

# THE CASKET.

\$1 Per Annum.

A Catholic Journal Non-Partisan in Politics.

\$1 Per Annum.

Fifty-sixth Year

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## THE CASKET.

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3.

"Archbishop" Vilate's friend, the Baron did not simply depart from Winnipeg. At the end of his term in jail he was deported, sent out of the country.

A correspondent, whose letters were answered courteously on two occasions, writes to us a third time quoting some backguardism from Chiniquy and adding to it a touch of his own. We cannot lend our columns to the publication of this sort of thing.

We wrote last week that Joel Chandler Harris ("Uncle Remus") loved Our Lady's Magazine long before he became a Catholic. The printer made us say "The Lady's Magazine," which connotes plates and the like, rather than the choice reading matter which fills the pages of the *Ave Maria*.

When we reprinted by request a few weeks ago the hymn to Our Lady of Good Counsel, we did not know the authorship. The *Ave Maria* quotes Father Matthew Russell, S. J., as saying that it was written by Sister Mary Stanislaus McCarthy, an Irish Sister of Mercy, daughter of the well known poet, Denis Florence McCarthy.

A Scottish Peer, who could not speak a word of English, died in Rome last month. In the Roman States, before their invasion by the Piedmontese, he was Marquis Bandini and Prince Giustiniani. His mother was Countess of Newburgh in her own right, and from her he inherited his Scottish earldom. He was therefore Earl of Newburgh, Viscount of Kynnaid, and Baron Levingstone.

A great deal has appeared in the press concerning the atrocious conduct of the men who travelled from the East to the West to hire as harvesters. But we have seen in only one paper the news that three of them were arrested and sentenced to ten years imprisonment with a promptness which Judge Lynch himself could scarcely have improved upon. Ten years seems rather a light sentence for a crime whose maximum penalty is hanging, but credit should at least be given to the authorities for the quickness with which these unspeakable miscreants were taken up and dealt with.

There is question at Rome of the beatification of John Dans Scotus, famed as the Subtle Doctor. We fancy his attitude toward his quasi-contemporary, St. Thomas of Aquin, will furnish material for the Devil's Advocate. Scotus exhausted the powers of a marvellously subtle intellect in a systematic attempt to discredit the reasoning of the Angelic Doctor. There is scarce an argument put forward by the latter in his immortal *Summa* but Scotus has sought to weaken or overturn. It is difficult to reconcile such a line of action with love of truth. Certainly St. Thomas employed his great gifts of intellect to better purpose. And the Church has set the seal of her approval upon his work.

In a leading article on the "Lambeth Encyclical" the *Saturday Review* speaks as follows:

In fact the Anglican Communion is a confederation of scattered parcels of Church life, owning a common origin and accepting on the whole the

same formularies, rather than a division of the Catholic Church, since there is no precedent in primitive theory for an ecclesiastical unity based merely on common speech, or race, or color, still less on mere predilection. A Pan-Anglican Council or Synod is therefore impossible. Informal conference is another matter. The danger of such a conference is the deepening of the attractive but disastrous notion that, the reunion of Christendom being to all appearances remote, and below the horizon of expectation, an imperial Anglo-Saxonism may very well be substituted for it. English religion is quite Anglo-Saxon enough already, and its characteristics need correcting and supplementing rather than stereotyping. Christ came to found a universal Church, not a British Empire."

The news of Father Tabb's blindness will sadden all those who have admired his poetry. This humble priest, teaching English Grammar in one of the lesser American colleges, and writing verse without any thought of winning a name for himself, but simply because he could not help it, has become famous wherever the English language is spoken. One English journal hearing of his affliction, quoted at once his lines on Milton:

"So fair thy vision that the night  
Abled with thee lest the light  
A flaming sword before thine eyes,  
Had shut thee out from Paradise."

Another London reviewer calls him "the greatest living master of epigram in verse," and might have cited in proof, if they had then appeared, the poet priest's pathetic verses in the August number of the *Atlantic Monthly*:

Back to the primal gloom  
Where life began,  
As to a mother's womb,  
Must I return?  
Return?  
No to be born again  
But to remain;  
And in the school of Darkness learn  
What mean  
"The things unseen."

Any one who wishes to see what fruits the Catholic Faith can produce in the lives of men and women should read "A Sister's Story," by Mrs. Augustus Craven. The French original was first published in 1866, and ran through nine editions in a few months. It was crowned by the French Academy. The English translation, made by Emily Bowles under the direction of Lady Georgiana Fullerton, reads like an original work, so idiomatic is it. As for the "Story," one can not peruse it without feeling that one has come in contact with human love at its purest and human nature at its best. One is glad to know that there have been such people in the world. This is what the late Sir Mount Stuart Grant Duff says of it: "Although I belong to a school of opinion widely different from that to which Mrs. Craven and those whose story she has told were so devoted, it would be hardly possible for anyone to admire her book more than I do. It seems to me that if the Catholic Church could say nothing more for itself than, 'At least I produced the "Recit d'une Soeur," it would have proved its right to be considered one of the greatest benefactors of mankind. It is close now on twenty years since I first read the "Recit." I have re-read it, in whole and in part, Heaven only knows how often, and the charm is no degree less strong than it was at first." As brought out by the C. P. A. Publishing Co., 26 Barclay Street, New York, the book is a handsome volume of 530 pages, well printed and well bound, and is sold at a very moderate price.

The *Manchester Guardian*, the leading English daily outside London, had the following interesting paragraph in its issue of August 13:

"This week has witnessed at Stonyhurst College the beginning of what promises to be a great work in the making of men evangelists. Following on the lines adopted so successfully in Belgium in giving retreats to working men, seventy Catholic men of the Accrington district gave up half their local holidays to go through the exercises. There has been no such provision hitherto. Retreats have been a kind of spiritual luxury for the moneyed classes. Occasional gentlemen's retreats are given, but a working man would never dream of asking to join them. A solution has now been found. Some time ago letters appeared in the Catholic papers from working men. 'Why cannot we have retreats?' they asked. 'We are in

the thick of the fight; we are immersed in dangers to our faith, and even more to our morals; the atmosphere of all public works in our great industrial centres is infidel, and yet we have nothing to counteract its influence.' All were agreed that retreats were needed, and the authorities at Stonyhurst College readily consented to allow the College to be used for the first big retreat for working men. The men in charge of their director, Father Lester, S. J., of the Sacred Heart, Accrington, left the Sodality Clubroom, near the church, on Saturday afternoon for Stonyhurst, and the retreat commenced the same evening. Father Matthew Power, S. J., of Edinburgh, interpreted the 'spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius' with forceful eloquence. That the men were in deep earnestness was seen from the fact that every day of the retreat almost the whole body received Holy Communion. 'I could not have believed it,' said Father Power, 'I have never seen such devotion, zeal, and enthusiasm.'"

When considering the great avenues of waste, as we may call them, we most usually think of wealth squandered in riotous or drunken living, or extravagance, that is, either the riches of individuals, or the combined wages of the poor—combined, alas, only in the tills of saloon keepers or the pockets of fakirs. But once in a while we get a glimpse of enormous expenditures which involve no reckless habits, which add nothing to luxury or ease, and yet are amongst the most considerable factors in sucking up the money of the people. Think of one hundred to one hundred and fifty million dollars spent every year for gumdrops, jolly paps, taffy candy and jawbreakers, and this chiefly by children! Think of a millionaire manufacturer of "all day suckers." The children do it. President Dodge of the National Confectionery Salesman's Association of the United States says that without the children the candy manufacturer would have to go out of business. Nor is it the rich men's children that spend this huge amount. The small sums spent by poor children form the larger portion of it. It must be said that the sum in question is too great for the purpose for which it is spent. Nothing, except a necessary of life, should be consumed in such quantities; for the amount of the cost is too great to be withdrawn from the people into the hands of millionaires, or less wealthy manufacturers, for anything that is not a necessary.

