

# THE CASKET.

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## THE CASKET.

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THURSDAY, JULY 23.

Anyone who doubts the craziness of the Socialist Labor leaders in the United States has only to consider their recent action in respect to a nomination for President to have his doubts removed. The nominee is one Martin R. Preston, who is now in jail for killing a restaurant keeper who was under boycott and whose place Preston was placed at as a picket. The Socialists say it was self-defence. American juries are rather fond of the idea of self-defence whenever there is a chance for it; but apparently this man was convicted in spite of this theory, and is now serving a sentence of twenty-five years at Goldfield, Nevada. He is, also, under the age at which a man is eligible to be President. These, however, are not serious objections, it seems. In the eyes of the Socialists, a court or jury by whom a man is convicted for anything that he may do in the name of labor, must be corrupt and wrong. Any Church or any clergyman denouncing their immoral theories merits the full sweep of reckless audacity and mendacity. The constitution of the United States gets in their way; but of course it is ill-conceived, absurd and unjust. The general ideas of propriety held by nine of every ten persons in the world rise up at the idea of offering in nomination for a high office, a man who is actually and presently in jail; but that is a mere trifle to the Socialists. They are right, and the rest of the world hopelessly wrong.

The Supreme Court of the United States gave, on June 1st, a decision of much interest to Catholics, particularly to those who live in that country. Some time ago the Bishop of Ponce, Porto Rico, brought suit against the municipality of Ponce for the possession of two Catholic churches which the municipality claimed. The Supreme Court of Porto Rico gave judgment for the Bishop, and from that judgment an appeal was taken to the Supreme Court of the United States. The Church is not incorporated in Porto Rico. In this country each diocese represented by Bishop and clergy is usually incorporated by act of Parliament. It was therefore argued that the Bishop of Porto Rico could not maintain the suit. The Supreme Court of the United States decided that he had such right, for two reasons, first because the laws in force in Porto Rico when taken over by the Americans, remain in force, and under those laws the legal right of the Church to hold property was recognized; and, secondly because by International Law, the Pope, though stripped of his dominions, is still, for many purposes, treated as a temporal sovereign; moreover, because the juristic personality of the Church, and its right to acquire and hold property, has been recognized by every system of European law since the fourth century. All of which is peculiarly true of the system known as the civil law, which is, in general principles, common to all European countries except England and, as the *Catholic World* says, in speaking of this subject, "What a sorry figure the French Government cuts as it stupidly pretends to ignore the age-long universal fact of the corporate existence of the Catholic Church."

The death of the Earl of Derby has recalled some interesting facts concerning him. Disraeli's Reform Bill

of 1867 had enlarged the electorate, and the Liberals on the whole gained by it at the next election. But there were some unexpected changes in the opposite direction. Lancashire, which ever since the repeal of the Corn Laws had been a stronghold of Liberalism, now returned scarcely a Liberal at all. Mr. Gladstone was defeated in South-West Lancashire, and Lord Hartington in North Lancashire. The latter had represented that constituency since 1857, and his family was one of the most influential in the county. Now, in 1868, he was opposed by a member of an equally influential family, the Hon. Frederick Stanley, younger son of the Earl of Derby. It was a great contest, but Mr. Stanley won, and continued to sit for North Lancashire till he was raised to the peerage as Lord Stanley of Preston in 1886. He died Earl of Derby, but he might have died King of Greece. When Greece won her independence from Turkey the crown was offered to the Duke of Edinburgh. He could not accept it, and then they offered it to the father of the late Lord Derby, who declined it also. If he had accepted, his two sons would have been King of Greece in their turn. "It is a dazzling adventure for the house of Stanley," wrote Disraeli to a friend, "but they are not an imaginative race, and I fancy they will prefer Knowsley to the Parthenon and Lancashire to the Attic plains. It is a privilege to live in this age of rapid and brilliant events. It is one of infinite romance. Thrones tumble down and crowns are offered like a fairy tale. . . . I think he (Lord Stanley) ought to take the crown; but he will not. Had I his youth I would not hesitate even with the earldom of Derby in the distance." Lord Stanley, however, was right in believing that to be Earl of Derby was greater than to be King of Greece.

Professor C. B. Clark, of an American university says some things which apparently are the result of considerable thought on his part; but which are elementary knowledge to any man who was ever taught the first principles of thinking right. He says, "We shall therefore be obliged to solve the problem of finding at least a partial substitute for the restraints of home life." He thinks the place to substitute such restraints is in the colleges. "We have gone faster in freedom," he says, in our modern life, "than we have been able to secure moral adjustment." The universal freedom, if not the licence, of modern college life, he observes, "will in the course of evolution give us a higher type of self-control on the part of those who exercise voluntary self-discipline, yet we are purchasing the results at a fearful cost of ruin." He recalls the time when the primary office of a college was the "conversion" of every student. But with few exceptions "confined, perhaps, to narrow and singular denominations," this state of affairs has passed away. Now let us thank God, before saying a word about all this, that we belong to one of the narrow and singular denominations "which considers the salvation of the individual soul the first thing to be considered. Here is a man who has some idea of what is wrong in college life in many colleges; and yet instead of meeting the difficulty squarely he runs off behind a bush to make strange faces at it. The "universal freedom" of modern college life is, of course, the very last thing on earth to develop any type of self-control. Rules do not work out by contraries. We should be very interested in hearing his notion of "a partial substitute for the restraints of home life." The trouble is with writers like this man, that they think the first requisite of education and development is absolute freedom. Absolute freedom is their ideal. They are disappointed when it brings ruin and disgrace with it; but they never can make up their minds, quite, to abandon the idea. Custom is more powerful than principle—nay, custom is principle; and if the general trend of public opinion goes one way, they know of nothing stronger to oppose to it. They regret sometimes, when they see ill results; but they believe

that "whatever is the custom is right" and there they impotently stop.

The arrival of Earl Roberts and the Duke of Norfolk at Quebec has led our esteemed contemporary, *L'Action Sociale*, to remark that these two men represent one of the finest aspects of English national life, namely the possibility of the sons of the people reaching the highest places in the land, and the fulfilment by the sons of the historic nobility of their duty to their country. Lord Roberts is a commander who, by sheer force of merit, has risen to the highest grades in the English social hierarchy; he is now a Field-Marshal and a member of the House of Lords. The Duke of Norfolk, the premier Duke of England, is the descendant of the oldest nobility in the land. But he has not forgotten that *noblesse oblige*,—rank begets obligation,—and he has devoted himself to the public service for the greater part of his life. Post-maser-General in Lord Salisbury's Cabinet, he resigned his position to fight his country's battles in South Africa. Whatever we may think of that war, it must be admitted that there was nothing commonplace about his action. The lives of these two men explain the strength of the English nobility and the secret of its persistent influence. Its ranks are open to the best of the people, and by drawing to itself the most of those who have reached the highest places in the army or in politics, in literature and the arts, it renews its vitality by an infusion of new blood. By taking an active part in every social movement it forces itself upon the attention even of those who detest it. It certainly contains some unspeakable parasites, but on the whole it has known, and it still knows, how to play a great part.

It must also be noted, continues our Quebec contemporary, that the Duke of Norfolk is one of the most eminent Catholics in Europe. The premier Duke of England, Hereditary Marshal of the realm, is a thoroughly practical Catholic as well as a defender of his faith in Parliament. Surrounded though they often are by Protestants who scorn their poverty, the Catholics of England cannot believe that their religion is a badge of social inferiority, when they remember that the first nobleman of the Kingdom is one of their faith. The Duke of Norfolk has played a considerable part in the defense of Catholic schools, and every one remarks the memorable gathering in which he stood beside his political opponent, John Redmond, to affirm that in defence of Catholic rights all party feeling and interests must give way to the supreme interests of souls. On that occasion, concludes *L'Action Sociale*, the Duke of Norfolk set an example which might well be followed elsewhere than in England.

### THE MEMORY OF CHAMPLAIN.

The three hundredth anniversary of the founding of Quebec is being celebrated with a splendor such as has seldom, if ever before, adorned such an event. Amid so many and such magnificent pageants the figure of the founder does not appear in the heroic proportions which properly belong to it; it may be that it is overshadowed by the fiery picturesqueness of Frontenac. The latter's answer to Philipp's demand for the surrender of the city is known to every schoolboy. Champlain's reply to David Kirke was finer for he was Kirke's prisoner at the time and was told that he must, under pain of death, advise the ship, whose earlier arrival might have saved the city, to yield at once. Champlain's answer, quiet but firm, was that he would advise them to do their duty. It is to Kirke's credit that he did not execute his cowardly threat.

Because of the comparatively slight attention which is given to Champlain just now, we feel all the more inclined to dwell upon his achievements. He was a great navigator and a great explorer. Seven years before he founded Quebec he was at the Isthmus of Panama, and suggested the building of the ship canal which more than

two centuries later was to be begun, though not completed, by another great Frenchman. Then we find him exploring our own shores in company with De Monts, a man inferior to him in every respect except in influence with the Government. To express it in the popular language of our day, Champlain had plenty of "push" but very little pull, and therefore he had to dance attendance on men like De Chastes, De Monts, De Soissons, Conde and Richelieu. Some of these men wanted wealth and believed it could be won in the fur trade; some of them had visions of extending the empire of France; but Champlain's thoughts were nobler than theirs. On one of the first pages of his journal he has written that the greatest glory of a navigator is to open new paths for the propagation of the Gospel. And the story of his life so thoroughly confirms his sincerity that a Protestant historian is moved to contrast him with Pont-Gravé, the commander of the expedition with which Champlain first entered the St. Lawrence:

"Like other French adventurers of his time, he (Pont-Gravé) is a brave and energetic man, ready to do, to dare, and, if need be, to suffer; but his primary object in life is to amass wealth, and to effect this object he is not over-scrupulous as to the means employed. . . . He is accompanied on the expedition by a man of widely different mould; a man who is worth a thousand of such sordid, huckstering spirits; a man who unites with the courage and energy of a soldier a high sense of personal honour and a singleness of heart worthy of the Chevalier Bayard himself. To these qualities are added an absorbing passion for colonization, and a piety and zeal which would not misbecome a Jesuit missionary. He is poor, but what the poet calls 'the jingling of the guinea' has no charms for him. Let others consume their souls in heaping up riches, in chaffering with the Indians for the skins of wild beasts, and in selling the same to the affluent traders of France. It is his ambition to rear the *flour de lis* in the remote wilderness of the New World, and to evangelize the savage hordes by whom that world is peopled. The latter object is the most dear to his heart of all, and he has already recorded his belief that the salvation of one soul is of more importance than the founding of an empire. . . . It is scarcely necessary to inform the student of history that the name of Pont-Gravé's ally is Samuel de Champlain. He has already figured somewhat conspicuously in his country's annals, but his future achievements are destined to outshine the events of his previous career, and to gain for him the merited title of 'Father of New France.'"

