

THE CASKET.

\$1 Per Annum.

A Catholic Journal Non-Partisan in Politics.

\$1 Per Annum.

Fifty-sixth Year

Antigonish, Nova Scotia, Thursday, August 27, 1908.

No. 35.

THE CASKET.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS, \$1.00.

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

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 27.

An eighty year old veteran of the Crimean war died in jail as a vagrant at Port Arthur, Ontario, the other day. Uncle Sam's pension system, with all its abuses, is better than this.

Joel Chandler Harris read the *Ave Maria* every week for years. It was a remote preparation for his conversion. The non-Catholic who, like "Uncle Remus," can enjoy the *Lady's* magazine, is not far from the light.

The passage of the Irish Universities Bill was a great triumph for Mr. Birrell, and one which he might not have enjoyed but for his previous failure. If his Education Bill had been a success, he would probably be in the Education Office still, instead of being Chief Secretary for Ireland.

The English Nonconformists are not putting their case fairly when they say that their demand for schools is the same as the demand of the Irish Catholics for a university. Protestant higher education in Ireland is amply provided for by Trinity College, Dublin, and Queens College, Belfast. Let Catholic primary education be equally well provided for in England, and that is all we ask.

Earl Russell, grandson of the famous Lord John who posed as the great champion of English Protestantism against the invasions of Popery, proclaims himself an agnostic. He lately introduced a Bill in the House of Lords providing that desertion for two years should be reckoned sufficient cause for divorce. When he insisted on dividing the House he had difficulty in finding a teller to act with him, and when at last he found one they were the only voters in favor of his Bill.

"Archbishop" Vilatte, who disappeared from Paris with his cronies in pawn, has bobbed up in Winnipeg. On his arrival there he was accompanied by the Baron de Something or Other, who represented himself as the son of a wealthy Frenchman. The Baron made some heavy purchases, could not pay for them, was sent to jail, and, at the end of his term, departed. He is a worthy companion of Vilatte, whom the Protestant Bishop of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, has denounced as morally rotten, a swindler and a drunkard.

The laying of the corner stone of the Nova Scotia Technical College, Halifax, on Thursday last, marks the beginning of a work whose importance we have time and again impressed upon our readers. With all our hearts we join in Archbishop McCarthy's prayer:

"Pour forth Thy grace upon those who shall come here to learn, in the study of nature, the marvels of Thy wisdom and power, to the end that the things that shall be taught herein may be grasped by their minds, brought near to their deeds, so that in all our teaching and learning Thy name may be hallowed."

The latest of the "Century Bible Handbooks," published in London under the general editorship of Dr. Walter F. Adney, is entitled "The Apocryphal Books." The author, Professor H. T. Andrews, makes one remark which we have often made ourselves, but never heard any one else making before: "If it were possible for us to revise the Canon of the Old Testament, very many people

would prefer to substitute Ecclesiasticus for Ecclesiastes, and the Book of Wisdom for the Song of Solomon." Whenever we hear a man saying that the ultimate test of the inspiration of Scripture is the impression it makes upon the reader, the way it speaks to his heart, we challenge him to apply that test to the books which Professor Andrews mentions. If the Reformers had really applied that test, instead of following a tradition of men, Ecclesiasticus and Wisdom would be in the King James as well as in the Douay Bible. Or, if they were thrown out, Ecclesiastes and the Song of Solomon would certainly be rejected with them.

The death of the Paris correspondent of the London *Times* leads that journal to make a half-apology for the extremely anti-clerical character of his letters. He believed, says the *Times*, that it was necessary for the State to win the battle against the Church in France, and he labored to make Englishmen share his opinion. His conduct, it is willing to admit, "seemed to some to savour of partisanship." Savour of partisanship! What else was it but the most pronounced partisanship? A *Times* correspondent is supposed to give, more faithfully and accurately than others of his profession, the news, which he succeeds in gathering. He may comment upon the news after he gives it, though that is properly his editor's task, but he must give the news first. The late Mr. Lavino gave only such news as was favorable to the French government, and his letters were chiefly arguments for its policy, arguments such as we should expect to find in newspapers controlled by Clemenceau and Company, but not in a journal which prides itself on being the highest exponent of British fair play.

The German Jesuit, Rev. H. A. Krose, after making a special study of the statistics of foreign missions, sums up as follows:

"The population of the world amounts to about 1,537 million inhabitants:—549,017,341 Christians, 11,036,607 Jews, 202,048,240 Mohammedans, 210,100,000 Brahmans, 12,113,756 Old Indian Cults, 120,250,000 Buddhists, 235,000,000 adherents of Confucius, 32,000,000 Taoists, 17,000,000 Shintoists, 144,700,000 Fetish-worshippers, 2,844,482 others. Of the 549,017,341 Christians, 234,595,922 are Catholics, 166,627,169 Protestants, 109,147,272 Greek Orthodox, 2,173,371 Raskolniks, 6,554,913 Oriental Schismatics. In round numbers, therefore, out of 1,537 million inhabitants of the world, 265 millions are Catholics, i. e. nearly half of those who profess Christianity and one-sixth of the whole population of the world belong to the true Church of Christ. . . . The total sum of native Catholics amounts to 7,883,963 as compared with 3,212,214 native Protestants, or in round figures, 8,000,000 Catholics against 4,000,000 Protestants as the result of missionary enterprise in the 19th century. Surely there is no reason why Protestant statisticians should sneer at Catholic missionaries and their work, as it is often done; especially when one considers the scanty material means at the Catholic Missionaries' disposal."

From the London *Catholic Weekly* of August 14 we take the following paragraph. The Bishop of Dunkeld is the Right Reverend Angus McFarlane, and the Bishop of Aberdeen, whose circular letter concerning the pilgrimage we published a few weeks ago, is the Right Reverend Aeneas Chisholm:

"The banner which is to accompany the Scottish pilgrims to Lourdes has been solemnly blessed by the Bishop of Dunkeld at St. John's Church, Perth. In a short address Canon Lavelle described the banner, which was designed by Mr. Ogilvie Fairlie, of Myers Castle, Fife, and worked by the Dominican Nuns at Stone, Staffordshire, whose artistic work showed that the great art of ecclesiastical embroidery was not dead. The banner displays the figure of St. Margaret, Queen and Patroness of Scotland, on the front, while the reverse bears St. Andrew's Cross, in the centre of which is worked the Scottish lion in gold. His Lordship then blessed the banner, and subsequently gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The banner was received at the Cathedral, Edinburgh, last Sunday. At the evening service the Very Rev. Canon Stuart, Adm., gave an address, in which he related the history of the Apparition at Lourdes, its meaning, and the reasons

of the pilgrimage. The Right Rev. the Bishop of Aberdeen had been expected to give the address, but owing to serious illness he was unable to be present, and it is unlikely that he will be able to be the leader of the pilgrimage, as was arranged."

When Abdul Hamid became Sultan of Turkey, in 1876, he proclaimed a Constitution for the country, which provided for a responsible Ministry, a Senate, a Chamber of Deputies, the right of public meeting, freedom of the press, the appointment of judges for life, compulsory education, and so on. Elections were held, and in March, 1876, the Senate and Chamber of Deputies met at Constantinople. The Sultan made a speech in which he again promised social reforms and the reorganization of the army and navy. While the Houses of Parliament were still discussing their address in reply to the speech from the throne, war broke out with Russia. In May martial law was proclaimed. In June the Parliament was closed. It met once again that year, but it was too independent for the Sultan, and he dissolved it in February 1878, declaring the Constitution "suspended." It remained suspended until the 24th of last month, when the Sultan, alarmed by a widespread revolt in his army in Macedonia, decreed that it should come into operation once more. This time he has sworn upon the Koran that he will observe the Constitution, an action which will make the most religious Mohammedans feel justified in removing him, should he prove faithless. The immediate result has been the return of the army to its allegiance. What other results may follow, no one can predict.

We have not seen reprinted in English the interview which Mr. Henri Bourassa gave to the *Gazette de France* on July 31. And we do not expect to see it. Such a calm and temperate statement of the purpose of "Nationalism" in the Province of Quebec is not campaign literature for either Liberals or Conservatives. We do not favor "nationalism" ourselves; we believe in fusion; we have no desire to see either Canada or the United States become another Hungary; we do not believe that the interests of religion are served by violent efforts to maintain racial and linguistic distinctions under one flag. But we freely acknowledge that Mr. Bourassa states his case well and inoffensively. We wonder whether Earl Grey himself had as clear an idea of what he meant to do at Quebec as Mr. Bourassa credits him with. His Excellency, says Mr. Bourassa, wished to celebrate the birth of French Canada in the landing of Champlain; the birth of English Canada in the capture of Quebec; and their fusion into one grand British whole. A very proper thing in itself, he adds, but the hour chosen by the French-Canadians to celebrate their birthday was hardly the time for it. As to his own position at present, Mr. Bourassa explains it jocosely by saying that in Canada both political parties are Liberal when in opposition, and Conservative when in power.

THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPAEDIA.

There were a few typographical errors in last issue, the most serious being that which made Dr. Shaban the author of the article on agnosticism, instead of Dr. Shanahan; that which added a letter to the name of Dr. Hanna of Rochester; and that which changed Bonner into Banner. Two at least of the Canadian hierarchy have contributed to the *Encyclopaedia*, Archbishop Bruchesi of Montreal giving a sketch of his predecessor, Bishop Bourget, and Bishop Legal of St. Albert, Alberta, writing on the Blood Indians. There are also two bishops from the British Isles; Archbishop Healy of Tuam, who is a specialist in Irish history, writes of the School of Armagh; and Bishop Casartelli of Salford, one of the greatest Oriental scholars in Europe, writes of the theological aspect of the Avesta.

The diocesan clergy of the United States are represented by Monsignor Loughlin, Chancellor of Philadelphia,

who writes on Arminianism, St. Ambrose, Popes Alexander II. to VI. and Adrian I. to III.; and Dr. Burtzell of New York, writing on canonical acts and several other subjects in canon law.

Dr. Lionel Lindsay of Quebec writes of Bishop Briand, and Sir George Cartier; Dr. Alexander MacDonald, V. G., writes of the diocese of Antigonish, incidentally informing us that the original spelling was *nalagitkoonech*, and making us thankful for the evolution, or whatever it may be called, that has reduced the word to its present dimensions. And Dr. J. C. MacMillan writes of the diocese of Charlottetown.

The diocesan clergy of England are represented by Dr. Joseph Wilhelm, a German, writing on the Apostolic See, Apostolic Succession, Charismata, and the Bohemian Brethren, better known as the Moravians; Canon William Barry, an Irishman, writing on Adrianism, Calvin and Calvinism; Dr. Francis Aveling, a Canadian, writing on Antinomianism, Atheism, the Lady Margaret, Baconian Philosophy, Belief and Cause. Dr. Adrian Fortescue, writing on the Antiochene Liturgy, the Alexandrine Liturgy, and the Canon of the Mass; Monsignor James Moyes, writing on Anglicanism, the Rev. T. B. Scannell, Editor of the *Catholic Dictionary*, on the Book of Common Prayer; and Dr. Horace K. Mann on Popes Benedict I. to IX.

