

# THE CASKET.

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## THE CASKET.

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THURSDAY, JULY 16.

We have received a handsome souvenir card commemorating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the dedication of St. Margaret's Church, Glennevis, Ontario. The two first pastors of this parish are today the Archbishop of Kingston and the Bishop of Alexandria. If the present incumbent, the Rev. D. R. MacDonald, wishes to escape their fate, he had better seek another parish before it is too late.

"As Catholics," said Professor James C. Monaghan in the course of a recent address, "we never ask of a man's religion when he runs for an office. Dublin, one of the most Catholic cities in Ireland, has had as many Protestant Lord Mayors in a hundred years as it has had Catholics. Belfast, as Protestant as Dublin is Catholic, has never elected a single Catholic in all those one hundred years. Who then are the bigots?"

The only alternative explanation offered by physicians for the seemingly miraculous cures at Lourdes is auto-suggestion, a sort of self-hypnotism. In a lecture lately delivered in Paris the Abbé Coubé stated that the medical profession acknowledges that suggestion has no curative power in organic diseases, but only in functional diseases. And he asserted that 650 cases of organic diseases, chiefly cancer and tuberculosis, have been completely cured at Lourdes.

A letter from the Rev. R. H. Benson lately appeared in the *Tablet* in which he seemed to say that he would be in favour of Home Rule if he were sure that it would not be followed by the rise of an anti-clerical party in Ireland. Among the replies which this letter elicited was one from the Hon. Rauidhri Erskine, editor of *Guth na Bliadhna*, in which he remarks: "If the recognition and full enjoyment of all the rights and privileges attaching to nationality are to be made dependent on fidelity to the Catholic faith, I am afraid that Father Benson's countrymen (and some others) would stand a very poor chance."

The tercentenary celebrations at Quebec will not begin on the exact date of Champlain's arrival, which, as the following extract from his "Voyages" informs us, was July 3, 1608:

"It is a league from the island of Orleans to Quebec, and I arrived there on the 3rd of July. Looking for a place suitable for habitation, I found none more convenient or better situated than the promontory called by the Indians Quebec, which was covered with nut-bearing trees. I at once set some of our men to work cutting these down to make room for our buildings, others to saw boards, others to dig a cellar and ditches, while the rest I sent back with the ship to Tadoussac to bring our supplies. The first thing we built was a store house to shelter our provisions."

"The most noteworthy honorary degree conferred during the present week," says the *New York Sun*, "is that of LL. D., or doctor of laws, given by Fordham University to Justice James A. O'Gorman, of the Supreme Court. Justice O'Gorman is one of the ablest and best of our Judges, well known throughout the State as a jurist and as a sound lawyer whose opinions have the commendation and approval of the Appellate Courts. Added to his great legal acquirements he is a man of learning and high cultivation outside his profession, so that he deserves

in every way the distinction, and his selection is a particularly happy one."

The Scottish clergy lost a distinguished member last month in the person of the Very Rev. Hugh Chisholm, Canon and Provost of the Cathedral Chapter of Glasgow. Provost Chisholm was born in 1830 at Eskdale, Invernesshire. He studied at Blair's College, Aberdeen, and the Scots College, Valladolid. He was ordained in 1854 and stationed for a few years at Moidart. Then he was for twenty-one years at Johnstone and twenty-seven years at Paisley. He was made a Canon in 1884, and a few years later succeeded Archbishop Maguire as Provost of the Cathedral Chapter. Protestants joined with Catholics in celebrating the golden jubilee of his priesthood in 1904.

Father Bernard Vaughan, preaching recently in London on the increasing neglect of marriage obligations paid the following tribute to the Irish people:

"Oh, how I wish with all my heart and soul that my country were like Erin across the water, untainted by a sin which is a black spot in our midst. Let us give credit where credit is due, and let us do honor to that splendid people who alone in our great Empire have declined to lower the birth rate. Let us honor the people whom the Lord hath the mind to honor and let us forget not that they have respected through times of storm and stress the sanctity of marriage, because they recognize that Christianity is Christ and Christ is Christianity, who is the founder of the domestic life upon which He has created the social fabric."

A Baptist minister in Philadelphia preached a sermon on the Blessed Virgin a few Sundays ago, and said many reverent and beautiful things concerning her. He makes the mistake of supposing that the Immaculate Conception assumes that she had no need of a Saviour, and he grievously misunderstands St. Bernard when he says that this great saint made her equal to Christ. But he has no hesitation in declaring that "Mary was honored above all women, and we should honour her, and we do." And the prayer with which he concluded his sermon contained the words: "May we never say a slighting word of Mary, who in heaven, we know, is as no other woman in the place of honor. We thank Jesus, who loved His mother, and pray that we may always give her the honor pleasing to Him."

Addressing a United Free Church meeting at Aberdeen some days ago, Lord Aberdeen, who is now for the second time Viceroy of Ireland, and therefore should know something about that country, gave an emphatic denial to a charge which is still made from time to time in the columns of certain Protestant papers. His Lordship spoke as follows:

"With all respect I ask you not to take so gloomy a view of Ireland as you are sometimes invited to take. A prominent person, speaking at the recent General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, spoke in a despondent tone of the difficulties which ministers and members of Presbyterian bodies experience in parts of Ireland where the vast majority are Catholics. I know that, contrary to the inference intended, they are not subjected to annoyance or inconvenience on account of their religious profession. Catholics wish to live and let live in the matter of religious profession. They respect all men who are worthy of respect, even though they do not belong to the same creed."

There was some tension between the Catholic Federation of Manchester and the United Irish League as to the proper attitude for Catholics to take towards Mr. Churchill's candidature. A leading London priest, however, has strongly expressed his confidence in the Irish Party, and it is to Mr. Dillon's acknowledgment of this that the *Parliamentary Correspondent* of the *Glasgow Observer* refers in the following paragraph:

"No one will have been more amused than Mr. Brown at Mr. Dillon's slip on his Manchester speech, where he alluded to the Monsignor as an Irish priest. It was clearly a slip, due to the excitement of the moment, for Mr. Brown and Mr. Dillon are old friends. Mr. Brown is a Scotsman, and very proud of the fact, but

if genuine and unwavering sympathy with Ireland and her cause could make him an Irishman, his claim could not be disputed. His knowledge of the Education question is unique, and probably the only other man who could compare with him in this respect is Canon Mackintosh, who is a match for all the Scotch members put together, which is allowing him liberal credit. The Canon also is a warm friend of Ireland, and commands the esteem of Irishmen wherever he is known.

Miss Noemi Nightingale was one of the English pilgrims to Lourdes in May last. For ten years she had suffered from deafness, and since November 1907 she had been totally deaf. The best aurists in England were consulted, but in vain. Her account of her cure is as follows:

"The story of my cure is simple enough. Last Thursday, May 21, I was saying my Rosary for the Holy Souls during the afternoon in the Grotto. It was 6.45 p. m., when suddenly I felt a pain in my ears. Thinking it was not going to be much, I said nothing. But the pains became more and more violent, so as to exceed anything I had ever felt. It was excruciating for about four minutes. I thought I should go mad with the agony; it seemed as if I had fallen asleep and was dreaming; I could see nothing around me; I cannot remember anything that happened then until they had intoned the 'magnificat.' That is the first sound I remember hearing. Naturally I wondered what it could mean, not being able to believe that I had been cured; and yet there was no mistake. It was true, quite true: I was healed. My father, who had remained in London, can hardly realize the cure which we have announced to him by letter."

The *London Catholic Weekly* adds: "The most incredulous scientist ought to allow that neither hysteria, nor nervous shock, nor 'suggestion' can suddenly repair a perforated tympanum."

When William Waldorf Astor bought the *Pall Mall Gazette* and at the same time "butted in" to the highest society in England, Mr. Dooley humorously described him as having the Prince of Wales and the Emperor William on his staff. The philosopher of Archey Road probably thought he was drawing the long bow to its fullest extent on this occasion, but we learn from the lately published life of John Delane, the greatest of the editors of the *Times*, that he actually had the Emperor of the French among his contributors for a time in the early sixties of last century. No one but Delane and the British Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston, knew that these articles, which were intended to influence public opinion both in England and France, were written by Napoleon the Third's own hand. Nevertheless, when the Franco-Prussian war broke out the *Times* supported Prussia. But Delane was moved to indignation at the hostile attitude of Paris to the defeated Emperor. He pointed out that two months before the Parisians had been delighted at the prospect of war, and the Emperor had revived his waning popularity by yielding to their wishes. Moreover, he had spent many millions of the national revenue in Paris, and though this may have been unjust to the rest of the country, Paris should have been grateful. Instead, we read in the *Life* of Delane, "As a matter of fact, with their usual baseness, the Parisians revived old stories of Louis Napoleon's want of courage, whereas Russell, the *Times* correspondent, had testified that Napoleon III tried to get killed at Sedan, and the *Staats Anzeiger* had also borne testimony to his having done all that a brave man need do."

Dr. James J. Walsh concludes a *Messenger* article on "The History of Science in the Making" with the following comments on the peculiar methods of Dr. Andrew D. White:

"White's absurd errors in the history of surgery in his *History of the Warfare of Science with Theology* are typical of the sort of history he has written. His methods of history writing are worth summing up. In this matter of surgery, as with regard to anatomy and dissection, and chemistry, and all the other supposed opposition on the part of the Church and ecclesiastics and the Pope to science, he has depended on quotations from various real or supposed ecclesiastical documents. As a rule, as we have shown before, he has not taken

the pains to look up the ecclesiastical documents in the original, and so utterly misconstrues their purport, or else he looked them up and takes a perverted meaning out of them, does not take the pains to look up the history of science in question with regard to which he is so ready to make assertions, and then writes chapters of his *History of the Warfare Between Theology and Science in Christendom*. It makes a very amusing but amazing way of writing history, when one happens to know the facts, and they are so contradictory of President White's solemn assertions.

"It is not surprising, then, that just this same thing should be true with regard to surgery. President White has found, in certain second-hand authorities, references to decrees of synods and diocesan councils in the Church forbidding surgery to monks and priests. He concludes that these documents must have put an end to surgery. Does he look up the history of surgery in order to find that that is so? No; he simply makes the statement, even dilates on it, says that only for the command of a German Emperor, surgery would not have developed even in the fifteenth century, and all the time is talking about a period when surgery developed more wonderfully than at any other time in the history of medicine except the latter half of the nineteenth century.

"And this is the way the history of science has been written in order to make it tell against the Popes and the Church. Of course President White is not a scientist, and so perhaps may be pardoned some of his blunders, but what shall we say of the scientists who have so long accepted this sort of history of their own subjects unquestioningly?"

Among "W. H. K's." *Literary Notes* in the *Tablet* of June 27 we find the following:

"The current number of our Scottish contemporary, *Guth na Bliadhna*, contains, as usual, much matter of interest both in the Gaelic and in the English articles. In many ways the most welcome paper is that which fitly holds the place of honour, to wit the graphic account which Gilleasbuig MacDhòmhnaill le Eoghan, otherwise Father Archibald Campbell, S. J., gives of his recent mission among the Catholic Gaels of Canada and Nova Scotia. Our readers have already heard something of his doings out there; and, indeed, even before he set forth on the journey, many of us may have been able to form some intelligent anticipation of the warm welcome that awaited him in the new world of the West. For in whatever land their lot may be cast, the Gaels, whether Scottish or Irish, still retain a deep and lasting love for the old land of their fathers. And in despite of all other claims, it may be safely said that this holds first place in their hearts.

Great is the land we tread, and yet our hearts are with our own.

"The Irish poet says sooth. And in the same way his brother Gael gives his first thought to the *seann duthaich Alba ar ngradh*. In respect of this passionate patriotism the Gael may be likened to the Jews who thought more of distant Sion than of the great Babylon where they dwelt. *Si oblitus fuerit tui Jerusalem: oblivioni detur dextera mea. Adhuc erit lingua tui: si non proposuerit Jerusalem, in principio laetitiae meae.*

"It is hardly necessary to add that Father Archibald's account of his visit to the Gaels of the far West is written, not in English, but in the old tongue of which he is an accomplished master. For it would be strange to fall back on the Saxon in telling the tale of the true Gaelic welcome that was given him in such places as Antigonish. In fact, when he preached in the Church of St. Andrew in the aforesaid town, the clergy who were present paid him the characteristic compliment of saying that there was not a taste of English in his language, which had the true flavour of the Highland fies—"nach robh smid de bhlas na Beurla air mo chainnt, ach gur ann oirre bha fìor bhlas na moine."

"It is of interest to note that in another place, where the missioner in his turn remarked on the purity of the Gaelic spoken by the people, he found that many among them had come from the Green Island of Erin. This opening article, it should be added, does not complete the story of Father Archibald's mission, and the continuation promised in the forthcoming numbers will be awaited with interest."

### THE FIRST BISHOP OF QUEBEC.

The article entitled "Bishop Laval's Double Anniversary," by Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J., which appeared in the June number of the *Messenger*, contained a great deal of interesting information concerning Canada's first bishop. The double anniversary is the two hundred and fiftieth of his consecration and the two hundredth of his death. Canada came very near not having Laval, when a missionary

from China came to France looking for recruits and Laval thought of returning with him. When he was finally consecrated for Quebec, it was with closed doors. Gallicanism was rampant in France: the Bishop of Rouen claimed Canada as part of his diocese; while the Pope wished to have a Bishop at Quebec directly dependent on the Holy See. This was one of the difficulties which Laval had to deal with. Another was the sale of rum to the Indians, which the civil authorities favored or at least winked at, because of the facility it gave the fur traders to make better bargains with the savages. Dollier, the Sulpitian, was of opinion that if the French had refused to sell liquor to the Indians the most of the Iroquois would have settled on the St. Lawrence and the horrible wars with them would have been averted.