When Champlain laid the foundations of Quebec, as described in the extract from his journal which we published last week, his companions were only twenty-eight in number. When the winter was over, twenty of them had perished of scurvy. In the spring new immigrants arrived, yet at the end of the year 1621 the total number of colonists in New France was only forty-eight persons. In the meantime Champlain had explored the lake which bears his name; he had established a trading post on a spot which is now in the heart of the business district of Montreal, giving to the small island opposite the name of his wife's patron saint, St. Helen; he had twice ascended the Ottawa River, crossing, on the second occasion, to Lake Nipissing thence down the French River to Georgian Bay and Penetanguishene; he had made several trips to France,—he crossed the ocean twenty times in all,—because of the aggressions of rival traders who hindered colonization and even plotted against his life; he had brought out Recollet missionaries, one of whom, Father Le Caron, we read of saying Mass in Champlain's presence at the Huron village of Carhagouba, farther west than the present town of Orillia, Ontario, on the 12th of August, 1615. Nevertheless, it was not until 1627, when the Company of One Hundred Associates was formed, under the powerful patronage of Richelieu, that colonization began in good earnest. Champlain was particular in his choice of colonists. Afloat or ashore, he never tolerated bad language or loose conduct, and the Jesuit Father Le Jeune declared that the fort at Quebec was as orderly as a well-conducted school. The enterprise received a set-back in 1629, when Sir David Kirke appeared before Quebec with an English fleet strong enough to compel

Champlain's capitulation. And when Canada was restored to France in 1623, and the grand old man returned to his post as Governor, he had only three more years to run. It was during that time, however, that he induced the Jesuits to take up missionary work in the country. In 1635, writes Father Le Jeune, who preached the funeral sermon, "the day on which Christ was born on earth, Monsieur de Champlain was born again in heaven. He was buried in the vaults of the Recollet church in the Lower Town of Quebec, but owing to the destruction of that building by fire the site of his grave was unknown for some time, until in the year 1897 some excavations brought it to light once more. By a curious coincidence, it was in the same year that a ploughman in the County of Renfrew, Ontario, turned up an old-fashioned nautical instrument, bearing on its face the date 1603, the year of Champlain's first voyage up the St. Lawrence. It is believed to be an astrolabe lost by the great explorer, in one of his portages along the Ottawa.

Champlain has been blamed for joining the Hurons in their forays upon the Iroquois, and thereby making the latter the undying enemies of the French. It is easy to be wise after the event. Champlain had no means of measuring the relative strength of the two Indian confederacies. They were enemies before he knew them, and nothing but their complete conversion to Christianity would have made them friends. The Hurons were his near neighbors, and friendly; the Iroquois were far off, and likely to demand, as the price of their friendship, that the great paleface with the magic weapon which spread terror in their ranks in that first battle on the shores of Lake Champlain, should help them to exterminate their enemies. As far as any one could see at the time, it was good policy for Champlain to ally himself with the Hurons. That this policy would have most disastrous consequences could not possibly be foreseen in the year 1609.

Little less beloved than Champlain in Quebec was his noble wife, Helen Boule. After his death she returned to France, became an Ursuline nun, under the name of Mother Helen de Augustine, and founded in Bossuet's episcopal city the convent in which she spent the rest of her life.

It was fitting that in this tercentennial something should be freshly written concerning the great man whose memory is thus revived. The Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J., dwelt largely upon this subject in the May number of the *Messenger*; Miss Anna Sadler has written upon it with her usual grace in the July number of the *Catholic World*; and Arthur M. Doughty, the Dominion archivist, has contributed a sketch of Champlain to the third volume of the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, just issued from the press. To all these we are indebted, though our material has been chiefly drawn from a book written almost twenty years ago by a non-Catholic, John Charles Dent. His is the glowing description of the Father of New France which we quoted at the beginning of this article, and we shall conclude with Father Campbell's eloquent peroration:

"Such was Samuel de Champlain, a daring navigator, whose ships had faced the storms of many a sea, a tireless explorer who first penetrated into the wilderness of North America a fearless soldier, who had faced death on many a bloody battle-field in Europe and America; a wise legislator, a prudent ruler, an ardent patriot, and above all an irreproachable man, and an ardent and almost saintly Christian. No other city on the Continent can claim such a founder, and Canada may well exalt his glory, and exult in the splendor of his name."

The Dominion Parliament was prorogued on Monday of this week. It was the longest session since Confederation, having lasted 284 days. Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, acting Governor-General, performed the duties of prorogation. He dispensed with the guard of honor and the trumpety usual at such occasions. The members of the Government are to be at Quebec during the stay of the Prince of Wales, after which they are expected to return to Ottawa to finish up departmental work. The general feeling is that the late session will be the last of the present Parliament and that the elections will take place in the fall.

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**The Unheeded Answer.**

To the constantly reiterated taunt that science and religion must be eternally at odds with each other, the venerable octogenarian, Mgr. Baunard, who has been all through the fight, asked the Faculty of Lille the other day how that could possibly be if the greatest princes of science, "the royal dynasty of our masters," as he called them, "were all of them most ardent Christians and devoted Catholics." Thus, today, the world is ablaze with electric lights. Who deserves the credit of it all? Why, Volta, with his thermo-electric pile; Volta, the Italian, who became a Frenchman, and whom Napoleon made a count, and a senator, and a member of the Institute, and what not else besides. What kind of a man was he? It is enough to look at Magaud's picture of him in Marseilles. He is seen standing with his electric apparatus on one side and his Bible on the other. Near him is his friend, Silvio Pellico, whom he had converted. "In thine old age, O Volta," said Pellico, "the hand of Providence placed in thy pathway a young man astray. O thou, said I to the ancient seer, who hast plunged deeper than others in the secrets of the Creator, teach me the road that will lead me to the light." And the old man made answer: "I, too, have doubted, but I have sought. The great scandal of my youth was to have beheld the teachers of those days lay hold of science to combat religion. For me, today I see only God everywhere." Then there is Ampere. Who does not know what volts and amperes are, knows nothing of electricity. What kind of a man was he? As everyone knows, he ruled supreme as a physicist, a naturalist, a chemist, an astronomer, a mathematician, a writer, a poet. He was an encyclopaedia, but he was, over and above all that, a mystic with a tranquil, tender and ardent faith. Listen to the thoughts that pour forth from his heart as he kneels in adoration before his Maker, whom he affectionately calls his Heavenly Friend: "What, then, are all these sciences, all these reasonings, all these discoveries, all these vast conceptions that the whole world admires? Very little; the only truth of God abides eternally. If thou feelest thyself with it, thou shalt be permanent like it. Labor and study, but always in the spirit of prayer. Study the sciences of this world, but keep thine eye fixed on the eternal light. Listen to the learned, but hearken to them only with one ear; let the other be always ready to receive the words of thy Heavenly Friend. Write only with one hand; let the other cling to the vesture of God as a child clings to the robe of its father. May my soul, from this day forth, remain ever united to God and to Jesus Christ. Bless me, my God." This is almost the language of one of the early Fathers of the Church, or of the Imitation. After these two men, the next who wore the crown in the realms of science in France, were undoubtedly Augustin Cauchy and Jean-Baptiste Biot. Even Renan wrote of Cauchy: "The Academy still possesses a great number of believers, as for instance, M. Augustin Cauchy, whose prodigious discoveries in the invisible world, all of which placed beyond doubt or cavil, by the research of the half century that has elapsed since his death, have never ceased to give birth to other discoveries." It was Cauchy who, speaking to all the friends of science, said: "I am a Christian; that is to say, I believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ as did Tycho Brahe, Copernicus, Desartre, Newton, Fermat, Leibnitz, Pascal, Grimaldi, Euler, Galin, Boecovich, Gerdil and all the great astronomers, all the great physicists, all the great geometers of past ages. More than that, I am a Catholic, with most of them, and if they ask my reason, I will say that my convictions are not the result of the prejudices of birth, but of profound examination. They will see how deeply graven forever in my heart and my mind are those truths which are more incontestable in my eyes than the square of the hypothenuse, or the theorem of Laurinus." We need not mention Biot, who died at 84. At his bedside was his friend, Father de Ravignan, giving him the last absolution; nor Jean-Baptiste Dumas, who was Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Science, and afterwards Minister, and who assured the doubters by telling them: "the passing fever of scientific thought in its birth throes which threatens sound doctrine, and has nothing to put in its place, will calm down as it has heretofore." "I believe," said he, "in the God of Revelation, as I believe in the God of Nature and reason. It is the same God." All the world knows Pasteur, who, when he entered the Academy, said in reply to Renan: "As long as the mystery of the Infinite will make itself felt in human thought, temples will be built for its worship, and on the pavements of those temples you will see men kneeling and prostrate, overwhelmed in the thought of the Infinite." "In the face of the two great problems of the beginning and end of all things," he afterwards wrote, "there are two states possible; one, faith in a solution given by a direct revelation; the other, the torture of a soul which expresses itself by an absolute silence or what comes to the same, the avowal of an impossibility to penetrate any further into the abyss." He died in 1895, just as Volta died, and Ampere, and Cauchy, and Biot, and Dumas, taking part in the prayers for the dying, his hand in the hand of his wife, the crucifix on his lips, his eyes turned to heaven awaiting the beatitude of which he spoke when he said: "Happy is the one who has God within him, the ideal of beauty, and goodness whom he obeys. Therein is the source of all great thoughts and great actions." These splendidNapoleon are cut into his tomb.