The diocesan clergy of the Continent are represented by the German, Dr. Ernst Gerland, writing on the Byzantine Empire; Monsignor Anton de Wael, a Roman antiquarian, on the Chair of Peter, and the Catacombs; Dr. Gisbert Brom, head of the Dutch Historical Institute, Rome, on the Duke of Alva; Professor Henri Cordier, of the Paris School for Oriental Languages, on China; Dr. Vacancard, of Rouen, on Arnold of Brescia; and Canon Sicard, of Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris, on Assemblies of the French Clergy.

Among the laity who have contributed to the work are Arthur ua Clerigh of London, on Pope Adrian IV. and the Irish Act of Settlement, —he is regarded as one of the best authorities on Irish history; the late Charles S. Devas, on Agrarianism, —he wrote the *Stonyhurst Manual of Political Economy*; Charles W. Sloane, a New York lawyer, on the Civil Aspect of Bankruptcy; Adolphe Bandler, on America, Aztecs, Las Casas, and nearly all the Spanish-American subjects, on which he is the foremost authority at the present day; Jeremiah Ford, Professor of French and Spanish at Harvard, on Cervantes; Professor Arthur Remy of Columbia University, on the Avesta; Louise Imogen Guiney, on Chaucer; the late Ferdinand Brunetiere, on Bossuet; Georges Bertrin, Professor of French Literature in the Catholic Institute, Paris, on Chateaubriand; Mary H. Allies, on her father; Henry F. Brownson, on his father; Alexander McNeil, of Halifax, on Bishop Burke; Elizabeth Christlich, of Belgrade, on Albania; Arthur M. Doughty, Canadian Archivist, on Champlain; N. E. Dionne, Librarian of the Legislature, Quebec, on Jacques Cartier; J. J. Curran, Judge of the Superior Court of Quebec, on T. W. Anglin, and Canadian legislation concerning cemeteries; H. J. Desmond, editor of the *Millwaukee Catholic Citizen*, on the A. P. A., and American legislation concerning cemeteries; Hannis Taylor, ex-Minister of the United States to Spain, on Attainder; Charles F. Nammack, Professor of Chemical Medicine at Cornell University, on Alcoholism; Florence M. Capes, of London, on St. Catherine de Ricci and St. Catherine of Genoa; Edmund G. Gardiner, of London, on St. Catherine of Siena, —he is her latest and best biographer in English; Leon Clugnet, of Paris, on St. Catherine of Alexandria; Otto Hartig, of the Royal Library, Munich, on the Cabots; Henry Jenner, of the British Museum, on the Ambrosian Rite and the Celtic Rite; Dr. James J. Walsh, on Anesthesia; the late Agnes M. Clerke, on Astronomy in the Bible; Douglas Hyde, the distinguished Celtic scholar, on the Brehon Laws;

Francis Urquhart, Lecturer on Modern History at Oxford, on Foxe's Book of Martyrs, and Christendom.

The subjects we have mentioned are only a few of those treated in the first three volumes of the *Catholic Encyclopaedia*, but they are enough to show that a vast amount of information hitherto unattainable except in foreign languages and by scholars trained to the work of searching through large libraries, has now been brought together in English, so that he who runs may read. Every public library of any importance should have the work, and the Catholics who help to support them should see that they get it. The leading non-Catholic universities of the United States have subscribed for it, and it will be a great gain for the cause of truth to have such a work under the eyes of men whose impartial desire to hear both sides of a question will compel them to read it.

The *Catholic Encyclopaedia* is published by the Robert Appleton Company, New York, who will furnish information concerning binding and prices.

THE QUESTION OF SWEATED LABOR.

The problems of statesmanship are the greatest, most difficult problems that arise in the world. We do not sympathize with those who are always ready to attempt a remedy by law for every ill that arises in public or social life. Hardly any opinion has been expressed more frequently in these columns than this:—that the power of a majority to enforce their opinions in the shape of laws, and the power of a majority to regulate the conduct of even a minority, are subject to many obvious limitations; and that the first inquiry to be made by those who wish to enforce even opinions sound in principle, or to regulate or prevent conduct that is plainly bad, must often be, is it possible to do so effectively and is it possible to do so at all without getting afoot a worse evil than the one to be prevented. For instance, to take an extreme illustration, merely for illustration's sake, no one would suppose it would be a good idea to extirpate the use of intoxicating liquor by giving its devotees the use of opium instead. The argument of the lesser evil is, however, we believe, often very unfairly and unnecessarily brought forward. We do not know that we have ever read the history of any reform movement, which has not told us of the opposition of some who were quite surely and honestly convinced that present actual evils were preferable to greater evils not easily to be defined, not very clearly conceived, but looming very large in the minds of men of ultra-conservatism of temperament. How many times has not England's greatness and glory—nay, her very safety and solidarity—been declared to be in danger from some unheeded innovation upon the laws and customs of its land, some so-thought startling change in its social organization. Yet, the day of disaster is as far off as ever. The problems of statesmanship must always balance between one extreme and the other—between the impetuosity of those who think that anything can be done by making an act of Parliament about it, and the stolid standstill attitude of those who argue ruin and disaster from any interference with existing conditions. On the whole, we believe that the latter class are the more hurtful to a country. We doubt whether the dangers of hasty and experimental legislation are, in general, nearly as great as the dangers of the other extreme.

England has been particularly obstructed in its advances in the way of reform by the steady stone-wall opposition of those whose minds are so constituted that anything new gives them an image of a ruined and disintegrated country. This brings us to the latest subject which has aroused the well-known blue ruin war cry, the evil of underpaid labor. A select committee of the House of Commons has recently inquired and reported on the subject of what is called "sweated labour." The point of the difficulty seems to be that piece-work, as we

Continued on page 4

THE TORTURES OF BILIOUSNESS

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1906 A. No. 31.
IN THE SUPREME COURT
Between **GEORGE BOUDROIT JR.** and **DANIEL S. BOUDROIT**, an infant by **STEPHEN BOUDROIT**, his next friend, Plaintiffs
—and—
WILLIAM SAMPSON, Defendant

To be sold at public auction, by the sheriff of the County of Guysborough or his deputy, at the Court House at Guysborough, in the said County on Friday, the 28th day of Aug. A. D. 1908, at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon

All the estate, right title, interest, property, claim and demand of the above named plaintiff, George Boudroit, Jr. at the time of the recording of the judgment herein, or at any time since of, in, to or out of all that lot, piece or parcel of

LAND,

situate, lying and being at Port Felix, in the County of Guysborough, and bounded and described as follows: First that lot beginning at the South East angle of a lot granted to Alexr. and Peter Boudroit; from thence North twenty degrees, West one hundred and twenty chains or until it comes to the rear line thereof, thence South, seventy degrees, West six chains, thence South seventy degrees, East one hundred and eighteen chains or until it comes to the waters of Port Felix, thence by said waters easterly to the place of beginning, containing sixty nine acres more or less. Secondly, also that lot of wideness land described as follows: beginning at the South East angle of a lot of land granted to the said Alexr. and Peter Boudroit; from thence North twenty degrees, West twelve chains and twenty five links, thence South seventy degrees, West twelve chains and twenty five links, thence North twenty degrees, East twelve chains and twenty five links, or until it comes to the place of beginning containing thirty one and one half acres more or less together with the buildings hereon and appurtenances to the same belonging.

The same having been levied upon under an execution on a judgment recovered by the said defendant against the said plaintiff on the 16th day of May, A. D. 1907, which judgment was duly recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds at Guysborough, N. S., for more than one year.

Terms—25 per cent deposit at the time of the sale, remainder on delivery of deed.
Date of Sheriff's Office, Guysborough, N. S., July 22nd, 1908.

J. A. FULTON, Guysboro, N. S.,
Solicitor for Defendant.

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

The House of Burns and Oates.
(Wilfrid Wilberforce in Catholic Weekly)

If London has a heart, and De Quincey thought it had, in Oxford Street, albeit but a stoney one, here at the Oxford Street corner of Orchard Street, it seems to lie—here at the head-quarters of Catholic publishing. For, at the door of Burns and Oates' great building, the arteries of travel converge, going and coming, east and west, north and south. Eastward and westward runs Oxford Street; northward lies St. John's Wood, with its great Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, reminding us of the knights that gave the district its name. Over there is Spanish Place, with Mr. Goldie's masterpiece, the Church of St. James, and within a stone's throw is the house in York Palace where Cardinal Wiseman breathed his last ('I am like a child going home to his Father—no more scoldings,' as he pathetically said), the house, too, in which Cardinal Manning passed the earlier years of his unforgettably archiepiscopate. William Pitt's house, close by, has its commemorating tablet, but the house of these two great ministers of God goes yet unmarked.

A minute's stroll southward takes you, moreover, to a house in South Audley Street, where Manning was staying when he planned the Bayswater community, writing thence to Hope Scott letter, as heavenly in their finish as those of Lord Chesterfield or Lady Mary Wortley Montagu—both buried in this very street—were finished in their worldliness. The Jesuits live hard by handily near the publishing house whose shelves contain a long series of valued volumes from those unresting S. J. pens.

Westward, by some three hundred yards, lies Tyburn. Only a common little cast-iron slab marks the spot close to which the gallows once stood. And great was the happiness of these neighbouring publishers of the *Dublin Review* to print Francis Thompson's tribute-poetry to 'The Anointed Kings of Tyburn Tree.' It is another memory of theirs that under this very roof took place the first meeting between the editor of *Merry England* and the poet whose works are here, very literally, encountered. 'And who, I asked of the managing director, 'are the chief readers of Francis Thompson?' The reply was that while the outer world naturally supplied readers in the greater number, Catholics are by no means lagging in their appreciation of a poet peculiarly their own; that Catholic periodicals outvied all others in the insight of their notices at the time of his death, and Catholic publishers, while he lived, were the only ones who had the prevision to commission his prose—a prescience attested by the pile of 'Health and Holiness' here upraised. 'And,' said my guide, 'I may divulge for your readers a literary secret. We have in our safe a precious MS. 'Life of St. Ignatius,' by Francis Thompson, which will appear before the end of this year.'

In accordance with a great wish of the present directorate to gather under a Catholic roof the foremost Catholic authors, Messrs. Burns and Oates have lately acquired not only Francis Thompson's posthumous works from the Bodley Head, but also Aubrey de Vere's from Messrs. Macmillan, Sir William Butler's books, wherein you meet 'the bright face of danger,' from Messrs. Sampson, Low, and Co., Mr. Montgomery Carmichael's from Mr. Murray, Cardinal Wiseman's 'Last Four Popes,' from Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, and so on, through a goodly list. In other cases, such as Father Benson's 'By What Authority' and 'The Kings Achievement,' the issue of their own separate editions, advisedly choosing among his books the brace of them most suitable for prize-giving.