Of the sacrifices made by Laval, Father Campbell says: "Had he remained in France he might have claimed almost by prescriptive right the greatest dignities, either of the Church or State, but he waived aside all ambition and was ready to obliterate even every memory of himself in the hardships and privations and martyrdom of Tonquin, or the equally great perils which confronted him in Canada. When he came to Quebec there was not even a house ready to receive him. He led a life of great austerity, and chose by predilection a rigid evangelical and apostolic poverty. He put aside the pomp and splendor with which prelates of his rank were usually surrounded, and which the civic rulers of the colony regarded as indispensable to their dignity. On his episcopal journeys he had but one attendant; his soutane was poor and shabby, and his crozier was of wood. Just then the whole country was in terror of the Indians; massacres were occurring everywhere, and the authorities were thinking of giving up the fight, of going back to France and abandoning the colony; but in spite of that, this wonderful man dared to travel to every part of the country like the most courageous missionary. We find him far up the St. Lawrence immediately after an Indian raid, giving counsel to the old missionary, Menard, who was going to preach in the swamps of Wisconsin, or again down on the shores of the gulf at Gaspé, tramping through forests on snow shoes, shooting the rapids of furious rivers in his frail canoe, living in the disgusting wigwams of the Indians, eating their sickening fare, sharing their privations, and exposing himself to their dangers. 'When he left them,' says Dabloa, 'he carried all their hearts away with him.'

"So, too, when an infected vessel brought a pestilence to Quebec and claimed many a victim in the city, day and night, in the wards of the hospital, going from bed to bed, helping the sufferers spiritually, and ministering to their bodily wants like the lowliest menial, was Bishop Laval, who persisted in his work in spite of the protests and prayers of priests and people.

"Such was his life in Canada, from 1659 to 1688. At last, worn out by hardships and exposure, crushed by disappointments and defeats, shattered in health so that he was physically unable any longer to bear the burden, but chiefly actuated by the hope that someone else would be more acceptable to the Prime Minister of France, who thwarted him at every step, out of hatred for the family of Montmorenci, he resigned his office into the hands of his successor, Mgr. de Saint Vallier."

Following are the sentences imposed by Judge Laurance at Sydney last week: Matthewson Harris, theft, five years in Dorchester; James Campbell, theft, four years in Dorchester; Patrick J. Gillis, theft, three years in Dorchester; John McVicar, robbery, two years in Dorchester; Joseph McDonald, theft, common jail at Sydney for nine months; Herbert Buffett, indecent assault, two years in Dorchester; Robert Richards, indecent assault, two years in Dorchester; Bert Lane, indecent assault, two years in Dorchester; Charles McKenzie, robbery, three years in Dorchester; Dan J. McDonald, violation of the Chinese Immigration Act, fined \$100.



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**The Secret Ballot.**

Secrecy in voting has become so completely a canon of faith under democratic institutions that it is seldom called into question or even discussed. The decision of the Separate School Board to continue the system of open voting comes as a reminder that we have not yet reached unanimity on the question. As with all promising systems, the secret ballot has failed to effect all the reforms expected from it. The hope that it would end bribery has not been realized. It is questionable if the buyers and sellers of votes, where such exist, are dissuaded to any perceptible degree by the fact that the vote is secret. The man who sells his vote generally delivers the thing bargained for, even though he is not under surveillance. The ballot has, to a considerable extent, prevented intimidation by employers and people of strong will and influence, but anyone noting the result where any large staff of employees vote can see that the employer's influence is in some cases as strong as it was under open voting.

The ballot has opened many fields for crooked practices peculiarly pertaining to secret voting, and has held out special temptations owing to the impossibility of reviewing the result of a polling day. The fact that improperly recorded votes cannot afterwards be identified and thrown out makes election workers specially bold in attempting personation and similar offences. Sir Oliver Mowat sought to avoid or minimize this evil by providing for subsequent investigation, but now the consensus of opinion is against any mark by which a ballot can be traced, or a vote, bogus or otherwise, identified. Many reforms were carried when there was not only open voting but open bribing. The appeal to an elector's courage made him defy employers and throw back the offered bribes. The element of courage is eliminated by the ballot, which is almost clandestinely put in the box as if it were something of which the voter was ashamed. The ballot is one of many lessons to those who expect great results from changes in systems. Whether in Russia or Ontario, under a despotism or a democratic administration chosen by a secret ballot, the Government will reflect with considerable fidelity the aggregate wisdom and honesty of the people.—*Toronto Globe.*

**Death of a Great Scientist.**

Not only Catholics, but the world of science, has suffered a great loss in the death of Albert de Lapparent, who departed this life at Paris, May 5, 1908, at the age of 69 years. When the Institut Catholique was established at Paris, he abandoned the official position he then occupied and became a member of the faculty. As his reputation as a scientific authority was universally admitted at the time, the advantage gained by the new Institute was of immense importance. He was elected member of the Academy of Sciences in 1898, and in 1907, at the death of the famous Berthelot, whose religion contrasted strongly with Lapparent's pronounced Catholicism, he was made Perpetual Secretary. The great work which won him imperishable fame is his *Treatise of Geology*, which is a methodical grouping of all of his own researches, as well as of all of the geologists of ancient and modern times. Some scientific men had attempted the synthesis of all known geological facts, but it was reserved to Lapparent to succeed in the work. As a matter of fact, he alone was fitted for such a gigantic undertaking. His immense fund of previously acquired knowledge, his profound studies of the subject, joined to explorations which gave him a personal knowledge of conditions in various parts of the world; his prominence in international congress, when he met and conversed with all contemporary geologists, enabled him to produce what was, for Frenchmen and foreigners alike, not merely the work of a master, but of the master.

He was not a man who bound himself rigidly to a predetermined theory, and from 1882, when his *Treatise* first appeared, until the present time, when the sixth edition of the work was published, he never hesitated to change his views, no matter how personal they were, as soon as better known facts suggested any modification which would explain better the geological evolution of the globe.

Convinced that science ought to try to explain the phenomena which it discovers, he manifested no repug-

nance such as the positivist school entertains for theories and hypotheses. His purpose was to discover the order which existed in all the fantastic upheavals of the earth's crust, and to trace it all to the natural providence of God. There are, in his pages, expressions of enthusiasm and emotion in which he salutes this Divine Providence and the secret finality which directs all the secret and complicated changes of the globe. His six lectures, delivered in 1905, on *Science and Apologetics*, are like a hymn sung by sciences in honor of the Creator. He protested against scientific incredulity, but he wanted believers to appreciate properly what science has achieved, and not to discredit it because some have used it badly. He has written a *Course of Mineralogy*, and *Lesson of Physical Geography*. He was a champion of free education, and its wreck in these latter years, especially by the confiscation of the College of Madrid, to which he was devoted, struck him to the heart, and perhaps hastened his death.—*The Messenger.*

**Need for Working Nurses.**

'When shall we have a school for working nurses?' asked the woman who conducts one of the high class employment bureaus on the upper West Side. 'Our telephone daily brings urgent demands for nurses who will fill the need arising from the fact that the regular trained nurse in charge absolutely refuses to dust or sweep the room of the invalid.'

'Even in houses where two servants are kept a case of sudden illnesses doubles or trebles the usual work below stairs. Sometimes in such cases the nurse is asked to perform some slight service, and she replies that she cannot do menial labor.'

'I am not questioning the right of the nurse to uphold whatever ethical ideas she may have on the subject, but I hope that some one will establish a school where intelligent young women may be trained to do nursing in ordinary cases and also to help out in the lighter work of the home. Help of this kind is one great and constant demand which we are unable to fill.'

'In acute and dangerous cases the care of an expert nurse is invaluable, but there are many simpler illnesses where a nurse is required only to help out the members of a household. In such cases an intelligent, neat, kindly woman can easily take care of the patient and of the small home, so far as the smaller tasks are concerned. This work should be worth from ten to fifteen dollars a week.'

'There are at present no regular recommended nurses who will assume the small duties of caring for the sick room. In a desperate case recently I telephoned to the Young Women's Christian Association, where I understood they had nurses registered. But when I mentioned the item of light housework the young woman replied that she had no one who could fill such a want.'

'Surely in these days when the ordinary fields of women's work are so overcrowded with applicants for jobs which pay them less than \$10 a week without board there should be plenty of intelligent young women who would take up this new idea. They could study regular nursing in their leisure time and speedily equip themselves for employment with good salary, often long engagements and almost invariably the kindest treatment, for there is no time when attention is appreciated more by people than when there is illness in the home.'

'I have heard that a progressive Catholic clergyman in Brooklyn endeavored to start such an order, providing a home for young women who had had some training and experience in the care of the sick. They were also supposed to be willing to help in household work of the lighter kind. They were to get \$15 a week and would supply the need of persons in moderate circumstances who might not feel able to pay the \$5 a day of the trained nurse.'

'But I understand from persons who have employed such nurses that they too have acquired the awful dignity of the trained nurse code and will not take a duster in hand or wash a cup and saucer, so the matter remains theoretical as yet.'

'I suppose the nurses have their own side of the story, but it has always seemed to me that the first principle of their profession should be usefulness; that they should conform to whatever conditions they meet and as far as possible adapt themselves to the needs of the home in which they find themselves.'

'In selecting girls for the role of working nurses great discrimination would be necessary, for a nurse must have intelligence, kindness, self-control and patience. She should be instructed that her duty is to make things easy for those in the stricken home, not only the invalid but every one concerned.'—*New York Sun.*

**A New Saint.**

Writing from Rome to the *Western Watchman*, under date of June 1, Father Phelan writes as follows of the ceremony of Beatification which occurred the day before:

Yesterday the Passionists took possession of St. Peter's. The shield of the order was suspended above the main altar of St. Peter's amid a blaze of light, and under it, as the star of morning, was shown the picture of the Blessed Gabriel, the Aloysius of the Passionists. This young man was

a flower of sanctity that bloomed and fell unseen, and would never have been heard of again, if God had not interposed, and by a succession of striking miracles, given His young servant to immortal fame in the Church. He was a gay young man of the world, and his noble father looked forward to a brilliant career for his favorite son. He was on the point of wedding one of the fairest young women of Perugia when a change suddenly came over his mind and heart, and he announced to his family and his gay associates in the world that he had made up his mind to become a monk. He made his vows the year I was ordained; and in the short space of seven years he ran the gamut of perfection and died the death of God's just. Father Thomas O'Connor, our Passionist Provincial of the province embracing St. Louis, took the habit two years before Blessed Gabriel. His Master of Novices is still alive and was present at the ceremony yesterday. The brother of the Beatified is a prominent lawyer of Perugia, and was present at the ceremony also, as were his three daughters and son. I spoke to the gentleman at the Monastery of Sts. John and Paul on Saturday. That is not all. One of the six on whom Blessed Gabriel had wrought miracles, in person or through his intercession, was present in St. Peter's yesterday, and attested by his presence the truth of the miracle wrought in his favor. It was a case of constricted hernia; and the cure was complete and instantaneous. This brings us into very close communion with the saints. They are not of a by-gone age; the denizens of a spiritual world that exists no longer. The Saints are our brothers and sisters; bone of our bone; flesh of our flesh; but more than this; faith of our faith and practice of our practice. If the canonization of one Saint means the heavenly confirmation of a particular rule of life; all the saints attest the sanctity of the Church's faith and discipline; and we are of the family of All the Saints.

**Humorist of the Irish Bench.**

It was as a humorist that County Court Judge Adams, whose death recently occurred, will be perhaps best remembered, and many stories are now being told of his drollery.

In appearance he was not very unlike his Majesty the King, and Adams himself would relate with a merry twinkle in his eye a story, better told most likely, of an amusing incident that he declared occurred during a visit to Homburg, where his Majesty was talking the waters. Adams loved to go to those Continental health resorts. The King's Equerry, he said, on one occasion came to him and said: "Mr. Adams, the King commands me to ask you as a personal favor not to be going about in a tall hat and frock-coat. It is very embarrassing to his Majesty to be so often whacked on the back, and to be shouted at by gentlemen with Dublin accents, 'Hallo, Dick, old man! How are all the boys in Dublin?'"

On the subject of his electioneering on behalf of the Liberal Party, Adams was magnificent. Those who can remember Mr. Gladstone's stateliness and choice of phrase will appreciate Adams' yarn about being, at the close of a political campaign at which he assisted with Mr. Gladstone, at Lord Rosebery's house in Scotland. Mr. Gladstone came to Adams as he was returning to Ireland, and, pressing him fervently by the hand, exclaimed, "God bless you, Richard. You have won for us six seats, counting twelve on a division." The Grand Old Man then pressed on Adams his hard-earned fee—two guineas! "Mr. Gladstone, I couldn't," Dick protested. "It is too much." "No, Richard," was the fervent rejoinder; "it is not too much for you, but there are other barristers from your Four Courts who would be overpaid at one guinea!"

"I hear the Chinaman has lost his hard earned money."  
"Hard earned?"  
"Yes; he earned it with a flatiron."

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MY RAID INTO MEXICO.

(Nugent Robertson, in the Catholic World.)

CHAPTER XII.

I leave Mexico.

From this apartment I was conducted to the Hall of the Ambassadors, a magnificent salon, very long, and seemingly narrow by reason of its great length. The walls were hung with portraits of about forty presidents, amongst whom I perceived no less a personage than George Washington. The room in which the members of the cabinet met had once been the boudoir of the Empress Carlotta. I felt glad when I passed into the sanctum of the president, an apartment where the miserable man hatched those infernal schemes which have proved so pernicious to the well-being of the country.

It was late when I returned to the Calle Marascale, for I dropped into the Fonda del Gillow to say adios to Padre Gillow, one of the most influential men of Mexico, a good priest, and an honest and fearless patriot. I also stopped at the Iturbide to leave two or three P. C. cards.

I dressed very hurriedly for dinner, and was, as the Yankees say, 'just on time' as the last bell rang. Miss O'Hara was in the drawing-room, attired in violet, the exact shade of her beautiful eyes.