There are many others not so resplendent in their glory as those who have been named, but who are the acknowledged leaders today in the realms of scientific research, whose greatness is a sufficient reply to the reproach that religion is antagonistic to science. M. de Lapparent, who was the successor of the infidel Berthelot, as Perpetual Secretary of the Academy, and who has just died, thus writes: "Let us not fear to say it aloud. The end of the century is good for believers and especially for Catholics. The power which seemed to be about to destroy them has no doubt augmented, but the light which it has caused to shine has only shown more clearly the extreme difficulty of the problems before us. Science has not turned against faith; those who have suffered are the ones who wanted to use it to further their passion of hate. The application of the processes of science has sufficed to condemn a number of affirmations of our opponents. Our principles alone remain standing in the wreck, in spite of the world which persists in not perceiving it, but which will find neither truth nor salvation outside of their application. We alone are on solid ground. The modern dilettantes are dancing in the clouds."—The Messenger.

**Social Activities in Belgium.**

There was a Catholic Congress at Lyons a short time ago assembled to consider ways and means for a social betterment in unhappy France. It received considerable light, and perhaps considerable bewilderment from a report about how matters were managed in little Belgium.

As everyone knows, the mechanical industries engage the attention and furnish the means of livelihood to most of the people in that country. The Lyons assembly was prepared to hear that the Church had organized great associations of workmen in the interests of order and religion, but it was amazed to hear of the energy displayed in taking care of the farmers. There is not a peasant family in Belgium which is not represented in some Association Agricole. So the Minister, Helleputte, told the Chamber of Deputies recently.

The committees of these various associations have organized 158 Commices Agricoles, which are pretty much like our County Fairs, their purpose being to encourage competition, to hold exhibitions, to show results of experimental farming, to display new machinery and explain scientific cultivation. These Commices in 1905, counted 31,694 associates.

There are 973 Agricultural Leagues, 516 of which are incorporated. They claim altogether a membership of 56,300, and are grouped in 8 federations. Their special aim is co-operation. They have organized a service of inspection, free advice, life insurance, and also insurance of stock, as well as insurance against fire and hail. These leagues in 1905, bought seed to the amount of 297,954 francs, fertilizers at 10,151,096 francs, fodder at 11,732,894 francs, farm implements at 669,556 and sundries at 432,392 francs; making a grand total of 23,282,892 francs.

There are 552 co-operative dairies with a membership of 55,118, and owning 146,674 cows. They sold in 1907 milk for 172,111 francs; butter, 31,373,415 francs; butter-milk, 338,863 francs; total, 31,884,389 francs.

There are 262 societies for bee culture, counting 8,812 members, and spending 19,112 francs in 1905 for improvement of their stock.

In the same year the 175 societies for horticulture had on their lists 28,561 members, whose output in a single year was 90,000 francs.

The Stock Improvement Syndicates have 13,354 members; own 41,584 head of cattle. The Group for Poultry Breeding have a natural federation, with regular exhibitions, inspections and gratuitous advice. Even the goat, the poor man's cow, is exploited, and there exist 124 syndicates for bettering the breed and improving the milk, but what is most surprising and almost amusing, 14 syndicates look after the domestic rabbit and hare, particularly the large species, for which Belgium is famous. The production of beet-sugar is assured by other associations which, in 1905, put on the market products to the extent of 3,330,747 francs.

The insurance of live stock issued 655 policies on 174,907 head of cattle; on farm horses, 159 policies which amounted to 28,589,422 francs; on stallions, 606 policies, covering 2,276,400 francs; on 29,681 goats, 191 for 612,557 francs. On December 31, 1905, it was found that 8 rural banks had lent 8,190,941 francs; 428 Raiffersen banks had received 6,629,667 francs on deposit and had lent 2,662,478

francs. All these Raiffersen banks are federated in 6 central banks.—The Messenger.

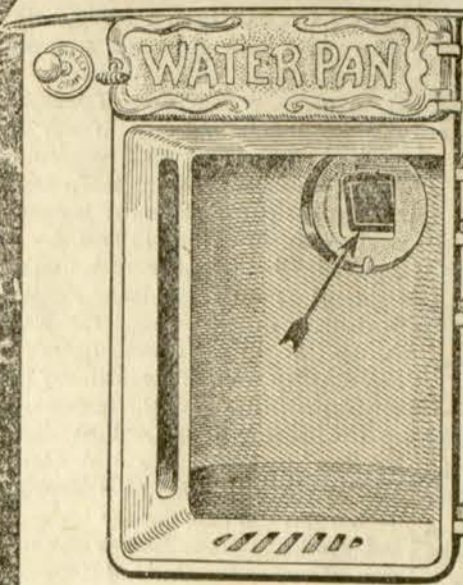
**What a boy can do.**

Be frank.  
Be polite.  
Be prompt.  
Be obliging.  
Obey his parents.

Keep himself tidy.  
Keep out of bad company.  
Never laugh at a coarse joke.  
Never be disrespectful to old age.  
Be kind to his brothers and sisters.  
Take the part of those who are ill.  
Never make fun of anyone because he is poor.

The actual cost of the Suez Canal was \$120,750,000.

**Heading off a Risk**



Gas is liable to puff out of the front door of any furnace unprovided for gas escape.

"Sunshine" Furnace Automatic Gas Damper directly connected with smoke-pipe. Gas pressure sways damper sufficiently for it to escape up chimney (see illustration), but heat doesn't escape.

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MY RAID INTO MEXICO.

(Nugent Robertson, in the Catholic World)

CHAPTER XII.

I leave Mexico.

I paid a visit to the Flinks, and found Mrs. Flink fresh and blooming as a moss-rose.

'O my!' she said, 'what on earth brings you back so soon? I thought you would have remained in Mexico for at least two or three months.'

'Was there a revolution while you were there? Why, of course there was—two or three, I guess. Conchita has gone to New Orleans to meet her brother. She left on Thursday. I sent her in charge of a dear old friend of Mr. Flink, who will look after her until her brother arrives. He is an Imperialist—I mean Conchita's brother—and is in hot water. He was to have come by the City of something.'

'Mexico?' 'That is the boat I travelled by, and he was not on board.'

'Then he must have been shot,' exclaimed the little lady, clasping her fat little hands and gazing up at the ceiling. 'What will become of Conchita? O my! She'll do something desperate. Don't tell me she won't, thrusting an imaginary form from her. I say she will. She'll go to Mexico and—shoot the president. I'll telegraph to her to come back at once. O my! this is a terrible state of affairs.'

Mrs. Flink proposed to call upon the senora at once, and, ringing the bell, ordered the carriage.

'I won't stop to make a swell toilette,' she cried. 'An Indian shawl covereth a multitude of rags, and I must say that my new hat from Worth's direct—yes, direct, Mr. Nugent. Mr. Flink had to pay twenty-seven dollars duty on it—only think of it, and he is a friend of the collector of customs! It's monstrous!'

In a very few moments she reappeared arrayed in a cashmere that would bring tears of envy to the eyes of a Begum.

'Who's the young lady, Mr. Nugent? Mexican? Ah! you are getting the color of a ripe tomato. O my! an't love's young dream quite too delightful for anything. O my! it's a pity it don't last.'

The senora was perfectly delighted with Mrs. Flink, and accepted her invitation to dinner for the following day *en amore*.

'An't you pretty as a picture!' she cried, addressing Inez and chucking up that young lady's chid. 'Why, your eyes are real violet, child. Ah! Mr. Nugent, waggling her dimpled forefinger at me. I'm sorry it's not one of our Murray Hill swells who—then perceiving Inez grow deadly pale, she lightly added: 'Who knows but on her return my nephew may have a chance? He must try, anyhow, or I'll disinherite him—cut him off with an angry, a very angry, dollar.'

The senora soon discovered the cause of her ex-cook's excitement. It would appear that her admirer had been endeavoring to explain by pantomime the near approach of land and the process of going ashore. The young lady read his gestures as conveying that she was to be thrown overboard, or something equivalent to it, hence her natural terror and dismay. She had never beheld the ocean till she saw it at Vera Cruz, when the comparatively short passage reassured her; but ten days and ten nights proved too much for her and her nervous condition was something deplorable.

'Will she be always goin' on that a way, ma'am?' ruefully demanded Billy of the senora.

'Oh! dear, no. It will pass. She's frightened at sea, that's all. 'Bedad,' he muttered, 'av she dosen't mind her hand it's back to the haythin' she may go for me. Sorra a haporth o' good in a bawlin' woman, even though she does cook mait aiquil to Morrisin's Hotel.'

My heart leaped as Queenstown hove in sight, and the Irish faces in a fishing-boat that bobbed up and down near the fort were more to me than the ideals of manly beauty by any master that ever took brush in hand. How deliciously green everything appeared, how fresh, how welcome! The brogue of those who came over in the tender delighted me.

'I feel, Joe,' observed the senora, 'as if I would like to kiss everybody on that boat.'

'So do I,' added Inez, with a joyous laugh. I had despatched a cablegram to my sister Nelly, merely asking her to be at Dromroe to receive some American friends who were returning with me, telling her the boat I intended leaving by.

What was my astonishment, my delight, to realize in the person of a little lady who kept frantically waving a white handkerchief from the tug my darling sister! Yes, there she was in a sealskin coat and sealskin hat, and rosy and pretty, and oh! so enchanted to see me.

I caught the senora frantically by the arm and pushed her almost over the side of the ship.

'Look, I cried, 'there's Nelly! Miss O'Hara, there is my sister, the little red-faced girl in sealskin waving the handkerchief.' Beside Nelly stood Major Butler, and at the other side—Trixy.

'There's Trixy,' I shouted, 'in the deep blue braided jacket, and the black hat; and Uncle Butler. God bless them! How true they are!'

I leaped to the gangway to receive Nelly and kiss her as if I was never to kiss her again. Then came Trixy. 'For once,' I said as I kissed her too. 'Nelly, who do you think is with me? Here she is, the senora, our dear mother's bridesmaid.'

In a second Nelly was hugging the senora, and the senora was laughing and crying over Nelly.

wasn't herself at all. She sat in a corner of the carriage, her elbow on the window-pane, her gaze outwards, and she scarcely ever turned to us for the six hours. She was deadly pale, too, but looked handsomer than ever.