"A Church which does not, when the time comes for her to do so, affirm positively and synodically her faith, is a Church in fetters, and if her bondage continues for centuries becomes a church forsaken." So wrote Augustine Birrell in 1896, and we are reminded of his words by the document which the newspapers are calling the "Lambeth Encyclical." The canons of the Church of England declare that marriage with the deceased wife's sister is forbidden by the law of God. This declaration may almost be called the corner-stone of the Church of England, since Henry VIII's breach with Rome began with denying to the Pope, or to any other power on earth, the power to grant a dispensation for such a marriage. But the British Parliament has made such marriages legal, and the Lambeth Conference of 1908 does not venture to say that they are sinful. It takes a similar position in regard to re-marriage of divorced persons. Eighty-seven bishops have voted against re-marriage of what is called the "innocent party," and eighty-four have voted in its favor. The Lambeth Conference recommends that in case of such re-marriage the parties be admitted to Communion. This is equivalent to admitting the lawfulness of divorce. But if the courts have power to break the marriage bond, then the guilty party is free to marry again as well as the innocent party. It was not the marriage question, but the question of the Holy Eucharist, that Mr. Birrell was referring to in the passage we have quoted, but the closing words of his essay will perhaps appear more cogent to many Anglicans in the present case than in the case which he was discussing when he said "it will be difficult for most

people to resist the conclusion that . . . the new church of England has been exposed to influences and has been required to submit to conditions of existence totally incompatible with any working definition of either Church authority or Church discipline.

It is interesting to compare, as we have done on several occasions, the views taken of the position of the Church of England by the different sections of its membership, represented on the one hand by the *Saturday Review* and on the other hand by the *Spectator*. The latter journal, discussing the document which it calls "the Encyclical and the Resolutions issued by the Bishops, Archbishops, and Metropolitans composing the Lambeth Conference," has the following to say:

"It is no secret that some Churchmen within the Conference and very many outside it would have liked the Conference to take up what has been called a strong and definite line on the question of marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Happily the Conference refused to lay down any hard and fast rules here, and has refrained from bringing itself into conflict with the law of the land in the last particular. But, as has been pointed out, this refusal to take unwise action is in reality a very significant kind. The Church is bound to condemn that which it holds to be sinful and essentially anti-Christian. Therefore that which it does not condemn cannot be regarded as contrary to the religion of Christ. For example, the refusal to treat marriage with a deceased wife's sister in accordance with the law of the land as sinful, must make it impossible for any right-thinking clergyman in the future to treat those who have contracted such marriages as open and notorious evil-livers, from whom the sacraments of the Church must be withheld. In our view, the refusal of the Lambeth Conference to adopt the line which has been taken by certain well meaning but over-zealous persons, has saved the Church from a great danger,—the danger of coming into conflict with lay opinion and with the law of the land. And it has done this without any loss of strength or dignity and without in the slightest degree exposing itself to the charge of timidity. It has kept the middle course, the moderate course, and the wise course.

"The Resolutions dealing with the question of marriage and divorce are as a whole thoroughly sensible, and leave the Anglican position substantially where it has always been. After confirming the Resolution of the Conference of 1888, the Conference, however, passed a Resolution declaring it to be undesirable that the remarriage of even an innocent divorced person shall receive the blessing of the Church. We regret the passing of such a Resolution, as we hold the marriage of divorced persons, when the divorce is obtained in accordance with the law of England, to be perfectly legitimate. We note, however, that this Resolution was only carried by a majority of 3 votes, 87 to 84, and therefore it cannot be considered to commit the Anglican Communion very deeply in the direction indicated."

All readers of the New Testament are aware that John the Baptist came into collision with King Herod on a matrimonial question. And it is generally believed,—indeed we think it safe to assume that,—that John the Baptist believes it,—that John the Baptist was right. But how do we know he was right? Most Christians, we venture to say, will assert that we know it because he was a man sent from God with authority to call sinners, whether high and low, to repentance. But we suspect that this is not the view held by the editor of the *Spectator*. According to his theory, the great trouble was that Herod was not a constitutional sovereign. If he had only called a Parliament, and this Parliament, at his request, had declared his marriage with Herodias lawful, then it would have been altogether improper for John the Baptist, holy man though he was, to set himself boldly against the law of the land, and although capital punishment might be too severe for his case, Herod would have been perfectly justified in prohibiting him from preaching.

A sloop upset in Penobscot Bay, off Deer Isle, Me., on Tuesday, and seven persons were drowned. They were visitors from Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia.

## THE NEUTRAL SCHOOLS OF FRANCE.

The French Government has given another instance of what it means by religious neutrality. The Minister of Education, M. Doumergue, has brought in a Bill which runs as follows:

"On the complaint addressed by the Inspector of Primary Education to a Justice of the Peace, the penalties set forth in Article 14 of the Law of March 28, 1883, will be inflicted on the father or other responsible person who shall have been convicted of having prevented a child on the roll of a public school from there receiving instruction on all or part of the subjects declared to be obligatory under Article 1 of the aforesaid Law, or from using in class any books regularly inscribed on the list of the department. To the same penalties will be liable any person who shall commit a similar infraction of the Law, either by a speech or by placarding or distributing writings containing a direct provocation to the commission of such infraction of the Law as is specified above."

The immediate reason of this Bill is that a certain number of parents at a place called Vieuvigne laid a complaint in the Court of Dijon against a teacher named Morizot, who declared to his pupils that confession was nonsense, and that God was nothing but a well-filled purse. The Court decided that the teacher had violated the neutrality of the school demanded by the Law of 1882, and passed censure on him accordingly. M. Doumergue now declares that any parents having complaints to make against teachers must lay them, not before the Courts, but before the Education Department, and that, in the meantime, any parent who forbids his child to study certain subjects or use certain textbooks shall be held guilty of the offence which the above-mentioned teacher was convicted of, and shall be subject to the penalties for violating the neutrality Law of 1882. It is the lamb, not the wolf, who has muddied the stream. The Minister of Education excuses himself by saying that there is a conspiracy of parents against the schools, and that only narrow-minded bigots could find fault with the text-books. Here are some of the passages which M. Doumergue says none but bigoted parents would object to their children reading in school: "For a long time it was thought that God created man. . . But the recent conquests of evolution," etc. "The Renaissance followed the epoch of Christian barbarism when Christianity paralyzed the arts, sciences, and literature." "Christianity is the struggle against the beautiful in nature, since it declares war on all man's propensities." The Morizot incident is not the only one which shows what sort of neutrality is observed by the teachers. A teacher in a Paris school declared to a class of children between ten and twelve years old: "If I offered God 50,000 francs for putting out the sun, would he be able to win the money? You see, therefore, very clearly that there is no God." A school-mistress at Saint Genard told her scholars: "All that the Church teaches is lying and false; the Mass and religious ceremonies are only shows; there is neither heaven nor hell; all these things have been invented by the curés in order to enslave people's consciences." A teacher in the Nord district argued thus against the immortality of the soul: "The spirit is in the brain; at death the brain dies, and therefore, when one dies, one is dead wholly." At the time of the terrible disaster in the Courrieres mines, one of the schoolmasters of the neighborhood asked his pupils: "If there were a God, would such things happen?" Another Paris teacher threatened to withhold certificates from any pupils who went to Mass or made their First Communion. An Inspector of Schools, writing in a "New Course of Pedagogy" which has just been published, boldly declares: "Education destroys more than it builds up. The child does not come to school a blank. He brings with him the prejudices of his parents; the fear accumulated in the race by religious oppression. The great thing is to destroy all that. . . Conscience is not a light. . . ."