Catholic publishers, my guide reminded me, have hard nuts to crack; but somehow they seem to manage to crack them. The smaller circulation of a Catholic book ought to make each copy of it dearer than if it were a book making a more general appeal; for the cost of the composition, to name no other, falls individually heavily on one thousand copies of a book and lightly when spread over ten, or, perhaps, a hundred thousand, the case of a book appealing, not to a section of the nation, but to the nation at large.

You buy for a half penny a newspaper, produced profitably at that price in big numbers, that would cost you, say, a pound a copy in a limited edition. Bearing in mind this mystery of numbers, it is gratifying enough to note that the enterprise or the good management or the self-abnegation of a Catholic publisher has never raised, but rather, in nearly all cases, has reduced, the price fixed by the great outer publishing firms for the books Burns and Oates have now taken over.

Similarly, the sixpenny New Testament here issued might teach even the richly-endowed Bible Societies a lesson in cheap production. The sixpenny editions of 'Fabiola,' 'Callista,' and even of 'Loss and Gain,' further illustrate the possibilities of a popular issue where large numbers spell small prices. The same rule applies in the case of the Catechism, which with its well-printed hundred pages, still answers to the adjective by which it is rather oddly known—the 'Penny Catechism.' The 'Short Stories' of Canon Sheehan, too, well bound and well illustrated, give perhaps a record shilling value for the copyright matter of an author commanding large sums because he sells in large numbers. 'If ever Catholic books were dear,' says my guide, 'it must have been in the palmy days that have no date, so far as we are concerned.' Nor is there any 'cheap and nasty' touch about these books, that seem almost bribes offered to the public. When I praise 'The Alphabet of Saints,' and the

The Catholic Schools in New Glasgow.

We will soon be commencing a new school year. Now, during the vacation in the school year, the Board of School Commissioners should take up the Catholic school question and settle it. Two years ago the management of these schools offered to hand them over to the town providing the Catholic children would be allowed to attend them and that Catholic teachers would be employed. At that time the Board, for certain reasons, could not deal with the question as its members wished. There is now no other question that would interfere with the settlement of the school question and it should be dealt with. The Board is now composed wholly of Protestants and is therefore in a better position to deal with the subject than was the Board of two years ago, a member of which was a Catholic and another was a member who frequently declared that he was in sympathy with the convictions of those who upheld the Catholic schools.

Under the arrangements that could be made at that time the schools, to all intents and purposes, would become public schools, the only difference would be that the Catholic children of the town would be included and the teachers would be Catholics who, of course, would be licensed like the other teachers in the town. The rules and regulations would be the same, as in the other schools; the text books would be the same and there would be no religious instruction given during school hours. To us it seemed and now seems that there would be no danger to the constitution, the laws, or the schools, as public schools, in following our Catholic neighbours and granting townsmen this privilege.

Men whose Protestantism is of the most healthy and robust character declared that, as the public schools are good enough for their children, they are good enough for Catholic children. From the viewpoint of the writer of this he cannot deny the apparent truth of such a declaration; but there is another side to the question. The Catholics will tell us,—'Your schools are good schools as far as secular schools go; but there is a Protestant atmosphere about them to which our religious teachers object.' (We are rather inclined to believe that the atmosphere is thought atheistical, rather than Protestant, but we will let that go.)

Is there any grounds for the allegation about the Protestant atmosphere? A Protestant will at once answer, 'No.' But, let us reason together, or better, let us recite an instance where the shoe was on the other foot: In Antigonish where the majority are Catholics the Protestants objected to the Catholic atmosphere in the schools of the town. It was open to the majority to say,—'The schools are not Catholic schools but public schools and, as they are good enough for our children they are good enough for yours.' But, as reasonable men, they did not say that. They said, 'the teachers are Catholics and what you allege may be true. Take your own taxes and your own share of school, monies and build and maintain your own schools.' That was done, and we have not heard that education suffered or that Protestantism was endangered thereby. Invariably has this theory been adopted in Quebec to meet such conditions as exist and must be dealt with as they exist.

In New Glasgow we tax the Catholic people the same as Protestant people and apply all their money to public schools. We look upon that as rather hard lines and our Catholic fellow subjects can hardly help feeling that they are hardly dealt with. We Protestants must not forget that the Catholics have no choice in the premises, for the religious obligation forbids them doing other than what they are doing.

We frankly admit our belief in the excellence of our public schools except that, in our humble opinion, the Bible, as far as suitable, should be daily read so that the pupils would be thoroughly informed of the contents of what we regard as the great charter of our faith and liberty. On the Catholic parents the obligation of religious instruction is thrown by the church and they must do as they are doing. Being in the majority we can continue to make them contribute *pro rata* with ourselves to support the public schools, yet they must, as a religious duty, support their own. Is that not somewhat hard? Could we not conscientiously, equitably and safely let them have at least the provincial grant for their teachers, their share of the County grant and their own taxes. All that we would lose would be a share of the taxes, even did we go no further than to legalise their schools. But, if we take their schools over, on the conditions talked of two years ago, the town will have the provincial grant to their teachers and County grant to their pupils to help pay the bills.

In writing this we have thrown to one side traditional and religious prejudice as we would like to see our Protestant friends do, also. To us the question seems far and away beyond prejudice: to be a question of justice. The School Board is now in an admirable position for dealing with the subject and we bespeak the assistance of the Protestant ratepayers on their behalf.

In conclusion, we beg to state that no person interested in these Catholic schools has spoken to us one word on the subject since the abortive effort to do justice two years ago.—*Eastern Chronicle.*

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Situated "doubly," same distance from each other, same distance from feed door—on "Sunshine" Furnace.

"SUNSHINE" ADVANTAGE:
Operator can easily clean every bit of soot out of radiator.

THE OPERATION

Fire put out, smoke-pipe pulled down—on some furnaces.

Fire stays in, smoke-pipe stays up—on "Sunshine" Furnace.

"SUNSHINE" ADVANTAGE: Furnace can be cleaned out any time in season without trouble, dirt, or "fear of chilling the house."

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THE WONDERFUL FLOWER OF WOXINDON.

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CHAPTER II.

An account is given by my wife of Woxindon, and of the wonderful flower; also of a guest about whom there will be much to tell later on.

It is exactly thirty years ago this spring, that the wonderful flower, which my dear grandmother imagined to be a portent of happiness to us, may even of a revival of religion in this land, blossomed in my parents' house. Alas! that flower, far from being a harbinger of joy, was the forerunner of ruin to our house, and of a fierce outburst of persecution against our holy Faith. But perhaps if it brought sorrow here, it brought the promise of felicity hereafter.

Before telling the story of this flower, I must say a few words about our dear home. It was an estate called Woxindon, not far from Harrow-on-the-hill, about twelve miles from London; somewhat farther, that is, than our own Tervuren in Brussels, and separated from it by a wood, St. John's Wood, just as we are shut off from the capital by the forest of Audreghem. From our watchtower we could look over the tops of the trees and descry the gray walls and gloomy turrets of the Tower on the other side of the city. Whenever wind and weather permitted, my dear grandmother, leaning on my sister Anne's arm or on mine, used to ascend the winding stairs leading to the flat roof of the turret. There, looking across to the Tower in the far distance, we would kneel down and recite a prayer for the many Catholics and Priests, venerated Confessors of the Faith, who were immured in its darksome dungeons. There were always about fifty there; with a large proportion of these we were personally acquainted, for Woxindon was known to friend and foe, as the principal place of refuge for priests in the neighbourhood of London, in fact in the south of England. Seldom did a month pass without one receiving a domiciliary visit, generally at night, from Topcliffe and his myrmidons, who turned the castle upside-down, pulled down partitions and broke through walls, only to go away at last, cursing and swearing at the futility of their quest.

Topcliffe was a thoroughly low, bad man, a Puritan in whose veins ran adders' poison; possessed not by one, but by a legion of devils breathing hatred against the Papacy. The mere sight of him made me shudder; not so my lighthearted sister Anne, who mocked and derided him, although my father repeatedly forbade her to do so. At the close of one of his fruitless searches she came forward and courted low, asking sarcastically when we might expect the great pleasure of another visit from his Honour, the Chief Master-Jailer? She would be glad to know, in order that some fitting preparation might be made to receive him, by the erection of a triumphal arch, something in the form of a gallows, perhaps. Thereupon Topcliffe cast a vicious glance, like a poisoned arrow, at the girl, saying: 'You will not have much cause to rejoice, my young lady, when I come again. I hope ere long, with the help of God, to wed you and a good many more inmates of this pestilential den to the hangman's rope.'

Such was the cruel threat he flung at us as he rode off with his followers. And, sad to relate, the very next time he succeeded in capturing Father Thompson, or Blackburn (the name of his native town under which he sometimes passed) as he stood vested at the altar, delivering a stirring discourse upon the Holy Souls, for it was All Souls' Day, 1585. At the time we could not conceive how Topcliffe had contrived to surprise us; later on we discovered, to our sorrow, that a wretched traitor had given him a sign, by means of a cloth hung out of a window, and had also left a side door unbolted, so that the pursuivants were in the house, before the priest could slip into his cleverly contrived hiding place. You should only have heard the cries and lamentations of us women on the one hand, and on the other the mocking laughter of those devilish bloodhounds, as they pounced upon their prey. My father happened to be absent just then, so the sheriff's officer took my uncle Robert, the supposed master of the house, away to prison with the good priest, who gave us his blessing as he went, though his hands were tied together. My sister Anne made no courtesies and no mocking speeches this time.

From that day forth our grandmother went more often than ever to the top of the watchtower to pray and look towards the Tower of London, where the good priests were imprisoned and, Newgate, where her son Robert languished in confinement. And, truth to tell, I must confess that to my youthful impatience her prayers seemed terribly long. My eyes used to follow the wide bend of the Thames, as it flows by Whitehall, Westminster and its desolated abbey, Chelsea and Putney, where the river loses itself amongst the green hills in the west. Beautiful Woxindon! the beloved scene where my happy youth was spent! How picturesque the little village of Harrow, and the little church with its ivy-clad walls and tower, nestling on the gentle slope of the hill opposite to the castle! There the ancestors of our race were interred, from Godelac, who received Woxindon in fief from Richard II, down to my grandfather, who died before the end of the reign of Queen Mary, by the Puritans called Bloody (a name befitting far better her sister Elizabeth). He was laid solemnly to rest in consecrated

ground; the last of the Bellamys, alas! who will have this final consolation, in England, at least. For when my dear mother died, six years ago, we buried her in our garden. Far, far away over the hills one saw the fertile, undulating plains of Middlesex, dotted about with farms and hamlets innumerable, with nobleman's seats, towns and villages, woods and meadows, stretching away until even my sharp eyes could no longer distinguish them in the blue haze of the horizon. In the East, St. John's Wood shut off the prospect. Among the green tree-tops, at no great distance, rose the so-called 'Old Castle'. This was a huge ruined stronghold, formerly the residence of our ancestors, until it was destroyed in the Wars of the Roses, and Woxindon was built on a more accessible spot. Not only on the east side did the lofty beeches and oaks reach almost to the walls of our garden, but on the south and west also. Our grounds, with their shady walks, neatly trimmed yew-hedges, verdant lawns, gravelled paths, fountains and terraces bespoke both the wealth and taste of their owner. (The Bellamys of Woxindon always ranked among the richest landed proprietors of Middlesex aristocracy.)