'Joe,' said my sister when we got together in the railway carriage, 'when did this all happen?'

'When did what all happen?'

'Your engagement with this—girl.'

'I'm not engaged to Miss O'Hara, Nelly.'

'Don't dare to deceive me!' cried the little lady, flashing angrily.

I told her all—our meeting, Inez's history, and the dearest hopes of my heart.

'Are you sure you love her—really love her, Joe?'

I suppose I was very emphatic in my assertion.

'I—I thought—I was sure you loved somebody else,' said my sister in tearful tones.

'Whom do you mean, Nelly—Miss Wriothlesy?'

Nelly said nothing, but nodded in the direction of the window.

Trixy?

'Never, Nelly. I own that when I left I was a little jealous of her—that is, of that captain of dragoons; but I didn't know my own heart then. I know it now.'

'Heigh-ho!' said Nelly. 'This is a shocking bad business.'

It is my turn to be angry now, and I fiercely asked her what she had to say against Miss O'Hara.

motion in the servants' hall, where she was regarded as a greater curiosity than a stuffed wolf. The inhabitants of the surrounding country for miles came to take a look at her, some of them pinching her in order to ascertain if she was alive.

Billy Brierly's sneaking kindness for her soon manifested itself, and he became the target for the united wit of the townlands of Drungoff, Cabintaly, and Dromroe.

'Faix, it's ye cudn't go much furdur or fare worse, said one.

'It's nothin' short av naygur wud do him.'

'He bought her for a cupple av shillin'; thim things is chape out beyant in Asia.'

'Begorra, he might have brought home some thimthin' daycint whin he wint about it.'

They say she's a princess.

'He caught her runnin' wild in the woods an' naked as a bill egg.'

'But it's yerself that has dhroll notions, Billy; a white faymale wasn't good enough for ye.'

Billy bore the chaffing good-humoredly enough, and retaliated upon his persecutors by teaching Pillar several denunciatory words in the Irish language, which tended to raise her considerably in the estimation of those at whom they were ever and anon laughingly hurled.

Of course Nelly and I took the senora and Inez up to Dublin, where we spent one week in doing the lions. The first visit our elder guest made was to Clarendon Street Chapel, and from there she crossed out into Grafton Street and up to Stephen's Green, on the south side of which stood and still stands the house in which once flourished the famous school of Mrs. Parsley.

It was about a month after we arrived in Ireland that the senora asked me to give her a few mintes' *tele a-tele* in my snugery, as she wished to consult me about a matter of some importance.

'Joe,' she said after she was seated, 'I want to make a clean breast of it, for your sake, for my own sake, and for the sake of—another. I perceived while you were in Mexico that my darling Inez—well, no, I cannot commence that way: I saw, Joe, that you had fallen in love with Inez—'

I started.

Yes, my dear, dear boy, I saw it, and at first I resolved upon sending the dear girl back to San Angel. Then, Joe—I am going to be very imprudent now—I saw that the affections of Inez were—were engaged beyond recall—that she loved you.

The room seemed to whirl round as the senora proceeded.

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Land Sale. 1908, A. No. 844. IN THE SUPREME COURT, Between KINSMAN SWEET, Plaintiff, and E. SAUNDERS SWEET and ADA 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 herein, 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 mortgage, E. Saunders Sweet and Ada 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 certain 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 Mason (Joe's son); thence in an Easterly direction 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 thereunto 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 collector. Dated Sheriff's office, Guysborough, July 15th, A. D. 1908.

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, upland and interval, well watered and wooded. There are good buildings on the premises, a large lough 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, Tracadie, N. S., July 14th, 1908. 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. MACPHEE, Agent. Antigonish, N. S., July 7th, 1908.

2 in 1 SHOE POLISH. I tell you, Boss, people are so particular about the Shoe Polish they use that they ask me each night to be sure and use "2 in 1." It's easier for me, too, and you should see the smile I get in the morning. At all Dealers 10c. and 25c. tins. A boy should never tell or listen to a story which he would not repeat to his mother.

CHAPTER XIII. Ireland. 'And is that Ireland?' asked Inez, as in the mist of the early morning, she stood by my side leaning over the bulwarks and gazing at a long, low-lying gray streak toward which the good ship *Germanic* was approaching at fifteen knots. 'Yes,' I replied. 'Thanks be to God I see it again!' fervently exclaimed the senora, her eyes filling with tears. 'I wish, ma'am, ye'd be so good as for to say a word to Pillar,' exclaimed Billy Brierly, edging alongside the senora. He dropped her Mexican title from the moment we left Vera Cruz. 'What's the matter, Billy?'

ESTABLISHED, 1852

**THE CASKET,**

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

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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 ray 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 23.

**MONTCALM AND WOLFE.**

The last of the splendid historical pageants to be given on the Plains of Abraham this week will represent Montcalm and Wolfe, with their brigade commanders, Levis and Murray, marching at the head of their troops, dressed and armed as they were on that memorable thirteenth of September in the year 1759. Tow precocious soldiers they were, Montcalm entering the army at fourteen and winning his captaincy at twenty-seven; Wolfe joining his regiment at sixteen and acting as adjutant in the battle of Dettingen a year later. Montcalm's tutor predicted that he would become a Marshal of France, when the seven-year old youngster criticised acutely the plans of one of Caesar's battles with the Gauls. Wolfe's criticism, less precocious but more practical, of Sir John Mordaunt's failure to take Rochefort in 1757, first drew Pitt's attention to him and led to his being sent, as brigade commander under General Amherst, to the siege of Louisburg in the following year. The Marshal's baton came to Montcalm in 1756, when he was in his forty-fourth year, and he was sent at once to command the French forces in Canada. Wolfe was made a Major-General in 1758, when only thirty-two, and he was placed at the head of the expedition against Quebec. Montcalm was brilliantly successful in capturing Forts Oswego and William Henry from the English, and in defeating Ticonderoga from General Abercrombie's vastly superior force, but his admirers have to explain away the charges made against him of not doing all in his power to save his English prisoners from massacre by his Indian allies after the capture of the two forts just mentioned. The explanation offered is that such criminal neglect was entirely inconsistent with what even his accusers acknowledge to have been the chivalrously honorable character of Montcalm, and that English writers have greatly over-estimated, as they are wont to do, the number of his troops on these occasions. We are glad to notice that Mr. Hay's history of Canada, at present in use in the schools of Nova Scotia, states that Montcalm endeavored to prevent the massacres, but in vain. In Wolfe's career there does not seem to be anything to clear up, but there is a story told to his credit which may have as little foundation as the charges against Montcalm. Wolfe served at Culloden, and it is said that after the battle he rode over the field beside the "Butcher Duke." A wounded Highlander, leaning on his arm, seemed to wear a smile of defiance. "Wolfe," said the Duke, "shoot me that Highland scoundrel, who dares to look on us with such insolence." To which Wolfe replied: "My commission is at your Royal Highness's disposal, but I can never consent to become an executioner." We may hope, with Justin McCarthy, that this story is true, as it adds another ornament to the historic decoration of a brave man, but in that case Cumberland must have been more magnanimous than he is generally reputed, for Wolfe rose in his favor from that day forward.

For three months Wolfe lay before Quebec, trying to find a flaw in Montcalm's defences, and burning with hectic fever as well as with impatience, for he was far advanced in consumption. Finally, a young officer, Lieutenant McCulloch, who had been a prisoner in the city, be thought him of a goat path up the face of the cliff, and Wolfe resolved to try it. Making a Wolfe to attack Beauport, where he had been defeated before, and thereby centring Montcalm's attention on that point, he conveyed his men in boats under cover of darkness to the foot of the path just mentioned and by hard climbing, for the cliff rose almost perpendicularly to a height of 350 feet, they reached the summit before daybreak and were ranged for battle on the Plains of Abraham behind the city when Montcalm received the news.

He hastened to meet them with more than 7000 men, the English writers says while Wolfe had something less than 5000. It seems incredible that with such an advantage in numbers, the French, under so capable a commander, should have been put to rout in fifteen minutes. But remembering how extravagantly the British despatches over-estimated the number of the Boers in every engagement during the South African War, we may be justified in suspecting that Montcalm commanded a force inferior both in numbers and in quality to Wolfe's in the battle which decided the destiny of Canada.

Wolfe died happy that the victory was won; Montcalm, consoled that he would not live to see the now inevitable surrender of the city. Beside Wolfe when he fell was a young soldier named Richard Montgomery destined sixteen years later to attempt to wrest Quebec from those for whom he was now helping to win it. This was one of the consequences of Wolfe's victory which, as Lecky remarks in his cool, philosophical fashion, Englishmen did not foresee.

"No other conquest of the war," he writes of the taking of Quebec, "excited a greater enthusiasm in England. Englishmen did not foresee the consequences of their victory. The destruction of the French power in America removed the one ever-pressing danger which secured the dependence of the English colonies on the mother country. The great colonial forces raised and successfully employed during the war gave the colonies for the first time a consciousness of their strength, and furnished them with leaders for the War of Independence, while the burden of debt due to the lavish expenditure of Pitt revived the scheme for the taxation of America, which led in a few years to the dismemberment of the Empire."

**SOME THOUGHTS ON DIVORCE.**

The woman's column of the Montreal *Star* aims, we suppose, at being up to date. Apparently the editor of that department is not satisfied with Canada's position in respect to divorce laws, as compared with the position of some other countries. Divorce on easy terms and for vague reasons, aye, and without reasons, is a luxury enjoyed by the people of a number of states and countries, and the results are alarming to anyone who is capable of feeling alarm at conditions that shock the Christian sense of propriety. Divorce is never a necessity. We do not shut our eyes to the fact that innocent persons sometimes find themselves tied for life to persons of devilish propensities. So do people find themselves saddled with many other burdens which they cannot wholly get rid of, and must, within limits, endure. We know of no hardships in the marriage relation that may not be adequately relieved by means of a separation, and such separations, in cases sufficiently grave, we do not contend against. Such a separation, without divorce, of course condemns both parties to live singly; but that is a condition willingly accepted by many and under pressure of circumstances forced on many more, and is not such a hardship as justifies us in opening the way to plural marriages, and free love. The home and the family are the kindergarten, high school college, and post graduate university (all in one) of Christian morals, and private and public duty. And to make easy the dissolution of the family tie is to drive us back upon conditions that are as fatal to the progress of nations, and of races, as they are destructive to the morality of individuals. Divorce legislation must proceed on the assumption that all those who are legally entitled to divorces may claim them. The Providence of God has, so far, never permitted this, or the worst, to occur. Had it been otherwise, several large and important communities must have been utterly disrupted—namely, those in which the conditions of divorce are such that a majority of married couples could, if they wished, take advantage of them.