Continued on page 4

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**THE HOME-COMING.**  
(For The Casket.)

A golden haze lay over the earth, sea and sky and land blurred mistily in its enveloping veil. The long faint blue line of Cape St. George crept far out between the waters of the misty bay, and the smiling blue of the autumn sky. The country-side was at peace. The only sound was the breaking of the incoming tide on the rocky beach, and the swish and relapse of the waters as they gurgled among the boulders along the shore. A white flash of wings, and an occasional harsh shriek came up from the cove where a couple of gulls sought food for their young concealed in their nest among the stones and sand. All else was still, calm in the slumberous peace of Indian summer. In the gardens of the farm houses among the hills the sweet-briers were blossomless now, but fall marigolds and asters still bloomed, vying with the glory of the garden-rod that crowned the roadsides. In the woods the leaves were falling from the trees. Here and there long naked branches stretched out from the gay foliage like the arms of some gaunt spectre. Along the edges of the swamps and brooks, the maples flamed vividly, and the raspberry bushes skirting the zig-zag fence were browning under the sun.

Old Mere Paulaine stood in the doorway looking down the road, that swept in a wide curve along the shore and led up through the woods. Up around the curve it branched off toward the railroad, and down that road he must come. Leon! he was coming! Leon! her first-born! Leon! he who had ran away from home twenty weary years ago, tired of the little life of the farm and village, tired of the sowing in the spring, the reaping in the fall, the hay cutting, the wood hauling, the tending the dumb things of field and stall. The lure of the world was on him, its glamor turned his mind, its richness pulsed in his veins, and he left home. Never a word did he send back. He travelled and voyaged up and down, sometimes near, sometimes far. And at home they waited. 'He will come back, when he is tired, we shall see,' they said, but the years passed one by one, slowly, sadly, or gladly, and still he did not come. His father gave up hope, and went about his work with a bowed head. He grew grey before his time, he walked with a cane, at fifty he was aged to eighty. His mind, his heart, were fixed on Leon, to see him once before he died, only once would make him quite happy. But the months slipped out from his weakening life, and glided by and passed, and Leon did not come. And then when the buoy of Hope had wholly slipped away, he calmly sunk beneath the tide of life, and the sun shone as fair and the winds blew as soft, and its billows glittered as serenely as before, and still the wanderer did not come. And at home they waited, the mother and Agnes, the one other child. The farm was drifting to ruin. The fences had not been built for years. The cows wandered at will from field to field. The barns and outhouses were well nigh falling down, the house itself was a wreck. Yet still they clung to it, and held it for him. 'He must find us here when he comes. There must be a fire and a meal waiting him.' This was their answer to all questions. They refused all offers of help. Even the friendship of the neighbors was refused. They lived a lonely life; two Penelopes waiting. He was the subject of all their talk. His coming the one desire of each.

At last, the younger woman fell ill. The trying years told on her tired heart, and she too past from the weary waiting.

And then only his mother remained to keep the vigil of love. Day by day all through spring and summer she waited hopefully. 'He will come soon now,' she said. 'He will come when the grass is to be cut.' But the grass grew, and blossomed and ripened, and still he did not come. The hay was cut and housed. The roses grew and faded in the garden, and on the hillside the daisies, buttercups and wild-asters followed one another and died. The hills faded to brown, the latest cut hay of the marshes had been hauled home, and now at last he was coming.

The letter was dated two weeks before. 'I am coming home,' it said, 'for ever.' Poor Leon! doubtless he was tired of roaming out in the great world. After all there was not much happiness in it. The heart, ah! yes! poor human heart!—turns always to its own for rest, though it may seek for pleasure over the whole wide world. Poor Leon! how different everything will be from what he left it, from what he will expect to see. But he will soon have everything put into place. He will put up the fences and rebuild the barns. He will have his fields well kept, and everything will be ordered well and thriftily, as became the fine old Paulaine home, under the mastery of Leon, the homing son of the old master. Yes! yes! everything would now be well. And the long waiting, she thought as she stood there in the door, the long waiting, that now was over, forever, he had said it 'I am coming home for ever.'

Down the road she gazed, but not a speck was visible on its white length. A little breeze dusked among the trees, shaking down little eddies of leaves, and scattering the dust on the road into low gray clouds for a moment, then settling down again. The golden haze was shifting out on the water. The shadow of the Dog-head lay long on the placid sea. How often, she thought, Leon had brought her berries from that shaggy island, the Doghead, as they called it, before he had gone away. Far up in the woods, a train whistle blew. His

train she knew, it carried him, her poor boy. She turned again to some household duty, to calm her mind, and heart, that throbbled well nigh to breaking. The old clock above his picture in the kitchen ticked the moments slowly. The woman looked at it almost reproachfully, why was it so slow? The flies buzzed drowsily about the windows. Outside, far down the hillside the tinkle of a cow bell jarred on her. The warm, smoky fragrance of autumn came in at the window, and filled the old room with an odor as subtle as spring violets. The calmness stole into the woman's tired soul, and played among her weary heart-strings, a melody of peace. She took up her work, and sat by the window in her chair. At last the waiting was over, the weariness of twenty years flooded over her. Her head drooped forward upon her breast. Mere Paulaine was asleep. The wakening afternoon breeze stole up from the water, and breathed in at the window, stirring the gray hair about her temples, gentle as an angel's thoughts. The shadows lengthened over the bay. The Cape grew bluer and more distinct through the haze. A bank of fleecy clouds lay piled up on the lower sky, and within Mere Paulaine slumbered on.

Meanwhile he was coming down the road, a gaunt, forlorn figure. His clothes hung loosely about him. His trousers were frayed, his coat worn past the mile stone of respectability, his hat deep-dented over his eyes. His coarse boots were white with the dust of the road, and at each step he ploughed up scattered dust-eddies, which settled thick on his clothes. He glanced sometimes right or left, at some old familiar landmark, as he walked, some reminder of the days ago. He met no one; the silence weighed down on him. The doors of memory stood wide open, and a flood of faces and voices issued forth and peopled wood and field as he passed. Voices of those he had known called to him from the old favorite haunts. At every turn of the road stood some one of his old friends. He passed the stone wall, where the raspberries grew. It was grown wilder than he had known it. Here and there a few black-red berries hung among the withered leaves, delicate food for the fall birds.

The farm houses seemed all deserted. No one was stirring about. A few cattle grazed along the hills, and he met a few timid sheep, which fled at his approach, browsing along the shrubby roadway. That was all the sign of life he saw. And then he came over the brow of the hill, and beneath him lay his home. Tears welled up in his eyes. This was home.

He sat down by the roadside. This was home, but so changed. Was that his father in the garden? And yes, that surely was Agnes down by the line-fence. His mother was making supper. Yes! there was the blue spiral of smoke from the chimney. They would be expecting him. How glad they would be to see him. Twenty years! Doubtless they would be changed. He himself was changed. His life had been a burlesque of living. He had been a failure. All that was over now. With the farm and those who most cared for him, he would, he must, succeed. He would work hard, he would save, he would give up his old spendthrift, his old vagabond ways. His life henceforth would be as calm, as pure as the quiet waters of the bay. The vicious habits of years, the city slime that clung to him, he would wash it all off in the limpid fountain of home.

