by his cousin, the Rev. W. B. Macdonald, P. P., Lourdes, after which he was laid to rest in the parish cemetery. He is mourned by all the community, irrespective of class or creed. Besides the celebrant the other clergymen present were Rev. R. McDonald, P. P., Westville; Rev. J. J. MacNeil, P. P., Port Hawkesbury; Rev. W. J. Ryan, Westville, and Rev. J. W. Selsman, P. P., Thorburn. The deceased was a man that was highly honored and respected by all who had known him. Of a kind, happy, charitable disposition, he had a host of friends who will greatly miss the cheerful smile, and the happy retort which did not fail him until the very end. Much sympathy is expressed for his aged mother, now bearing her four score and ten years, his grief-stricken wife, and his sisters and brothers in the great sorrow which has befallen them. May he rest in peace!

NOVA-SCOTIA-FIRE Insurance Company
LOWEST RATES
Consistent With Safety
AGENTS EVERYWHERE
Head Office: 145 HOLLIS STREET, HALIFAX
ARTHUR C. BAILLIE, Manager
STRONG - LIBERAL - PROMPT

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 Thorburn 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 day. A train with first class accommodation leaving Mulgrave at 6:45 a. m. and calling at all intermediate stations, will arrive at Avondale at 10:35 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 "Keppoch" will be prosecuted at once. WILLIAM MCRAE, Beaver Meadow.

Chisholm, Sweet & Co.
Beat These Values If You Can
There is sound satisfaction in spending money at this store for the assurance is certain of receiving full money's worth—and more—for every dollar spent. Everything here is priced low—wonderfully low—considering quality. The goods advertised in this space are not odds and ends, marked down for clearance, instead they are staples, needed at all times, and in every household, and always sold here on the smallest margin of profit.
Unbleached Cotton, 4c. per yd.
1200 yards of 28-inch unbleached cotton now on sale in our staple department at 4c. a yd.
Shirting Gingham, 5c. per yd.
Fancy checked shirting Gingham, good assortment of washable colors, 24-in. wide, 5c. yd.
Men's Overalls, 49c. pair
Men's blue denim overalls, with bib and braces, all sizes, per pair, 49c.
Men's Top Shirts, 39c.
Men's dark grey flannel top shirts with attached collars, roomy in body and sleeves, all sizes, 39c. each.
WEST END WAREHOUSE

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO ESTABLISHED 1867
B. E. WALKER, President Paid-up Capital, \$10,000,000
ALEX. LAIRD, General Manager Reserve Fund, - 5,000,000
Branches throughout Canada, and in the United States and England
SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT
Deposits of \$1 and upwards are received and interest allowed at current rates. Accounts may be opened in the names of two or more persons, withdrawals to be made by any one of the number or by the survivor. 114
ANTIGONISH BRANCH
J. H. McQUAID, Manager.

The D. G. Kirk Woodworking & Cont. Co.
DOORS, WINDOWS, MOULDINGS and FINISH OF ALL KINDS, BIRCH and SPRUCE FLOORING, SHINGLES, BRICK, LIME, LATHS, PLASTER, ETC. BUILDING MATERIAL OF ALL KINDS FURNISHED AT SHORT NOTICE. LOGS PURCHASED and MILLED.
Address Correspondence ROD H. McDONALD, Mgr.
Antigonish, Nova Scotia

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



Self-Respect and Irish.

ELOQUENT LECTURE BY PROFESSOR STOCKLEY, TO LISMORE GAELIC LEAGUE.

(Continued from last issue)

It is an argument against emigration. Of course it is. The Irishman has more or less to fight in order not to be ashamed of himself in the United States. His children claim to be Americans, not Irish. I saw a protest in an American Catholic paper last week because some of the children of their Irish people were entered in the school as Irish, and not Americans. It is all right there. I don't blame them. But it means that Ireland is little accounted of there, where some of us fancy she is everything. What a delusion that is. But if Ireland, when escaping from penal laws and slavery, had had her own civilization rising again, her own traditions—wonderfully kept as they were in many ways in the bad times—if she had had her own literature to command such admirations as the world quickly has given within that century to the literature of Bohemia, and even to the literature in the dialect of Provence, such admiration as it gives even to the dialect of a Burns, then there would have been a different tale to tell for Ireland's self-respect and for her fair name. We cannot undo that past, but let us learn by it. We are not respected when we are just a less good England. Why should the world bother about us if we are only that? As Ruskin notes, centralisation is 'fatal to art at all times.' He speaks of Reynolds and Gainsborough as 'at once the greatest and Englishest of all our school. The Englishest, and observe also, therefore the greatest; take that for an universal exceptionless law; the largest soul of any country is altogether its own.'