'Take Inez to dinner, Joe. I go today with the padre,' said the senora. The girl's hand trembled as she laid it ever so lightly on my arm. If I had been placed in possession of Mr. O'Shea's mine I couldn't have uttered a word.

'As this is your last day—at least for some time—in Mexico, Joe, we will drink bon voyage in champagne.'

'You must let me write to you, senora,' I urged, after the, to me, melancholy formula had been gone through of wishing me a safe and speedy journey, 'and I'll send you the Freeman's Journal and a lot of Irish papers. And I'll send you all our photographs—Nelly's, and Aunt Butler's, and Trixy's—and a photo of Dromroe and of my horses, and you shall have a bunch of shamrocks for Patrick's Day—every Patrick's Day. And you must let me send you, for Mr. O'Shea's especial use, some real old Irish whiskey—John Jameson's ten-year-old—and you'd like some Limerick lace, wouldn't you?'

'You'd better send us the whole island at once, Joe. Could you not manage that?'

'I'll try,' I laughed, although really I think I could have blubbered at the moment.

'Is there anything I could send you, Miss O'Hara?' I asked, addressing Inez for the first time.

'Nothing. Absolutely nothing. I live in the hope of seeing Ireland some—'

'Hope tells many a flattering tale, Inez,' interrupted the senora with a merry laugh.

'Why laugh, crushing the glimmer of the girl's hope? It was bad form, and grated upon me.'

Everybody was gay, animated, and the time seemed to pass like a flash. O'Shea looked in after dinner, and he, too, was more full of fun than usual. It was evident to me that the senora wished to make my last evening in Mexico a particularly bright and happy one. She had invited a number of people to a reception, and they commenced to pour in about nine o'clock. I was kept bowing and hand-shaking for a 'long hour by Shrewsbury clock,' and although I was madly desirous of being by the side of Inez, and horribly jealous of every gentleman who spoke to her, I was detained on duty.

Senor Pancho Buch, who was educated at Downside College, in England, and who spoke the most perfect English, somewhat puzzled me by an expression he used:

'We will miss you and the senora very much.'

'The senora?'

'Oh! yes. She so seldom leaves even the capital. Why, she's a perfect institution with us. Her place cannot, I say cannot, be filled. How long do you think she will remain away?'

At this moment I was called upon to take the Senora Riva Palaccio in to supper, and as that worthy and handsome lady did not speak one word of any language but Spanish, I was compelled to fall back upon my own thoughts, while she played havoc with the good things so plentifully set before the assembled company.

A member of Cortes, Senor Saturnino Ayon, suddenly jumped upon a chair, and, calling upon us to fill our glasses, proposed the toast which I could not understand. Whatever he said set a great number of the ladies weeping, and after the bumpers were disposed of the senora made quite a little speech, in which, as she spoke slowly and distinctly, and as the silence was almost oppressive, I could distinguish the word 'Ireland' several times repeated. Then everybody came round her, the ladies to kiss both her cheeks, as is the custom, and the gentlemen to kiss her hands.

'One would think,' I exclaimed to Inez, 'that the senora was going to leave Mexico for ever. How warm-hearted these Mexicans are!'

'They are very impulsive, Mr. Nugent.'

'So are the Irish.'

'Oh! yes.'

'Would you act on impulse, Miss O'Hara?'

'I—I think so. Wouldn't you?'

How little she knew what impulse nearly compelled me to say then and there! I do not know what held the words that leaped from my heart to my lips.

'Shall I see you in the morning?'

I asked of her as we were about to part for the night.

'Oh! dear, yes.'

'Then I am not to say adios now.'

'Not now.'

'My train goes at 11.30, so I shall have—I mean—that is, good-night.'

I did not sleep very much, as I lay thinking over all the good things I might have said to Inez on that last night. Her manner towards me was timid, yet there was none of that strange coldness which had characterized it during the last few days. What should I say to her in good-by? Merely carry on the senseless buffoonery of pretending not to care about parting from her; say 'Au revoir,' and express a conventional hope in conventional language to see her one day in Ireland. Why should I not return to Mexico? It was no question of distance in the nineteenth century; it was a mere question of time and money. I possessed plenty of the former, and as much as I needed of the latter. Already, as I lay tossing and turning on the luxurious bed, was I speculating upon my return to the country of the Montezumas.

Why leave Mexico at all? I was in nowise pressed. The hunting would continue in old Ireland when I would be gathered to my ancestors. I could hunt every season, but I could not visit Mexico every season. 'Why not remain and woo Inez? Win her! It was not too late. Make a confidence of the senora. Would it not be the honest, manly, straightforward course to adopt? My leaving now was but a fit of pique, a schoolboy's whim—nothing more or less. How could I expect to win every girl, much less a girl like this, by a nod of my head? Miss O'Hara was not one to be lightly won, but, once won, what a treasure! Why not go straight to the senora in the morning, and say, 'Senora, I—'

This sort of thing lasted until near dawn, and I was dreaming that my good hostess had just listened to my confession when the voice of Billy Brierly aroused me.

'It's half a past six, Masther Joe, and Mass is for to be sed at sevin; thin we get brequest, an' thin we're off, glory be to God, an' may the Lord sind us safe home! Bedad, Masther Joe, it's yerself that's got fat on the vittles here. The cooking is shupayrior. Pillar is the devil intirely on thin dishes that the quollity likes. Do you know what I was thinkin', Masther Joe?' approaching the bed and speaking in a very confidential way.

'I was just thinkin', sir, that ye'll be given hapes o' dinner-parties and all sorts av divarshins when ye get back to Dromroe—God bless every brick and sod av it this day, amin!—an' ye'll be after havin' for to keep up wud Sir Robert, and Lord Thrindeleton, an' the Marquis o' Headford. An' why wudn't ye? Isn't a Nugent av Dromroe higher, an' grander, an' shupayrior nor the whole av thin put together?'

'What's all this about, Billy?'

'Well, thin, I'll tell ye, Masther Joe. Ye'll be wantin' for to take the consait out av Sir Robert anyhow wud his Frinch cook, an' if I was you, Masther Joe, I'd go bail but I'd level him wud a Mexican wan.'

I burst out laughing.

'That's always the way wud ye an' yer father afore ye. Masther Joe,' cried Billy in a mortified tone. 'It's always jokin' me ye do be thin I do be advisin' ye for yer benefit. There's Pillar—the devil resave a finer cook betune thin and Headford this munit; an' ye'd get her chape, dog-chape, Masther Joe. She's civil an' obligin', and has manners that wud win the birds aff the threes. Sorra a lie I'm tellin' ye. Ye can spake Frinch to her yerself, sir.'

'Do you want to marry Pillar, Billy?'

My retainer first stood upon one foot, then upon the other, and looking as sheepish as a school-boy detected in squeezing the matron's hand, exclaimed:

'I—I wudn't mind it, Masther Joe, if she was thrained.'

'Thrained to what?'

'Natural wud, sir. Thrained for to give up snails an' frogs, an' for to spake Irish.'

'I'm afraid, Billy, that you have spoken to late. We two men could not take Miss Pillar along with us, and you have not time to make her Mrs. Brierly.'

'Faix, there's time enough for the matter o' that sir. Father Gonzalez is convaynient an' is a most iligant man, long life to him! But cudn't the say-norah take her wud us?'

'What nonsense! I tell you that the senora is going to San Angel and—'

'Why, Masther Joe avic, it's coddin' ye th'are. It's truth I'm tellin'. May I never see Glory but it is. Herself and the young wan is goin' to give ye a surprise, no less. Shure the father knows it, and Misher O'Shea knows it an' is comin' wud us all the way to Ireland.'

I do not know how I managed to dress, but I got through the performance somehow or other. Billy's pertinacity, coupled with the words spoken by Mr. Pancho Buch and the—yes, the kissing and good-byeing of last night, set me almost crazy with delighted hope.

The senora was passing to the chapel. I intercepted her.

'O senora! is this true?'

'It is, Joe,' she said. 'We go with you.'

When one is awfully happy one desires to extend happiness to everybody and everything. This, I know, was my state of feeling as the ladies prepared to start, and the idea of bringing home Billy Brierly married to a 'for-riner' tickled me so much that I resolved upon consulting the senora about it. I should mention that the idea of visiting Ireland had been in the mind of the Senora San Cosme for many a long day, but she feared to let it blossom.

'All the stories you told us, Joe, all the associations you recalled, all the buried and treasured memories came trooping to me and petitioning me to

return home, at least for a little while. I fought against the idea, but it became fixed, and then I consulted the dear Padre Gonzalez, who said, 'Go!' I resolved upon keeping it a secret just to give you a pleasant surprise; and when I determined upon taking Inez I put double locks upon the secrecy, so as to double the surprise. I felt assured that our coming would in nowise interfere with your plans, so I made my preparations silently, swiftly, I long to see dear Nelly, I long to see Dromroe, I long to see dear, dirty old Dublin, and St. Stephen's Green, and the house I was at school in. O Joe! the yearning became mere intense every day, so that I could not bear the idea of your going back to Ireland—to think of it, Ireland, and I to remain up here! The moment I said yes to myself, that moment I began to feel like a school-girl as the holidays approach.'

'Are you going to take a maid with you, senora?' I asked after she had had a good cry.

'No. Do you think I shall need one?'

I told her about Billy Brierly's sneaking admiration for her cook.

'I tell you what I'll do,' she laughed: 'I'll give Pillar the chance. She's young enough, and not by any means unrepresentable-looking. You shall judge for yourself.'

She sounded a gong, and to the servant who responded to the summons she desired that Pillar might be sent to her.

Pillar entered. She was fat and merry-eyed, and showed a row of teeth that would have reflected credit upon Doherty, the great dentist of Dublin.

I could detect the red blood leaping into her face beneath her copper-colored skin as the senora put some questions to her in a very rapid, decisive way. The girl—I suppose I must call her so; she was about two or three and thirty—opened her great, bright black eyes in joyful wonder, then sprang forward and kissed the senora's hand, and, turning a look of profound gratitude upon me, disappeared like a flash from the apartment.

'She's coming, Joe. Won't it be fun to watch them billin' and cooin'?'

When my retainer was informed of the fact of Pillar's being permitted to accompany us he hung down his head in so comical a manner as to cause me to roar with laughter.

'Bedad, it's the boys that will call me all sorts av names, Masther Joe, an' I'm a little afereed of Father Tom; but shure yer honor will colliger him, an' faix, I dar the boys for to go too far wud their jokin'. They can say nothin' agin her but that she's a for-riner; agin her for the love av heaven, Masther Joe, never let out that she aits snails, or the whole barony'll be up!'

A large party of friends were down at the station at Buena Vista to see us off—some with fruit, some with flowers, some with dulces, some with books. What clappings on the back and huggings I received from Mexican gentlemen! What kissings and gushings and weepings were bestowed upon my fair friends! And as the train slowly emerged from the station a wild huzza, led by senor Ayon, greeted our ears.

How beautiful Inez looked in her hoddin-gray travelling dress, and her felt hat with its blue feather that swept down her shoulder!

I shall not attempt to describe the journey to Vera Cruz. Little did I imagine when I ascended the *Cumbers* of the Boca del Monte that I was toiling upwards to meet Inez O'Hara! Little did I imagine, when my heart was torn with a whirlwind of conflicting emotions at the thought of leaving Mexico, that I should now pass through the infernillo in a very ecstasy of happiness! Such is life. The great veil ever hangs before us, and it is the unexpected that always happens.

We struck Vera Cruz just in time to go straight on board the same old tub that brought me from New Orleans, the *City of Mexico*.

'Be the mortal, Masther Joe, av we're sick this time it'll be cruel hard on both av us; an' my stomick is terrible onaisy,' grinned Billy Brierly, whose attentions to the Senorita Pillar were of the most clumsy and overwhelming character, while his endeavor to make himself understood by yelling into her ear was a source of unceasing mirth to the ladies and myself.

The sun was setting in liquid amber as the good ship steamed on her course across the Gulf.

'Adios!' murmured Inez. 'Who can tell whether I shall ever see you again, Orizaba?'

The giant snow-capped mountain towered to the sky in a majestic and awful stillness, and long after the beautiful land of Mexico had disappeared the eye of the Warden was still upon us.

I grieve to say that I was miserably seasick. I grieve to say that I was compelled to keep my berth, and that, despite every effort on my part, the terrible monster held me as in a vise. Neither of the ladies were ill, and this made matters all the more mortifying for me. The senora would come to the door of my state-room and inquire how I felt. I could only groan and make a dismal effort at a joke. No words can tell the anguish I felt when she would say: 'Oh! get up, Joe. Make an effort to. It is delightful here on deck. Inez is walking up and down all alone.'

I'll tell what did make me get up, and what, completely and effectually banished sea-sickness. It was the third day out, and the senora as usual was urging me to make an effort.

'Get up, Joe. Why everybody is up and about. Even an old lady of over eighty was at breakfast this morning. Inez is making all sorts of inquiries about you. By the way, there's a Cuban on board who is immensely taken with her, and is most polite and attentive.'

I don't think I heard any more. I did get up. I did go on deck, and *mirabile dictu*, the sea-sickness left me. Didn't I shove that Cuban aside? Didn't I walk with Inez, talk with her, read to her? Wasn't the passage a delicious dream? Wasn't the food ambrosia, the drink nectar? Wasn't a life on the ocean wave a positive glory? Who wanted to see land? Not I. I didn't care if we never saw the shore.

It was delightful to watch the naive wonder and astonishment that Inez betrayed as we journeyed across the great continent. We stopped one day at New Orleans and one day at Chicago. My great desire was to push on to New York, for any city of America outside the Empire City doesn't count. We put up at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and as the 'Shaughraun' was still running at Wallack's I took them to witness the performance.