Well—they would be expecting him. He got up, and with a half-hearted effort to brush off the dust from his clothes, trudged on down the hill. As he drew near, every line, every angle about his home stood out with increasing clearness, like the features of some dear face. The duplicate of his memory brought out the broken pane in the kitchen window, the clump of garden musk at the door, the rain-barrel at the corner of the house, and all the countless little details treasured so long in his heart of hearts.

He turned in at the gate. Strange there was no one about. Where was his father, mother, Agnes? Everything about the place was so quiet, not a sound, not a breath. The sun cast a warm glow over all. The hills slept under its glory. The haze had lifted from the bay, which shone as blue as a sapphire. In the cove the gulls shrieked no longer. The voice of the sea was hushed. He passed around the garden to the kitchen. The crackle of a wood fire came to him. He stepped in at the door. He saw his mother at the window, saw the tired, sweet, old, worn face, saw the gray hair stirred by the air from the sea. A great love stirred in his soul, and he tried to cry out to her, but no sound came from his lips. He knelt by her side gently, so gently, the tears streaming from his eyes. The call of his young boyhood rose to his lips, 'Mon mere! Mon petite mere!' But the tired eyes did not unclose, the drooping head did not rise. He looked up into the still face. 'Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! can it be, after all the long waiting?' But even the wondrous strength of mother love, of woman's patience, could not endure under the lonely hoping of the years, Mere Paulaine was dead.

Outside the cow bells tinkling came nearer. The hollow bark of a dog came from among the hills, somewhere. A waggon rumbled along the road beyond the curve. The evening breeze began to whisper through the trees of the garden. Along the roadside the golden-rod nodded in its breath, and it rippled the surface of the cove. The voice of the ocean awoke. The years of waiting were over, the home-coming of the tired gleaners had come.

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**PURE WOOL HEWSON AMHERST TWEEDS**

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DOORS, WINDOWS, MOULDINGS and FINISH OF ALL KINDS, BIRCH and SPRUCE FLOORING, SHINGLES, BRICK, LIME, LATHS, PLASTER, ETC. BUILDING MATERIAL OF ALL KINDS FURNISHED AT SHORT NOTICE. LOGS PURCHASED and MILLED.

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

**Dr. White's Honey Balm**

is the best and safest remedy for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Etc.

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

**IT ALWAYS CURES**

**DR. SCOTT'S WHITE LINIMENT CO.** LIMITED

**ST. JOHN, N. B.**

Proprietors of PENDELTON'S PANACEA.



**THE NEUTRAL SCHOOLS OF FRANCE.**

(Continued from page 1)

Conscience is a tradition. We shall be on our guard against conscience. In the face of facts like these the Minister of Education has the effrontery to say that the State schools are neutral, and that parents wishing to make complaint must do so to the Education office, that is to the Government of the day, and not to the Courts, which are in some measure independent of the Government. If they forbid their children to attend such schools or use such text-books, they render themselves liable to fine and imprisonment. The *Temps* and the *Journal des Debats*, both of them Republican journals and neither of them Catholic, have protested against this injustice. The *Temps* says:

"Everyone knows the real origin of this crisis. It arises from the intemperate language of a certain number of teachers who have a singular way of understanding what is meant by civic instruction and religious neutrality. Their theories on military duty and the fatherland, as well as the invectives to which they give themselves not only against the priest, but even against the very idea of religion itself, have rightly alarmed parents who are anxious to see the consciences of their children respected. It has, furthermore, been more than once fully proved that the books put into the hands of the scholars with the approbation of the education authorities contained passages which did not always, especially in the matter of religion, take their inspiration from the rules of neutrality which the legislator has wished to make predominant in compulsory secular education."

The *Journal des Debats* speaks to the same effect:

"Public opinion complains of an existing abuse. There are public teachers who show an outrageous lack in the matter of neutrality by putting forward in class teaching which is either unseemly or even actually injurious to patriotism, morality, the religious sentiment or social order. Families feel themselves helpless against these excesses of language, which, though forbidden by law, actually enjoy a frequent immunity."

But the British press, taking the keynote from the London *Times*, has steadily denied that religion is being persecuted in France. The solitary exception among daily papers is the *Birmingham Post*, whose London correspondent wrote as follows on the occasion of the death of the Paris correspondent of the *Times*:

"The sudden death of Mr. William Lavino, who has been the Paris correspondent of the *Times* since M. de Blowitz passed away, recalls the opposing attitudes taken by the distinguished journalist and the *Post* in the matter of the hostile legislation against the Church in France. Mr. Lavino threw the whole weight of his influence in favour of M. Briand, and against the French Bishops and the Vatican, and by continuous treatment of the facts from one point of view alone, succeeded in giving a decided direction to London opinion and to various provincial journals. The issues were put in your own columns, alone among English daily papers, however, in a sense contrary to that expressed by Mr. Lavino; and I have reason to know that this was noted with much satisfaction at the Vatican, where it was held that the English press had allowed itself to be misled by the high authority of Mr. Lavino. Energetic steps were taken to undo the effect of his writing, but, as the *Times* biographer of his colleague suggests today, Mr. Lavino was writing to enforce a principle—that of the supremacy of the French Republic over any institution within its borders, and that explained much as to his controversial methods."

**Dr. McLennan is Dead.**

"What shadows we are; and what shadows we part!"

The late representative of the County of Inverness in the House of Commons of Canada is no more. He died as dies a warrior, with his armor on. He fell as falls a patriot in the loyal service of his country. In the act of addressing a meeting of his constituents at Little River, Cheticamp, on the evening of 22nd August he was stricken with a pain in the heart which ended fatally on the night of August 27th. He was the nominated Liberal candidate for the next general election in Inverness, and it was a pathetic incident that, on the very night, the date of the election was announced in the County, this sanguine and robust campaigner was summoned to the great Beyond.

There cannot be two opinions as to the place which Dr. McLennan held in the politics of Inverness. He was easily and admittedly the greatest personal force that ever entered the public life of this County. To say that he had no faults, were to say what is not true of any of Adam's seed. To say that he satisfied all, were to suggest what is impossible—and providentially impossible, to mortal man. He had infirmities of temper which cost him much, and which, in his cooler moments, he would be himself the first to deplore; but, even in his indignation, he had sufficient nobility of soul never to visit his animus on any person unawares. If he had to fight, he fought in the open, he fought face to face, with vizers down. Being a brave and an honest man, though sometimes ill-advised, he spurned the hidden

strategies which are the weapons of cowards. It is the simple truth to say that he was eminently free from the graver taints, too common in state life, which debase humanity.

Apart from those eccentricities of temper, those who knew him best can testify that he was an upright, honorable man; a creditable and useful citizen; a good practical Christian; a regular, conscientious church-goer; and a willing, cheerful contributor to all good works of charity.

It is thirty-five years since he set up as a regular physician in Inverness County, being then twenty-nine years of age. He located in Margaree and had an extensive and successful practice from the start. During all that time he never slighted or refused a call, no matter how remote or poor the caller. He never sued a man, and it is not known that he ever wrote or peremptorily asked a patient for payment of his charges. It is known, however, that he positively refused to take anything from patients who had suffered long, when they afterwards came with the actual cash to pay him. It is said that when he was elected to the House of Commons in 1886 he burned his previous books of account, books fairly filled with honest, hard-earned debts against the poorer people of this County. "Did this, in Caesar, seem ambition?" He loved power for power's sake, as the most of us would do, but there was not a mean or selfish fibre in his composition.