I am not much an advocate for travelling, and I observe that men run away to other countries, because they are not good in their own, because they pass for nothing in the new places. For the most part only the light characters travel. Who are you that have no task to keep you at home? I have been quoted as saying captious things about travel; but I mean to do justice. I think there is a restlessness in our people which argues want of character. All educated Americans, first or last, go to Europe; perhaps, because it is their mental home, as the invalid habits of this country might suggest. An eminent teacher of girls said: 'The idea of a girl's education is whatever qualifies them for going to Europe.' Can we never extract this tape-worm of Europe from the brain of our countrymen? One sees very well what their fate must be. He that does not fill a place at home, cannot abroad. He only goes there to hide his insignificance in a larger crowd. You do not think you will find anything there which you have not seen at home? The stuff of all countries is just the same. Do you suppose there is any country where they do not scald milk-pans, and swaddle infants, and burn the brushwood, and broil the fish? What is true anywhere is true everywhere. And let him go where he will, he can only find so much beauty or worth as he carries. The true 'provincial' is the anti-national, for each nation has its own quota to furnish to the civilisation of all. We have not good sense enough, because we have not self-respect enough, not enough belief in our country and our people to ask for Irish goods in shops, and to insist on getting them. In far off places in the country to get them is almost impossible. But it is becoming more possible every day; thanks greatly to the Gaelic movement and to all it stands for. I do not say the movement is always the cause; it itself is the effect of a good spirit, which is inextricably mixed up with the movement in the Ireland of today; this spirit of self-respect—we cannot repeat it too often—of belief that Irish goods are worth buying, that Irish heads and hands have power in Ireland to do what they do abroad, that this land is worth a man believing in, not only with his heart, but with his practical business head. Everyone knows what the Industrial Associations have done. You can find out now what things are made in Ireland. You are astonished, I daresay, when you find that we import yearly over a million and a half pounds worth of soap and paint, and such like, a million pounds' worth of dyes and fertilizers, two and a half millions' worth of leather and leather goods, eight million pounds worth of grain, fruits and vegetables. Is it half a million for matches we pay England? Yes, all these things we export also—in smaller, much smaller quantities. But all of them we make, and make so that we export. Why, in the name of self-respect, will we not buy at home what others abroad are willing to buy from us? It is calculated that two good families buying altogether Irish goods would keep one Irishman from having to emigrate. There is a thought I commend to your heads, made anxious by the Gaelic Leaguers to study facts, and to your Gaelic hearts quickened into fuller feelings for your country, and into a love that shows itself in respect for that country's needs, and a desire to serve them by acts, not words. I find the people so apathetic in my far off parish, says the clergyman already quoted, that I believe there is only one thing that will rouse them, and that is the Gaelic League. The present Industrial Revival movement is an outcome of this Gaelic League. We are no longer ashamed of our language, no longer ashamed of our Nationality. We have begun to realize that we are in reality a nation, to take a pride in our nation, and to endeavor to make that nation prosperous. 'When I take the trouble,' said Mr. Sweetman at the Cork In-

dustrial Conference, to go and buy Irish goods it is not for the sake of the individual man that lives in Ireland, it is because I know that unless Irish manufactures are recreated Ireland must die. That is the reason I take the trouble, and that is the reason everybody here takes the trouble to get Irish goods. There is one word I don't like to see, because it is rather a cant word; but I can't imagine any other word to express my meaning which is that the bedrock, the foundation, of Irish Ireland is the Irish language. I may mention myself that I am a convert. I think most of the people that stand up here are converts today. I think very few had an idea of what this thing was seven years ago. When I first heard of this movement, ten or twelve years ago, it seemed to me entirely Utopian, but I said 'I won't say a single word against it, though personally I can't believe it is possible.' What changed me into being a strong supporter of the Irish language was because I discovered that in every country that regarded its language, the regard for the language increased ultimately the material prosperity of the country as well, and then I said to myself if other countries have done this, why should not Ireland do it.' And a politician, too, one can quote when Mr. William O'Brien speaks to the Cork Industrial Association of 'the knowledge that in pushing and propagating this Association of yours, you will have at your service the most potent driving force of our time in Ireland—that is the driving force of the Gaelic League.'

That is what struck a young person who lately joined the League. She thanked her friends for introducing her among people who were so delightfully in earnest. That is it; we are in earnest; we mean to win; yet in no ungenerous spirit. Nothing can be more true than what is always being said by An Craoibhin Aoiibhin, that an Connradh na Gaedhilge has been founded, not on hate of England, but on love of Ireland. I declare one forgets what one's feelings about England or any other country are when one is minding one's own business, and that is Ireland and the business of Ireland. True, we want good laws. But good laws go only half-way without good men. Just as you cannot go all the way towards making people sober by Act of Parliament. If your men have not will power, if they join not their good will for house and home, wife and child, and not protect themselves individually by resolution, habit, or pledge, they will be back again in their useless intoxicated wallowing. 'Arrest thyself from the company of the fools and dastards.' Stand alone. That is hard for an Irishman, they say. Well the Gaelic League will help him. Father O'Leary's Home Rule it will help him to. All its work, as its every word, is to cultivate self-respect, self-reliance, looking at home, buying at home, educating at home. Education! The person I alluded to was educated in a religious order school, but heard little about Ireland, except in a far-off, reverential way, for a far-off Ireland perhaps of Saints and Scholars. He will not be long in the Gaelic League before he finds out that saints were practical people, whose life was of their own time, whose work was to do good in their own generation by prayer or by labour. Revere the past, but make a present worth revering, or rather reverse the actual present. For well nigh every poor master must be worthy a fellow-creature's reverence, even if he has to undress and to put on a nightcap. And so with this our country—our poor country if you will. For Ireland is poor, though that in itself is an element of hope for us, when we have not such scenes as in the factories of Chicago, or the coal mines of England and America, or the frightful chaos of a cosmopolitan London, with much dreary irreligion, and gross contrast of poverty and perhaps not less sordid wealth.

'Ireland Illustrated' (Hurst, New York) quotes as to Galway fisher folk: 'It must be refreshing to a Christian of any sect, who has seen much of the despairing infidelity and brutalising wretchedness of some parts of England, to witness even the superstitions of this simple, patient, and joyous people. They believe in the actual presence of God among them, and do everything in His name. (Surely not one of their superstitions). It is worthy of remark that they never by any chance salute or speak to each other without the Name of God. I almost regretted to learn that the priests are discontinuing their old amiable superstition. (But not certainly the greetings in the Name of God.)'