How happy our life might have been in the stately manor house of our beautiful estate, had it not been for the cruel persecution, which, increasing in ferocity from year to year, hung like a black cloud over its towers and smiling gardens. Already father found it almost impossible to pay the enormous fines imposed by Parliament, not merely for bearing mass, but for non-attendance at the Protestant service. These were increased nearly every year, and really amounted to hundreds even thousands of pounds. To meet these demands, one piece of land after another had to be mortgaged to the Pages, my grandmother's nephews, who, for the sake of temporal advantage, acting against their conviction and conscience, had conformed to the new religion. This gave my father much sorrow and anxiety, inasmuch that he repeatedly asked different priests, whether, in order to avert the ruin of the whole family, it was not permissible occasionally to assist at the Anglican sermons, thus conforming outwardly whilst still protesting inwardly. But every conscientious priest made the same reply, that such a thing could not be sanctioned by any man, since to be present at the Anglican service was considered by our antagonists as a sign of apostasy from the Catholic faith. His pious mother, too, entreated him rather to sacrifice his property to the last farthing, than be false to his creed. Thereupon he called us all together one day in the upper room which was used as an oratory, and explained to us clearly the state of the circumstances. He then bade us on the following morning, after due deliberation and earnest prayer, give him our opinion as to what course ought to be pursued.

This we did, and the result was that all unanimously declared they would rather, like good Lady Tergian, who was then under our roof, beg their bread from door to door throughout the length and breadth of the land, aye, and in foreign lands, too, than even outwardly and in appearance only forsake and deny the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church. The example of the good old Eleazar in the time of Machabees, who preferred to die a cruel death sooner than even seem to have transgressed the law of God, was set before us by our good Bartholomew, (or Barty, as we called him for brevity's sake). He was a childlike, simple soul, whom the country people termed silly, but who certainly was wise in the sight of God. He related his history from Holy Scripture with pious fervour; it was the longest speech I ever heard from his lips, and touched us all profoundly, so that the tears came into our eyes. Father's youngest brother Jeremy, too, (Remy we called him) declared himself ready to quit his father's house for the sake of the Faith. Uncle Remy loved a joke even about serious matters, so, being a very stout man, he announced his intention, since he had weight enough to carry without the addition of a beggar's wallet, to cross the Channel and enter the Duke of Parma's Light Cavalry, provided Queen Elizabeth was pleased to lay hands on Woxindon.

On hearing that, my sister Anne burst out laughing: 'Uncle Remy in the Light Dragoons!' she exclaimed, 'why he weighs twenty-five stone! I shall follow the regiment, too, to see such a wonderful sight.' Then suddenly turning grave, she added: 'There is no need to ask Mary and me. We would rather die a thousand times over than deny our Faith.'

Of course I agreed to that heartily, though I did not add that the mere thought of leaving Woxindon made me cry. My little brother Frith, too, looked up gravely from under his clustering curls, and said he would not mind going begging in the least; only he should ask the Queen to let him take his pretty grey pony with him, so that grandmother, who could not walk far, might ride on it, as he had seen the gypsies doing, when they passed by the castle a few days ago, with horse and cart and dancing bear. Grandmother praised her little pet for his thoughtfulness and rewarded it with a picture of Our Lady. But father said we must be prepared to make the sacrifice not only in word but in deed; meanwhile we must retrench as much as possible, and reduce our establishment. He and his brothers would help in the field-work and in the stables, and we, that is his two daughters, must occupy ourselves in the kitchen and in the

garden; but as far as the hospitality offered to strangers, especially to our persecuted fellow-Catholics, was concerned, no alteration should be made, as long as he could call an acre of land and a stone of the manor house his own.

Such was the unanimous resolution solemnly made before Almighty God in the upper room of Woxindon on one of the first days of April, in the year of Grace 1586. And, singularly enough, on the very next morning, as I was sweeping out that same chamber, I perceived for the first time the fragile plant, at which the more it grew, the more we wondered. It sprang up and grew in the ceiling, between the principal rafter and the mortar, both of which are covered with a smooth layer of cement or gypsum, so that we could not conceive how any seed could possibly have lodged there; nor how, without any earth or moisture, the plant could strike root, and flourish as it did. When I first espied it, it could scarcely be seen, and I very nearly pulled it up, but on second thought, I left it there, to see if it could grow in such a place. It soon shot up, and put out branches and leaves, and amongst the beautiful green leaves, which were heart-shaped at the edge, five stalks appeared, each about the length of two fingers, with a little bud at the end. In course of time these buds blossomed into a delicate flower, cruciform with four slender red petals. And after the flowers had faded, it put forth its fruits, without rain, or dew or sun; they had the appearance of fine, blood berries. Never at any time had we had or seen any like plants, and we called it nothing but the wonderful flower. We all went every day to look at it; grandmother above all took the greatest delight in it, for she regarded it as a pledge of divine favours. Many were different significations given to it; Father Weston, who often stayed in our house at the time, before the commencement of his long incarceration of seventeen years, looked upon it as symbolical of the five Sacred Wounds, although he declared it to be his opinion that there was nothing extraordinary in the flower itself, only the way in which it had sprung up and its manner of growth might certainly be called very marvellous. But that I leave to be taken for what it is worth, everyone is at liberty to form his own conclusions about the flower. Later events will perhaps show that it was not without its own significance. I)

If I remember aright, it was on the very same day when we first saw the marvellous plant, that Anthony Babington rode over from London to us with my Uncle Remy for the first time. I can well recall his pleasant, comely countenance, just the one to take the fancy of young girls such as Anne and myself. He had merry, blue eyes, brown curly hair, on account of which we used to speak of him among ourselves as 'Curly head,' and above his well cut lips, about which a good-humoured smile almost continually played, a slight down made itself seen. He was always carefully, even foppishly dressed, and because of this my grandmother, who loved the old fashioned simplicity, took a dislike to him from the outset. When I saw him for the first time, he was wearing one of the new fashioned high hats, with a narrow brim and an ostrich feather. Over his silks and ribbons, a collar edged with lace, but not too large and full, was turned back. A blue velvet mantle adorned with silver hung round his shoulders.

1 Cf. Troubles of Our Catholic Forefathers, Series II, p. 187.

and beneath that a broad band supported a long slender rapier, of the sort called Alexander Farnese, in the place of the good old English sword and leathern belt. Such was the young fellow who at the side of our broad-shouldered, somewhat unwieldy Uncle Remy, came up to us girls, as we were weeding the flower beds one fine sunny afternoon in spring. He bowed most politely when uncle introduced him, and Anne, who contrary to her wont, appeared slightly embarrassed, did not answer the jest which accompanied his words. The visitor admired our flowers, and said he had not seen even in the royal gardens in Paris anything to equal the tulips and hyacinths that we had then in full blossom. We told him that the Reverend Mr. Burton, who had come over from the seminary at Douay disguised as a gardener, brought us the bulbs of these flowers.

'He died, did he not, under your roof, which is renowned for its hospitality among all the Catholics in England?' he inquired.

'That is quite true, Mr. Babington,' I answered. 'We buried the worthy man out yonder, under that oak, by the side of our dear mother. This wreath which we have been making out of the flowers he gave us, is to be laid on the spot where they both rest.'

Then for the first time I saw an expression come into the young man's eyes that made me think he was not as superficial a character as his flighty manner might lead one to imagine. 'Most men would risk a battle to gain such a crown,' he rejoined. I did not quite catch his meaning, and I said that our simple wreath was but a poor emblem of the crown of justice laid up for all those who, especially in times like ours, preserve the faith. Thereupon Uncle Remy observed in his joking way that there was a fine preacher lost in me, and went his way with the young nobleman into the house.

This Babington of whom I speak belonged to an old Derbyshire family; he was the eldest son of Sir Henry Babington, a confessor for the faith, whose long term of imprisonment had resulted in his death. Anthony was still a student at Oxford when his father died; after that he travelled in France and the Netherlands until he attained his majority, when he returned to England to take possession of his large estates at Dethick, near Sheffield. It will readily be understood that this young noble, who was as handsome as he was wealthy, appeared to us as the hero of a fairy tale. As for me, my affections were fixed upon the cloister; but my sister who was a few years my junior; and only eighteen at that time, fell in love with him at once. She tried to hide this from me by calling him a vain coxcomb, and ridiculing his foreign manners, and accusing me of being too fond of talking to him. But I was not so easily deceived, I saw very plainly that she was deeply smitten.

(To be continued)

With nearly a dozen perplexing murder mysteries on their hands, numerous robberies and the possibility of the state militia being called out to scour Eastern Massachusetts for the capture of a band of murderous yeggs who have already killed four men and wounded a dozen others, the state police and the officials of greater Boston are confronted with the most serious problem in the criminal annals of New England. Robberies of one kind and another last week amounted to upwards of \$14,000.

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1 For an account of this family Vide Troubles of Our Catholic Forefathers, edited by Fr. J. Morris, Series II, p. 44, seq.

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The undersigned wishes to intimate to the public that in consequence of a serious wash out at one end of his milldam, during the recent extraordinary freshet, and on account of advancing years, he has decided to withdraw from the milling business, and to offer the property for sale. With its central position, and railway advantages, the site is certainly one of the best in Eastern Nova Scotia. The machinery is up to date and in good condition. The destroyed part of the dam, built in the winter season and under unfavorable conditions, was not as strong as it might be. Four or five hundred dollars of an expenditure would repair the breach in the dam, and make it quite safe and strong. To suit customers carding will be done with steam power for the remainder of the season, unless the property is sold in the meantime. Sealed tenders will be received by the undersigned up till first September next, for the site, mills and machinery or for these and an excellent dwelling house, barns, outhouses and six acres of the best intervalle land in a high state of cultivation.

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

THURSDAY, AUGUST 27.

THE QUESTION OF SWEATED LABOR.

(Continued from page 1)

call it in this country, is parcelled out amongst people who make their living by other means, and done by them in competition with those who have no other means of living, and at rates that are ruinous to those who cannot exist but by that alone. A blacksmith, for instance, a farmer, or market gardener, has a wife and two daughters. He does not require all their time, and so they take in piece work for a garment factory and, as their subsistence in no way depends on it, they can work for a rate that is killing to those who have no other means of living. It is as though the sons of a bank president should usurp the places of the same number of office boys or barber's assistants, to earn pocket money; and, having no care for food, drink and clothing, which they get at home in any case, they undertake to work for half the wages paid to the others. It would seem to us, to start with, that one of two propositions must be true—either the cut rate makers need the money or they do not. We say "need" and we mean "need,"—not merely "desire." We do not know of any such conditions in this country, but if there were a concerted movement on the part of well-to-do people to draw into their homes the work of the seamstresses of the country, there to be done at cut rates, we should not hesitate a moment at a practical and effective minimum wage law, if such a law can be practical and effective. And the committee of the British House of Commons thinks it can be. We should like to be assured, in any case, that the sweated system originates and is fostered by the people who do the work at cut rates, before we would believe it; for, we strongly suspect that the manufacturers themselves are largely the originators and promoters of the bright idea. And of course, the British constitution is coming down once more; and there are many brilliant and fanciful arguments put forth. And we should not be surprised if the reform be some distance away, so slowly does the public mind move in England. The Committee says:—"If a trade will not yield such an income, (that is, a living wage) to average industrious workers engaged in it, it is a parasitic industry, and it is contrary to the general well being that it should continue." The *Spectator* says:

"There are tens of thousands of women home workers living in respectable little villas, and often employing servants, who are quite content to accept a low payment for the work they do in order to occupy their time and earn a little pocket money. Why should Parliament say that these persons are to be deprived of their work because other persons find an identical wage insufficient for maintenance? No answer is attempted to this question by the select Committee."