The ladies spent the entire evening between laughing and crying, while the terror and anguish for Inez lest Con should have been killed was the highest compliment that could have been paid to that able though every stage Irishman, Mr. Boucicault. I piloted my fair friends to St. Stephen's Church for an early Mass, and, after a turn up Fifth Avenue to let them see the walls of the cathedral, returned to *dejeuner a la fourchette* at the Brunswick.

(To be continued.)

It was undoubtedly true that the stout man took up more room in the crowded car than is often occupied by one person. The exceedingly thin man next whom he sat heavily down gave a sound of disapproval.

'They ought to charge by weight in these cars,' he said to his neighbor on the other side, in so clear a tone that the stout man could not help hearing him.

'Maybe 'twould be a good idea, my friend,' he said, turning a calm, dispassionate gaze on the thin man, 'but if they did you'd have to walk. The car would never stop for you.'

'I'm afraid you don't like work.'

'Yes, I do,' answered plodding Pete; 'I have so much respect for work that when I see a piece of it to be 'tended to I allus feel like turmin' it over to somebody else that wouldn't be as likely to spoil it as I would.'

Philip was asked by his teacher to define the word "dust". After thinking for some time he answered: "I don't know what dust is, unless it's just mud with the juice squeezed out."

Advertisement for SOVEREIGN LIME JUICE. Includes text: 'Straws show which way the Lime Juice flows.' and 'IS THE BEST YOU CAN GET ALL GROCERS SELL IT.'

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

THURSDAY, JULY 16.

OFFICIAL.

Pastors who have not yet forwarded the annual contributions of their parishes to the African Missions and Peter's Pence or the special contribution to the Pope's Jubilee are again requested to do so. Contributions will be received till Tuesday, July 22th, inst. This notice is final.

JOHN CAMERON,  
 Bishop of Antigonish.

THE PAN-ANGELICAN CONGRESS—TWO VIEWS.

II.

The *Spectator* proceeds to develop its thesis as follows:

"Second in importance to the Anglican Church's mission to guard and maintain the priceless gift of Christian comprehension in her mission to preach to mankind the need of understanding that the State has a spiritual as well as a secular side, and that the establishment of religion in a State, and the recognition by it of the spiritual side of man's nature, are of supreme importance."

This is a clever piece of phrasemaking, but its meaning is that the laity, not the bishops, have been set by the Holy Ghost to rule the Church of God. The Church is merely a department of State, like the War Office or the Admiralty, and the King and Parliament are its governors. The bishops of the Church of England sit in Parliament, it is true, but they are in a hopeless minority, and can always be outvoted by the lay lords. When they assemble to elect a colleague to a vacant see, they must first have received permission from the King,—*conge d'elire* (permission to elect), it is called. They invoke the Holy Ghost for light to choose the right man, but they must take care that their choice falls on the man whom the King, on the advice of his Prime Minister, has already chosen. When Parliament decrees that marriage with the deceased wife's sister, or between divorced persons, is lawful, the bishops must obey the law, even though they believe it forbidden by the law of God. Naturally enough, the relations between Church and State are harmonious in England, while in France they are as discordant as were the relations between Herod and John the Baptist. When Cranmer was defending himself against the Catholic divines in Queen Mary's time, they thought they had reduced his arguments to absurdity by asking him whether he considered that Nero was Head of the Church in Rome, and the Sultan of Turkey in the Ottoman Empire. Dr. Gairdner tells us that he accepted this conclusion with perfect equanimity. And the *Spectator* seems to be prepared for a conclusion equally absurd, when it says:

"In any case, the Church of England stands for the anti-secularist principle. But she must maintain that principle in no narrow or exclusive spirit. Since only one Church, where there are many, can represent the spiritual side of the State, and since she is the Communion chosen in this country, a sacred obligation is laid upon her not to think merely of the religious interests of her own members, but to act also as a trustee in the widest and most generous sense for all Christian, nay, for all religious interests within the realm."

We have never accused the Church of England of giving her formal sanction to the subsiding of the teaching of Mohammedanism in a college called after the Christian hero, Charles Gordon, though we have blamed her for not protesting against it. But according to the last words of the foregoing paragraph, the Church of England not only may but ought to encourage the propagation of the Mohammedan religion in those parts of the Empire where it does not seem possible, or expedient, to establish Christianity.

Leaving the *Spectator* in this last ditch, we turn to the *Saturday Review* which, so far as we can judge, voices the sentiments of a smaller body of Church of England laymen than that which is represented by the *Spectator*. The following passages from a leading article on "Pan-Anglican Problems" need no comment of ours:

"The present condition of Anglicanism in the British Empire and the United States is not one that calls for exultation or self-complacency on the

part of its children. In truth, as its past record is largely one of lost opportunities, so its present position suggests anxious reflections. The worst point in the tall talk about the Congress is the emphasis laid not only by our friend the halfpenny journalist, but even by more responsible persons on the so-called 'imperial mission of the Church.' . . . To imagine that Anglicanism either would or could spread the sort of modern civilization that finds expression, say, in the marriage laws of the present-day Legislatures of the English-speaking races is absurd, as is satisfactorily shown by the significant discussion on divorce in one of Tuesday's Congress sittings. It is unfortunate but it is true that the Christian civilization for which Anglicanism stands is not the civilisation of the Empire as a whole. There are even signs that Anglicans in many parts of the Empire will become more and more 'a peculiar people.' Incidentally the Church may strengthen and purify the Empire; but its mission is not to promote any earthly empire or by any earthly empire to be founded. . . .

"The past failure in the mission field of Asia has been due in no small measure to the lack of education and imagination on the part of the Anglican missionary. Unhappily the same defects are apparent in other fields of Church activity. Year by year the standard of culture among our divines grows lower, and the Church of England, once the home of sound learning, now showers its favours only on what is called 'practical work.' Our theology is languishing. Bishop Gore alone maintains the high standard of the Oxford Movement. Never at any period of our history did the clergy do less for literature than they do today. . . . One can only hope that the present Congress may give a new stimulus to intellectual interests among our priests."

But the great danger of the time, which indeed explains most of our other shortcomings, is the flabbiness of the Episcopal Bench. It is a bitter, but it is likewise a true thing to say that the average man expects from the forthcoming Lambeth Conference nothing but a string of platitudes expressed in canonical language. No doubt those who, like the "Westminster Gazette," dread Church influence are eager that the Bishops should just humour the average Protestant layman and leave aside the graver questions of faith. So doing, we are told, the Church will prove itself truly Anglican. Suffice it to reply, that if the Anglicans of a by-gone day, say at the time of the Puritan Revolution, had consulted popular prejudice in this manner, there would be living today no Anglicans for the "Westminster Gazette" to patronise. A firm stand for principle then gave to Anglicanism its poetry and its tradition. Today there is need for a like firmness. The presence of the Prime Minister at Monday's banquet cannot blind us to the fact that the Empire in its marriage laws and its educational systems has deliberately broken with Anglicanism. The old union of Christian and State law is at an end. The bishops therefore are bound to resume their ancient position as legislators for the Christian flock. We do not expect from our Lambeth Prelacy the heroism of the Fathers of Nicaea nor even the boldness of the Fathers of Constance. But we do trust that this week's demonstrations will bring to their minds that there are behind them devoted flocks craving for a clear statement on the religious and moral principles which are binding on the children of the Church. Let the Bishops meet the desire of the faithful by a brave assertion of these principles and for once in their history raise these principles higher than the opinion of the powers that be in State and press. This will kindle a new Church enthusiasm in every diocese that acknowledges the Primacy of Canterbury, an enthusiasm which may be the herald of a great religious and intellectual revival. But if they talk the platitudes pleasing to the Erastian and Laodicean, they will, as far as in them lies, crush the enthusiasm that is now rising for the Church and doom Anglicanism to practical powerlessness and intellectual sterility."

Death of Dr. Angus Cameron.

A gifted and amiable priest was lost to the diocese on Wednesday morning, 15th inst., when the Rev. Angus Cameron, D. D., laid down the heavy burden of disease which he bore so bravely these many months past. Dr. Cameron was born at Lower South River, in the County of Antigonish, on December 18, 1843. He studied in the district school and St. Francis Xavier's College, after which he taught school for some time. His excellent character and more than ordinary talents, together with an evident vocation for the priesthood, led to his being chosen by Bishop McKinnon for the great privilege of a Roman education, and he entered the famous College of the Propaganda on November 17, 1866. In due course he took a doctorate both in Philosophy and Theology and was ordained at Easter, 1874. On his arrival home in that year he was appointed pastor of Christmas Island, where he remained till he was called to be Rector of St. Francis Xavier's College in July, 1870. For eight years he remained in that position, at the end of which time the growth of Sydney Mines demanded that it should be made a separate parish and Dr. Cameron became its first pastor. But his health, which had never been robust, was not equal to the strain, and in August, 1888, he returned to the less strenuous labor of ministering to the good people of Christmas Island, where he had spent the first two years of his priestly life. Here the last years of his active career were spent. About the

first of the year it was discovered that a deadly cancer had fastened its fangs upon him, and he retired to Mount Cameron to await the end.

Dr. Cameron was one of the most lovable of men, conspicuous for his gentle courtesy, even among those to whom that quality is no stranger. His modesty may have hidden the depth of his learning from those who were not somewhat closely associated with him. But those who were privileged to know him intimately can testify both to the extent of his erudition and to the eminent degree of priestly virtue which he attained.

The body will remain at Mt. Cameron until 2 o'clock today, when it will be conveyed to the Cathedral, to lie in state until Friday morning. Services will commence at ten o'clock Friday at the Cathedral. The funeral will start from the Cathedral at 1 o'clock for Pomquet, where interment will take place.

The Port Hood Mine Labor Dispute.

We give herewith the report of the Board of Conciliation in the industrial dispute at Port Hood. The manner in which the members of the Board treated their undertaking and the reason for their findings will be of interest to our many readers in the industrial centres of Eastern Nova Scotia.

The Board met on the 15th day of June, 1908, at Port Hood, the time and place fixed for its sittings, and continued till the 19th, during which time the members of the Board heard the statements of both parties to the dispute, and also the evidence of witnesses adduced on both sides. During this time they examined the condition of the Company's Colliery both over and under ground. The members of the Board then adjourned till the 25th instant, on which day they met again and considered the statements, and testimony *in vivo* adduced before them, and the evidence on view. The Representatives of the Employees submitted their statements with a comparative list of groceries and their prices, from 1902 to 1907, the rate of wages of surface and underground men as now paid by the Dominion Coal Company of Cape Breton, and Miners' average daily pay in Springhill, Albion, Acadia, Drummond, Inverness, Sydney (Nos. 1 and 5) and Bridgeport (hand picked) Mines, in the Province of Nova Scotia. (The Mine of the Company, party to this dispute, is also hand picked). The representatives of the Colliery Rates at Inverness, at Springhill, and at the Company's Mine; and announced that the Company is willing to pay the same rate as other Mines pay, taking into consideration relative conditions here as compared with other Mines, but would resist a general increase of 15% "to bring the wage rate of the miner to the standard of Miners throughout the Province," in view "of the present high cost of living, and the favourable condition of the coal trade," as claimed by the Employees, until proved that such ought to be paid. On this point we proceeded to take the evidence.

Two questions were involved in this enquiry namely (1) The question of wages; (2) Payment on tonnage of coal mined.

After the termination of our enquiry and before considering the evidence the Board asked the Representatives of the parties to confer with one another and find if they could come to an amicable settlement of their dispute. The Representatives of the Employees stated that they had no authority to come to any settlement but would leave matters in dispute to the decision of the Board.

In view of the fact that the Company is getting its Colliery on a fairly firm basis, and that the industry is one which continues to be established to afford continuous employment to the employees of the Mine, and a general benefit to the people of the locality, the Board have decided to make only the following recommendations:

- (a) Surface labourers whose wages are up to \$1.45 to receive \$1.50 per day.
- (b) Carpenters now receiving \$1.75 per day to get an advance of 10 per cent.
- (c) Hoisting Engineers to receive a uniform rate of \$2.20 per shift of 12 hours.
- (d) Firemen to receive a uniform rate of \$2.00 per shift of 12 hours.

The scale as to the above classes will therefore stand recommended:

- 1. Surface labourers now receiving \$1.45 shall receive \$1.50 per day.
- 2. Carpenters now receiving \$1.75 shall receive \$1.92½ per day.
- 3. Hoisting Engineers now making \$2.00 shall receive \$2.20 per day.
- 4. Firemen now receiving \$1.92 shall receive \$2.00 per day.

The Board considers that Hoisting Engineers performing a duty of great responsibility as to the safety of life and property should be rewarded according to the gravity of their duty, and that they be not required to attend to any kind of work engaging their attention while men are in the Mine. This is not intended to prevent the night engineer whose duties are comparatively light to attend to the dynamo as at present.

With reference to the claim of the miners for an increased rate the Board finds that considering the average rate already earned which now exceeds that of most other Collieries in the Province, they do not feel justified in recommending an increased rate under present conditions.

The above is earnestly recommended as a settlement of the dispute between the parties thereto.

Dated, Halifax, June 29th, 1908.  
 (Sgd.) A. MACGILLIVRAY, Chairman.  
 (Sgd.) G. S. CAMPBELL,  
 (Sgd.) JAS. MACDONALD,  
 Members of the Board.

DRUMMOND COAL

INTERCOLONIAL COAL MINING COMPANY, Limited  
 Westville, - Nova Scotia

For Sale at ANTIGONISH by JAMES KENNA and A. G. JOCELYN  
 HUGH D. MCKENZIE, Agent, ST. PAUL BUILDING HALIFAX.

JULY and AUGUST  
 20 PER CENT.

DISCOUNT  
 SALE of  
 SEASONABLE  
 GOODS

20 per cent. off Ladies' Summer  
 Coats, Rain Coats, Skirts  
 and Waists.

Dress Goods, Dress Muslins,  
 Ladies' Collars and Belts  
 Curtain Muslins, Lace Curtains,  
 Carpets and Rugs.  
 Oil Cloth and Linoleum.