The more you are in the spirit of this League the more you will be not selfish, but interested, in the spot of the world where you yourself must play your part. We have been educated wrongly, as we all know. The days, the mad days, are not so far distant, and their curse is on us still, when children who spoke only Irish were taught through the medium of English, and were degraded by such nonsense as was forced into them, and were made ashamed of the ground they stood on, of the graves it covered, of the meaning in the stories of its hills and glens; the very air and sky of Ireland, their silly little National school books of those cursedly stupid times made the Irish children half ashamed to look at and to breathe. And then there came the famine. The people fled, the Irish-speaking people. But they were an illiterate, if not an ignorant, people, and the new world of English was hard, as we saw, to these poor Gaels. The iron entered into heart, and the shame of it all. It is a terrible story; you know it well. But we are winning back the ground. Everyone of common sense must rejoice; every just minded man; as the English professor that I quoted. We are glad the English should be-

lieve in their great country. I dare say many Gaelic Leaguers never before in their lives felt so justly full of admiration for great English writers, for the wonderful Shakespeare, the noble Burke—I call his English—for the prejudiced but gream-hearted Johnson, who again and again asked for all the information possible about Irish Gaelic, and the life and spirit it stood for, as now when they are conscious of being heart and soul for the natural and healthy cultivation of a people whose spirit did not produce a Shakespeare, did not really train a Burke, still less a Johnson; but who produced, in the night of their penal century, poetry for the heart and for the sense of beauty, then when English poetry and French poetry, too, under grand kings and their triumphant States, was often not really poetic at all; a people anyway, which is different, which has much intelligence, and much charm, many special characteristics, and in whom rises now a hope that from them shall be born a great writer, a great Irish writer, to express men, and yet Irishmen, to be absolutely artistic, yet a national teacher, as Shakespeare is in England; his precious stone set in a silver sea; a writer from Ireland's life who might rank with the great ones of the world, and so be the property of all, and yet belong really to his own, who best can understand him. Like the lark such a poet will be, who while his wings aspire will have heart and eye both with his nest upon the ground, his own nest in Ireland; he is seen by all men as he rises to Heaven, yet there remains for him the spot where he is seen by few, by his own, and that spot will be his home. Ireland will be the home of the Irish poet; her language will be the trembling utterance of that soul of his, which also is hers. And that is self-respect. And it is a good self-respect; a natural, yet a human and a humane. It is real, it is so far the basis of good art, which must be founded on reality, not on imitation. Ireland has not produced her Dante, her Moliere, her Shakespeare, her Newman. Could she have? Let her, as the years come, prove her power. She proved it in the past, when she was more cultivated than rivals who now have passed her; and that through Gaelic, through something of her own through what naturally expresses the spirit that rules in her, she is what she is, she cannot be otherwise. To respect herself is to respect England and every other nation, justly, wisely, and without hate, without a wasting irritability, with honourable reverence for what is worthy in Ireland herself and also in all the world. Professor Earle, of Oxford, pleading for old English—preface to a book for beginners there is a fine poetic ken which is won by the study of classic languages; but much of this reveals itself spontaneously to the Englishman who will bestow a look of natural kindness upon the antique glory of his mother tongue. Old language is a sort of poetry. Its poetic light shines out by the foil of modern phrase; and all who vernacularly know the new are qualified to taste the romance that kindles in the old. It will hardly be denied that there is an untoward breach between our academic learning and the general intellects of the land. The education of school and college often perishes because there is no corresponding power of communication. Except in a few favoured spots, its beneficial effects are too obscurely traceable.' He pleads for some native culture. In subtle ways of its own English knowledge gives a man surer hold of his distant possessions, and it also enlivens his daily path with glimpses of fresh discovery. Whereas he whose knowledge is all remote, stands discontinuous like an alien in his native land. For the loyal and home-loving Englishman the old Saxon language flings open the gates of learning, and if he have other lore doubles its value—for him the hills and valleys smile with dear associations, transforming the common field into classic ground—for him there is a ready access to the national fountain of poetry, and at least one particular key to the pleasure of fairyland.'—Cork Examiner.

To the ordinary man the operation of shaving requires the concentration of all one's thought and care, but the Bishop of London is so blessed as to be able to perform this task without inflicting injuries upon himself while his mind is entirely engaged upon other matters. Speaking at a meeting the other day he remarked that he prepared all his sermons while dressing. During the general process of cleaning and shaving, his brain, he said, seemed to work in an astonishing manner. He did not know how he should find time to prepare his addresses if he did not do his thinking in the manner he had described. It might be suggested that judging by the duration of some of the Bishop's sermons he must have taken an inordinate length of time to dress himself on occasions.

**Black Watch**  
Black Plug  
The Chewing Tobacco  
of Quality.  
  
2271

Farm for Sale

That valuable farm, called the Meadow Green Farm, in the County of Antigonish, containing 160 acres, more or less. About 50 acres of fine interval, well wooded, hard and soft wood Good house and two barns. Apply to  
WILLIAM CHISHOLM, Beaulieu,  
or to T. W. CHISHOLM, 4 Downer Ct., Dorchester, Mass.

Can you afford to lose money daily?

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.

Sharples Tubular wins every time

This is the result of the Scotsburn, Pictou Co. contest in May 1907, under the supervision of Mr. Geo. A. Ransom, the Dominion Government expert and committee of ten of the Scotsburn creamery directors.  
SHARPLES TUBULAR skimmed 6 times cleaner than the MELOTTE.  
SHARPLES TUBULAR skimmed 6 times cleaner than the De Laval.  
SHARPLES TUBULAR skimmed 9 times cleaner than the Magnat.  
SHARPLES TUBULAR skimmed 10 times cleaner than the Empire (new style).  
SHARPLES TUBULAR also skimmed 15 times cleaner than the Massey Harris at Gananoque, Ontario, on Nov. 13th, 1907.