The *Star* writer speaks of France. France has a declining marriage and birth rate. Do we want those in Canada? She speaks of a proposal—one which quite fittingly emanated from the cesspool of infidel principles that stinks throughout France—that marriages be made on trial. She says this added a "piquancy" to the controversy. Just so. "Piquancy" being another name for smut, and it is because the touch of smut is on all divorce legislation that decent people never fash themselves about it. The best answer to the demand for divorce legislation is that in the communities where it is easiest to get divorce, few

really decent people resort to it; and lecherous women who want to live openly with other men, and rouses who want to change their wives, resort to it in large numbers. These are the facts. Moreover, a large proportion of divorces are obtained collusively. People agree to separate, and cover appearances by means of an agreed, prearranged and unopposed proceeding in the courts.

All this scandalous and brutal disregard of Christian principles and obligations follows inevitably upon the heels of divorce laws. Divorce is the crudest and least beneficial device ever offered to the public as a cure for human troubles. It is a quick nostrum with a large admixture of virulent poison. It is a present help to the unabashed blackguard, male or female, and is of no real benefit to those who are really subjects for sympathy, and who bear the ills they have as best they may, and would continue to do so if they could be divorced by merely opening a door and walking out. France, the *Star* says, is rapidly solving the problem in her own way. We do not much believe in the solving of problems that have their origin in the mazes of human passion and human fickleness by means of laws; and it cannot be done at all by giving to those passions and that fickleness a greater scope and more vigorous incentive. France has mishandled many problems of late years, and we have not much that is good to learn from her treatment of them. It is, of course, sad to hear of individual instances of marital troubles; but when did it become possible to make all people happy by means of law? What occasions more unhappiness in this world than the law that a man must pay his debts? Who thinks of abrogating that law, in order to still the cries of those whose contracts have ruined them?

And, since France is cited as an instance of advanced science in divorce legislation, we may remark that it has recently been shown that in that country, the cure has been worse than the disease; that the number of childless marriages has increased; and that there is as much trouble between husbands and wives as ever there was. Does divorce cure any existing public evil? And if so, what, and how?

**Dr. Cameron's Obsequies.**

Since he removed from Christmas Island to Antigonish Dr. Angus Cameron's life had been a continual martyrdom but he bore all his sufferings without a murmur. A devout reception of the last Sacraments in the early stages of his trouble when it was seen that his life was in danger strengthened him for the great ordeal through which he passed and gave him an increase of that patience and uncomplaining resignation to the will of God so characteristic of his whole life. Early Wednesday morning, 15th inst., death relieved him of his pain. His body was placed in a beautiful casket in the room which he had occupied at Mount Cameron and a temporary altar erected at which the Holy Sacrifice was offered up for the repose of his soul. All day Wednesday and up to the afternoon of Thursday the body remained at Mount Cameron, very many coming to view it and to offer up a prayer. At 2 o'clock on Thursday it was taken to the Cathedral, a large number of the clergy leading the long funeral procession. Father Nicholson received the body at the door, and it laid in state in the Cathedral until the time of the funeral on Friday—mourners taking their turn every hour watching all through the day and night. The clergy recited the office of the dead at 9 o'clock Friday morning and at 10 o'clock a solemn requiem mass was offered up with Rev. C. F. McKinnon as celebrant, Rev. J. W. McIsaac Deacon and Rev. C. McDonald Sub Deacon, and Father Nicholson as Master of Ceremonies. His Lordship Bishop Cameron and His Grace Archbishop McDonald assisted at the Mass. The funeral oration was preached by the Rev. D. C. Gillis of the College. We will lay it before our readers in full in our next issue. At one o'clock the funeral procession left the Cathedral for Pomquet—the late Dr. Cameron's native parish. It was one of the largest funeral processions ever seen here, many coming from far and near to pay a last tribute of love and respect to one they revered. In Pomquet Father McIntosh gave the absolution and the blessing at the grave, and there by the side of his mother, who died but a few years ago, the kind and gentle Dr. Angus was laid to rest. Two of his brothers who were priests, Father Donald and Father Dougald, died before him. The one is buried at Tracadie, the other at Maryvale. May they rest in peace. Beside His Grace Archbishop McDonald and His Lordship Bishop Cameron, the following members of the clergy were present: Rev. Rod. McDonald, Rev. John McLeod, Rev. J. W. McIsaac, Rev. John Fraser, Rev. A. R. McDonald, Rev. D. Beaton, Rev. J. C. Chisholm, Rev. J. Nicholson, Rev. M. A. McAdam, Rev. H. P. McPherson, Rev. F. McIntosh, Rev. D. C. Gillis, Rev. J. J. Tompkins, Rev. H. McPherson, Rev. H. Gillis, Rev. D. E. Chisholm, Rev. D. Chisholm, Father Broussard, Father Butts, Rev. James Kiely, Rev. J. McKeough, Rev. J. J. McNeil, Rev. D. McPherson, Rev. John Chisholm, Rev. J. MacMaster, Rev. Rod McKenzie, Rev. James Gillis, Rev. M. McKenzie, Rev. Joseph McDonald, Rev. C. F. McKinnon, Rev. M. McCormick, Rev. D. McAdam, Rev. R. McInnis, Rev. Fr. Beady, Rev. W. Kiely, Rev. R. Beaton.

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General News.

The little son of Angus McCormick, Siorris, P. E. I., had both feet cut off by a mowing machine on Monday.

Toronto horses are dying fast owing to some form of distemper which is puzzling the veterinary surgeons.

The losses to the I. C. R. through the recent forest fires reaches at least \$75,000, seventy freight cars at least having been burned.

Reports from the Canadian Northwest all bespeak a great crop of wheat this year. A scarcity of help at the harvest is feared. Fully 25,000 additional farm laborers will be needed.

Miss Roy, daughter of J. E. Roy, and Mr. Wm. Muir, were drowned in Bedford Basin, Halifax, on the 15th inst., through the capsizing of a boat. Both bodies were recovered.

The total trade of Canada for the first quarter of the present fiscal year was \$114,870,967, a decrease of \$35,200,622, as compared with the corresponding period of last year.

According to the Iron and Steel Trades Journal, the proposed international combine of foreign steel firms, which intends to usurp the entire trade of the United Kingdom, is now completed.

At Canyon City, Colo., on July 16th, calling down maledictions on the Roman Catholic Priesthood and shouting in Italian "Long live Italy," "Long live the Protestants," Guiseppe Alia, who murdered Father Leo Heinrichs at the altar of St. Elizabeth's Church, Denver, was carried to the death trap and paid the extreme penalty of his crime by hanging.

Officers of the West Indian liner Sobu, which arrived at St. John, report that Bubonic Plague has spread to Trinidad. Up till the time the steamer left there eleven deaths had occurred and fifteen cases had been reported.

A dispatch to the N. Y. Tribune from Mexico city says: A lake of oil covering an area of more than a square mile and of unknown depth in the state of Vera Cruz, is on fire. It has been burning for five days and has created the wildest terror among the natives of that section.

Lord Roberts, the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Lovat and other British notables are at Quebec for the tercentenary ceremonies, having arrived last Friday. There are nine warships in the harbor, six British, two French and one American.

The marvel of the telephone has become commonplace through daily usage. Fresh interest, however, is likely to be aroused in its wonderful possibilities by a new invention.

A German, Herr Gustav Grizanna, and his mission to England is an outcome of the new Patent Laws. His marvellous apparatus has already been exhibited in Germany, where it has aroused interest.

In this issue of THE CASKET we are able to announce definitely the date of the arrival of Lord Lovat in Antigonish. He expects to arrive here by the mid-day train on Friday, the 31st, inst.

His participation in the grand events which are in progress in Quebec, and his acceptance of the invitation of the Canadian Club of Halifax to give an address before a Halifax audience, and become a guest of the Club for a day or two, made it somewhat difficult for his Lordship to set apart, with exactness, a day for visiting our Town, where, with Scottish loyalty, he is anxious to meet as many as possible of the sons and daughters of the emigrants from "fearaun farsuing Mhic-Shimi," of which he is the present Lord and Chief, and from the neighbouring Scottish estates.

His itinerary on this side of the water cannot extend beyond the twelfth of August, and he is extremely anxious to utilize the time at his disposal in visiting the larger Scottish centres of the Dominion of Canada, and a few of the leading cities, Canadian and American.

Lord Lovat, though still a young man, under forty years, has added fresh lustre to a name already illustrious in the history of Scotland and of Great Britain. Except Lord Strathcona he was the only citizen of the British Empire who, at his own expense, and on his own estate, raised and equipped a troop of cavalry, known as "Lovat's Scouts," for service in Africa during the Boer War.

few whose name and fame and merit in the interests of the Empire acquire a national character. It is to be hoped that our citizens and the people of the County, generally, will honor the visit of such a distinguished personage by attending the sports to be held on the occasion, in large numbers. The Highland Society and the Clan Chisholm organization, assisted by the C. M. B. A. and other societies in town, are endeavoring to celebrate his visit by holding Highland games and sports, on the athletic grounds at which his Lordship will be present. While we understand that his Lordship is accompanied by his own band of pipers, yet we trust that our native pipers, of whom there are many excellent ones in this County and in the neighboring ones, will not fail to attend on the occasion. They may or may not be able to learn a new trick on the pipes from their brother artists of the old country. The order of marching and of events will be made known to all, whether arriving by carriage or by train, by handbills, on the 31st. Our surprise would be great indeed if this event should not prove one of the most attractive, as well as one of the largest gatherings of a social character, ever held in our Town. Come one, come all.