300 Pairs of Boots and Shoes at  
 less than cost.

The Annex

A large assortment of Men's,  
 Youth's, Boys' and Children's  
 Suits, Pants, Raincoats, Shirts,  
 Underwear, Hats and Caps,  
 all at

20 per cent. off.

A. KIRK & CO.

Main Street, ANTIGONISH



Personals.

Miss Marcella O'Brien of Antigonish is visiting at Glace Bay. Mrs. Michael Druhan and children of Boston are visiting friends in the County. Mr. James McLellan, of Providence, R. I., is spending a few weeks in Antigonish. Miss Annie J. Mullins of Monk's Head, secured second-class teachers' diploma at the Normal School, Truro. Mr. John McGillivray and Anthony D. McGillivray, of Providence, R. I., were in Antigonish last week visiting friends.

Mrs. A. Fraser, of Jamiaca Plain, Mass., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Somers, Briley Brook.

Mrs. D. C. Chisholm, St. Ninian St., and children, left yesterday for Halifax, to visit her sister Mrs. (Dr.) Blackadder and other friends.

W. S. Chisholm of Clydesdale, Ant., accidentally fractured his leg at Vancouver recently. He is in the hospital where he is receiving the best treatment, and is rapidly recovering.

Dr. Richard E. Delancy of Stephenville, Newfoundland, paid a short visit to Antigonish last week on his way to the Magdalen Islands. During his brief stay he visited the College, Mt. Cameron, the Hospital and other points of interest in and around town. Dr. Delancy has many acquaintances here who had not seen him for more than twenty years.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Casket:

Did it ever strike you, what an extremely dry Council we have. One of our Council's first acts was to dry up all the lubricating shops in Town, or rather they threatened to dry them up, which is not quite the same thing when you come to think of it. Then they stopped the watering cart at a time when it was most needed, alleging as a reason the fear that the reservoir, following their own example, might go dry—and to make sure that we would have a dry town they then piled sand and dust on the streets and sidewalks so that a good wind would blow it over everything and help to dry up the town. It is a bad thing to have a dry Council with too much sand. Yours

Town Council Meeting.

The regular monthly meeting of the Council was held on Monday evening last. The estimates for the current year were submitted and the rate of taxation fixed at \$1.50 per \$100.00 of valuation, the same as last year. \$2200.00 were appropriated for schools at request of School Board. The school rate on property outside Town owned by residents of Town was fixed at 50 cents on \$100.00, the same as last year.

A special meeting of the Council is to be held Monday evening next, the 29th inst., for the purpose of fixing the water rate for the Condensing Milk Co., and the Clerk was instructed to notify Mr. Archibald, the president, to be present.

It was decided to build three new concrete street crossings, one at the western end of concrete work at the Station, one at the Court House and another at Church St., across Main St. It was also decided that the Town would pay one-sixth of the cost of a crossing opposite Roval Bank provided five-sixth of said cost is borne by citizens interested.

The following accounts were read and ordered to be paid: Repairs to streets \$31.80; graveling, etc., \$192.56; repairs water works \$36.78; J. J. Irving, New Glasgow, hemlock timber and plank for bridges, \$256.12; freight and truckage on same \$10.25; Casket Print. & Pub. Co., adv., tenders, notices, etc., \$8.75; Mrs. L. G. Harrington, stationery, etc., for assessors and office, \$3.91; P. Floyd, funeral and burial expenses, poor person, \$13.00; Alex. McDonald, 9 screen sashes for water works reservoir, \$15.75; brass wire for screens, \$48.75. Council then adjourned.

Among the Advertisers

We take lambs every day at highest cash price.—Bonner's Grocery.

Sheep—we want a lot of ewes and wethers at once. Bonner's Grocery.

For sale, a good three-year-old Israel mare. Apply to John J. Bailey New France.

Lost, in Town, yesterday, pocket book containing money. Leave at Casket Office.

For home consumption, lime juice, pints and quarts, and fruit syrups, 10 kinds at Bonner's.

Remember Bonner, the picnic supplier, long experience and full of pointers on running a picnic.

When you get to town, choked with the dust, bring yourself back to life with an ice cream at Bonner's.

Pickles, sauces, canned meats and fish, fruit cake, biscuit. Everything to supply you for a days' outing at Bonner's.

As usual we are doing a humming picnic trade this season. It is as easy as rolling off a log to us, because we understand the business. Bonner's Grocery.

Ice cream by the pint, quart or gallon, made daily, wholesale and retail. Ice cream sodas, wholesome and refreshing. Alliced temperate drinks at Bonner's.

The Melotte Cream Separator is acknowledged to be the best on the market—the easiest running, easiest cleaned and most durable. A ten years' guarantee goes with it. We stand behind it with the phenomenal sale of 250,000. Buy a Melotte and take no other at any price. R. A. Lester & Co., T. J. Bonner, agent.

Acknowledgments.

(See additional acknowledgments on page 7)

- Daniel McDougall, Boston, \$1.00
Arl, McDougall, Brophy's P.O., 2.00
Dan J. McDonald, Acadia, 1.00
John McLellan, Providence, 1.00
Wm Doran, Charles Cove, 1.00
Alex Kennedy, Puri Brook, 1.00
Daniel F. McDonald, Ste larton, 2.00
John J. Bailey, New France, 1.00
Donald McLellan, Hantsport, 1.00
Wm McGillivray, Morristown, 1.00
Alex Smith, Big Marsh, 1.00
H H Cererar, Harbor, N Side, 3.00
Matthew Fitzgerald, Queensport, 1.00
Sret Clarksa, Montreal, 2.00
D H McGillivray, Bailey's Brook, 2.00
Mrs Arch McLellan, Meltau, 1.00
Angus W McArthur, Los Angeles, 1.00
F McDonald, Bangor, 2.00
I M Chisholm, Presque Isle, 1.00

Many Acknowledgments crowded out.

Resolution of Condolence.

At the last regular meeting of Branch 332, C. M. B. A., Reserve Mines, held on July 4th, resolutions of condolence were passed on the deaths of Mary A, beloved daughter of Murdoch Roach, First Vice president of the Branch, and on the death of Joseph, beloved son of Mark Petrie, Second Vice President.

DIED

Of your charity pray for the soul of ALEX B. WALKER, who died at McKinnon's Harbor, C. B., on the 29th June, 1908, aged 34 years.

At Whitehorse, Y. T., on Thursday, June 4th, FLORENCE, only child of MR and Mrs DANIEL GILLIS, from whooping cough and pneumonia after a few days' illness. Little Florence was but five years old and was a particularly bright and lovable child. This is the second child Mr and Mrs Gillis have lost, and their home is now childless. Mr Gillis is from Cape George and Mrs. Gillis was formerly of Grand Narrows.

At Craigshb, C. B., on July 2nd, after an illness borne with resignation to the will of God, MAGGIE, beloved wife of PETER GILLIS, in the 68th year of her age. Consoled by the last rites of Holy Mother Church she peacefully passed away to reap the reward of a good and virtuous life. Out of a large family of twelve, five survive her, two sons and three daughters. To her bereaved husband and family the community extends its heartfelt sympathy. After a Requiem High Mass by the pastor, Rev. A. J. Chisholm, her remains were interred in Stella Maris Cemetery, R. I. P.

At Alexander, Inverness County, on Friday morning, the 14th of July, 1908, ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, Esq., one of the best known, most successful and respected farmers in this County, in his 73rd year of age. Mr. Campbell was notably healthy all his life until last January, when he contracted a bad cold, followed by complications which resisted medical treatment. He exemplified in his life that, for him, God was the chief force in this world. He leaves a widow, two sons and two daughters to mourn the loss of a husband and father of a noble pattern. His funeral was one of the largest ever known in this county. May his soul rest in peace.

NOVA-SCOTIA-FIRE Insurance Company. LOWEST RATES. Consistent With Safety. AGENTS EVERYWHERE. Road Office: 165 HOLLIS STREET, HALIFAX. ARTHUR C. BAILLIE, Manager. STRONG - LIBERAL - PROMPT

University of St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, Nova Scotia.

COURSES OF INSTRUCTION are provided in Arts, Science, Engineering, A THOROUGH, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC TRAINING is here given, supervised by educators of learning and experience. University degrees are conferred on students who fulfil the conditions prescribed therefor.

St. Francis Xavier's High School gives the same High School course as the best provincial academies. University and High School Classes open

September 7th, 1908.

University Classes close

May 5th, 1909.

High School Classes close

June, 1909.

TERMS:

FOR UNIVERSITY STUDENTS, (Arts, Science, Engineering) Residence, Board (including bed, bedding, laundry) and Tuition for the University Year, \$100.

Tuition only (for students not in residence) for the University year, \$45.00.

FOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS, residence, Board, including bed, bedding, laundry, and Tuition, \$5.00 per week.

For further information address

Rev. H. P. McPherson, D. D., President.

Our Discount Sale. Our great discount sale is still on. We are now tabling the balance of our WHITEWEAR and will cut the prices in two rather than carry it over. Our Whitewear stock comprises everything required by ladies and children. As an instance of values we have White Waists, worth 60c. now 25c. Silk Waists, worth \$2.25 now 1.50. J. S. O'Brien

Agricultural Warehouse

For this season's haying we are supplied with Deering Mowers (single and double) Rakes and Tedders and a full line of best quantity Scythes, Snaths, Forks, Rakes, Mowing Machine Oil, etc.

F. R. Trotter

GRAND PIC-NIC Wed., July 22nd.

at a cool and refreshing spot near I. C. R. Station, W. Acragionish.

Train arrangements have been made to suit the convenience of persons from the East and West.

Two trains, one for the East and another for the West, will leave West Meridomish Station that evening at 8 p. m.

EXCURSION RATES. Refreshments and amusements of all kinds will be provided.

Admission, 25c. Children, 15c. Dinner, 40c. Tea, 30c. Everybody invited. BY ORDER OF COMMITTEE.

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.

Land Sale.

19-2, A. No. 844. IN THE SUPREME COURT.

Between KINSMAN SWEET, Plaintiff, and E. SAUNDERS SWEET and ALEX O. SWEET, Defendants

To be sold at public auction, by the Sheriff of the County of Guysborough, or his Deputy, at the Court House in Guysborough, in the County of Guysborough, on

Monday, the 17th day of Aug. A. D. 1908,

at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon, pursuant to an order for foreclosure and sale granted herein the 14th day of July, 1908, unless before the day of sale the amount due the said plaintiff on the mortgage foreclosed hereinafter, together with interest and costs, be paid to him or his solicitor, all the estate, right, title, interest and equity of redemption of the said mortgagor, E. Saunders Sweet and Alex O. Sweet, his wife, and of all persons claiming or entitled by, through or under them or either of them, of, in and to all and singular that contain lot, piece or parcel of

LAND

and premises situate lying and being at Cross Roads, Country Harbour, in the County of Guysborough, and bounded and described as follows, that is to say: Beginning at the store on the Main Post Road, thence in a Westerly direction until it comes to land owned by John G. Mason, thence in a Northerly and Westerly direction along the line of land of the said John G. Mason until it comes to Country Harbour River; thence in a Northerly direction up stream until it comes to land owned by John A. McCallum; thence South and East until it comes to the main Post Road; thence Southerly until it comes to land of Leander Sweet; thence following the boundaries of said land of Leander Sweet until it comes to the said Main Post Road; thence following the said road until it comes to the said store or place of beginning, containing two hundred acres more or less, together with the privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging or in anywise appertaining.

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

A. J. O. MAGUIRE, Sheriff of Guysborough County.

R. R. GRIFFIN, Plaintiff's solicitor.

Dated Sheriff's office, Guysborough, July 15th A. D. 1908.

Chisholm, Sweet & Co.

Pretty Gifts in Cut Glass and China.

Every woman of refined taste takes pride in her collection of richly cut crystal and hand-painted art china. For the bride no gift can be in better taste, none more certain to find favor with the recipient, or be less likely to be duplicated by someone else.

With our complete new stock affording a choice of large or small pieces of exceptionally fine quality, we invite your purchase of gifts from us. Separate pieces of cut glass and hand-painted china

\$1.25, 1.50, 1.95, 2.25, 3.00, and \$4.25.

WEST END WAREHOUSE

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO

ESTABLISHED 1867

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

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Branches throughout Canada, and in the United States and England

COUNTRY BUSINESS Every facility afforded to farmers and others for the transaction of their banking business. Sales notes will be cashed or taken for collection.

BANKING BY MAIL Accounts may be opened by mail, and monies deposited or withdrawn in this way with equal facility.

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, LAT'HS, PLASTER, ETC. BUILDING MATERIAL OF ALL KINDS FURNISHED AT SHORT NOTICE. LOGS PURCHASED and MILLED.

Address Correspondence ROD H. McDONALD, Mgr.

Antigonish, Nova Scotia

FARM for SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale his farm at Dunmore, South River, known as the John McDonald (Gray) farm. It consists of about 115 acres of excellent land, up and down interval, well watered and wooded. There are good buildings on the premises, a large house well finished and two barns.

This property is on the daily stage line between Antigonish and Isaac's Harbor, within 3 miles of St. Andrew's Church, a few hundred yards of Dunmore school and within half a mile of Post and Telephone offices.

Here is one of the most desirable farms at South River. It will be sold at a reasonable figure.

D. R. McDONNELL, Truro, N. S., July 14th, 1908.

TEACHER WANTED.

A Grade D teacher wanted for New France School Section. Apply to JOHN J. BAILEY, Secretary to trustees, New France.

WANTED.

Everybody to know what we can do for you in the Insurance line. See our agent or write us direct

W. J. BUTLER & CO. General Insurance Agents. 138 Hollis St., Halifax.

We Want your business. Get our rates.

FOUND.