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.

P. S. Another shipment of Favourite Revolving Churns and Washing Machines just received.

ROUE'S CARBONATED WATERS

Cometo you with all the excellence that can only come from good materials, pure water and superior methods of manufacture and bottling. Satisfied customers are good customers, and these you can obtain if you handle

ROUE'S CARBONATED WATERS

(Postal brings price list.)

JAMES ROUE HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

Cash Market

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

Groceries,  
Boots, Shoes, Rubbers  
And a full line of  
Crockeryware,  
No. 1 July Herring.  
Highest prices paid IN CASH for Hides, Wool Skins and Wool.  
McGillivray & McDonald  
Opposite Post Office.  
ANTIGONISH, N. S.

Professional Cards

**DR. J. L. McISAAC**  
Office next door to Somers & Co.  
Main Street, ANTIGONISH  
Residence: Queen Hotel.  
Telephone No. 66.

**J. C. GILLIS,**  
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON  
SPECIAL COURSES:  
Obstetrics: G. M. Lutsinger, M. D.  
Surgery: Chas. F. Blake, M.D., A. Cotton, M.D.  
Physical Diagnosis: F. Dyer Sanger, M. D.  
OFFICE: Near Mr. Griffin's, Barrister, Main St., Antigonish.

**R. GILLIS ARCHITECT.**  
Special attention given to Concrete Structures, Heating and Ventilation. Sydney, C. B.

**DR. C. S. AGNEW, DENTIST.**  
Office, over Cope and's Drug Store.  
Office Hours, 9 to 12 and 1 to 4.30.

**E. LAVIN GIRROIR, LL. B.**  
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR  
Agent Norwich Union Fire Insurance Co Also—Agent for Life and Accident Insurance. ANTIGONISH, N. S.

**BURCHELL & McINTYRE,**  
BARRISTERS AND NOTARIES.  
OFFICE—The Royal Bank Building. SYDNEY, C. B.  
CHARLES J. BURCHELL, LL. B. A. A. McINTYRE, LL. B.

**D. C. CHISHOLM,**  
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.  
Agent for North American Life Insurance Company.  
Also for Fire and Accident Companies. Office: Town Office Building.  
MAIN STREET, ANTIGONISH, N. S.

**Joseph A. Wall,**  
BARRISTER, OLICITOR, ETC.  
Agent for Fire, Life and Accident Insurance

MONEY TO LOAN ON SATISFACTORY REAL ESTATE SECURITY.  
Office over Canadian Bank of Commerce  
ANTIGONISH, N. S.

CARRIAGES

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

PETER McDONALD EAST END

Agricultural Warehouse

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

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



He Made the Best Plow.

In the May number of Busy Man's Magazine, G. W. Brock had an interesting sketch of a man who died in South Bend, Indiana, a few weeks ago, after making a large fortune in the manufacture of plows. His career has many lessons of industry, thrift and perseverance for our young men: James Oliver was born in Roxburghshire, Scotland, August 28th, 1823. When he came to America with other members of the family he was twelve years old. He was a bright, stout lad with not a lazy bone in his body. In New York State, near Geneva, he secured employment on a farm at 50 cents a week and board, and that he saved his money is shown by the statement that in 11 weeks he had accumulated five dollars, but about that time one of his brothers was taken sick and his little hoard was quickly dissipated. The year after their arrival in America, in 1836, the family moved west, locating in LaGrange County, Indiana, where they lived for a short time on a farm before moving to Mishawaka. A small log house served as their habitation in Mishawaka, and while occupying it the father died in 1837. James found employment on a farm at better wages than he had received in the east. He was paid \$6 a month and his board, and to the emigrant boy this really seemed like getting on in the world. From farm work he drifted into manual labor of all kinds, whatever he could find to do that would pay the best, and eventually found himself working in a grist mill for Lee Brothers. That was in 1840, when he was 17 years old, and to show his thrift it may be stated that while thus engaged he purchased and paid for a house and lot costing \$775, on which he made an advance payment of \$75. This left an indebtedness of \$700, which he eventually worked out and thereby laid the foundation for his fortune he leaves to his children. Another thing that contributed to his prosperity was his marriage in 1844 to Susan Doty, a young woman of such good common sense and great helpfulness that she proved an invaluable helpmeet during the 58 years of hardships, trials, success, prosperity and happiness that elapsed before she was called away. After his marriage Mr. Oliver learned the molder's trade. He was steady, reliable and industrious, in every respect a model employee, but was not content with working for wages. So, having accumulated a little money he decided to engage in the manufacture of plows. He believed he could make a better plow than was then on the market. But at the very outset of his career as a manufacturer he met with misfortune that swept away most of his savings. Then the dam in the river broke and his foundry was flooded. Hindered, delayed and crippled, but not defeated or discouraged, he began again in a smaller way. He started in South Bend in 1855 with a cash capital of \$100. The business steadily grew until he was obliged to devote all of his time to the work of the shop and office and entrust the selling of the plows to agents. Then the need of more capital for the purpose of extending the field of operations presented itself and a stock company was organized under the name of the South Bend Iron Works. Subsequently the company was reincorporated under the name of the Oliver Chilled Plow Works, and thus the enterprise expanded from the strivings of one young man, poor and unaided, until it became the largest industry of its kind in the world, with branch houses in many of the large cities of the United States and agencies in nearly every country in the civilized world.

The invention and perfection of this plow is regarded as one of the great mechanical inventions of the age. In a case before the United States Senate Committee on Patents it appeared from the evidence that the Oliver chilled plow had saved the farmers of the country thirty million dollars a year in facility and economy of operation.