Among the Advertisers

House to let, on Court Street, nine rooms. Apply to A. J. McDonald. Wedding cakes made to order at Mrs. McNeil's, West End. Our discount sale of Summer goods begins to-day. See advertisement for particulars. Chisholm, Sweet & Co. Mrs. McNeil, West End, makes the best ice cream. Her's is not made of blue milk and chalk, but of pure cream. Lost, in Kirk's yard, Thursday, June 18, a pocket book containing small sum of money. Finder please leave at this office. Lost, on road between Town and North Grant, on Friday last, a lady's coat. Finder will please leave it at CASKET office. Town and country folk should remember that good, pure and health-giving ice cream is to be had at Mrs. McNeil's, West End. Lost, at or near Avondale station on July 1st, a folding pocket camera. Finder will be rewarded by leaving it at CASKET office. Lost, on Harbor Road, between Town and Jno. McNeil's, a cap and lynch pin from iron axle. Please leave at this office. Lost, on Sunday, between St. Andrew's and Goshen, a pocket book containing a sum of money. Finder will please leave at CASKET office.

Acknowledgments.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes Hector McLean, Peter J. Richard, Patrick Pendergast, Dan McNeil, John McNeil, Patrick Casey, Maurice Nolan, Capt. Jas. Farrell, John Jamieson, Mrs. Wm. Chisholm, Ronald McDonald, Neil McNeil, Roderick McNeil, Robert Cox, Roderick Chisholm, J. C. Chisholm, D. A. Grant, Hugh H. Gillis, Hugh D. M. McAdam, Mrs. S. D. Campbell, D. C. Chisholm, Mrs. John Lukeman, C. H. Cameron, John W. Melanson, L. C. Dolan, Alex. McDonald, Alex. Bozvie, A. V. Benoit, Mrs. Mary McDougall, Battle Leverage, Harold He Iyer, Edmund Leverage, J. Duncan Grant, A. W. McGillivray, John McDougall, Jeffrey Delorey, Angus McDonald, John H. McLean, F. A. Cameron, D. Laundry, Edward Cummings, Angus Campbell, R. J. McDonald, Norman McDonald, Christopher Smith, Jesse F. Chisholm, Norman Gillis, A. J. McDonald, Donald J. McMillan, An. us R. McDonald, John V. cEachern, John J. McNeil, Alex. McEachern, John McMillan, Donald Gillis, Lewis McDonald, Alex. D. McDonald.

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

Resolutions of Condolence.

At the last regular meeting of Branch 194, C. M. B. A., Antigonish, a resolution of condolence was passed on the death of John Sears, Esq., beloved father of the esteemed brother, John P. Sears.

Sacred Heart Branch, of the League of the Cross passed a resolution of condolence to the worthy brother members, Malcolm and Allan McDonald, on the death of their beloved sister, Margaret Josephine.

John J. Sears, an old and highly respected resident of Lochaber, in this County, died at his home there on Thursday, the 19th inst., after a long and severe illness.

At Caledonia Mills, Ant., on June 19, Miss ANNE MCARTHUR, aged 58 years, leaving five brothers and three sisters to mourn her loss.

At Providence, R. I., July 7th, MILDRED, infant daughter of RONALD and MARIA McADAM, aged 8 months and 15 days.

Many friends will learn with deep regret of the death on Sunday afternoon, the 19th inst., of HAROLD, eldest son of D. G. KIRK of this Town, in the 18th year of his age. Eye bright and hopeful, and though of youthful years with a mind alert and keen, Harry's companionship was pleasing with young and old alike. Through months of patient suffering without a murmur, without complaint, he bore his illness with true Christian fortitude and in meek submission to his heavenly Father's will.

At St. Andrew's, on Wednesday, July 1st, ELIZABETH, wife of ALLAN McDONALD, blacksmith and daughter of the late William Kennedy, Salmon River Lakes, Guysboro Co., the 68th year of her age. Deceased had been in failing health for some time but bore her suffering without a murmur. Of a charitable disposition her hand and home were ever open to the traveler and the wayfarer. Fortified by the last Sacraments of the Church, she calmly resigned her soul to God, leaving a brother, husband and two daughters to mourn the loss of a kind sister, good wife and loving mother. After a Requiem High Mass celebrated by Rev. Dr. McDonald, V. G., her remains were laid to rest in St. Ann's cemetery, Guysboro. Rev. M. Tompkins assisted at the grave. May her soul rest in peace.

NOVA-SCOTIA-FIRE Insurance Company. LOWEST RATES. Consistent With Safety. AGENTS EVERYWHERE. Head Office: 164 BOLLIS STREET, HALIFAX. ARTHUR C. BAILLIE, Manager. STRONG - LIBERAL - PROMPT.

Highland Games

On the occasion of the celebration in honour of the visit of Lord Lovat to Antigonish on the 31st July, A. D. 1908.

- 1. Throwing 16 pound Hammer, 2. " 12 " " 3. Putting Shot, 4. High Jump, 5. Broad Jump, 6. 3 Mile Race, 7. 1 Mile Run, 8. 100 Yards Dash, 9. Hop, Step and Jump, 10. Pole Vault, 11. Tossing Caber, 12. Highland Fling, 13. Pipe Music, 14. Sword Dance, 15. Tug of War.

The first ten events will be under the sanction of the M. P. A. A. A., and the remaining five will be professional. Entries to be made with the Secretary on or before the 28th inst. Excursion rates on all Railways. Amusements usual on such occasions will be held on the grounds, commencing at 10 o'clock a. m. Refreshments and meals served on the grounds. Gold and Silver Medals will be awarded prize winners in the amateur events, and money prizes to winners in the professional events. A. G. McDonald, President Highland Society. D. C. Chisholm, Chief Clan Chisholm, O. S. C. J. J. McPherson, Secretary.

Antigonish, 22nd July, 1908.

Chisholm, Sweet & Co. Out go the Remnants and Summer Goods! News of this July clearance movement comes as the result of our strict rule to sell all novelty goods in their season. Beginning earlier than usual this sale gives you the added advantage of longer use of the summer goods purchased. 25 per cent. Discount on our entire stock of White and Colored Dress Muslins, White Shirtwaists, White Pique and Linen Skirts, Shirtwaist Suits, Boys' Blouses and Wash Suits, Misses Print Dresses, Men's White and Fancy Linen Vests. Remnant Sale. Short ends of Dress Goods, Prints, Flannel-ettes, etc., on the bargain table marked down from 25 to 50 per cent. WEST END WAREHOUSE

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE. HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO. ESTABLISHED 1867. B. E. WALKER, President. Paid-up Capital, \$10,000,000. ALEX. LAIRD, General Manager. Reserve Fund, - 5,000,000. Branches throughout Canada, and in the United States and England. BANK MONEY ORDERS. ISSUED AT THE FOLLOWING RATES: \$5 and under 3 cents, Over \$5 and not exceeding \$10 6 cents, " 10 " " 10 cents, " 30 " " 15 cents. These Orders are payable at par at every office of a Chartered Bank in Canada (Yukon excepted), and at the principal banking points in the United States. They are negotiable at \$4.90 to the £ sterling in Great Britain and Ireland. They form an excellent method of remitting small sums of money with safety and at small cost, and may be obtained without delay. 116. ANTIGONISH BRANCH. J. H. McQUAID, Manager.

UNIVERSITY OF ST. F. X. COLLEGE. 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 fulfill 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. For university students: Arts, science, engineering, residence, board (including bed, bedding, laundry,) \$160.00. Terms: Tuition only (for students not in residence) for \$45.00 the university year. For high school students: Residence, board, (including bed, bedding, laundry,) and tuition, per week \$5.00. For further information address: REV. H. P. McPHERSON, D. D., President.

Orange Cordial and Roue's Carbonated Waters. right off the ice are cool and refreshing drinks. Call at D. R. Graham's and try them. Fresh Cookies. Plain and fancy, received weekly. Groceries of best quality and right prices. Beaver Flour for Sale. D. R. GRAHAM. Telephone 78.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Supplying Coal for the Dominion Buildings," will be received at this office until 4:30 p. m. on Monday, August 24, 1908, for the supply of Coal for the Public Buildings throughout the Dominion. Combined specification and form of tender can be obtained on application at this office. Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with their actual signatures. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent. (10 p. c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned. The department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By order. R. C. DESROCHERS, Asst. Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, July 15, 1908.

The Happy Warrior.

(At Mr. Cleveland's funeral Rev. Henry Van Dyke read Wordsworth's poem, "Character of the Happy Warrior," a portion of which is printed below. The poet, who wrote the lines in 1806, said that he had Lord Nelson in mind when he composed them, yet "his public life was stained with one great crime so that, though many passages . . . where suggested by what was generally known as excellent in his conduct, I have not been able to connect his name with the poem as I could wish." Thus it becomes an ideal characterization.)