Though a lion in the field, he was a veritable lamb in the sick-room; and no medical minister was ever more scrupulous to do all he could. In his younger years it was a common thing for him to spend twenty-four hours over a serious case without sleep or intermission. No call was too long; no roads too bad, no weather too inclement, no night too dark or cold to prevent "the big doctor" from coming quickly to the aid of a suffering supplicant. Poor fellow! He had the human sympathies, and the generous feelings of a gallant Highland hero.

His first entrance into the public arena was in 1878, when he ran for the House of Commons as a third and independent candidate. Though a young man then, and defeated, he built up a surprisingly large following, purely on personal claims. Irrespective of party politics, the County of Inverness dearly loves a man. The doctor clearly loved a man. The doctor deared his politics several times since, for the which he was acutely criticised. It is useless to ask why any man changes his position in respect of public affairs. Though politics is a science, the most of our political developments are anything but scientific. A change of mind in such matters is often a mark of wise progress.

In 1880, just after the "County Incorporation Act" came into being, Dr. McLennan was elected to the Municipal Council of Inverness, and continued to be a leading member of that body till he was nominated for Ottawa in 1896. He was once elected and thrice defeated for the House of Assembly of Nova Scotia; he was thrice elected and once defeated for the Canadian House of Commons. Ever since he entered the Municipal Council in 1880 he was a dominating figure in the politics of Inverness. Both parties feared him, and both parties wanted him—such was his individual energy.

Dr. McLennan did so well for Inverness County since he was sent to parliament that no opponent short of death could defeat him. When he resided at Margaree he did more than any other one man to raise the northern districts to the political status of more prominent parts of the county. He was but four years at Inverness when he secured for that place a splendid public building—the first institution of its kind we ever saw in this County. In nearly every district of the County his name is written in letters that cannot perish. During his rule we got a Railway and two coal mines into operation here, and the whole constituency rose from a condition of distressing coma to a state of activity, progress and contentment.

But I am not writing his history. I am merely announcing the fact of his death—a death shocking in its suddenness, but not so sudden, let us hasten to say with gratitude, as to deprive him of an opportunity to prepare for the final event. During his four days of illness he was clear and conscious to the last. He knew the shaft had struck, and struck home; and after devoutly receiving the last rites of the Catholic Church, of which he was a member, he expressed his perfect forgiveness to all his enemies and his absolute resignation to the mind of God. About 5,000 people, many of them weeping, attended his funeral yesterday at Inverness.

We tender our most sincere sympathies to his widow and his five fatherless young children, in this their hour of fearful trial. This sympathy, we know, is feelingly shared by all the people of Inverness who are never unkind in cases of need or tribulation. The deceased had his political foes, it is true. That is one of the penalties of public life. But in the presence of death the man conquers the politician in us all, and every native of Inverness will stand uncovered over the grave of a strenuous fellow citizen who has lived and died worthily. In this moment of deep sorrow, under the shadow of a great public loss, with this fresh lesson of life's startling uncertainties, the least that we can all do for one departed friend, is to pay him the silent tribute of a kind and prayerful thought.

Eternal rest give unto him, O Lord, And let perpetual light shine upon him!

J. L. McDougall.

Strathlorne, C. B., Aug. 31, '08.

P. S.—Telegrams of sympathy were received from Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Hon. W. S. Fielding, and several other prominent Canadians, and from various members of the clergy.

J. L. McDougall.

**Correspondence.**

*Editor Casket:*

DEAR SIR:—"Cardinal Manning was an ardent advocate of temperance—that is, total abstinence. He preached total abstinence to his people and he practised it himself; but so far as we know he was not a prohibitionist. He probably would agree with Cardinal Gibbons that a regulation of the liquor traffic is more likely to produce better and more lasting results than prohibition."

The above is from an editorial in the *Sacred Heart Review* of Aug. 22, 1908. The *Review* is one of the very best Catholic papers published and it has always been an ardent advocate of total abstinence.

I am informed by one of the delegates to the meeting of the Grand Council of the League of the Cross recently held at Mulgrave that according to the decision of that body the members of the L. O. C. are bound down to absolute prohibition, and any person who formally approves of any law regulating the liquor traffic is guilty of violating his pledge. In other words the Grand Council has condemned Cardinal Manning and Cardinal Gibbons, two of the greatest minds and most earnest and effective temperance workers among the hierarchy of the Catholic Church. Cardinal Gibbons is the head of the Catholic Church in America, he is one of the great men of the age, he is a total abstainer himself and has always been an ardent champion of the cause of temperance, and yet if he were in the diocese of Antigonish today, he could not, according to the revised constitution become a member of the L. O. C. What an absurd position for a Society professedly Catholic to occupy, and all this because it has allowed itself to fall under the influence of the narrow intolerance and comprehensive self-sufficiency of a few extremists!

In connection with the recent change in the constitution two practical questions present themselves to members of the L. O. C. In the first place a member of the League may believe with Cardinal Gibbons that a good license law can do more for the cause of temperance than absolute prohibition. It happens that what seems to be a good license law is submitted for his approval. What is he to do? A moralist will infallibly tell him that he should carefully study the law and if after sufficient consideration his conscience tells him that the law is likely to advance the cause of temperance more than prohibition, he is bound under pain of sin to support it, the Grand Council to the contrary notwithstanding. If in doubt he must appeal to his spiritual director or if needs be, to the Bishop of the diocese. When the Grand Council or any other organization presumes to interfere with the consciences of its members it becomes guilty of a grave breach of discourtesy towards the ecclesiastical authorities who alone have the right to decide in such cases, and besides it is acting *ultra vires* and such legislation binds neither the branches nor the individual members. In case, however, that the new legislation is really binding, I do not think it is—it is extremely doubtful that we can any longer gain the indulgences granted by Pius IX. An interpretation never contemplated by the Pope has been placed on the pledge, and consequently the Society has been radically changed. It is no longer the old Catholic Total Abstinence League of the Cross that Cardinal Manning established, and therefore has no right to the indulgences attached to that venerable christian organization. I trust the Grand Spiritual Adviser will submit this question to the proper authorities and get an authentic decision on the matter.

TEMPERANCE.

**The L. O. C. Convention.**

The Ninth Annual Convention of the League of the Cross for the diocese of Antigonish was held at Mulgrave on Wednesday and Thursday of last week. There was almost a complete representation of all the Branches, sixty-two lay delegates and eleven parish priests being in attendance. The Convention was in many respects the most successful yet held, and the officials of the Grand Council have much reason to congratulate themselves on the work of the convention and the progress of the object which they are so unselfishly endeavoring to promote in the diocese. That the principles they are striving for meet with the approbation of the great body of our people is acknowledged even by the large number who do not practise the virtue of temperance. The active, earnest and sincere temperance worker has the sympathy if not the open support of all who wish the betterment of civil society, and we trust those leading the work of the L. O. C. will continue their laudable Christian efforts to eradicate the blight of intemperance.

On Wednesday the officers for the ensuing year were elected, and are: Grand Spiritual Adviser—Rev. W. F. Kiely, Lonsburg; Grand President—William T. Jones, Canso; Grand 1st Vice-President, J. W. Kyte, Sydney; Grand Secretary—John A. McDonald, Glace Bay; Grand Treasurer—Rev. D. J. Rankin, Grand Mira; Grand Marshal—R. J. McDonald, Reserve; Grand Auditors—J. P. Ratchford, Dominion No. 4; P. Smyth Campbell, Port Hood.

The retiring Grand President, Stephen McNeil, declined a re-nomination.

A new office was created, that of 2nd Vice-President, and A. J. Deuceit of Whitney Pier was elected thereto.

At the session Wednesday evening, the proposed amendments to the Constitution submitted by several of the Branches were taken up.