The principle had been experimented with for a long time before Mr. Oliver began to give it any attention, but it was not until he perfected his chilled mold board that the principle was sufficiently developed to make it available. This was accomplished between the years 1867 and 1871, after many failures and disappointments. This discovery particularly revolutionized the plow trade of the world.

With this accomplished the remainder of Mr. Oliver's life was devoted to improving the quality and broadening the usefulness of his plow.

It was his habit to be at the factory by 7 in the morning or earlier and this practice was continued until within the past few months. He was utterly devoted to the business. His whole life was bound up in it, and every day when not ill or out of the city he visited every part of the great establishment.

He mingled freely with the men in the various departments of the works and even in late years when the number had grown to be a thousand or two knew many of them by name and was acquainted with their personal history.

Mr. Oliver was not a Catholic but one of the warmest eulogies upon his life was spoken by President Cavanaugh of Notre Dame University, at the memorial exercises held shortly after his death. Father Cavanaugh spoke as follows:

"James Oliver never degraded labor. When first his eyes opened upon the world they opened upon the home of a happy cottager who earned his bread in the sweat of his brow. During all his childhood and young manhood his lot was the lot of a laborer. When later on he conquered fortune and became the employer of an army of men he did not, as a vulgar man might do, forget the rock from which he was hewn and the cave from which he was dug. He never despised the man

who toiled, and it was one of his boasts that he could call by name every member of the great army of men whom he employed. And as he respected the manhood of his men, so he acknowledged the value of their service. His motto was 'An honest day's pay for an honest day's labor,' and therefore, though he amassed a great fortune he did it so as not to arouse the envy of even the malicious. Calumny itself dare not rise up in its place and cry out that James Oliver ever oppressed the laboring man or that one dishonest dollar ever found its way to his hand. Some men amass fortune by crippling their fellow-men; he, by fitting to the hand of man a new instrument of power.

"He never closed the door of opportunity against his brother. Rather he encouraged and rewarded power wherever it revealed itself among his helpers. He never chilled the nerve of aspiration or damped fires of ambition in a man, for he himself stood before the world as one of the finest exemplars of what America offers of hope and opportunity to him who lifts his face to the stars. His people are a happy people. No sullen discontent mutters curses on his memory. If there be a land where wealth must always be inherited and never can be won by thought and labor, I can understand how anarchy and revolution might breed and grow rank in such a land. But so long as men like James Oliver may rise through industry, and so long as having risen they cherish an honest sympathy for the man who labors with his hands the happiness of our country is secure from all violence and anarchy.

"The poor and the rich we shall always have with us. So long as men are born with unequal powers and labor with unequal strength and frame their actions with unequal wisdom, you will always have the rich and the poor. You cannot change all this. You will always have Dives reveling in his banquet hall and Lazarus languishing at the gate. The methods of those who in our day seek to change this condition by violence are as wicked as they are absurd. It is just as wrong to kick a man because he is up as it is to kick a man because he is down. The remedy for discontent is honest wages from the employer. And if James Oliver is a signal example of what an ambitious workman may do by honest effort, he is no less an example to the world of what the capitalist may accomplish by the fair treatment of labor."

Methodist Rebukes His Bishop.

It is a noteworthy sign of the times that attacks upon the Catholic Church nowadays bring forward defenders who are not of our faith, but who are fairminded and just, and will not stand idly by and see an injustice done. An example of this was noted in the Baltimore Sun of May 17th, when a Methodist gentleman took issue with a bishop of his church who had adversely criticized the Catholic Church during the Methodist Congress in Baltimore. The gentleman wrote as follows to the Sun:

A VIGOROUS DEFENCE.  
Messrs. Editors: While looking over the columns of the Sun my eye caught the line, 'Says Papacy is Paganistic,' and I read the following extract from Bishop Hartzell's address to the Methodist Episcopal Congress: "In our day (the Catholic Church) grown arrogant by age and powerful by world-wide organization, it is an aggressive conspiracy against civil and religious liberty wherever it exists. Wherever its power has been supreme for centuries we have the blight of ignorance, immorality and superstition among the masses, a corrupt and immoral priesthood, an insidious and persistent enemy to free government and the Word of God is denied to the people in their own tongue, while the rights of the individual conscience are forbidden under pains of eternal anathemas."

Now, I myself am a Methodist and a zealous advocate and defender of the work done by our missionaries at home and abroad, but when a representative of my religion comes before a body of intelligent men and rehearses a lie that has been exposed 10,000 times my love of truth and fair mindedness compels me to put aside party feeling and raise a voice of protest. It is an ungracious thing for Bishop Hartzell to vituperate a religious system that has been hard at work on the soil of Africa long before the Methodist came into existence, and whose work at the present day, done by the so-called White Fathers for the uplifting of the savage races of that land is one of the brightest pages in the history of modern civilization. It is as easy thing to reap where one has not sown and then criticize the sower because the harvest is not more rich and abundant. And this is precisely the position of Bishop Hartzell. The seeds of civilization and education were sown long ago by the Catholic Church, and the sects today find it comparatively easy to garner the fruits from the fields plowed and furrowed by her.

Another ungentlemanly act is the aspersion cast upon the Catholic priesthood. Doubtless there have been, and there are, bad and unfaithful priests in the ranks of the Catholic clergy, but for this reason to call the entire priesthood corrupt and immoral is an unpardonable sin against logic and good breeding. Bishop Hartzell knows, and I know, of many a tale of immoral and corrupt conduct on the part of unworthy ministers of his own religion on African soil, and I would like to know what he would think of a Catholic Bishop who, for that reason, would stigmatize the entire body of Methodist ministers as corrupt and immoral. These accusations of Bishop Hartzell against Catholicism have been exploded so often that no words

of mine are needed in defense. The pages of history are open wide to all who wish to read. But I feel it is the duty of every fair minded Methodist to resent this uncalled for attack upon a religion, which with all her faults and prejudices, has been a great factor in the civilizing of the nations. The only thing that can excuse this assault of Bishop Hartzell is the charitable presumption that the natural broad-mindedness of every born American—if indeed Bishop Hartzell is happy enough to claim this privilege—has been warped by the narrowing influences of that far off country in which he has lived.