There is only one answer as far as we know, as to why Parliament should say anything, and that is that the welfare of the State requires it. The *Spectator* believes that the welfare of England requires free trade. Very well then, let it have free trade. But, if free trade is to be continued, it must be encouraged and not hampered. Very well, encourage it; do not hamper it. But, again comes the *Spectator* and says: "If we are to continue free trade, we must have sweated labor, or else our factories cannot compete. The work must be done by the piece in the villas of well to do people, and the factory hand who has no other resort must then be reduced to the cut rates." Now, a Select Committee of the Commons says that this is going too far, and we cannot see how they can be said to be wrong. At the same time, we are not ready to agree, much less to argue, that free trade will fail in England if the factories are compelled to pay more wages. We suspect that the manufacturers of England are a little further ahead of the game, than that would show. But, if the continuance of any policy should tend to reduce the laboring classes of a country to

starvation wages, we should suppose that that policy was, to use a popular phrase, "pretty near played out." There was a time in England when all the land was said to belong to the King. That is hardly a principle of law now; but it is entitled to as much weight as the great fiction of commerce that a country exists merely to produce wealth. Canada has today, say, six million people, and is a nice little world in itself, in extent, and we look forward to the time, not our time, when it will have sixty million people. But if we could know, that when it had reached sixty millions, that half that population would certainly be well off, and that the other half would certainly be ground down in abject poverty and distress, we should look to Canada's future without a vestige of joyful hope or anticipation. So firmly do we believe that the true greatness of nations does not consist in numbers so much as in contentment, nor in the accumulation of wealth so much as in the even distribution of competence and sufficiency. Does it require the atmosphere of this great new continent to develop these ideas? Upon our word, we suspect so. At least, such ideas are more often met with on this side of the Atlantic than on the other. When any reform is proposed in England, the first thing we hear of is "vested rights." We suppose that this is so, because the country is so old. Englishmen like to think of everything as old. When Li Hung Chang visited America, he astonished almost everyone he met by inquiring his age. He reflected the spirit of a country which worships its ancestors. In lesser degree, the same spirit exists in England. And so it is not surprising that the *Spectator* comes forward, first with the plea that the piece workers in the "villas" should not have their work taken from them. Why should their money be taken from them to pay poor rates? And is it better for them to earn more pocket money and pay more poor rates, or have less pocket money and let honest industry have a chance to earn. Next the great journal goes into elaborate consideration as to the result of A, who has other sources of maintenance, working for wages which would be insufficient to maintain B, as to whether there is a fixed quantity of work to be done, whether any work done by A diminishes the price of the work to B, and says: "The more wealth a community creates, the more living there is for all of us."

Suppose the Pyramids of Egypt had been built of blocks of quartz studded and resplendent with the richest of precious stones. What a tremendous accumulation of wealth would have been there! What a vast treasure dragged from the quarries and recesses where it was placed in the Creation, and piled up for the use and admiration of man. And a wretched labourer, sitting on a block of stone at sundown, every tired muscle crying out from the terrible fifteen hours toil, munching his insufficient and un nourishing food, and thinking of the terrible heat and the unfinished task awaiting him on the morrow, looking up at the rising piles of jewelled splendour, reared by his hands, and say, in the language of the *Spectator*, "The more wealth a community creates, the more living there is for all of us." Egypt was a conservatively governed country, no doubt, in all such respects as might interest the labouring classes. It had, we believe, no journals; but the spirit of some of them was not unknown there, and we might imagine many a poor factory worker in England, with the last issue of the *Spectator* in her pocket, finding her way to the office of the manufacturer to seek a little increase in her wages. She gets "no" for an answer. There are certain respectable people in nearby villas, it seems, who need pocket money, or theatre tickets, or more expensive plumes in their hats, and who are willing to do her work in "spare time" for even a smaller wage. The poor woman is somewhat dispirited, and goes sadly towards her home; but, having arrived there, she bethinks her of the *Spectator*, and on the first page of that great journal she finds the annual report of the Rule Britannia Coat and Skirt Company, her employers. She reads the story of accumulated wealth, and proudly thinks, even before she turns to the editorial columns:—"The more wealth a community creates, the more living there is for all of us." She looks around her miserable garret and wonders who got her share, which somehow she seems to have missed. Let her not despair; a Select Committee of the House of Commons is trying to find out.

Ragwort.

To the Editor of The Casket:

Sir,—One would almost think that, as a result of experiments conducted by Doctor Pethick in testing the effects of Ragwort on cattle and the widespread publicity given his very scientific and detailed account of these experiments both in the pamphlets issued by Dr. Rutherford and mailed by the Department of Agriculture to thousands of farmers in the ragwort infested area—one would fancy, I say, that through these pamphlets as well as through lectures delivered by Dr. Pethick throughout the County, our farmers should be pretty well satisfied as to the effects of ragwort on their cattle. Nevertheless there are those who still profess to find it difficult to believe that ragwort is fatal to cattle when mixed with hay in small proportions.

For example, I have been discussing the matter with an intelligent friend of mine—a farmer—who says that he has been cutting hay on a field which contains a goodly sprinkling of ragwort since three or four years. Needless to say, this ragwort is becoming thicker each succeeding year. Last year it grew so thick in some places that he gathered it together with his fork, made piles of it and late in the Fall set it afire. It will thus be seen that the field must have been pretty badly affected. The hay on the field has been fed to cows since three or four years; yet these cows are healthy and seem none the worse for the fare.

This farmer further says that there must be a considerable difference between the case of feeding cows with ragwort-infested hay and that of feeding them three times daily with chopped ragwort and bran say, or some other condiment. He thinks that if thistles and bran were fed to cows in the same manner, the result would be the same.

All this surmise and guess work is, however, idle. For my part, I would say that if ragwort were no worse an enemy to the farmer than that it takes up valuable space that might be so much more advantageously occupied, then this, in itself, would be a sufficient reason for its destruction. But it must be remembered, too, that fed to animals in sufficient quantities it causes death; in smaller quantities the result would doubtless be the same in the long run. Besides, the characteristics of the disease, cirrhosis of the liver, are the same as those of the "Pictou Cattle Disease."

What we should do now is to organize the various districts in this County so as to be in a position to fight the weed with some hope of overcoming it. As matters stand at present, we have one farmer doing his best to banish it off his farm, while his neighbor does not concern himself in the least about the matter. Other farmers, while well enough disposed are discouraged and say "Well, what's the use of me trying to destroy ragwort on my farm while Jones over the way takes not the smallest interest in it."

It is too late this year to do anything more than organize and prepare for the battle next year. In this connection we might well imitate the example of Pictou County as indicated in the following paragraph taken from the *Eastern Chronicle* of the 25th inst:

"The West Side New Glasgow Ragwort Brigade opened its campaign by a vigorous onslaught on the enemy last week. Thousands of stalks fell under their deft sickles. Abercrombie road was the chief scene of action and the members of the Brigade challenge the Editor of the *Chronicle*, Coun. Fraser, or any other to find fifty stalks of said roots. McLellan's Brook and Little Harbor have also been invaded and many stalks met their death blow in these sections."

In view of the fact that it generally takes us a considerable time to get ready to prepare to commence to do anything, don't you think Mr. Editor, we had better get out of our trance and get busy? A. M.

Town Council Meeting.

The regular monthly meeting of the Council was held on the 14th inst. Several members were unavoidably absent.

Upon the minutes being read and approved, the following accounts were ordered to be paid:

Repairs to streets, \$105.49; repairs to water works, \$6.76; McGillivray & McDonald, supplies to poor, \$15.00; I. Matheson & Co., 50c; T. McAvity & Son, corp. stop cocks, \$5.80; Police Committee, repairs to carriages, \$2.50; Adam Mahoney, painting fire-bell tower, etc., \$7.00; Inspector of Licenses, Solicitor's fees, three prosecutions, \$15.00; scrubbing and cleaning office, in October last and July, \$4.00; Mrs. Carney attending poor person, \$1.00; Thos. Brothers for decorations, flags, etc., \$17.17.

Payment of an account of \$415.00 for concrete crossings previously approved by Street Committee, was ratified.

A communication from Dr. J. J. Cameron, calling attention to the serious damage to the property of residents of the East End of Town caused by floods, and suggesting that something should be done to remedy the evil, was read and on motion ordered to lay on the table till next regular meeting, when there would be a larger attendance at the Council board.

The fixing of the water rate for the Canada Milk Condensing Co. was also deferred until next meeting.

A letter from W. Vinten, Sec. Farmers' Association, requesting a grant from the Council in aid of their Fall Fair, was also tabled until next meeting.

Cheese rennet at Bonner's.

DRUMMOND COAL

INTERCOLONIAL COAL MINING COMPANY, Limited
Westville, - Nova Scotia

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

**JULY and AUGUST
20 PER CENT.
DISCOUNT
SALE of
SEASONABLE
GOODS**

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

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

Oil Cloth and Linoleum.

300 Pairs of Boots and Shoes at less than cost.

The Annex

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

20 per cent. off.

A. KIRK & CO.
Main Street, ANTIGONISH

General News.

A. S. Kendall M. D., M. P. P., for Cape Breton, is suing the Sydney Post for libel.

Mr. R. L. Borden, leader of the Dominion opposition, will commence a political campaign in Nova Scotia at Amherst on Sept. 3.

It is announced that Sir Alphonse Pelletier will succeed Sir Louis Jette as lieutenant-governor of Quebec, and that he will be sworn in shortly.

Ten thousand coal miners struck Saturday afternoon in Indiana as a result of the operators refusing to continue relations with the United Mine Workers of America.

Lord Strathcona states that he has now crossed the Atlantic over 100 times. The first time it took him six weeks in a wind jammer. He crossed nine times in one period of 13 months.

Forests fires are still raging in British Columbia and as there has been no rain for over a month, the task of fighting them is becoming increasingly difficult.

The Conservatives of Halifax have chosen R. L. Borden, M. P., and Mayor A. B. Crosby as their candidates. Mr. Crosby has taken time to consider whether he will accept the nomination.

Hon. A. B. Morine, formerly a member of the Government of Newfoundland, and now practicing law in Toronto, has been nominated by the Conservatives in Queens-Shelburne to oppose Hon. Mr. Fielding.