At South Side Cape George, a set. Owner can have same by applying to JOHN LIVINGSTONE, South Side Cape George



**Working for the Lepers.**

Ever since the heroic Father Damien ended his life of self-abnegation among the lepers by dying a leper's death, the colony at Molokai to which he sacrificed himself has been glorified by other instances of immolation on the altar of charity. The faith that upheld Father Damien through the years of his difficult ministry has impelled others to the same self annihilating service, so that to-day, it is inspiring to know, Father Damien's followers—priests, brothers and sisters—are continuing his work of mercy among those whom hopeless physical affliction has exiled to the leper settlement in the Pacific.

Among those who were associated with Father Damien in his life and who have done most to perpetuate his work and spirit since his death is a man who was once prominent in business and military circles in this country, a major in the U. S. army and government officer, and who for the past twenty-two years has been known simply as "Brother Joseph," a humble Franciscan tertiary, the servant, in the truest sense, of the poor lepers of Molokai.

Joseph Dutton is a convert to the faith. During his early years, in the few leisure hours of a life occupied with many business interests and social diversions, when he was marked for his executive ability in one field and his almost dandified elegance in the other, he found time to investigate many religious systems. He remarked more than once that if he should ever embrace any it would be that of the Catholic Church. But it was not until his fortieth year that the grace of faith was vouchsafed to him. He was not a man of half-measures, and not long after his spiritual re-birth in the saving waters of baptism, he wound up all his affairs at home and was on his way across the Pacific to offer his life and all his talents to the service of the lepers in that remote and isolated island of the Hawaiian group.

There, as "Brother Joseph," he has labored ever since. He is the head of Baldwin Home, which domiciles 118 lepers, men and boys, and by his energy and practical ability has built it up into an institution where his charges are trained into usefulness and encouraged to cheerfulness. He also acts as the druggist of the colony. He is himself happy and contented, with that happiness and content that is borne of entire self-surrender and which is so incomprehensible to those who cannot realize the supernatural motive by which his sacrifice is inspired. He goes about his tasks and accepts his isolation from the world and all his former concerns with that matter-of-course calmness and simplicity which is the true keynote of hericism. He is busy from morning until night, from year's end, often in the most menial service, and he writes to his friends here in moments snatched from the middle of the night as cheerfully as a man on an interesting vacation instead of under what seems to many voluntary sentence to a living death. He never leaves the colony and never expects to. He is deeply interested in his work and loves and is beloved by his afflicted charges. One of the accompanying pictures serves to suggest the filial relation that exists between "Brother Joseph" and his boys.

Writing to a friend in this city, "Brother Joseph" says that while leprosy is diminishing slightly at Molokai, there is still no recognized cure. Since the annexation of Hawaii, the lepers settlement is under the jurisdiction of the United States government, acting through a territorial commission, and much has been done to alleviate the sufferings of the lepers and to brighten their lives. The government pays salaries to all the workers with the exception of the priests and Brother Joseph, who "asked and obtained the privilege," to use his own words, "of serving without pay." Five Franciscan Sisters care for the women and girls of the colony and "Brothers Joseph" and four Brothers of the Sacred Heart are in charge of the men and boys.

The lepers settlement is far from the gloomy, hopeless place the outsider would imagine. In conveniences for living, facilities for the care and treatment of the disease, and provisions for the usefulness and amusement of the inhabitants, it has improved remarkably since Father Damien's day. Employment at fair wages is furnished all able and willing to work. Brass bands,

glee clubs and musical instruments cater to the native Hawaiian love of music, and a race track, baseball grounds and shooting ranges encourage the capacity and vigor for sport which the slow progress of leprosy leaves sometimes for many years in its victims. The settlement is also provided with a steam poi (a native substitute for bread) factory, an up-to-date steam laundry, ice plant, power wood-yard, a modern operating dispensary, hospital, etc. The territorial government provides homes, food, clothing, attendance and medical care free of cost.

Happiness is said to prevail to a surprising extent among the lepers of Molokai, and one observer makes the almost incredible statement that it would be hard to find a community more generally contented or one in which security and freedom from apprehension of further want so pervades the people.

The contrast between the state of the leper settlement twenty years ago and its condition today is graphically suggested by comparison of the picture taken in 1886, showing the church and Father Damien's house, and the one taken last month by "Brother Joseph." Writing of the older picture, "Brother Joseph" says: "It is a highly interesting picture. I found it in a magazine and had this photograph copy made in Honolulu. The original must have been made early in 1886. I came here in July, 1886. Everything was exactly as in the picture, only it must have been a drawing at first. The mountain is not high enough nor steep enough."

"Father Damien's house stood about where the cross mark is. We moved that gate and changed the walls, so as to enclose a considerable tract, having secured the use of same from the government. The cross part of the church was first built by a brother, before Father Damien came here, and was used as a chapel. There was a door at your right hand, but Father Damien closed it and put this nave and steeple on, the chapel forming the transepts. The steeple was afterwards blown down in the big storm, about 1887 or 1888. My first cabin stood behind, closed by the Lahuala that you can partly see. It opened into the sacristy by a passageway, two steps and a door. In the big storm the cabin seemed ready to be blown away; I put a few cloth s on and hurried into the church to see if all was secure; tried all of the windows and the door. On going back to the sanctuary, down came the steeple. I got the door open and went over to Father Damien's house. In the large room downstairs (that I was using as a drug room) Father Gregory, a leper had a temporary bed. He was nearly frantic in the terrible storm, being an old man and very weak. I went upstairs to Father Damien and found him sleeping soundly through it all."

"After that, the steeple being down, Father Damien was at once going to make the nave some ten feet longer and put a steeple farther along. Kalawao was the leper settlement then, the number rapidly increasing, and I persuaded Father Damien to wait for a little while. The Irish stonemason had just then come. We hunted and found some fairly good rock near the old crater, and then I labored to persuade Father Damien to build a new church of rock. In about a month he agreed to this. It was built over the old transepts, the old part being taken out later. That rock church (partly wood) is our church at present, and the old nave is connected with it, as you see in the later picture—the steeple gone, a little work over the doorway added."

**Medieval Bishops and Education.**

In an address which he delivered on Friday, on the occasion of his installation as Chancellor of the University of Glasgow, Lord Rosebery said some things which should help to correct the erroneous and widespread notions of his fellow-countrymen in regard to the attitude of the Catholic Church towards education.

"While the University of London (he said) dates no further back than last century, and looks forward rather than backwards, her sister at Glasgow has already celebrated her ninth jubilee. What a contrast is presented by the small knot of London founders, the keen laymen in the van of modern thought, and the Roman Pontiff who founded Glasgow at the instance of the Roman bishop,

the lord paramount of the little medieval town. Cosmo Innes has pictured out of his learning as well as out of his fancy the day and scene of inauguration. He shows us the quaint burgh clustered round the castle of its overshadowing Bishop, the gables and forestairs breaking the line of the streets, the merchants in their gowns and the women in snood and kirtle decorating their houses with bannerets and branches before they hurry out to see the show. What shops are open display weapons and foreign finery to attract the country visitors—the yeoman and 'kindly tenants' of the barony. There are neighboring lords, too, perhaps Maxwells and Colquhouns or scions of the princely families of Douglas and Hamilton, with their retinues and men-at-arms, and now there appear the first signs of the long procession—the nodding crosses and banners that precede the Bishop, the prelate himself, William Turnbull, the zealous founder and first chancellor of the University, proud of the occasion and his success, the endless train of ecclesiastical dignitaries, canons, priests, acolytes, and singers in their various robes, and the friars black and grey, who are to lead their refectory for the first lectures and to become some of the most esteemed teachers of the University. And so they move on to a Cathedral where, amid the smoke of incense and the blare of trumpets, the Papal Bulls are promulgated and the University is launched.

The spirit which founded us is still here, the love of learning, the pride of membership in the commonwealth of letters, the ambition to train youth, to train Scotsmen for their country, enlarged by the force of circumstances and of horizon into training men for the Empire—the spirit is the same and the form is not wholly lost. . . . Our founder, Pope Nicholas V., who was also the real founder of the Vatican Library, and the magnificent patron of learning, while he was signing the bull of our foundation was inditing with the same pen energetic appeals to the Powers of Europe to stem that Turkish torrent of invasion which was about to swallow up the gorgeous capital of Constantine and obliterate the Christian Empire of the East.

Surely the pictures here drawn are as unlike as could be to the imaginations of the average disciple of John Knox.—*Catholic Weekly.*

**Church and State as Censors.**

Mr. H. F. Brown in his recent "Studies in Venetian History" says: "The Church was the first to express doubts as to the undiluted benefits of the Press; no temporal sovereign seems at that time to have been aware that in the new art lay a possible danger to all constituted powers. However, when temporal princes did become alive to this fact, they preceded the Church in inactive measures for gagging the Press."

In Venice there was a preventive censorship, literary, religious, and moral. So anxious was she for the good fame of her Press that she sought to prevent the publication of unworthy editions. Thus we have one of the earliest instances in the supervision of the Press in the appointment by the Senate of Marcus Musurus as censor of all Greek publications, and in the general order issued by the Council of Ten in 1516 that no one should print any work in humanity till it had been examined.

**Wanted His Tip.**

"In Astoria," said a Washington State official, "there used to be an old fisherman who brought me the first of every month a present of a splendid salmon from his master. I always gave the old fisherman a tip. "But one morning I was very busy, and when the old boy brought the fish I thanked him hurriedly and, forgetting his tip, bent over my desk again. He hesitated a moment, then cleared his throat and said: "Senator, would ye be so kind as to put it in writin' that ye didn't give me no tip this time, or me wife'll think I've went and spent it on rum."



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

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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.

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**Thomas Somers** ANTIGONISH.

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

**F. R. Trotter**

**FARM For SALE.**

One of the best Farms in the County of Antigonish is offered for sale. It is situated about 2 1/2 miles from the Town. It consists of 150 acres. It is in a high state of cultivation. Buildings are all good and in good condition. Plenty of wood and plenty of water. For further particulars, apply by letter to A. B., Care THE CASSETT, Antigonish, N. S.



Religious Disunion in Cromwell's Time.

Sagredo, the Venetian ambassador to London in the Lord Protector's days, thus writes of Cromwell and the creeds:

He makes no regular external profession, and so it is impossible to know what rite he follows. In the late civil war he professed himself an Anabaptist. This is a sect which abhors princedom and pretends to hold of God alone. Cromwell, immediately on his elevation to the command, not only separated from the Anabaptists or Independents, but disavowed and persecuted them. Guided by interests of State he changes his religion. He holds that it comports with his policy that in London they profess 246 religions, all united in alienation from the Pontiff, but among themselves very dissimilar and antagonistic. To this passage may be appended the following shrewd remark of the Ambassador with its fact drawn from personal observation with which he illustrates it:

The disunion of so many various sects renders them all weak, and none can weaken his apprehension. If at this point I were to represent to your Excellencies the dissonance and variation of these sects, I should waste much time and merely stir your pity and your smiles. Near my house there lived a noble lord with six grown sons, all of different religions; they were always in dispute, prepetual and infinite, and sometimes came to blows, so that their father's whole time was employed and embarrassed in separating and pacifying them.

The English Analyzed.

George Bernard Shaw puts into the mouth of Napoleon a criticism which applies to the English and their Puritan descendants in New England.

No Englishman is too low to have scruples; no Englishman is free from tyranny. But every Englishman is born with a certain miraculous power that makes him master of the world. When he wants a thing, he never tells himself that he wants it. He waits patiently until there comes into his mind, no one knows how, a burning conviction that it is his moral and religious duty to conquer those who have got the thing he wants. Then he becomes irresistible. Like the aristocrat, he does what pleases him and grabs what he wants; like the shop-keeper, he pursues his purpose with the industry and steadfastness that come from strong religious conviction and deep sense of moral responsibility. He is never at a loss for an effective moral attitude. As the great champion of freedom and national independence, he conquers and annexes half the world and calls it colonization. When he wants a new market for his adulterated Manchester goods, he sends a missionary to teach the native the gospel of peace. The natives kill the missionary; he flies to arms in defense of Christianity; fights for it; conquers for it, and takes the market as a reward from heaven. In defense of his island shores, he puts a chaplain on board his ship; nails a flag with a cross on it to his topgallant mast and sails to the ends of the earth, sinking, burning and destroying all who dispute the empire of the seas with him. He boasts that a slave is free the moment his foot touches British soil, and he sells the children of his poor at 6 years of age to work under the lash in his factories for 16 hours a day; he makes two revolutions, and then declares war in the name of law and order. There is nothing so bad or so good that you will not find Englishmen doing it; but you will never find an Englishman in the wrong. He does everything on principle. He fights you on patriotic principles; he robs you on business principles; he enslaves you on imperial principles; he supports his King on loyal principles, and cuts off his King's head on republican principles. His watchword is always duty, and he never forgets that the nation which lets its duty get on the opposite side to its interest is lost.

Poles Not Persecutors.

The Tablet's notice of R. Nisbet Bain's "Slavonic Europe" concludes thus: "Mr. Bain says of the Poles what has been said of the Irish, too, that they did not persecute, even in times when it was commonly thought the correct thing to convert by apostolic blows and knocks. History is the great teacher, and on the whole it seems to teach that force is not wisely employed even in the propagation of undoubtedly true religion, and that an 'ascendancy' even of Catholics turns out ill. Many a time attempts were made to restore Christian unity throughout Slavonic Europe. The churchmen, whose wealth and way of life formed a great obstacle thereto, were not always outside the Catholic pale. But there is much true devotion to be found in the history of the Catholic people of Poland. Mr. Bain mentions in passing the supposed miraculous help given through the intercession of Our Lady of Czestochowa, the fortress monastery, and the vowing of Poland to the Blessed Virgin by King John Casimir, who afterwards died in exile in Paris. In 1596 the Lithuanians (under the name of Ruthenians, by reason of their ancient and liturgical language) were received as a Uniate Church into communion with the Apostolic See. In this very year, 1608, there are devout congregations of this same Ruthenian rite in the Canadian North-West, and they support their own Catholic newspaper. There was much strife between Uniates and 'Disunited' in Lithuania in the beginning of the seventeenth century, but Mr. Bain does not show cause for calling Josaphat Kancewicz 'fanatic.'

tical.' He was the Uniate Archbishop of Polock, and was murdered at Witebsk in 1623. He was considered a martyr, and his feast, by desire of Pope Leo XIII., is now kept throughout the whole Church. Mr. Bain writes with high appreciation of the educational and missionary work of Piotr (Peter) Skarga, S. J., Polish Court Chaplain, and such other 'lions of the spirit,' truly worthy sons of the Saint of Loyola.