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he? That every man in arms should wish to be? —It is the generous Spirit, who when brought Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought: Whose high endeavors are an inward light That makes the path before him always bright: Who, with a natural instinct to discern, What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn. Aides by this resolve, and stops not there, But makes his moral being his prime care; Who, doomed to live in company with Pain, And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train! Turns his necessity to glorious gain; In face of these doth exercise a power, Which is our human nature's highest dower! Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves Of their bad influence, and their good receives. —Who, if he rise to station of command, Rises by open means; and there will stand On honorable terms or else retire, And in himself possess his own desire; Who comprehends his trust, and to the same Keeps faithful with the singleness of aim; And therefore does not stoop nor lie in wait For wealth, or honors, or for worldly state; Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall, Like showers of manna, if they come at all: Whose powers shed round him in the common strife, Or mild concerns of ordinary life, A constant influence of a peculiar grace; But who, if he be called upon to face Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined Great issues, good or bad, for human kind, Is happy as a lover; and attired With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired; And through the heat of conflict, keeps the law In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw; Or if an unexpected call succeed, Come when it will, is equal to the need: —He who, though thus endowed with a sense And faculty for storm and turbulence, Is yet a Soul whose master passion seems, To homely pleasures and to gentle scenes; Sweet images! which, wretched'er he be, Are at his heart; and such fidelity It is his darling fashion to approve; More brave for this, that he hath much to love: 'Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high, Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye, Or left unthought of in obscurity— Who, with a toward or untoward lot, Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not— Plays, in the many games of life, that one Where what he most doth value must be won: Whom neither shape of danger can dismay, Nor thought of tender happiness betray; Who, not content that he mer worth stand fast, Looks forward, persevering to the last, From well to better, daily self surpass; Find comfort in himself and in his cause; And, while the mortal mists are gathering, draws His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause: This is the happy Warrior; this is He That every man in arms should wish to be

The Recent Elections

Every two years one-half the members of the Belgian Chamber of Deputies retire to private life or stand for re-election. The biennial elections were held on Sunday, May 24, with the result that the Catholic majority over the combined forces of the opposition has been reduced from twelve to eight in the Chamber of Deputies and in the Senate increased from fourteen to eighteen. The Liberals and Socialists in Belgium and Anti-clericals generally throughout Europe find much comfort in the decrease of the Catholic working majority and pretend to see in it a promise of that party's loss of power at the next biennial election. Unprejudiced observers, however, do not attribute the decrease in the Catholic majority to any dissatisfaction found with its administration, but to an overweening sense of security on the part of the Catholics themselves, begotten of long tenure of power. In nations and in political parties, as well as in individuals, long-continued possession of power begets its own destruction by an over-confidence that finds expression in relaxed watchfulness and diminished effort. No other explanation of the decreased majority is conceivable. The Belgian people are not indifferent to prosperity and they do not forget. When the Catholic, or Conservative, party came into office something over twenty years ago, they found that their predecessors, the Liberal, or Anti-clerical party, had cleaned out the treasury and left only a substantial deficit. This the Catholics wiped out in one year without having to resort to increased taxation and since then have brought to the nation a degree of prosperity unparalleled in the history of the country. The policy of the Catholic Government has been essentially democratic, thoroughly liberal in the best sense, and consistently progressive during its long tenure of power. From 1885 to 1905 the population of Belgium has increased from 5,800,000 to 7,100,000 or twenty-two and one-half per cent. For the years 1901-05 there has been an increase in the export trade of Belgium of 59.5 per cent over the same trade during the five years 1881-85. The people are not ignorant of these things and they are not very apt to hanker after the old regime of treasury deficits, enforced secular educa-

tion and domestic dissensions. The recent decrease in the Government majority, while it does not at all impair its working efficiency, will serve to spur on the Catholic party to perfect their organization and put forth greater effort at the next biennial elections. Unquestionably the result will be the restoration of their diminished strength.—The Rosary Magazine.

England's Co-Operative Army.

London, June 11.—Some 1,500 delegates representing 2,500,000 members of various co-operative organizations throughout the United Kingdom are holding their annual congress at Newport in Monmouthshire this week.

Little attention is attracted by the co-operative societies of this country, yet these 2,500,000 members with their families include nearly 10,000,000 men, women and children, almost one-fourth of the total population of Great Britain and Ireland. Leaders of the co-operative movement, which is strongest in the north of England, are working for the welding together of all co-operative societies and associations into one great national co-operative society. This would mean the nationalization of manufacturing, buying and selling among 10,000,000 people.

The sales of co-operative associations total nearly £200,000,000 a year; they yield a profit of about £20,000,000 annually. This is largely distributed among the members in dividends, in the provision of libraries, educational classes, lectures on social, economic and industrial subjects and entertainments of an amusing and instructive character. Retail societies which have a membership of over 2,000,000 devote 2 1/2 per cent of their profits to the maintenance of educational facilities for their members and the members children.

While local co-operative societies, reluctant as yet to give up their autonomy, are not quite at one with the notion of nationalization, there is an undercurrent of opinion at work toward that gigantic end. It is planned by those in favor of the proposed development that a co-operative council, which would become a sort of co-operative parliament, would be formed of 150 members; these would be divided into committees whose special functions would be the control of buying and selling; production, property and buildings, banking and finance, law and parliamentary work, stock taking and valuations, insurance and old age pensions, housing, congress, conferences and general propaganda, journalism and literature, direction and control of education, foreign relations.

One of the most important features of a national co-operative society would be the accumulation of funds for the extension of productive works and the spread of co-operative ideas and aims. It has been estimated by J. C. Gray, general secretary of the Co-operative Union, that £5,000,000 could be saved annually out of the present profits of the movement.

For the last fifty years profits which have gone into the pockets of the people have amounted to the vast sum of £200,000,000 or more! The great hope would be that under a proper system of the accumulation of a certain percentage of the profits for the objects named the national council could in time solve, as far as co-operators are concerned, the present vexing social problems, labor problems, old age problems and education problems. The object would be to form a co-operative state to establish co-operative communities, to lay out co-operative towns on garden city lines.—New York Sun.

Socialism in Italy.

The lamentable effects of socialistic agitation among a previously contented agricultural population were never illustrated better than by the present state of affairs in the fertile Italian province of Parma, where 40,000 laborers have struck. Since the socialists obtained a footing in that region strikes have succeeded each other almost incessantly. The present crisis is the worst of all.

On both sides, land owners and men, the greatest bitterness prevails and all efforts at conciliation have failed. The tactics of the laborers are to destroy all the cattle by starvation. The men are well organized and through the activity of the Socialist press money is flowing in to the strike fund.

The land owners are also firmly

determined to resist attacks upon property. To save their cattle they have removed part, under police protection, to neighboring provinces, and they have formed a volunteer corps among themselves which tours the country in motor cars, visiting the farms in succession, where they do the most indispensable work themselves.

The Government, on principle, declines to interfere in the crisis except to maintain order. Infantry pickets are holding the farms and villages, while cavalry and cycling bersaglieri are roaming about the country to prevent disorder.

So much exasperation has been shown at public meetings, at first permitted, that they have now been entirely forbidden. Reports have been current that the strikers have poisoned wells, strewn poisoned sharp pieces of glass along the roads, and infected the stables with foot and mouth disease, but no actual proofs of these outrages are forthcoming.

The situation would become most serious should the land owners proceed to evict their striking tenants, but according to Italian law this cannot be done so easily. The greatest danger is that neighboring provinces may be thrown into the conflict, as the Socialistic papers are loud in their appeals to the rural population to prove their solidarity by preventing cattle from Parma being driven into their territory.

Meanwhile the agricultural prospects in the stricken region are deplorable. The Socialists are fighting tooth and nail for a proposed scheme to grant direct leases to farm tenants and will be content with nothing less than absolute partition of all landed property.—New York Sun.

Result of Laxity in Punishing.

The recent murder of the artist Steinheil and his mother-in-law and the banker Remy and other crimes occurring in Paris within the last week or so have caused much discussion as to the expediency of any country being as lax in its punishments as in France. A high police official who was interviewed the other day, said:

"There are probably 20,000 dangerous criminals in Paris who are capable of committing murder, and perhaps 100,000 who live by dishonest means, but though our detective service is intelligent and cleverly handled it is undoubtedly handicapped at the present time by the wave of sentiment concerning criminals.

"Capital punishment is abolished to all intents and purposes, and legal punishment is not always proportionate to the degree of the crime. Corporal punishment would tend to remove a certain class of brutal crime, but public sentiment is against it."

M. Jaune, a detective in Paris, says: "There is a steady annual increase of crime in this city owing to the laxness with which the law metes out punishment. Justice should be more summary. The French penal code is admirable, but it is not applied with sufficient severity.

"Too much notice is taken of the criminal classes. The newspapers are full of their exploits and their photographs are published. This is just what pleases the distorted minds of young Apaches. Women and alcohol are the chief causes of crime in Paris as elsewhere."

Kaiser warns Bachelors.

In replying to a speech by the burgomaster at a dinner on board the Oceana the German Kaiser said that a reform in the imperial finances had been proposed which would be rational and sound and suitable to the needs of the empire. He said he could not at present reveal the Chancellor's plans, "but," he added, "if I may lift the veil somewhat, I may say that a tax on bachelors may loom up before unmarried men, though it has not yet been decided on."

Black Watch Chewing Tobacco The big black plug. 2269

FOR SALE

That well known farm at Coliere Grant, formerly owned by Wm. McDonald, containing 210 acres, more or less. For further information apply to T. J. SEARS, Lochaber

Can you afford to lose money daily?

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

Sharples Tubular wins every time

This is the result of the Scotsburn, Pictou Co. contest in May 1907, under the supervision of Mr. Geo. A. Ransom, the Dominion Government expert and committee of ten of the Scotsburn creamery directors.

SHARPLES TUBULAR skimmed 6 times cleaner than the MELOTTE. SHARPLES TUBULAR skimmed 6 times cleaner than the De LAVAL. SHARPLES TUBULAR skimmed 9 times cleaner than the Magnet. SHARPLES TUBULAR skimmed 10 times cleaner than the Empire (new style). SHARPLES TUBULAR also skimmed 15 times cleaner than the Massey Harris at Gananoque, Ontario, on Nov. 13th, 1907.

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

Durability Test

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

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

Sharples Tubular

Thomas Somers ANTIGONISH.

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

ROUE'S CARBONATED WATERS

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

ROUE'S CARBONATED WATERS

(Postal brings price list.)

JAMES ROUE

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HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

Cash Market

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

Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Rubbers And a full line of

Crockeryware, No. 1 July Herring.

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

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Office Hours, 9 to 12 and 1 to 4.30.

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MONEY TO LOAN ON SATISFACTORY REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

Office over Canadian Bank of Commerce

ANTIGONISH, N. S.

CARRIAGES

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

PETER McDONALD EAST END

Agricultural Warehouse

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

F. R. Trotter

FARM For SALE.

One of the best Farms in the County of Antigonish is offered for sale. It is situated but 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 CASSET, Antigonish, N. S.

**England's Premier Baby.**

The birth on Saturday of a son and heir to the Duke of Norfolk was treated as an event of almost national importance. The Duke of Norfolk is a man of mark in many ways.

He is the most important lay member of the Roman Catholic Church in Great Britain and acts to all intents and purposes, when occasion arises, as British Ambassador to the Vatican. He is also the premier peer of Great Britain, and the birth of a son insures the continuance in the direct male line of the ancient family of Howard, which stands next to the blood royal at the head of the English peerage and traces its descent back to Saxon times.