The open hearths of the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company's plant at Sydney Mines were blown in on Thursday after a close down of a couple of months. The company has received an order for 11,000 tons of steel plate.

Fire broke out Sunday afternoon in the Stamboul quarter, Constantinople, and within a very brief period a terrible conflagration was raging. For six hours the flames swept over the section, destroying 1,500 houses and shops.

Amid accusations of packed meetings and lively incriminations the Maritime Board of Trade, on August 21 passed a resolution approving of giving the C. P. R. running and hauling rights on the I. C. R., from St. John to Halifax and other terminal points, one of those prominently mentioned being Sydney.

The Lord's Day Alliance of Sydney gave notice of their intention to prevent druggists from selling anything but medicines on Sunday; and, as a result, the drug stores there were all closed last Sunday. The druggists say they will not sell medicine unless permitted to sell other goods.

The 8000 riveters who have been on strike at the Vulcan shipyard at Suetin, Germany, for higher wages and shorter hours, have decided to return to work. This is averted the general lockout threatened by the Associated Metal Industrialists of Germany, which would have thrown 60,000 men out of work.

The centre of virulence in the cholera epidemic has been transferred to Rostov-on-the-Don, in Russia, where 31 new cases and 10 deaths were reported on August 17. From the province of Astrakhan 68 new cases and 21 deaths were reported on the same day. The cholera is now working its way down the Black Sea along the Caucasus coast.

A strike of 10,000 coal miners in the Pittsburg district is threatened because operators refused to grant the demand of the officials of the miners' organizations that they collect an increase "check-off." At present 50 cents a month is deducted from each miner. The officers demand a reduction of 65c. The money reduced is used for the expenses of the union.

On Wednesday, the 19th inst., there was celebrated at Halifax the 150th anniversary of the establishment of the first Parliament in this Province. Governor Fraser, Hon. Mr. Murray, Judge Drysdale, Governor McKinnon of P. E. Island, Premier Hazen of New Brunswick, Hon. Mr. Weir of Quebec, Premier Hazard of P. E. Island and Hon. J. N. Armstrong were the principal speakers.

The great fire which has been raging in the oil well near Tampico, Mexico, for forty-three days has baffled all attempts to extinguish it, and it is now greater in volume than ever before. From a hole eight inches in diameter, the well has widened into a volcano, with a crater 100 metres across. It is estimated that the flames reach a height of five hundred feet, while the black column of smoke continues into the clouds.

The Interior Department has issued a map showing the area of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta affected by the pre-emption and purchase clauses of the Dominion Lands Act of last session. The map shows by coloring the townships in which pre-emptions and purchased homesteads may be obtained, and a note on the map states that free homestead entries may be made on any available odd-numbered sections throughout the three prairie provinces.

Toronto World: For this season's pack of tomatoes and corn, a reduction has been made of 25 to 40 cents a dozen below the prices of last year. This change has been ordered by the Consolidated Cannery, who have been suffering from competition with the independent canners. The quotations for tomatoes are 85c., 95c., and \$1.00 a dozen cans net to the retailer, against \$1.25 per dozen last year. Corn is quoted at 75c. and 85c. a dozen, or 25 per cent. cheaper than last year. Peas are 27 per cent. lower.

It is generally anticipated that the Dominion elections will occur this fall. The usual pre-election activities of Ottawa officials are noticeable. The leaders of both parties are preparing for the fray. Candidates are being nominated throughout the Country. Yet a Cabinet meeting held yesterday did not apparently determine on a date, though the question was one that was expected to occupy members' attention. Public opinion fixes the date as sometime early in November.

A. R. Bayne of Five Islands, Colchester County, N. S., is undergoing examination at Truro on a charge of bribery and corruption in the by-election last November, when Mr. Stanfield was elected to the House of Commons. Bayne is an American citizen engaged in mining operations at Five Islands. The examination has shown that he was startlingly liberal in the expenditure of money and in the distribution of liquor during the election. Different witnesses have testified to receiving sums of money and supplies of liquor. Bayne was a sympathizer of Mr. Stanfield's.

Personals.

Miss Mary McGillivray of North Cambridge, is visiting in Town.

Mr. D. A. Smith of Inverness and his two daughters were in Antigonish last week visiting friends.

Dr. C. W. Macdonald and Mrs. Macdonald of Boston, are spending a few days in Antigonish.

Mrs. T. M. Phalen and children of North Sydney are visiting Mrs. Phalen's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. McKinnon, St. Ninian Street, Ant.

Miss Annie L. Petipas of North Sydney is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Petipas, Tracadie, N. S.

Mr. Frank Gillis, I. C. R. station agent at Denmark, Pictou Co., and formerly station agent at Tracadie, Ant., has been appointed station agent at Sydney Mines.

Mr. W. Chisholm of Clydesdale, Ant., arrived home on Monday from Vancouver. Mr. Chisholm fractured his leg recently and has not yet fully recovered.

Mr. Edward Dorant, of Waltham, Mass., arrived at his old home at Pomquet on Friday last. Mr. Dorant will lead to the altar on next Tuesday Miss Lizzie Vincent of Pomquet.

Mrs. M. Daniels of Roxbury and Mrs. J. S. Haberlin and son of East Boston, who had been visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Colin Chisholm, North Grant, have returned to their homes.

Very Rev. Dr. Macdonald, V. G., is much improved in health. The pains are not nearly so severe as formerly, so that he is now able to sleep well at nights. He hopes to be able to leave the hospital next week.

Neil McArthur, A. J. McDaniel, recently principal of Schools at Reserve, C. B., and Daniel McNeil, of Mabou, all ex-students of St. F. X. College, are entering Dalhousie College. Mr. McArthur is to study law, the other two will study medicine.

Mr. John Gregory, formerly of Antigonish Harbour, is spending a few weeks in Antigonish. Mr. Gregory for a number of years past has been a storekeeper in the Canadian West with the firm of Foley Bros., railway contractors. Mr. Gregory says his firm is probably the greatest firm of railway contractors in the world. At present they have nearly 2,000 miles of railway under construction. Besides this large business, they also run leading stores in several of the larger cities of the United States and at Winnipeg.

Among the Advertisers.

New herring just arrived at Bonner's.

Good fat sheep wanted at Bonner's.

Best beef and lamb at Bonner's market.

A bunch of keys found are at Cas' ket office.

Wanted, girl for general housework, no washing. Address girl, in care of Casket office.

Mrs. Campbell's ice cream parlor will be reopened from Aug. 31 to Sept. 5.

Have your winter's butter put up in earthen crocks, only 10c. each at T. Srmers's.

Wanted, a girl for general housework. Apply to Mrs. R. Murray, Main St.

Lost, on Fairmont Road, pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses. Finder please leave at Casket office.

Lost, between St. Joseph's and Ohio, a silver watch with fob. Finder please leave at Casket Office.

Three crates fancy and common lamps, trinkets, teapots and assorted glass crockeryware, just opened at Bonner's.

Lost, on Tuesday, Aug. 25th, between Antigonish and Town Point, a knitted yellow and brown lap rug. Will the finder kindly return to R. Hale, at the Merrimac House.

Acknowledgments.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes Mrs. Joseph McDonald, John F. McLellan, Alex. R. McDonald, etc.

The strike of the C. P. R., machinists still continues. The Company claims the strike is over, that they have all the men needed for the service. The strikers, however, do not admit this happy condition, and claim that cars and locomotives are getting in bad shape because of inadequate help.

Resolution of Condolence.

Branch No. 336 C. M. B. A., Thorburn, passed resolutions of condolence with Mrs. Ling, on the death of her husband, the worthy brother, John Ling.

DIED.

At Cross Roads Ohio, August 16th, after a lingering illness, ELIZABETH, beloved wife of JOHN C. MCINNIS, aged 34 years, leaving a disconsolate husband and four small children to mourn their loss. May her soul rest in peace!

At S. W. Margate, July 23, after a short illness, ARCHY McDONNELL, J. P., in the 33rd year of his age. He was born in Morar, Scotland, and emigrated with his parents and other members of the family to this country in 1829, being then in his 10th year. He was intelligent and respectable, fairly well educated, and had a very retentive memory. He was well liked by his neighbors, and was a sincere Christian. May his soul rest in peace!

At Inverness, on Sunday evening, 16th inst., after a lingering illness of nine or ten months, JAMES MCISAAC, one of the best men in Inverness County. The whole community will mourn and miss him, for he was a citizen of character and practical value. The business portion of Inverness Town is built upon his farm, of which the Inverness Railway & Coal Company expropriated 51 acres. The deceased was comparatively wealthy at the time of his death. He left a widow and nine children; always lived a good life; and died as dies a Christian, in the 58th year of his age. May his soul rest in peace!

FARM for SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale his farm at Dunmore, South River, known as the John McDonald (Gray) farm. It consists of about 115 acres of excellent land, up and down interval, well watered and wooded. There are good buildings on the premises, a large house well finished and two barns. This property is on the daily stage line between Antigonish and Isaac's Harbor, within 3 miles of St. Andrew's Church, a few hundred yards of Dunmore school and within half a mile of Post and Telephone offices. Here is one of the most desirable farms at South River. It will be sold at a reasonable figure. D. R. McDONNELL, Tracadie, N. S., July 14th, 1908.

Farm for Sale.

The subscriber offers for sale his farm, situate at rear Pomquet, containing 150 acres, more or less. It is situated within a half mile of the Intercolonial Railway, is well wooded and watered, and has good buildings on it. For further particulars apply to ALLAN McDONALD, Antigonish, or RODERICK FRASER, South River Rd., Antigonish. Aug. 10th, '08.

NOVA-SCOTIA-FIRE Insurance Company. LOWEST RATES. Consistent With Safety. AGENTS EVERYWHERE. Head Office: 166 HOLLIS STREET, HALIFAX. ARTHUR C. BAILLIE, Manager. STRONG - LIBERAL - PROMPT

Fall... Announcement

Annual Marked - Down Sale

Boots and Shoes

A large assortment of men's, women's, boys' and girls' Shoes has been taken down from my shoe room and placed upon the bargain counter. Those shoes will be sold at extremely low prices, to make them go before arrival of fall stock.

Wall Paper

Many prefer to do their paper hanging in the Fall. I have recently bought 500 rolls of high class wall paper at considerably less than half its former price. Call and see for yourself the large variety of beautiful designs and the dead snags I offer. Provide for your future wants by buying your wall paper now and save at least 50 per cent.

Ready-Made Clothing Cloths, Etc.

I offer special good values in Cloths, Ready-Made Clothing, Woolen Blankets, Underwear, Etc.

Tailoring Department

I am now opening my fall importation of English and Scotch Worsted, serge and Tweed Suits. Also Melton and Beaver Overcoating and Soutaine Cloth.

Send for samples now and place your orders early, thus avoiding fall rush and consequent delays.

THOMAS SOMERS

Highest Market Prices paid for Hides, Butter, Eggs, Wool, and All Farm Produce.

Chisholm, Sweet & Co.