GERALD CARLYLE WHITNEY.  
Saved by the Sign of the Cross.

There are no better Catholics in the wide world than the Highlanders of Bonny Scotland; and their descendants in America, we are glad to know, are worthy of them. The Rev. Father Campbell, S. J., who, during the autumn of 1907 conducted a series of missions to the Gaelic inhabitants, was enthusiastic in his praise of their lively faith and fervent piety. The Pilgrim of our Lady of Martyrs relates an interesting story which he heard from some of the pioneers among these Scotch Canadians:

"A company of a dozen men took a boat from Pictou and crossed the Gulf of Antigonish into Cape Breton. They were busy at work clearing the ground to make a home for themselves and their wives and children, left behind at Pictou, when all of a sudden they noticed a flotilla of Indian boats making straight for them. The Indians landed and came up to the Highlanders with menacing looks, while their chief demanded in broken English, by whose authority they were cutting down those trees. The reply was that they were doing so on the authority of the King. The chief replied that he was the only king in those parts, and as they had not sought his leave they should all suffer death for this offence. He then gave orders that his men, who were over a hundred strong, should approach and carry out his sentence. The Highlanders were meanwhile making acts of contrition in preparation for death. One of their number openly began his act of contrition with a big Sign of the Cross, when all of a sudden the tomahawk fell from the grasp of the chief, who exclaimed to his men: "Stop, we brothers, we children of the Great Father!" He took each of the Highlanders by the hand and gave them the necessary permission. Then his followers drew near, and the Highlanders had to shake hands with each of them."

The Indians themselves (Miamaes), several reservations of whom exist in Nova Scotia and around Cape Breton, are likewise faithful Catholics. All attempts to proselytize them have been without avail.—Ave Maria.

Catholic Growth in New York.

The eminent congruity of solemnly celebrating the centenary of the New York diocese is made apparent by this extract from a recent statement of Archbishop Farley:

"The history of the See shows that we had about fifteen thousand Catholics in New York and New Jersey in 1808. There were four or five priests, one church—St. Peter's, in Barclay Street,—and one parochial school. Since then the Church has grown more rapidly than the population of the United States. The fifteen thousand members of the Church in 1808 have grown to three millions. Since then the diocese, which is now one See, has been divided into nine dioceses; there are about twenty five hundred priests, and a proportionate number of churches and schools. There are, in the archdiocese of New York alone, 1,200,000 Catholics, 130 churches, and 135 schools with an attendance of 65,000 pupils. Besides this, the Church has many charitable institutions—hospitals, orphanages, asylums, etc." From 15,000 to 3,000,000 means an increase of two hundredfold. Verily, the mustard seed has grown.—Ave Maria.

The Kaiser and the Nun.

The following incident of the Kaiser's visit to Corfu is told by the correspondent of the Neues Wiener Tageblatt. Among other places he visited was Death Island, where an ancient nunnery exists.

Arriving unexpectedly he found the superior cleaning the church lamps and two nuns scouring the floor. The Kaiser entered into conversation with one nun, while King George acted as interpreter. The Kaiser asked the nun how long she had been in the nunnery. She replied:

"About twenty years."

The Kaiser remarked that she must have commenced her novitiate very early. She said, "at 16."

The Kaiser then asked: "What caused you when so young, almost a child, to renounce the world and its pleasures? Some great misfortune?"

She answered, "No, only love for God. And you have remained in the world, what pleasures do you find in it?"

The Kaiser without replying asked: Did it cause you no sorrow to sacrifice your youth?"

She said, "What is youth? A dewdrop in the field, which nature gives in the night and which disappears with the first rays of the morning sun."

After this the Kaiser left her, shaking his head.

My Hair Ran Away

Don't have a falling out with your hair. It might leave you! Then what? That would mean thin, scraggly, uneven, rough hair. Keep your hair at home! Fasten it tightly to your scalp! You can easily do it with Ayer's Hair Vigor. It is something more than a simple hair dressing. It is a hair medicine, a hair tonic, a hair food.

The best kind of a testimonial— "Sold for over sixty years." Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of 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 Hypophosphites. Physicians Prescriptions Carefully Compounded. Mail Orders promptly filled. House Telephone No. 48. Office 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

A cup of good Cocoa is the most nourishing thing to begin the day with.

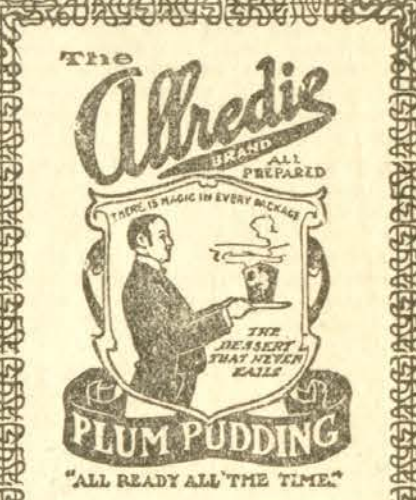
COWAN'S PERFECTION COCOA

(Maple Leaf Label) is good, morning, noon and night,—any time. THE COWAN CO., Limited, TORONTO

FARMERS PLEASE NOTE

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

D. McISAAC, Antigonish, N. S.



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 3 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

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

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

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

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

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

(4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than five 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.