Continued on page 5

**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.

James Vought, formerly of the firm of Vought Bros., North Sydney, died on Friday.

Formal announcement will be made in a few days of the appointment of Hon. J. M. Gibson, of Hamilton, as Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Ontario.

Says a Gloucester paper:—The schooner John Hays Hammond, Capt Lemuel E. Spinner, stocked \$1200 as the result of her recent 28 days shuck codfishing trip to Bacaleu bank, the crew of 25 men sharing \$86.50 each. The body of Frederick W. Cox, aged 45 years, an engineer, was found on the eastern side of Halifax harbor Monday evening near the Dartmouth ferry. He leaves a widow and five young children.

News comes from Japan of the sinking of the British steamer Dunearn, and the loss of all but two of the 53 members of her crew in the typhoon which raged on August 26 off the Port of Goto, on the Island of Kishiu.

John Standfield, M. P., has issued a statement, denying knowledge of any corrupt practices in Colchester elections and saying if anything is proven at the trial of Hayne, showing that he, Standfield, profited by his acts or any other corrupt acts, he will resign.

The Portuguese Chamber of Deputies has approved the extradition treaty between the United States and Portugal. The treaty provides for extradition for twenty-two specific offences, it excepts political offenders, but specifies that the authors of attempts against rulers shall not be considered as such.

Governor McGregor of Newfoundland and Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, the missionary, have gone to Cape Chidley, in order to determine the exact geographical position of Hudson Strait. The Labrador mail boat reports that the fishery outlook along that coast is poor. The steamer brought no news of Commander Peary's expedition.

L. O. C. Convention.

(Continued from page 4)

It was decided to have a French edition of the Constitution and By-Laws, because of the large number of French members in Sydney and Inverness. It was also decided to have a constitution for the Ladies' Auxiliaries, Fr. Gillis and Messrs. Donovan and Jones were appointed to draw up one.

The Total Abstinence, the organ of the League, which has been in existence one year, was felt to be a valuable aid to the cause of temperance in the diocese and could be made an instrument of much greater good. It was, therefore, decided to continue its publication. Mr. Jno. A. MacDougall will continue editor-in-chief. Four assistant editors are to be appointed, each branch is to have a correspondent and three canvassers. The deficit on last year was ordered to be paid.

In order to bring the members of the Association in closer touch, it was decided to have a yearly celebration. All candidates for the Grand Presidency are to be at least qualified for the first degree of the Association.

It was resolved that members renew their pledges at the first annual meeting in January. It was resolved that all parish priests and curates be invited to the Conventions whether members or not.

A resolution was passed, re-affirming the recommendation made two years ago asking the branches to show their disapproval in every way possible of newspapers publishing liquor advertisements.

The action of the executive last December in holding that it is inconsistent with the evident meaning of the words of the pledge for any member of the League of the Cross to sign petitions for the granting of licenses, was strongly endorsed by the Convention.

A resolution proposed by the Mulgrave Branch that five cents per month be added to the monthly dues for a reserve fund for assistance of sick and disabled members was passed. North Sydney was chosen as the place for holding the convention of 1910.

A resolution was passed asking all Catholic societies having branches in this diocese to amend their constitution to exclude from membership all persons engaged or interested in the sale or manufacture of intoxicating liquor.

The ladies of Mulgrave prepared a splendid banquet for the delegates. It was served in the basement of the Hall. After the banquet a number of toasts were proposed and responded to.

Personals.

Mr. Harold Brown of Canso was in town this week.

Mr. William McIsaac of Sydney is spending a week in Antigonish.

Mrs. W. S. Fraser of New York returned home last Thursday after a visit to relatives in Antigonish.

Miss Clara Labbetter of North Sydney is in town, the guest of Miss Margaret F. McDougall.

Mrs. E. C. McDonald of Malden, Mass., has returned home after a visit to friends in Antigonish.

A. K. McIntyre of Sylvan Valley, Ant., left on Monday for the Grand Seminary, Quebec.

Joseph P. MacIsaac of Antigonish has entered Dalhousie College, and will follow the law course.

Miss Katie A. McDonald, Town, is spending a few days in Halifax, attending the exhibition.

Mr. J. A. McKenna, of the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, is spending a few weeks' vacation at his former home at Briley Brook, Ant.

Mr. Lewis McIntosh, of Chisholm, Sweet & Co., Antigonish, left on Saturday on a trip to Boston and New York.

A. C. Bertram of North Sydney, died on Monday, aged 58 years. For many years he was editor and proprietor of the North Sydney Herald.

Miss Mary Maclellan of Brookline, Mass., has returned home after spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Maclellan, Antigonish Harbor.

Miss Sophie MacIntosh and Miss Jessie Cameron of Loch Katrine, Ant., left on Friday last for Inverness, where they will teach school for the ensuing term.

Dr. McNeil of Halifax is in town for a short time, resting after a severe attack of sciatica rheumatism, which has afflicted him since April last. He is now nearly free from its effects.

Miss Ella Barrows, head milliner at A. Kirk & Co.'s, left by the "Ocean Limited," August 28th, for Toronto and Montreal to attend the fall millinery openings, which took place August 31st and following days.

Hon. Mr. Reid, Minister of Agriculture for P. E. I., was in Antigonish this week, the guest of Dr. Patheick. He has secured twenty-four of the pure bred sheep at the Clovelly Experimental Station.

Mr. Ernest Munro, the young man from Antigonish who has won the Rhodes scholarship at Dalhousie College, was in town on Tuesday. He is enjoying good health, and has pleasant anticipations of his three years' stay at New College, Oxford. He leaves for the old country in two weeks' time. THE CASKET joins his many friends here in wishing him bon voyage and further honors.

DIED.

At Maple Ridge on August 17th, in the 12th year of her age, SARAH JOSEPHINE, beloved daughter of Donald and the late Margaret McIsaac, leaving her father, one brother and three sisters to mourn her loss. R. I. P.

At Antigonish, on Friday, August 28, after a lingering illness, borne with great patience and resignation, JOHN ALEXANDER CARROLL, son of John and Isabella Carroll (formerly of Old Gulf Road) aged 40 years. The deceased was a good, industrious young man, esteemed by all who knew him, and his death is a severe blow to his parents. Besides his parents, five brothers survive him. Consoled by the last sacraments he died a happy death. May his soul rest in peace!

At Harbour Road, Antigonish, on Thursday, 27th ult., after a lingering illness, JOHN J. HOLBY, aged 49 years. Always cheerful, his severe illness did not rob him of his characteristic as an exemplary young man, he possessed the Christian virtues to a marked degree. Sober, patient, industrious, neighbourly and peace-loving, his death is widely regretted, particularly by his mother, two brothers and four sisters. He was frequently consoled by the Holy Sacraments. May his soul rest in peace!

At Manchester, N. H., on the 15th inst., MARY, beloved wife of Alexander McIsaac, formerly of Lower South River, in this County, and daughter of the late Archibald McLeish, Esq. of Mountain, age 56 years. Her survivors are her husband, one daughter, two sons, and six grand children. The deceased was one of the oldest members of St. Raphael's parish of West Manchester, and also a member of the Holy Rosary Society of St. Raphael's church and prominent in parish work. Interment was made in St. Joseph's cemetery. Rev. Father Florin officiating. The funeral which was largely attended by friends of the city and from Boston. R. I. P.