Great Buying chances in Men's Summer Suits.

Keeping cool and comfortable during these hot August days is simply a matter of being properly clad. If your summer clothing is not complete

now is the time while prices lean so favorably your way.

\$12.00 Values for \$7.95 \$8 and \$9 " " \$5.95

These new prices are applied to all our two-piece Tweed Outing Suits for men. Light and dark shades of grey cloths, fashionably tailored and perfect fitting. Sizes 34 to 42.

See Window Display.

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

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED AT ALL BRANCHES

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

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

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

ANTIGONISH BRANCH J. H. McQUAID, Manager.

UNIVERSITY OF ST. F. X. COLLEGE

Antigonish Nova Scotia COURSES of instruction are provided in Arts, Science, Engineering. A thorough literary and scientific training is here given, supervised by educators of learning and experience. University degrees are conferred on students who fulfil the conditions prescribed therefor.

St. Francis Xavier's High School gives the same high school course as the best provincial academies. University and High School classes open September 7th, 1908. University classes close May 5th, 1909. High School classes close June, 1909.

Terms: For university students: Arts, science, engineering, residence, board (including bed, bedding, laundry) \$160.00 and tuition for the university year. Tuition only (for students not in residence) for the university year. \$45.00 For high school students: Residence, board, (including bed, bedding, laundry,) and tuition, per week \$5.00

For further information address: R. V. H. P. McPHERSON, D. D., President

Our Discount Sale

Our great discount sale is still on. We are now tabling the balance of our

WHITEWEAR

and will cut the prices in two rather than carry it over. Our Whitewear stock comprises everything required by ladies and children. As an instance of values we have

White Waists, worth 60c. now 25c.

Silk Waists, worth \$2.25 now 1.50.

J. S. O'Brien

Socialist Tactics.

The Socialists of the United States have opened a campaign against the Catholic Church by publishing five million copies of an official document.

The wonderful document which is to extinguish the Catholic Church is made up of a series of doctored extracts taken from the testimony given before the Taft Commission in the Philippines. This testimony, as is evident on the face of it, is all *ex parte*, and is given by natives who were as bitterly opposed then to the friars as they are now to the Americans. No record of cross-examination appears or of any attempt to get at the truth of the statements. The natives were allowed to pour out everything they pleased against the friars, and any one who knows the Malay can guess what kind of filth they emitted. The object of the commission was to justify the expulsion of the friars, and every accusation was welcome. The only two Americans whose testimony is given were compelled to admit that all they had to go on was hearsay. A study of the whole document, if it were available, would show what every one admits, that the friars were hated by the revolutionists because they were Spaniards, and that the failure of a few of them to observe their religious obligations was made the basis of universal calumnies against the orders.

Every Catholic knows as much. The clergy of his Church are not infallible in politics or impeccable in morals. They have been on the wrong side in politics, that is, the losing side. Some of them have failed to live up to the high ideal of their sacred calling. This is only saying that they are men.

But Catholics don't know, and Catholics resent being told that their priests are oppressors of the poor by their very profession and that they are hypocrites by choice. Catholics know their priests face to face. The priest's life is lived more openly than the life of any other professional man. Their parishioners know their foibles and failings to a "t," and they know, too, that, taking them all in all, there are no men who lead such self-sacrificing, hard-working, clean, abstemious lives as the Catholic priests.

The only effect of the circulation of this nasty pamphlet will be to justify all that the opponents of Socialism says of it. The *Appeal to Reason* has always been a dirty rag, and the assertion of the Warren person that the Socialists have maintained a dignified silence in face of unjust attacks is entirely untrue. It would be very hard to find any issue of the *Appeal* in which there is not some attack on the Church, and usually in the shape of filth. Whoever Warren is, his mind is a cesspool.

The fact of the matter is, Socialism is first and foremost a religion and then an economic school, and finally a political party. As a religion it represents the last evolution of Protestantism and substitutes the worship of humanity for the worship of God. It denies the truth of dogmatic Christianity, it rejects the Christian organization of the family and the Christian code that governs the relations of the sexes. Whether the doctrinaire Socialists are any worse in practise than many who are nominal Christians is another question. The point is that Socialism formally rejects the Christian religion and the whole scheme of Christian morals.

Why should the Catholic clergy be accused of injustice because they opposed such tenets as those? It is their duty to warn their people against such monstrous opinions and to fortify their warnings with good arguments. The A. P. A. tactics of the *Appeal to Reason* show that Socialism as a religion in America is the same narrow, blind, vindictive persecution of the Church that it is in Europe.

As to economic Socialism, there are many schemes proposed by Socialists which are not only unobjectionable, but are very desirable. Many people are attracted to Socialism by this, very feature. In fact, in a sense, we are all Socialists now. It is a pity that religious rancor should be stirred up amongst men who would naturally work together for the betterment of human conditions. The Catholic Church is the Church of the working-men in this country. To attack the Catholic Church, especially in the vile and brutal manners of the *Appeal to Reason*, is to alienate that vast body of men and women from many movements that might be of benefit to the proletariat.

As to the Socialists as a political party, they are just the same as the other political parties. The professional politicians run them, and will run them. Unless the political Socialists aspire to the coffin of the A. P. A. they had better remember that they who eat the Pope die of the Pope.—*San Francisco Leader*.

The People's Cardinal.

(Catholic Weekly, July 24.)

The great demonstration in Hyde Park on Sunday in honour of the centenary of the birth of Cardinal Manning goes to show that the great Cardinal has won an abiding place in the heart of the London working man, irrespective of creed. The organisers of the demonstration, and especially the chief organiser, Canon Murnane, deserve a warm word of acknowledgment from the Catholic body, in that this demonstration has proved to all whom it may concern that it is possible for a great ecclesiastic, even for "a Roman Cardinal," to win a warm place in the affections of the working classes in England—in that they have proved that, deep though the antipathy of the average non-Catholic Englishman, of whatever class, is to any person or thing that savours of "Popery," yet it is not so hopelessly deep as many think. Cardinal Manning was the head of the Catholic Church in England. No ecclesiastic could have been more attached—more openly attached—and devoted to the Pope. Nor could any ecclesiastic have worked more strenuously to re-establish again the rule of the Holy See in England. Yet he gains the confidence and earns the affection of the working classes in England, and does so to such a degree that they come to call him their own Cardinal, come to give him the title of "The People's Cardinal"! That this was no light or passing emotion, but a fixed and permanent one Sunday's demonstration shows.

We may well ask whether an important lesson is not to be got from this demonstration, or rather from that aspect of the Cardinal's life which has made such a demonstration possible. The question is one of those questions which it is easier to ask than to answer. All who have read Purcell's "Life" know that the line which the Cardinal chose to pursue in regard to labour and kindred subjects did not always meet with universal approval. It was, in fact, often a "stumbling block," if not worse, to many. But he was a fearless man and a fighter, once he had made up his mind on any question. And he had made up his mind that in England certain "primary truths of human life were forgotten, and that on this forgetfulness a theory and a treatment of the poor had formed a system of thought and action which hardens the heart of the rich and grinds the faces of the poor." And, his mind being made up, he cared for no man's frown, but pursued sternly what he believed to be the line of Christian duty.

But the lesson? Well, it seems to us that if the Church is to win the hearts of the people its dignitaries must try to realise and enter into, as Cardinal Manning realised and entered into, the trials and sufferings of the wage-earning classes and the poor. They must be prepared to work in their measure, as he worked, regardless of obloquy and of the sneers and head-shakings of those whose lines in this world have been cast in comfort and ease. This is only saying what the Cardinal himself said when he wrote (what the demonstration of last Sunday goes to confirm) the following passage, with which we will conclude our remarks:

"Everything that affects the human sufferings and state of the people, it is the duty of every civilised man to note and tend—much more of every Christian man and woman, and emphatically of every priest and bishop. We cannot multiply loaves or heal lepers as our Lord did, by which the people were won to follow and learn of Him, but we can be prompt and foremost in working with all who are laboring to relieve every form of human suffering, sorrow, and misery. If we come forward gladly and usefully, the people of this country are visibly glad to receive us among them."

A Short History of the Black Watch

By A. G. W. (W. Blackwood and Sons. 5s. net.)

The Black Watch traces back its beginning to 1725, when four companies of Highland troops were raised from the loyal clans to keep

the peace, their sombre uniform, a combination of various tartans, suggesting the name. In 1739 the Black Watch became a part of the regular army, and in the following year was numbered the 43rd regiment; in 1749 this number was changed to 42nd. In 1758 a second battalion was raised. This afterwards became the 73rd. The first foreign service in which the regiment was engaged was more honorable than fortunate. This was at Fontenoy. The British troops, who were weakly handled had to retreat. Here the Highlanders, backed by the 19th, distinguished themselves highly. Lord Crawford, who commanded the 19th, took off his hat to them, saying that they had won as much honor as though they had gained a battle. We cannot, and, indeed, need not, follow the services of the Black Watch. The names which it bears on its colors are enough. There are 25, the most famous among them being Corunna, Fuentes d'Onoro, Waterloo, Alra, Lucknow, Tel-el-Kebir, and Alma-deburg. A second part is devoted to the services of the second battalion in South Africa, a very honourable record, not obtained without great losses. The roll was one hundred and twenty-four (thirteen officers) killed, three hundred and forty-four (nineteen officers) wounded, sixty-two died of disease. The total number invalided home was nine hundred and sixty-nine, of whom more than two hundred rejoined. The small proportion of deaths by disease is not the least of the regiment's distinctions, because it is a striking testimony to the self-control of the men and the care exercised by the officers. Mention must be made of the volunteer battalions. They sent out three strong service companies to join the second battalion in South Africa.

Acknowledgments.