Solving Social Problems.

Arches is a little village of France in the mountains of Cantal. The population is no worse than that of any aggregation of its kind in that religiously buffeted country. It does not care a straw about religion. It plods along in its rut, looking after the material things of this world, and, sad to say, is grossly ignorant of the affairs of the world beyond. In the autumn of 1903, a priest named Platecoste, which is near enough to Pente-coste to make us expect a rushing of the wind that would move things, was sent to take charge of the work of what was once a parish. He did not preach much, at least from the pulpit, for there was nobody there. The people had lost the habit of coming, so he addressed himself to the social side of the situation. He started games for the children, which the French already describe by our English word 'sports.' He also pressed the magic lantern into service. That, of course, drew the young folks. Then he started what was called 'a circle of studies,' but the circle was scarcely round. There was no one but himself and another to form it, and that condition lasted for six months. But the circle expanded slowly and out of it grew what was pompously called an 'Agricultural Syndicate' of 40 members, which proposed to cultivate bad lands, supply the farmers with fertilizers, farming implements, etc. The peasants smiled at the fertilizers, but M. le Cure took the worst farm he could find and made it blossom like the rose. He then started a rural bank, borrowing money at 3 per cent, and lending it at 4 per cent, with the result that the bank does not borrow any longer but lends. A dairy was the next scheme. Two good men bought in all the milk of the neighborhood and are now selling it at a profit. Soon after, a free library was inaugurated; the women took up knitting, dressmaking, lace-work and the like at home to make some extra money, while the men started basket-making in their idle hours, so that every one is filling his and her pocket-book in unexpected ways. Now a co-operative medical aid association is contemplated and the horizon is widening out indefinitely. Perhaps the best result of all this is that the Abbe Platecoste has started all the cure round about at the same work. He has shown the way and they will have to follow and doubtless the movement will not be confined to mountain villages, but will spread over France. No better men than French priests, who are peculiarly gifted with powers of initiating schemes, could be found for this new apostolate. They do it in the foreign Missions; they have a better chance of doing it at home. The blow that Clemenceau gave them will bring out their best powers.—The Messenger.

One of the Unappreciated.

The life of the great, green, and growing world is now enriched and enlivened by a multitude of diminutive toads ready to run the gauntlet of a score of enemies and do their part in life's ceaseless struggle. A few days ago they were pollywogs, seemingly all heads and tails, living a contented but active life in the water. The change came so quickly that it could be noticed from day to day. A pair of hind legs could be discerned beside the tail. Then the fore legs came out to help the diminishing tail in swimming, for that appendage is not shed, but absorbed in supporting the new growth. The gills are also discarded, and the opening of the air passages into the lungs completes the transition from an aquatic to a land animal. Still tender and needing moisture, the young toad lives and wallows in the muddy and oozy margin of the pool where he lived his tadpole life. If the swarming generation of little toads are greeted with a warm and comfortable shower of rain they crowd forth like holiday-makers eager for the new spectacle. With quick, feeble energy they move over paths, fields, and sidewalks where many are crushed to death by passing bipeds who declare that they came down with the rain. There are few well-watered districts that do not cherish a tradition of a shower of little toads. It is the moisture the little fellows come out to enjoy, and that is more or less necessary to their health and comfort throughout their long lives.

But few of the myriads that come forth enjoy the ripe old age that may be extended almost to half a century. Young snakes are waiting for them as they leave the water. Ducks feast and fatten on them. Crows and blackbirds find them tempting, and as they grow bigger the hawks and owls become their dangerous enemies. But a few manage to elude all enemies, to blend their high trilling drones in the joyous harmony of the spring night. They are generally four years old before they return to the ponds, where they spent their tadpole days, and during their youth they grow by moulting their warty skins. In this queer process they are economical, for the skin is swallowed whole as it is moulted. Young, vigorous, and growing toads moult every few weeks, and after they have reached maturity they continue to repeat the process about four times a year. The moulting is a queer operation, and can be seen only

by a favorable accident when a family of well-fed toads are kept under close surveillance. The skin splits along the back, belly and legs, and the toad rapidly draws it into his mouth and swallows it. After the operation he comes forth clean, bright colored, and vigorous, really handsome in spite of an unreasoning disfavor; some parts of the newly-exposed skin so smooth that they glisten when seen at certain angles in the sunlight. This has given rise to the ancient superstition adopted by Shakespeare in 'As You Like It,' that the toad has a jewel in his head. The deluded fear that his warts are contagious may be quite as ancient, and it still brings down much juvenile abuse on his innocent, warty head. His voracious appetite is scarcely suspected, for he captures flies, slugs, and other insects by a sleight-of-tongue movement so swift and momentary as to elude the keenest human eyes. That is why his value in the garden has been so tardily recognized. But he is coming to his own, and now there is a price, not on his head, but on his services as an active assistant in lessening the ravages of insect pests.

The toad finds a comfortable bed for the winter by working himself backwards into the soft earth, and there, like the soil about him, he is congealed in sleep by the conquering frost. In the spring he hurries to the pond and trills loud love song, that charms fairer-colored and more robust mate. Her eggs are long chains of rapidly growing gelatine globes, easily distinguished from the swelling masses deposited by salamanders, frogs, and other batracians. To the unappreciative the toad may seem ugly and repellent, but he redeems himself when his voice blends in the night chorus of the marsh. Above the chatter of disturbed rails, the croaking of greenies and the resonant booming of bullfrogs his sweet droning trill blends in with the soothing force of contagious joy. It is the sweetest and most appealing and confident of all the night voices, and the gently trembling tone swelling in answering reputation gives even to the heavy air the inspiring restlessness of eager life.—Toronto Globe.

National Pilgrimage.

The Right Rev. Bishop Chisholm, in a letter on the approaching Pilgrimage to Lourdes writes:

The jubilee year of the Apparition of Our Lady at Lourdes is an event that appeals to our warmest sympathies and Scotland shares in the joy of Christendom on such an interesting occasion. It is surely fitting that it should be so. Time was when the name of Mary was honoured in Scotland with special honor from John o' Groats to the Solway Firth. Ruined churches, shrines, and sacred wells testify to the faith and devotion of a Catholic people to the Mother of God. Time came when the name of Mary became a byword in the land, and was mentioned only in dishonour and hatred. Is it to be wondered at that, the position of the Mother having been set aside, the position of the Son is gradually becoming obscured, His claims recognized less and less, and His humanity exalted at the expense of His Divinity? It is well, then, the part of Scottish Catholics to take this favourable opportunity to manifest to their countrymen that the faith and practice of their fathers 300 years ago is their faith and their practice today. Hence, as a manifestation of our faith and devotion to the Son, we inaugurate a National Pilgrimage to the Shrine of the Mother.

The Shrine of Our Lady at Lourdes is the most notable one in the history of the Church, either in modern days or in the days that have gone by. It is not only notable for the many miraculous cures that have been wrought there within the past 50 years, but it is still more notable for the many spiritual favours and graces that have been granted to the faithful votaries who have flocked thither in their thousands in pilgrimage, or in private visitation, to show their faith and their hope and their love to Mary Immaculate. After all, the cure of the body is for the few, and in accordance with God's wise ruling and kind Providence, spiritual benefits are for all. And, indeed, many can participate in these without actually joining a Pilgrimage or visiting the Shrine. They can become what is called Associates of the Pilgrimage. They can make the Pilgrimage in spirit, and join their prayers with those of the pilgrims. They can help the efficiency of the Pilgrimage as associates by contributing one shilling towards its expenses. A national banner of a most artistic design and exquisite workmanship is being provided. Surplus money will be expended in defraying the expenses in individual cases, where the committee of management may be enabled to send such sick persons as may be deemed advisable. Some may pay the expenses of a substitute when they cannot go themselves; or a congregation may pay for one to represent them, selecting perhaps in preference one who cannot pay for himself or herself. Others may send to the Secretary, the Very Rev. Canon Lavelle, Melville Street, Perth, any contributions they think proper to give for any particular purpose. But an associate proper is one who will contribute at least one shilling to the Banner and Invalid Fund. Every priest in a mission will be pleased to collect this shilling contribution and to send the amount collected to the Secretary by the 10th of July.

We wish the pilgrimage to be a success in every way. To ensure it being so, it is absolutely necessary that those intending to go to Lourdes should send their names, with deposit of £1, without delay. A good many of the clergy have already signified their intention of join-

ing the Pilgrimage. We hope that a large number of the laity—ladies and gentlemen—will accompany them. The objects of the Pilgrimage are to make an outward, manifest profession of our Catholic faith, to implore the intercession of God's most holy Mother for ourselves and country, to pray for his Holiness the Pope, and to pray in a special manner for the suffering Church of France. In days gone by, the fleur-de-lis and the Scotch thistle were often intertwined in wreaths of amity and friendship. There still exists a real entente cordiale between French and Scottish Catholic hearts—in a common faith and brotherhood of religion. We have passed through our days of persecution and trial, and we shall journey to their distant shores to pray to our common Mother to protect us both. Our prayers, our intentions, and Masses at the Shrine and Grotto of Lourdes will be mainly offered for our own beloved country, that Mary Immaculate shall obtain from her Divine Son for our countrymen the light of faith, that her name may be again recognized and honored in the land, and, as through her all the gifts of the Redemption came to us, that by the intercession of the Mother, the Sacred Heart of the Son may reign in the hearts of all.

ÆNEAS CHISHOLM, Bishop of Aberdeen and Chairman of Pilgrimage Committee.

Acknowledgments.

(See additional acknowledgments on page 5)

- Alex McLeod, Dunvegan, \$ 1.00
John McLeod, " 1.00
Angus W. Gillis, " 1.00
Hugh R. McDonald, " 1.00
Donald McLeod, " 1.00
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Arch. McGilivray, Furl Brook, 1.00
J. H. Thompson, South River Road, 1.00
Dan McLea, Lower South River, 50
Ella Gorman, New Glasgow, 50
Mrs. Chas. Kennedy, New York, 2.00
A. W. Forbes, Crot, 1.00

Tommy — "Do you believe it's fortunate to be the seventh son?"
Mickey — "Naw! I'm the seventh son."

Tommy — "But the fortune-tellers say the seventh son has all kinds of luck handed down to him."

Mickey — "Huh! All I have handed down to me is me six brothers' old clothes."

Teacher — James, please give me the definition of "anecdote."

James (promptly) — Anecdote, a short tale.

Teacher — Correct. Frederick, make a sentence using the word.

Frederick (thoughtfully) — The fox terrier dog is an animal with four legs and one anecdote.

Collapse of teacher.

The Alredie PLUM PUDDING. With just enough spice To make it nice. At Your Grocer 15 cts. a Pkge.

When You Want Society Supplies Such as Badges, Pins, Buttons, Souvenir Spoons. T. P. TANSEY 14 Drummond St. MONTREAL

DRUGS. Our line is complete in Drugs and Patents Medicines, Pills. All kinds Ointments, Soaps, Perfumes, sponges, Pipes, Cigars, Tobacco. FOSTER BROS.' Tonic Pills, Beef Iron and Wine. FOSTER BROS.' Syrup Hy phosphites. Physicians Prescriptions Carefully Compounded. Mail Orders promptly filled. House Telephone No. 48. Office Telephone No. 16.

Foster Bros. Druggists, Antigonish. PLANT LINE. DIRECT ROUTE - TO - BOSTON. And All Ports in United States. SAILINGS In effect June 27th, 1908. HALIFAX TO BOSTON, Mondays, 2 p. m. Fridays, 7 a. m. And Saturdays midnight. Hawkesbury to Boston Fridays 9 p. m. From Boston Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. 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

Chop Feed. One car No. 1 Chop Feed. OATS and CORN. Also American FLY OIL For Cattle and Horses. C. B. Whidden & Son



## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Discount Sale—J S O'Brien, page 5  
 Cut Glass—Chisholm, Sweet & Co, page 5  
 Discount Sale—A Kirk & Co, page 4  
 University of St Francis Xavier's College—page 5  
 Haying Tools—F R Trotter, page 5  
 Agents Wanted—W J Butler & Co, page 5  
 Picnic—West Merigomish, page 5  
 Land Sale—A J O Maguire, page 5  
 Net Found—John Livingstone, page 5  
 Property for Sale—C D McKenzie, page 8  
 Farm for Sale—D R McDonnell, page 5  
 Teacher Wanted—John J Bailey, page 5

## LOCAL ITEMS

**THE PICNIC** at Arisaig last week was very successful, the gross receipts being over \$1200.

**THE REGULAR** meeting of Clan Chisholm, No 179, will be held this evening in the Oddfellows Hall at 8 o'clock.

**THE PICNIC** at Brook Village, C. B., in aid of the Church, held recently, was very successful, \$2725 being realized.

**THE CHURCH PICNIC** announced to take place at Christmas Island on July 21st and 22nd, has been postponed till August 18th, 19th and 20th.

**CUMMING & RENNIE'S** dry goods store at Truro was struck by lightning on Tuesday night and set on fire. The building was partially destroyed and the goods were damaged much by water.

**THE SPLENDID FARM** at Meadow Green, Ant., owned by Thomas Chisholm, policeman, of Dorchester, Mass., has been sold to Alex. A. Chisholm of Beaulieu, Ant. The price was \$2300.