Many of our readers will regret to hear of the almost sudden death of HUGH McADAM, of Beaver Meadow, which occurred on Sunday, 31st ult. He had not been feeling very well for a day or two. On learning that an operation was the only chance to save his life he at once submitted himself to the will of God and previously prepared for the end by the reception of the Sacraments. He was one of the progressive farmers of the County, and was active in any movement for the public good. His gentlemanly and lenient disposition made it impossible for him to be in other than the most cordial terms with all. His industry, character, and honesty are best appreciated by those who knew him. Long may he live in the memory of his numerous friends and acquaintances. He is survived by a widow and one daughter. May his soul rest in peace!

Residential Property For Sale.

The conveniently situated house and lot of land, on Church street, occupied by the undersigned, is offered for sale. For particulars and terms apply to the owner on the premises.

MRS. NEWCOMBE.

NOVA-SCOTIA-FIRE Insurance Company LOWEST RATES Consistent With Safety AGENTS EVERYWHERE Head Office: 146 HOLLIS STREET, HALIFAX. ARTUR C. DALLIS, Manager. STRONG - LIBERAL - PROMPT

If your eyesight is defective consult H. W. CAMERON ...Optician... 100 Barrington St., Cor. Duke HALIFAX, N. S.

Resolution of Condolence.

At a regular meeting of Branch C.I.C.M.B. A., Dominion No. 4, U. E. held on August 28th, 1908, a resolution of condolence was passed on the death of Lucile Morrison, a brother member.

Teacher Wanted.

A Grade C Teacher for Charlton Cove School Section Apaty, starting salary, to ISAAC C. RICHARD, Secretary

We will give you \$2.22 for a list of ten names in your Vicinity - - -

During September we are going to sell our SOLID NICKEL SPRING HARNESSES for \$18.00, and to those sending at time of ordering a list of ten people who are buyers of goods, we will send out cheque for \$2.22.

We put no strings on this offer. We figure the names are cheap at 23 cents each, only we want you to help us all you can by quality of names you send.

We want people who are buying goods, because we know we can sell them.

This Harness retails from \$20 to \$22, and here is a chance with comparatively no work, to save 25 per cent. of the price.

If desired SOLID RUBBER MOUNTINGS may be substituted, but no more than one set sold to any one customer.

(This advertisement must accompany all orders.)

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



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Whitney Pier Wharf," will be received at this office until 4:00 P. M. on Thursday, September 24, 1908, for the construction of a wharf at Whitney Pier, Cape Breton County, Province of Nova Scotia, according to a plan and specification to be seen at the office of C. E. W. Dodwell, Esq., Resident Engineer, Halifax, N. S., E. G. Millidge, Esq., Resident Engineer, Antigonish, N. S., on application of the Postmaster at Whitney Pier, N. S., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa. Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers. An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, for one thousand three hundred dollars (\$1,300.00), must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the person tendering declines the contract or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender. The department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order R. C. DESROCHERS, Assistant Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, August 24, 1908.

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 5000 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 great savings I offer. Proceed for your future wants by buying your wall paper now and save at least 50 per cent.

Ready-Made Clothing Cloths, Etc. 4 different 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 Soutane 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.

We're ready to meet the demands of Fall with inviting new stocks of Dry Goods, Women's Tailored Garments, Millinery, Men's Clothing, Shoes, Furniture and Home Furnishings, Crockeryware and Groceries

Each department rises to the demands of the new season with strong, practical appeals to both the taste and thrift of shoppers.

The items mentioned on this page are but sign-boards pointing to the price economies which are to be gained by those who supply their needs for the coming season at this store.

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. 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 fulfill the conditions prescribed therefor. St. Francis Xavier's High School gives the same high school course as the best provincial academies. University and High School classes open September 7th, 1908. University classes close May 5th, 1909. High School classes close June, 1909. For university students: Arts, science, engineering, residence, board (including bed, bedding, laundry), \$160.00 and tuition for the university year \$45.00 Terms: Tuition only (for students not in residence) for \$45.00 to the university year. For high school students: Residence, board, (including bed, bedding, laundry,) and tuition, per week \$5.00 For further information address: REV. H. P. McPHERSON, D. D., President

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

### Famous Veterans of Statescraft.

(E. B. Simmons in *Munsey's Magazine*)

No official station in the world entails a greater burden of work and responsibility than the Presidency of the United States. Of the twenty-five men who have held it, five—John Adams, Jackson, William Henry Harrison, Taylor and Buchanan—were over threescore when they took office. Six others—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, and Johnson—passed their sixtieth birthday while in office, and a seventh—Cleveland—missed doing so by only a few days. The physical labor of a Presidential campaign has become so enormous that of late it has been usual to choose younger men; yet in 1904 the Democrats nominated an octogenarian for the Vice-Presidency, and Speaker Cannon's seventy-two years are not thought to disqualify him as a possible candidate at the approaching election.

England has had no "boy premier" since Pitt. The Duke of Wellington was Prime Minister at sixty-one, and held a Cabinet portfolio at seventy-seven. Of his thirteen successors to the present day, all but three held office beyond sixty, all but five beyond seventy and two—Palmerston and Gladstone—beyond their eightieth year, Palmerston dying in harness two days before his eighty-first birthday, and Gladstone retiring, still vigorous at eighty-four.

Gladstone's career was parallel in some ways, and strongly contrasted in others, to that of Bismarck. For nearly a third of a century, beginning nine years before that day in 1871 when he proclaimed William I. as German Emperor in the Palace of Versailles, the Prussian statesman carried a tremendous load of cares, "playing high," as he once remarked, "with other people's money." He was forty-seven when he became Premier of Prussia; he was seventy-five when young William II. deprived him of the Chancellorship; and throughout that long period he had held the helm of State without a single interval of rest.

Two other famous veterans were Louis Adolphe Thiers, President of France, and Francesco Crispi, Premier of Italy. Both these men held the reins of Government in their seventy-seventh year, and Crispi was a member of the Italian Parliament in his seventy-ninth.

The turbulent political atmosphere of Haiti can hardly be regarded as conducive to longevity, but Nord Alexis, the present autocrat of that dusky republic, is understood to be ninety years old; and that he is still a man of vigor seems to be sufficiently proved by the highly unpleasant experiences of those who have dared to challenge his authority.

The history of the Papacy is full of proofs that old age need not be a period of weakness. Take, for instance, the last three names on the list of pontiffs—those of Pius IX., who died in his eighty-sixth year, after a life full of strife and stress till near its end; of Leo XIII., who lived to his ninety-fourth year, physically frail, but intellectually powerful; and the present Pope, who at seventy-three promises to rival the longevity of his two famous predecessors.

Philosophers and writers have often lived to achieve great things in their old age. Plato was more than seventy when he wrote his great work on the "Laws"; and when he died, at eighty, he was still the inspiration of the Academy which he had founded forty years before. Sophocles, the Athenian dramatist, was eighty at the time of his last contest; and in the preceding thirty-two years he had won the first prize from his rivals no less than twenty times. The Italian poet, Petrarch, wrote much lovely verse after he was sixty. Cervantes was sixty-seven when he produced the second part of "Don Quixote." Dryden began his translation of Virgil at sixty-three and finished it at sixty-six; and to the latter year belongs his "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," the finest of his lyrics. Jeremy Bentham, whose works on ethics and political economy are classic, died at eighty-four, active and vigorous to the last.

Another life filled to the brim with rich creativeness was that of Goethe. To the very end of his eighty-two years, he preserved his youthfulness of spirit, kept hold of all his varied interests, and made of Weimar a famous literary landmark. It was only just before his death

that he finished the second part of "Faust."

Carlyle was almost seventy when he finished his monumental history of Frederick the Great. Victor Hugo was seventy-six when he completed his "Historie d'un Crime," and when he died, at eighty-three, he was engaged upon a tragedy, working with all the energy of youth.