(For additional acknowledgments see page 5)

Allan McDonald, Mulgrave	\$2 00
A. A. McDonald, Chippewa	2 00
Alex McConzie, Los Angeles	1 00
Angus McEachern, Bay of Islands	1 00
A. J. McGillivray, Dunmaglass	1 00
J. W. McPhee, Dover	1 00
Angus McGillivray, Dunmaglass	3 00
John D. Chisholm, Malignant Cove	1 00
C. F. Grant, Antigonish	1 00
John McDennel, Afton Station	1 00
A. Chisholm, Tailor, Port Hood	1 00
Sacred Heart Convent, Halifax	1 00
Rev. A. S. McDonald, St. Josephs	1 00
Chas. C. McDonald, Blooming Point	1 00
J. A. McFarlan, New Bedford	1 50
Rev. A. McAulay, St. Anns	1 00
Donald Boyle, Glenora	1 00
James Corbett, Dominion	1 00
Agus F. Maritz, " "	1 00
Frank Stephenson, " "	1 00
Angus Lurry, " "	1 00
Andrew Pendergrast, " "	1 00
Wm. Hines, North Sydney	1 00
John McCormack, Sydney Mines	1 00
Water Spain, " "	1 00
Mrs. C. Donachie, " "	1 00
Dan McCormick, " "	1 00
Alex. McLean, " "	1 00
John Eagoo, " "	1 00
Miss L. Lockman, " "	2 00
John J. Francis, " "	1 00
Wm. Merritt, " "	1 00
John Edwards, " "	1 00
Stephen McNeil, " "	2 00
Daniel Buckle, " "	4 00
J. A. Butts, " "	1 00
Albert Somers, " "	1 00
Edward Lockman, " "	1 00
Donald McNeil, " "	1 00
Hector McNeil, " "	1 00
Augustin McDonald, " "	1 00
John Connolly, " "	1 00
Hector McNeil, " "	1 00
John J. McKinnon, " "	1 00
Mrs. A. A. McIntyre, " "	1 00
Wm. Brodick, " "	1 00
Michael O'Connell, " "	1 00
John McMillan, " "	1 00
Joseph C. McNeil, " "	1 00
Eddie McNamara, " "	1 00
Joseph McVish, Sydney	1 00
A. A. McIntyre, " "	1 00
Nell McMillan, engineer " "	1 00
Hugh Cusack, " "	1 00
R. Hickey, North Sydney	1 00
John A. Melan, New Aberdeen	1 00
John E. McKinnon, " "	1 00
Thomas J. Matheson, " "	1 00
John Haney, summer side	1 00
Leuchlin R. McDonald, Heatherston	1 00
Jos. Landry, Tracadie	1 00
Fr. Brienc, Big Tracadie	1 00
R. F. Nicholson, Beaver Cove	2 00
John Delaney, Greenwood	50

The latest returns for the constituencies in Saskatchewan indicate that the liberal government has been returned with a majority of twelve. The standing of the parties is liberals, 27; conservatives, 14. Three ministers have gone down in the struggle, Hon. Mr. Turgeon, in his home town, Prince Albert; Hon. Mr. Motherwell in North Qu'Appelle, and Hon. Mr. Calder in Milestone. Every provincial-righter in the old house who sought re-election, was sustained.

Get acquainted with **Black Watch** the big black plug chewing tobacco. A tremendous favorite everywhere, because of its richness and pleasing flavor.

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dust-free floors

Floorglazed floors are dust-free, easier to keep clean, pretty to see. Floorglaze defies wear. Comes in 10 shades. Gallon coats 500 sq. ft. Ask your dealer or write to Imperial Varnish & Color Co. Ltd., Toronto

Floorglaze

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We Save you the Dealer's Profit and Give you time if wanted.

The tendency in all business to day is to go to the consumer, and the largest distributors are those catering to mail order trade.

The extent of territory is so much greater than the local dealer commands, that it reduces in as great proportion the cost of doing business and thus our ability to sell you direct at dealers' prices.

Our Standard Top Buggy, \$15 Cash.

Planer or Carriage body, 10'0 mile axle, roller back Curtain, Toepads, etc. \$15 cash and notes at 4, 8 and 12 months for \$17.33 each, or \$64.00, cash with order.

Our Farmers' Handy Democrat, \$15 Cash.

2 full trimmed removable seat, 9 lbs capacity. Body, 30x78 inches inside. Most servicable general express built, \$15 cash and your notes at 4, 8 and 12 months, for \$13.66 each, or \$53.00 cash with order. Money back if not as represented. Freight guaranteed not to exceed \$3.00 to any point in Canada, and copy of adv't must accompany replies.

The Standard Buggy Co., 170 Brussels St., St. John, N. B.

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More readily with a **CONVERSATION TUBE**

small enough to carry in the pocket. Makes conversation easy.

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Come to you with all the excellence that can only come from good materials, pure water and superior methods of manufacture and bottling.

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ROUE'S CARBONATED WATERS

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

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

No 1 July Herring. Highest prices paid IN CASH for Hides, Wool Skins and Wool.

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

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

Joseph A. Wall, BARRISTER, OLICITOR, ETC. Agent for Fire, Life and Accident Insurance. MONEY TO LOAN ON SATISFACTORY REAL ESTATE SECURITY. Office over Canadian Bank of Commerce. ANTIGONISH, N. S.

CARRIAGES

Just arrived, one carload Tudor-hage 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

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.

The Doctor's Bill.

(George C. Lawrence, in Appleton's Magazine.) "My boys," said an old doctor to his graduating class in a famous medical school...

What seems to me the most significant statement echoed by many others was given me in the course of a casual conversation with one of New York's greatest specialists.

A conservative estimate places the amount which the graduating physician, the proud possessor of an M. D. has been called upon to spend, at \$11,000.

Standing on the threshold of financial and far greater moral responsibility, what does the young doctor see before him? He is the belated prodigal, looking to benefit society...

Specialists, to the lay mind, are notoriously high-priced. Yet here is the record of one of New York's best known men of this class.

He started in a poor locality where a large majority of his patients were charity patients. Now it is a peculiarity that while charity patients will go any distance to be treated by a good man...

So at last he decided to take the plunge. He moved to a good locality, still many thousands in debt, though getting on toward thirty-five, and took an office, the cheapest he could find...

He showed me his book running through months, and more than two-thirds of his patients were those to whom he charged nothing.

There was a school teacher: "Well you know how school teachers are paid in New York—she would have died without an operation. So I operated. But" (apologetically), "I couldn't send her a bill."

Some years ago a famous doctor from abroad came to this country, and for a famous fee treated successfully the child of very wealthy parents.

out price and freely to the poor and afflicted the same service for which in the case in question he had received a large fee.

A famous operator recently recited to me the history of a certain case. Said he, "I was called upon by a physician in a certain city to operate on a case where success meant escape from blindness."

"When I sent in my bill (and it was for \$2,700) I received a curt note saying that she would pay \$700 and no more. During the time in which I attended her I had given, based on a minimum fee, more than \$6,000 of service to persons from whom I shall never ask a cent."

The big fee charge to the rich person—there is the crux of the question. But the matter appears in a very different light when one stops to consider that it is big not in proportion to the service rendered, but only in comparison to the fee of nothing at all for which the physician renders the same service to those unable to pay.

A certain famous surgeon, whom I know, wore for three winters, to the wonderment of his friends and until there were nothing but tatters, a pair of knitted mittens. They were the Christmas gift of a poor woman whose son's life he had saved through a long siege of glandular attendances free of cost.

"Let him keep the fee," he cried, to almost savagely, as he looked at the mittens. "If he thinks I reckon life on the same basis that he reckons beef, let him keep it."

Incidentally it is interesting to note, in this effort to commercialize a non-commercial spirit, that the multi-millionaire, graced perhaps by the light of understanding, sent to the physician a check for ten times the amount of the original bill, and that the physician has turned it over to the hospital.

And the doctor, aside from an earning standpoint, is short-lived. One, in deed, when asked how long they lived, replied with a note of cynicism, "about twice as long as they ought to."

But seriously considered in the light of their irregular hours, their exposure to contagion and the mental strain which the constant grappling and compromise with inevitable if ultimate death produces on the physician, he is as a class short-lived.

Always the physician feels in his heart the absolute uncommerciality of his profession which can be summed up in no better manner than in the answer of a well-known physician of Boston in answer to the question, "How much does a doctor contribute in charitable work in time?"

There is, after all, for those who question the righteousness of the physician's fee, a final test. The cost of living of late years has advanced at an most prohibitive rate.

Long years of study, short years of usefulness, long hours of association with pain and suffering and death, poor pay, one-half his working life giving and giving gladly to charity, old age or rather comparatively old age without a competence...

Let us pay the tribute long overdue, not in money, but in appreciation. We who ring the telephone at two o'clock on a snowy morning to summon the doctor, who, for aught we know, has been working since daylight, let us remember the words of that old doctor who gave to his departing disciples the message, "Always remember the frailty of flesh, the holiness of your calling, and always have hope."

The House of Burns and Oates.

(Continued from page 2)

others of the 'delightful' series which the Archbishop of Westminster has cordially thanked the publishers for producing, my guide tells me with evident pleasure that it is in felloshship with a fine Catholic and a fine printer, Mr. Newdigate, of the Arden Press.

It was very gratifying, too, to be assured by the reorganized highest authority on good book-making, that our folio edition of Aquinas's 'God and His Creatures' held the palm for beauty in all the year's London publishing.

So saying that he conducted me through office after office—the secretary's, where are opened three or four hundred letters every morning; the cashier's and the accountant's; the rooms in which the staff of packers dispatch to all corners of the earth all sorts and conditions of parcels, boxes and bales; past a sorting-room still strewn with rejected, because imperfect, branches of 'palms of Palestine'; through the intricate passages lined by shelves weighted with tens of thousands of impenitent 'sheets' and bound copies of books; through yet another labyrinth, and then we stand among the image-makers. It is a vast apartment, below the level of the street, when the rumbling of the Tube, when its trains are most heavily laden, sets up a sort of murmur among the 'plaster saints and plaster patrons' of Praed's less than respectful verse.

The studios for statue painting adjoin the manufactory, and there the handicraftsmen in colour bedecks the image for those whose eye the plain white surface does not suffice. In another studio a picked wood-carver from the Tyrol plies his chisel all day

long to the accompaniment of snatches of his native song, for he sings gaily as he cuts away the superfluous oak or walnut or lemon wood and discovers for us the statue that every baldest block enshrines. The chips fall away and reveal an angel. It is as if his wings were prisoned in the tree until the sculptor in wood releases him.

The great organisation responsible for these and other activities may be labelled an item of the Oxford movement. Mr. James Burns was the chosen publisher of the Tractarians when he, too, set his face Romeward. Partly to compensate him for some of his losses Cardinal Newman wrote 'Callista' for him, or so the story goes.

'Is it,' I ask, 'a secret who are the successors of the old founders of the firm—Mr. Burns; then Mr. Burns in partnership with Mr. Lambert; and then Mr. Burns in partnership with Mr. Oates?' 'A very open secret,' said my guide, suiting the action to the word, and opening a book containing a list of easily recognisable names.

Familiar faces were to be seen among the book-buyers as I passed into the street, and these not of Catholics only. Here was a well-known Catholic politician, there one of London's most popular actors come (although a non-Catholic) to buy Catholic books for his children.

Drugs and Patents Medicines, Pills. All kinds Ointments, Soaps, Perfumes, sponges, Pipes, Cigars, Tobacco. FOSTER BROS.' Tonic Pills, Beef Iron and Wine. FOSTER BROS.' Syrup Hypophosphites. Physicians Prescriptions Carefully Compounded. Mail Orders promptly filled.

Farm for Sale.

A valuable farm, situated at Antigonish Harbour, seven miles from Town, containing 150 acres, will be sold at private sale on or before Oct 31st, 1908.

Beaver Flour advertisement featuring an image of a flour barrel and text: 'This is the barrel that means baking satisfaction. Whether it's Bread, Rolls or Biscuits—Cakes, Pies or Fancy Pastry—you can always depend on Beaver Flour for the best results every time.'

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

Homestead Regulations.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Drugs and Patents Medicines, Pills. All kinds Ointments, Soaps, Perfumes, sponges, Pipes, Cigars, Tobacco. FOSTER BROS.' Tonic Pills, Beef Iron and Wine. FOSTER BROS.' Syrup Hypophosphites.

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