Arundel Castle, the Duke's stately Sussex home, dates from the time of King Alfred, who mentioned it in his will. The eleventh Duke spent \$3,000,000 in rebuilding and improving it, and the present Duke, the fifteenth, has spent at least \$5,000,000 more. The south side and grand entrance, as well as the old keep, are of Saxon architecture, but the chief entrance is a magnificent deep Norman doorway.

It seems strange that with so long and continuous a family history the child that was born on Saturday should be the first heir to the dukedom that has been born in the historic castle. The titles to which he will succeed are more numerous than those held by almost any other peer. He will be Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Arundel, of Surrey and of Norfolk, Baron Fitzalan, Clun and Oswaldestry and Baron Maltravers. He will also be Earl Marshal and Hereditary Marshal of England, an office, together with that of Chief Butler, conferred upon his predecessor in the fifteenth century, with the magnificent emolument of £20 a year suitably to maintain its dignity.

The present holder of all these dignities and titles is probably one of the most unassuming men in the British Isles. He succeeded his father as fifteenth Duke in 1890, when only 13, and seventeen years later married a daughter of Lord Donington. There was only one child of this marriage, a son, whose mental and physical weakness was the tragedy of his parents' life. Everything that human knowledge could suggest was tried and failed. To Lourdes and other famous Catholic shrines he was taken, but never with the least benefit to his mind or body.

In 1887 the Duchess died, and the Duke, always a deeply religious man, wished to retire from the world and spend the rest of his life in some religious order, but the urgent representations of his friends, including Queen Victoria, Lord Salisbury and Cardinal Newman, prevented him from taking this course. Instead he devoted himself to the care of his invalid son and the performance of any public duty that came his way.

He was twice Mayor of Sheffield, a town from which he derives some £100,000 a year, and from 1895 to 1900 was one of the most active Postmaster-Generals the General Post Office ever had. He resigned to serve in the south African war.

In 1902 his son died, and two years later the Duke married again, this time the daughter and heiress of Baron Herries, his cousin. She is heiress to the ancient Scotch barony of Herries, created in 1480, one of the few peerages inheritable by daughters as well as sons of the house, so that the child born on Saturday will in the ordinary course of events add this title to the long list he will inherit from his father.

A peculiar fact in connection with the Earldom of Arundel, created in 1130, is that Arundel Castle is the only ancient feudal estate the possession of which *ipso facto* confers a title. If it were sold to any millionaire tomorrow he would at once become Earl of Arundel.

In spite of his vast wealth and high position the present Duke of Norfolk scorns delights. He prefers old garments to new, and can boast the proud distinction of being the worst dressed man in the House of Lords, which has been called the worst dressed assemblage in Europe.

Very short, with a bustling, rolling gait, a long, dark, untrimmed beard; dressed in old, unfashionable, even shabby clothes, he certainly does not suggest externally the premier Duke and Earl Marshal of England. Once, it is said, he went into a shop in Portsmouth, and the proprietor thinking he had come in answer to an advertisement for an assistant told him the place was filled and offered him sixpence to cover his disappointment. The Duke, who is not without humor, took it with thanks and went.

On another occasion, when the beautifully kept grounds of Arundel were thrown open for a school children's treat, the Duke was crossing one of his lawns when a teacher followed him, shouting:

"Come off the grass! It's people like you get these places shut to the public."

On the day that Gladstone was buried in Westminster Abbey the writer was standing with a small body of press representatives in King William Rufus Hall, where the first part of the funeral ceremony was to take place. A little man in an old fashioned frock coat, the very short sleeves of which revealed no sign of shirt cuffs, hustled up to him and asked: "Have you gentlemen got everything you want?" then hustled off to get a few more printed forms of the proceedings. A woman reporter next to the writer touched him on the arm and said: "Was that the chief undertaker who spoke to you?" "No," was the reply, "that was the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl Marshal of England, who superintends a function of this sort as one of his duties."

The woman reporter evidently did not believe it and looked around for some one she would trust. Seeing Julian Ralph she went and asked him, but he was not sure, and it was not until the Duke, this time carrying his Marshal's baton, led in the distinguished procession of clergy and pall-bearers that she would believe that the rusty looking little man with a kind face but shocking clothes was the important personage he had been declared to be.—*New York Sun.*

**Six Lepers Cured.**

A remarkable medical report touching on the cure of leprosy will be presented to the Louisiana Assembly probably this week by the Leper home of the state of Louisiana. In this report appear the words:

"Discharged, cured—one.  
"Practically well and kept for observation—five."

This means that leprosy, the terrible scourge, supposed to be incurable is curable, and it means further that the cure was brought about in a Sisters' hospital. Briefly explained, the meaning of these figures is that out of sixty-one lepers at the Louisiana institution in two years, six have been practically cured. The figures are from the biennial report of the Leper home, where for over thirteen years this state has provided a place for lepers to receive the comforts and the skilled medical care which are not as a rule within reach of such sufferers.

Instead of being isolated, the institution faces the public highway along the Mississippi river levee in Iberville parish. It occupies the Indian plantation, an estate of about 400 acres. A row of modern cottages constitute the lepers' quarters. A surgical building and a small Catholic Church, complete this group of leper buildings. For thirteen years, four to six Sisters of Charity practically alone have cared for all the wants of the lepers to cooking and sweeping. None of these sisters ever has become infected with the disease and apparently none of them fears it.

**Is There Such a Thing as "Catholic Truth"?**

In its issue of June 6, London *Academy* comments upon the following sentence which occurs (very appropriately, says the *Academy's* editor,) in a review of some treatise on Modernism: "We hear occasionally of 'Catholic truth,' which requires the efforts and subscriptions of a society to make it true. Such a conception is a surd. Truth can not be sectarian. We might as well take a Protestant Mathematics or Jewish Euclid." The idea expressed in this sentence has often been put forth in this country. We have seen it even from the pens of Catholic writers who considered, doubtless, that they were saying something very smart. Its use in the English treatise referred to by the *Academy* was apparently for the purpose of discrediting the Catholic Truth Society of England, an organization which since its inception has done splendid work for the Catholic cause. This is the way in which the Protestant *Academy* shows the fallacy of the flippant sentence:—

"From this passage we gather, firstly, that the truth needs no defense, and no demonstration, from which it follows that the foundation of, say, an 'English Historical Society,' with a president, a committee, subscriptions, publications, and, possibly a monthly organ, would be absurd. History is the Truth about past events; therefore it would be ridiculous to make any efforts to clear up doubtful points, to elucidate complicated transactions, to defend sober and scholarly historical positions from the attacks of the cranks and maniacs who have discovered that Bacon wrote the whole literature of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, and that the Anglo-Saxons are the lost tribes of Israel. And in the same way medical writers are to beware of forming a society with a view to convincing people of the danger of sleeping ten in a room, of drinking infected water, of smoking green tea, of injecting morphia three times a day, and of believing in quack 'Powders to cure Cancer.' All these are heresies against the Truth of Medicine and Hygiene, therefore, no efforts, or subscriptions, or speeches, or pamphlets are needed to defend the Truth in question. It would thus be highly ridiculous for a doctor to fight the delusions and absurdities of 'Christian Science' with all the knowledge and all the energy at his command."

"And 'Truth can not be sectarian.' If this means anything, it means that it is not possible to im-

agine the existence of a difference of opinion on any possible subject; that every 'fact' of the universe must be absolutely clear and certain, and that from each of such facts there is only one conceivable deduction. It is difficult to believe that any man in his sober senses can have deliberately emitted such a proposition as this; yet, there it stands, and, considering all things, it is perhaps the most false statement that has ever been made since the world was "a fluid haze of light." Nevertheless the writer's meaning is plain, for he goes on to say that one might as well talk of "Protestant Mathematics or Jewish Euclid;" whence it follows that this "modernist" reviewer believes that the propositions of religious truth are exactly analogous to the propositions of mathematical truth. *Et homo factus est* is as clear, self-evident and certain as *two and two make four. Et resurrexit tertia die* is a proposition as demonstrable as *The angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal.* Now, it is highly unlikely that there has been any radical alteration in the constitution of the human brain in the course of ages; yet here we have a grown man, of some education, endowed with a certain measure of literary facility, uttering propositions which would have proved a sure passport to the Rod and Booby's Bench if they, or anything like unto them, had been advanced by an eight-year-old child in the twelfth century. The modern or (modernist) spirit is certainly very curious."—*Sacred Heart Review.*

**The Adored One.**

He is a confirmed bachelor. In fact, his attitude toward women is almost that of a misogynist. His particular bete noire is a new acquaintance of his sister, Miss Blank. He met her in the street the other day and, seeing no way out of it, stopped and spoke to her. She saw how he was fidgeting to get away and said:

"You seem very preoccupied. Ah, I know, you are thinking of the one you adore."

"I adore no one," was his stiff rejoinder.

"You can't deceive me. I know you are deeply in love. Besides, your sister showed me a photo of the object of your devotion only last night. It isn't a type I admire. But, there, every one to his taste. I won't tell any one, Good by."

And before he could reply she was gone.

When he reached home he said to his sister:

"What girl's photo did you show Miss Blank last night?"

"Not any. The only photo I showed her was one of yourself."

Then it dawned upon him what Miss Blank was driving at.—*London Scraps.*

**King Dislikes Formality.**

"Those who know the English King's personal habits understands why he avoids Berlin. His Majesty likes intercourse of a free and easy character and he dislikes strict formalities.

"For instance, the English sovereign dislikes the idea of passing through the Brandenburg gate, like the white elephant of Siam, and being greeted by the city fathers and thousands of school children. He also dislikes the military review and similar pageants which would be arranged here in his honor if he paid an official state visit to Berlin.

"This prudent monarch, whose clever diplomacy has raised Great Britain to an international position which she hitherto has never possessed and who has produced this effect without any external display, dislikes the pompous customs of the German court, for he knows how to employ his time more profitably than in such empty ceremonies. King Edward's refusal to visit Berlin must not be construed as an attitude of unfriendliness toward Germany, but as a sign of his personal dislike of gorgeous pageants, which frequently burden those whom they are intended to honor.


"Even in the East, the cradle of Byzantine display, there is a tendency to abolish such pageants. Perhaps in Germany too the time will come when foreign monarchs can pay us visits without so many external accompaniments of pomp."

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