Entertainment—Celtic Hall
Farmers' Picnic—W. Vinten
Bargains in Staples—Chisholm, Sweet & Co
Gillette Safety Razor—J. R. Bellier

LOCAL ITEMS

THE I. C. R. SUMMER time table is announced to go into effect on next Monday, when also the fast trains between Halifax and Sydney will again be put in service.

PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS of the Departments of the Main Street School will take place to-morrow (Friday) forenoon. Parents and others interested should attend.

WE LEARN from the latest number of the London Tablet that the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Lovat have booked passages by the SS. Empress of Ireland for Quebec, which leaves Liverpool on July 10.

A PICNIC is to be held at Arisaig on July 7th. The committee are preparing entertainment for a large number of patrons. Arisaig is a most delightful point for Town people to have a day's outing.

J. A. McDONALD of Glassburn, Ant., one of the ablest members of the staff of the Halifax School for the Blind, has resigned his position, and in September next will enter the Massachusetts College of Osteopathy.

THE REGULAR monthly meeting of the A. A. A. takes place to-night at 8.45 o'clock. A full attendance is requested. Only those who are members or who wish to become members will be admitted. W. H. WHITE.

A ROCK DRILLING CONTEST at Kaslo, B. C., on May 24th, was won by the McGillivray and Erickson team. The record was 49 inches in a test of fifteen minutes. Several teams contested. McGillivray is a Lakevale, Ant., boy.

A PUBLIC MEETING will be held at the Court House, Antigonish, on July 11, at 8 p. m., by the local branch of the Lord's Day Alliance, which will be addressed by Rev. T. Albert Moore, the General Secretary of the Alliance. Questions of general interest will be touched upon. All are cordially invited to be present.

THE KLONDIKE KING.—The Dawson News of May 22nd says: "Alex McDonald, of Antigonish, king of the Klondike, as he is called, anticipates a satisfactory clean-up on Clear Creek. Bob Henderson, of Pictou, N. S., well known as the discoverer of the Klondike, is hopeful of making another fortune. He has located several promising placer claim on the Pelly."

A CABLEGRAM was received Tuesday morning from Lord Lovat. He says he will arrive at Sydney on July 16th and will leave Nova Scotia on the 20th. While the date for his reception has not been definitely determined on the local committee hope that Friday, 17th July, will be selected. It is necessary to arrange with Halifax parties before determining the date, and next week we hope to announce when Lord Lovat will arrive in Antigonish.

A CONVENTION of the Liberal Conservative Party of this County, consisting of delegates from every Polling Section, will be held in Celtic Hall, Saturday, 27th inst., at 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of nominating a candidate to contest the County in the Liberal Conservative interests at the next Dominion Election. After the work of the convention is over a general meeting will be addressed by C. E. Tanner, M. P. P., Pictou.

A SAD ACCIDENT occurred at the Drummond Colliery, Westville, on Wednesday of last week, by which Duncan McMaster lost his life. A cavern of the roof where he was working occurred and some twenty tons of stuff fell on him, breaking his neck and covering him up in the debris. Deceased was a workman in the Drummond Colliery for the past thirteen years. He formerly lived at Fairmont, this County. He leaves a wife and five children to mourn the loss of an affectionate husband and kind father. He was a faithful member of Holy Church. R. I. P.

ARCHBISHOP MACDONALD and Rev. R. Macdonald P. P., Westville, arrived at North Sydney by the SS. Empress of Ireland on Thursday morning last. They came by the mail train to Antigonish, and remained here for a few hours ere proceeding to their respective homes at Pictou and Westville. Both are in good health. They visited Rome, France, England, Scotland and Ireland. They also visited the grotto at Lourdes, and were lucky enough to be there at the time of a pilgrimage. His Grace says the arrival of these pilgrims is a wonderful sight. The strong faith of the people of old France is then strikingly manifest.

EUGENE McAULIFFE, son of Jere McAuliffe, the well-known theatrical man, was crushed under a train at St. John, N. B., on Monday. The lad jumped from the train after his dog, slipped and his feet went under the car. One leg is completely crushed and the other was ground to pulp. The doctor says he will not survive. The boy was in Antigonish last winter with his parents, when he enacted the role of "Tim" in Shan Rhué. He was a bright, innocent-looking young fellow. He was delighted with Antigonish, and arrangements had been made for his return here in the fall to enter St. Francis Xavier's College. Mr. and Mrs. McAuliffe are heart-broken over the sad accident.

HAZEL KIRKE, a pretty pastoral drama, will be presented at the Celtic Hall, on the 29th inst. by the Huntley, Stock Co. The play is exceedingly pleasing and the Company is able to bring out strongly the most impres-

sive as well as the amusing features it contains. It is only necessary to say the company is the one that presented Rip Van Winkle here last fall to bespeak a clever presentation. Mr. Huntley is afforded as good an opportunity in Hazel Kirke as in Rip Van Winkle to show his worth, while Miss Hilton plays faultlessly the difficult role of Hazel Kirke. The other members of the company give good support.

FARM PROPERTY in this County is looking up. We notice that advertisements of farms for sale in our columns are meeting with more frequent responses than in former times. It is only natural that the demand for this description of property should grow. Farm products in this County are bringing good prices, and every thing produced meets with a ready sale. On the other hand, times in the industrial centres of the United States and Western Canada are very dull. These combination of circumstances must tend to prove to our young men the wisdom of taking up the honorable, safe and independent calling of the agriculturist. We can further tell them that many of our younger farmers in the neighborhood of this Town are meeting with success. While improving their farms, thus adding to their value, they are also yearly increasing their bank accounts. We understand a large farm in St. Andrew's parish, lately advertised for sale, is about changing owners. The following letter is a further evidence of the increasing demand for farm property. The farm referred to in letter is located at East Harbour Boucher:

TRURO, N. S., June 18th, 1908. THE CASKET PUB. CO., LTD. Antigonish, N. S.