**A FULL** attendance of the members of the C. M. B. A. is requested at the regular meeting on Friday evening next. The visit of Lord Lovat and the proposed demonstration will then be considered.

**BIG COLIN McLEAN** from West River, this County, has been awarded the contract to rebuild the Baltimore and Ohio Pier, at Baltimore (which collapsed some time ago). Figures for the work are about \$500,000.00, on which he will, it is expected, profit to the extent of \$100,000.00.

**A PICNIC** and Excursion is advertised in this issue, to take place at West Merigomish on Wednesday, July 22nd. Good train accommodations are being perfected, which together with the pleasant, cool situation of the grounds should ensure a large patronage.

**ROOP & Co.** is the name of a new gent's furnishings and clothing house just opened at Truro. The new firm will be managed by Mr. Frank Roop, lately with A. Kirk & Co., Antigonish. The Truro News gives an appreciative description of the new quarters and of the business prospects.

**JOHN Wyld**, of Bridgewater, N. S., one of the workmen on the telephone changes made in Antigonish last week, was killed at Stellarton yesterday. Apparently the electric light wires and telephone wires became crossed, and deceased, not being aware of this, came in contact with the wires. He was terribly burned, the body being almost roasted to a crisp.

**MR. PETER CHISHOLM**, Dominion No. 4, Cape Breton Co., has generously presented to the Library a number of volumes of Engineering, a valuable scientific journal, particularly valuable to students of applied science. It is hoped that other friends of the College will be as thoughtful as Mr. Chisholm, and will follow his excellent example. Bound or unbound volumes or files of any of the leading English and American magazines will be gratefully received.

**ON MONDAY LAST** the workmen of the Lake Copper Co. at Copper Lake, in this County, at the bottom of the 106 foot shaft broke into the hanging wall of the eight foot fissure vein now being exploited. They made the extraordinary discovery of large quantities of native copper (virgin metal) in ten inches of selvage. The percentage of copper in the material here found is phenomenal. The vein proper continues to show higher values as development proceeds.

**THE TELEPHONE SYSTEM** in Antigonish has just been greatly improved, and the most modern facilities in the telephone world are now employed here, so that the service must necessarily be very good. The improvement and changes have all been made under the capable foremanship of Ronald McDonald of Heatherton. The old exposed and unsightly outside wires have been replaced by a cable, new long-distance telephones and a new switch-board have been installed. With the new appliances the old method of calling central by ringing is abolished. To get central now, all that is required is merely to take the receiver from the hook.

**THE I. C. RAILWAY** authorities have agreed to continue the concrete walk now being laid around the I. C. R. Station up to within a short distance of the Main Street. The matter was brought to the attention of the Minister of Railways by our Federal representative at the request of the Mayor. The Town will lay a concrete crossing from the end of the new walk to the opposite side of the road. This walk and crossing will prove a much-desired improvement and convenience. Heretofore there was no line of demarcation between pedestrians and teams in this narrow and often congested thoroughfare, and danger of accidents at times of large gatherings was always imminent. The new work will greatly reduce this danger.

**THEATRE GOERS** of Antigonish will have an opportunity of attending a Scottish concert by an all-star combination of Boston, Mass., on Tuesday, July 21st. Miss Mary Ogilvie, the leading singer of Scottish songs in New England, will be accompanied by Dudley Prescott, one of the most versatile entertainers on the platform

today. Mr. Prescott is a noted humorist and ventriloquist and his specialties are full of odd surprises and conceits. Miss Francis Foster of Halifax will be the piano soloist and accompanist. Mr. Peter Kerr, the Grand Secretary of the O. S. C. I will accompany the artists and will deliver a short address on Scotland. The concert will be under the auspices of Clan Chisholm, No. 179. Tickets on sale at Celtic Hall.

**THE ANTIGONISH BATTERY** OF FIELD ARTILLERY arrived home from Aldershot at four o'clock on last Thursday morning. The members appeared very tired and dust-stained, showing plainly that they had suffered much from excessive heat. Each day during camp "old sol" shot his scorching rays direct on the grounds and drove the mercury up to over 90 degrees, at which point it hung closely. An accident occurred as the gun waggons were being driven from the Station to the drill shed in Town. At the corner of Main and Sydney streets an Indian woman was struck, knocked down and apparently run over. Fortunately the wheels only ran over her dress. She was removed to the Hospital and has since gone home. She was bruised and badly frightened.

**St. PAUL'S (ANGELICAN) CHURCH**, Antigonish, was thronged yesterday by those who wished to witness the nuptials of Miss Olga Bernasconi and Rev. Alfred Watson, Episcopalian Pastor at Mulgrave. Rev. Mr. Mellor officiated and was assisted by Rev. Mr. Andrews. The bride was given away by her father, C. E. Bernasconi, C. E., Antigonish. She was attended during the ceremony by her sister, Miss Millie, and the groom by his brother, Henry. Dr. Agnew and Dr. McDonald, jr., were the ushers. Miss Netta Kirk and Miss Catherine Foster were the flower girls. After the luncheon, the happy couple left by the evening express for Prince Edward Island on their bridal tour, and were followed by the best wishes of many friends for a happy wedded life. The bride was handsomely remembered, the wedding presents being valuable and numerous.

**COUNTY COURT.**—The July sittings of the Court at Port Hood, commenced on Tuesday, 7th inst., Judge MacGillivray presiding. There were five causes on the docket. Two were settled and one is to be tried by consent of regular sittings. McKinnon vs. Overseers Poor, East Lake Ainslie, an action for maintenance of a pauper, was tried and decision reserved; J. L. McDougall for plaintiff. Jos. D. Matheson for defendants. McDonald, administrator Margaret McDonald (deceased), vs. John D. Cameron, an action of trover of cattle and household furniture held as tenants in common by the deceased and defendant. The matter in dispute, together with certain accounts in the Court of Probate, were referred by consent to the presiding Judge who found for plaintiff for value of stock, etc., but reserved the question of costs upon which he heard evidence and argument of Counsel; McDonald and McLennan for plaintiff, McLellan and Cameron for defendant. After granting certificates of naturalization to twenty-one aliens the Court adjourned sine die on the 9th.

**THE PICNIC** held by the Farmers' Association on Tuesday was well attended, and it is hoped the Association has realized something substantial for its fall fair and other public enterprises. The large gathering was quiet and orderly, save for the disgusting occasional yell from some hair-brained youths. The addresses by Mr. Moore and Mr. Barnstead were of the usual interest, and were listened to attentively. The sports were well conducted, particularly the tug-of-war contest between Agricultural Societies of the County. This event proved very exciting. The tug between North Grant and Lochaber lasted fully nine minutes, during which time the members of the two teams desperately strained for an advantage, while the spectators enthusiastically encouraged them to still further exertions. The North Grant team won the event, having defeated Fairmont too. Lochaber defeated Clydesdale and North Side Harbour. The girls race was won by Mary Belle McKenzie, South River Road; Archie Fraser, St. Joseph's, won the boys' race, and C. Chisholm, Beech Hill, won the 440 yard race.

**THE GAMES** to be held at Antigonish under the auspices of the Highland Society and the Branch of the Order of Scottish Clans (Clan Chisholm) on the occasion of the visit of Lord Lovat will consist of the following events:

1. Throwing 16 lb. hammer.
2. Throwing 12 lb. hammer.
3. Putting 16 lb. shot.
4. Running high jump.
5. Broad jump.
6. Three mile race, Hop Step and Jump.
7. One mile race.
8. 100 yards dash.
9. Pole Vault.
10. Tossing the caber.
11. Dancing Highland Fling.
12. Dancing sword dance.
13. Pipe music.
14. Tug-of-war.

The permission of the M. P. A. A. is hoped to be obtained to permit amateurs to compete in the first 10 of the events above enumerated, while professionals will compete in the remaining five. It is expected Lord Lovat will be in Antigonish on Tuesday, the 28th inst. This date is not yet positively fixed, but will be on his arrival at Quebec, about the 21st inst. Then the date will be named and announced in due time to give the public sufficient notice.

**HYMENEAL.**—St. Andrews Church, St. Andrews, Ant., was the scene of a pleasing event on June 30th, when

Miss Mary McPherson, daughter of the late Alexander McPherson, Springfield, and Mr. Colin F. McAdam of Antigonish Harbor were united in marriage by Dr. H. McPherson, of St. F. X. College. The principals were assisted by Miss Mary Cameron, Springfield, and Mr. Angus D. MacDonald, North Grant. Before the ceremony a large number of guests spent a festive day at the bride's home at Springfield. After the marriage the bridal party drove to the home of the groom, where all the neighbors were assembled to bid them welcome. The young couple received many pretty and valuable presents. They will reside at Antigonish Harbor.

A very pretty wedding ceremony took place at St. Andrew's church, St. Andrew's, Ant., July 7th, 1908, when John MacNeil and Mary McPherson were united in holy marriage at Nuptial Mass by Very Rev. Dr. MacDonald, V. G. Miss Bella A. MacDonald, cousin of the bride, was bridesmaid and Michael Cleary attended the groom. The happy couple were welcomed home by some of their many friends and relatives and a very pleasant evening was spent. All join in wishing Mr. and Mrs. McNeil a long and happy wedded life.

**THE SUPPLEMENTARY ESTIMATES** for the current year were laid before Parliament on last Thursday evening. They total \$10,665,657. Following are the items for Antigonish: Arisaig, repairs to wharf and breakwater, \$2,150; Ballentyne's Cove, wharf repairs, \$1,800; Bayfield breakwater, repairs and improvements, \$1,000; Breen Pond, Harbour Boucher, breakwater, \$4,000; Cribben's Point wharf, part renewal of superstructure, \$3,800; Delorey's beach, Monk's Head, breakwater, \$4,000; Georgeville wharf, repairs and improvements, \$1,500; Malignant Cove, addition and repairs, \$2,000; Ballentyne's Cove, extension and repairs, \$3,000; Tracadie, extension of retaining wall, \$1,200. Under Railways and Canals, chargeable to collection of revenue, is a "compassionate allowance," \$1,000, to Mr. Angus McGillivray, Antigonish Town, formerly of William's Point, Ant., injured and totally disabled fourteen years ago, in an endeavour to prevent a wreck while employed as an I. C. R. section-man. In the main estimates, which were submitted some time ago, were the following items for Antigonish County and are now re-voted: Harbor Boucher, \$1,200; Malignant Cove, \$1,200; South Lake, Lakevale, \$7,500; Livingstone's Cove, \$1,800; Antigonish I. C. R. station, increased accommodation, \$4,500; Antigonish public building, \$7,000. In addition to this, provision is made for dredging at Arisaig and Cribben's Point and repairs at Blue Rock and Monk's Head Canal out of a general vote.

**THE ADDRESS** of Rev. Mr. Moore, Secretary of the Lord's Day Alliance of Canada, at the Court House on Friday evening last, was heard with much interest by a fair-sized audience. Judge MacGillivray presided, and appropriately introduced the speaker. Mr. Moore is fluent, and presented a good case in a short time. First he explained the Lord's Day Act and illustrated the wrong conceptions of it prevailing in the minds of many, by relating several personal encounters with those who at first were opposed to the Act, believing it an unfair measure and that its promoters were fanatical, tyrannical and puritanical. It is, he claimed, a most reasonable law in all its provisions. In administering the Act the Alliance is extremely careful, so that no harsh or hasty action is instituted against offenders, who are given every opportunity to escape punishment. Another feature of Mr. Moore's address was his showing of the good the Act is accomplishing in the Dominion. It has reduced the number of Sunday workers by 80,000. In drug stores alone there are now 8,000 less Sunday workers than before the inception of the Act, sixteen months ago. Sunday excursions in Canada in 1906 totalled 500. Last year there were but 48, while this year up to the present there has not been a single one. At the conclusion of the address, a vote of thanks, moved by Rev. Mr. McIntosh and seconded by F. H. McPhie, Esq., was presented to the speaker.

Wm. J. Bryan and Jno. Worth Kern are the Democratic candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States.

Chas. E. Tanner, M. P. P., has been nominated by the Pictou Conservatives to run for the Dominion House against E. M. MacDonald, M. P.

## For Sale.

The property owned by Archibald McLellan, situated at the East End, Main St., Town. The said property consists of a good house and barn. For further information apply to:

C. D. MCKENZIE, Antigonish.

## LOT FOR SALE.

I am authorized to offer for sale, the lot to the South of and adjoining that of Sheriff Chisholm's, on College Street Antigonish, with the buildings thereon. I also have several farms for sale. Particulars on application.

F. H. MCPHIE, Agent, Antigonish, N. S., July 7th, 1908.

## WANTED.

At Brack's Brook, Big Pond, a female teacher, holding a second class license, capable of playing an organ and teaching a choir.

ALLAN MORRISON, Trustee.

## TEACHER WANTED

Wanted, for Pomquet school, a teacher, one who can teach both English and French.

Apply to ALEX. LANDRY, Sect. to Trustees, Pomquet.

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

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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.

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We have a full line of the above including SCYTHES, WOOD and IRON SNATHS, STEEL and WOOD BOW HAY RAKES, HAY FORKS, TWO and THREE PRONG; SCYTHE STONES, GRINDSTONES,

Also a large stock of MOWING MACHINE SECTIONS, GUARDS, OILERS, MACHINE OIL, HARPOON FORKS, PULLEYS, ROPE, ETC.

Having purchased the above in large quantities from the leading manufacturers we are prepared to quote lowest prices and to fill orders promptly.

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ICE CREAM FREEZERS, OIL STOVES, DAISY CHURNS, CREAMERS, FACTORY MILK CANS, LAWN MOWERS, GARDEN HOSE, SPRINKLERS, SCREEN DOORS, WINDOW SCREENS, PURE ENGLISH PARIS GREEN.

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It is not put in comparison with other pianos. That would be unfair to other pianos. It is in a class by itself.

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