GENTLEMEN:—Please find enclosed check for \$3.25 in payment of my farm adv. in your valuable paper. I might say that I sold my farm through your adv. to Mark H. Bennett of Chelsea, Mass. Yours truly WALTER F. CHISHOLM Box 179, New Glasgow.

HYMENEAL.—A pretty wedding took place at St. Andrew's Church, St. Andrew's, Ant., on Wednesday the 17th inst. when Very Rev. Dr. MacDonald united in matrimony, Miss Kate Floyd, daughter of Mr. David Floyd of Springfield, Ant., and Mr. John Sears of Copper Lake. Andrew Sears of Copper Lake supported the groom, and Miss Mary McDonald attended the bride. The happy couple have many friends, and were handsomely remembered by them. They left by train for Halifax and other points on a wedding tour. Their numerous acquaintances join in wishing them bon voyage.

A pretty ceremony took place at St. Mathew's Church, Dorchester, Mass., on June 7, 1908, when Mr. Lewis A. McNeil and Miss Mary A. McDonald, were united in holy bonds of matrimony by Rev. Father Donnelly.

Picnic
The event of the season will be a grand picnic at Arisaig on
Wednesday, the 8th day of July
Proceeds in aid of funds for Church repairs.

Celtic Hall
One Night Only,
MONDAY, June 29,
Huntley Stock Co
Supporting
JAMES H. HUNTLEY
AND
MISS SADIE HILTON
IN THE
Pretty Pastoral Play
HAZEL KIRKE.

Prices, 25, 35 and 50c.
Seats now on Sale at Hall.
NOTE—This is the same Company that presented RIP VAN WINKLE here last Summer. You all remember us.

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:

The groom was attended by Mr. T. B. Carrigan, while Miss Mamie Delaney did the honors for the bride. After the wedding ceremony the bridal party repaired to their future home, 963 Parker St., Roxbury, Mass., where a very pleasant evening was spent. The bride and groom was the recipients of many very handsome presents. All join in wishing Mr. and Mrs. McNeil a long and happy wedded life. The groom is a native of Prince Edward Island. The bride is a daughter of Mr. Hector McDonald, Maryvale, Antigonish Co.

A very pretty wedding took place at St. Patrick's Church, Halifax, when Sarah Elizabeth McDonald of Bayfield, N. S., was united in holy marriage at Nuptial Mass on Monday, June the 8th, 1908, to William Chisholm, Summerside, N. S. The happy couple were attended by W. J. Chisholm of the same place and Miss Hilda Chisholm of Halifax. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Chisholm a happy wedded life. They will reside at 41 Milton St., Halifax.

Miss Francis J. Johns of Weymouth, N. S., and Mr. Charles Whidden, son of Mr. D. G. Whidden, lately of Antigonish, at present residing at St. Lin, Quebec, were united in marriage at Boston, Mass., on Saturday, June 20th. The happy couple have many friends in Nova Scotia who will join in extending congratulations and good wishes. Mr. and Mrs. Whidden will reside in New York.

The Bailey's Brook picnic and bazaar begins on July 1st near Avondale station. This is the place for all to enjoy the great midsummer holiday.

The outbreak is very promising for an extra large crop in the Canadian Northwest this year. Provincial immigration agent Burke says 24,000 men and 5,000 women will be required to help in the harvest fields of Manitoba alone.

Land, etc., For Sale.
The subscriber offers for sale that lot of land at Briley Brook, formerly owned by the late Alexander McDonald, (survivor) deceased. This property contains 50 acres, 25 being under cultivation and 25 of woodland, and is situated about 4 miles from Town. There is a small house, and also a barn on it. Also for sale a good Riding Wagon, Horse-Rake, Plough and other farming implements. For further particulars apply to JOHN McDONALD, St. Ninian St. Antigonish N. S. Or to D. C. CHISHOLM, Barrister, Main St.

WANTED.
A smart, honest, capable girl for housework, one able to do good cooking and to bake good bread. Four in family. Wages, \$12 per month. Apply at CASKET Office.

Antigonish Co. Farmers' Asso.
PIC-NIC
A Grand Picnic, under the auspices of the above Association, will be held on the Fair Grounds, Ant.,
—ON—
Tuesday,
July 14th, 1908.
Programme of Sports.
Girls' race, under 16, 100 yards, 1st prize, \$3.00; 2nd prize, \$2.00; 3rd prize \$1.00.
Boys' race, under 16, 220 yards, 1st prize, \$3.00; 2nd prize, \$2.00; 3rd prize, \$1.00.
Men's race, Farmers, 440 yards, 1st prize, \$3.00; 2nd prize, \$2.00; 3rd prize, \$1.00.
Fug of War, 1st prize, \$10.00; 2nd prize, \$5.00.
Voting Contest
1st, for the most popular farmer in the County. 2nd, for the most popular business man in the County.
Other amusements usual on such occasions will be provided.
Admission, - - 25c.
Children, under 12, 10c.
If the weather proves unfavorable, the picnic will be continued the following day.
Proceeds will be devoted to the Fall Fair.
W. Vinten, Secretary.

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
Bridgetown " " " 8 50
Antigonish " " " 8 35
New Glasgow " " " 7 50
Halifax " " " 7 10
Truro " " " 7 25
Amherst " " " 6 50
Moncton " " " 5 50

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 furrisher 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.

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.
THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS

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

HEINTZMAN & COMPANY PIANO
There is nothing singular in the fact that the
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.