Two of Browning's most vigorous volumes of verse were published after he was seventy-five, and Tennyson wrote continuously, with little sign of failing power, up to his death at eighty-three. Izaak Walton, best known as the author of "The Complete Angler," published his "Life of Bishop Sanderson" at eighty-five, and Walter Savage Landor his "Heroic Idylls" at eighty-eight. Nor should mention be omitted of the great John Wesley, who preached, taught and wrote till just before his death in his eighty-eighth year.

Swinburne, at seventy-one, has lately completed a new poetic drama. George Meredith, who recently celebrated his eightieth birthday, and Tolstoy, who will reach the same mile-stone in August, are also distinguished instances of mental fertility in old age.

Among playwrights and actors must be mentioned the name of Charles Macklin, who lived to his hundredth year, and who at ninety not only wrote "The Man of the World," but appeared in it himself, creating the difficult part of Sir Pertinax Macsycophant.

Of Americans there are William Cullen Bryant, who at seventy-six finished his translation of the "Odyssey"; Emerson, who lectured with success when he was nearly seventy, and whose pen was busy till shortly before his death at seventy-nine; Longfellow, who published four volumes after he was seventy; Whittier, who was revising his earlier poems and writing new ones after his eightieth year, and Walt Whitman, who produced "Sands at Seventy," when he was three-score and ten, and "November Boughs" two years later. Lowell, between sixty-one and sixty-six, not only wrote the verses that make up the volume "Heartsease and Rue," but he also served his country most effectively as Minister to England. Later, after his return to America, he did some of his best work as a lecturer and an essayist.

Washington Irving finished his "Life of Washington" at seventy-six, and Oliver Wendell Holmes published his "Over the Teacups" at eighty-one. But perhaps the most remarkable case in American literary annals is that of John Bigelow, who in his ninety-first year is still the active head of the New York Public Library, and who has just finished his work as the biographer of Samuel J. Tilden by publishing two volumes of Mr. Tilden's letters.

Guizot, the French historian, was a busy statesman until he was past sixty. Having fallen from power when Louis Philippe was dethroned, he turned to historical writing as a task for his old age, and devoted twenty-six years to it, working at his "History of France" till just before his death, at eighty-six.

It is nearly forty years since Emile Ollivier, Premier of France in the last days of the Second Empire, told his countrymen, on the outbreak of war with Prussia, that he drew the sword "with a light heart." Many people who still remember that unlucky phrase do not know that Ollivier is still alive, and working away, in his eighty-third year, at a bulky history of the great events in which he long ago took part.

Leopold von Ranke, whose new methods of treating historical materials mark an epoch in that field, was past eighty when he began the publication of his most ambitious work, the "Weltgeschichte," and he reached the ninth volume before he lay down his pen.

Theodor Mommsen produced some of his best work after sixty, and long after that time he was an active worker in various liberal movements. He was a member of the Prussian Parliament until he was sixty-five, and secretary of the Berlin Academy of Sciences until he was seventy-eight.

George Bancroft, the American, might have paraphrased George Eliot by saying that he began his "History of the United States" as a young man and finished it as an old one, for he was seventy-six before he completed the book that is his chief monument, and he continued to revise it for seven years

more. Bancroft held public office, too, in his old age. He was seventy-three when his term as Minister to Germany expired.

Herbert Spencer was forty when he announced his intention of writing a series of books covering the whole field of philosophy. Though hampered by ill-health and lack of means, he pursued his self-appointed task for more than forty years, completing it just before his death. Only a volume of reminiscences, which he undertook as a relaxation from his more serious work, was left unfinished when he died in his eighty-fourth year.

Science affords many illustrious names to swell the list of veterans. Galileo, who formulated the correct theory of the earth's motion, was sixty-nine when his bigoted persecutors forced him to abjure the truths he had announced; yet the fire of his genius would not die. At seventy-two he wrote an important work on the new sciences; and a year later, just before blindness sealed his eyes, he made a valuable telescopic discovery in the sphere of lunar phenomena. Even when all was dark to him, the old man toiled on unwearied, thinking out the application of the pendulum to clock work, and, through his secretary, carrying on an extensive scientific correspondence.

Sir Isaac Newton was made president of the Royal Society in his later years, a long time after he had watched the apple drop and had discovered gravitation. He was sixty when he took the office, he was sixty-four when death made him give it up; and throughout the period of his tenure he was constantly at work for the advancement of science.

The French zoologist, Lamarck, the founder of organic evolution, died at eighty-five, after a life of hard work and high thinking. His monumental "Histoire Naturelle" was not finished till he was seventy-seven. Laplace, the French astronomer, wrote his treatise the "Mecanique Celeste" between the ages of fifty and seventy-six. Buffon began the publication of his great book on natural history when he was sixty-four. When he died, in his eighty-first year, he had issued seventeen volumes and was preparing the eighteenth.

Alexander von Humboldt, the German naturalist, who lived to be almost ninety, was seventy-five when the first part of his "Kosmos" appeared, and he continued to work at the book until just before his death. John James Audubon was sixty-two when he purchased an estate upon the Hudson, and settled down to write. There he completed his "Birds of America," and still later, with the assistance of his sons and of John Bachman, wrote his treatise on "The Quadrapeds of North America."

Michael Faraday, the English physicist, did some of his best work not very long before his death at seventy-five, even though mind and body were then failing. Louis Agassiz was sixty-six when he carried out his plan of establishing a summer school on Buzzard's Bay, the first summer school ever opened in America, and the mother of all the summer schools that have been projected since. The "Descend of Man" was finished when Charles Darwin was sixty-two, and during the remaining eleven years of his life he compiled six more of his carefully wrought books, full of original observations of natural phenomena.

Jurists are proverbially long-lived. Sir Edward Coke, as Lord Chief Justice of England, was sixty-one when King James I. gave him the appointment, hoping thereby to bend him to the royal will. But Coke was not to be suborned. He opposed the king and maintained the supremacy of the law, even though he was imprisoned in the Tower as a punishment for his obstinacy. He was seventy-six when, in the third Parliament of Charles I., he helped, by his wisdom and profound knowledge, to frame the Petition of Right—courageous in old age as in his youth.

#### Old London.

To enter London was a very dangerous matter in the early days of the century. Few dared to come to town after dark, on account of the footpads, while coaches were never safe from highwaymen. When the sun went down complete darkness reigned over most of the town. It was even more dangerous to walk about the streets than it is today, for there were no pavements. The streets were filthy dirty, badly paved with cobblestones or rough stones, and almost undrained.

Bond street was one of the brightest places at night by reason of ten swinging oil lamps. When gas first was used for lighting purposes, the smell and the waste were alike most distressing. It was not till 1810 that a gas company came into being, and ten years passed before the principal streets were fairly illuminated. When ladies went to pay calls they chartered sedan chairs, for the useful 'bus was not introduced until about 1830. The streets were full of porters and peddlers, and the air reverberated with the famous London street cries—"Knives to grind, O!" "Cherries ripe, O!" or "Bellogs to mend!" A hundred years ago the fashionable dining hour was 5 to 6. Soup was then practically unknown, while oranges were a luxury for the rich until the middle of the nineteenth century.—*Pearson's Magazine*.



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Spain and England.

On Tuesday the Duchess of Norfolk opened the Spanish Festivities in the Victoria Hall. Filey, promoted in aid of a fund for extinguishing a debt of £500 upon St. Mary's new church.

The Duchess was accompanied by her little daughter, Lady Rachel Howard, and among those present were His Lordship Bishop Cowgill, Father Roulin, the promoter of the fete, and many prominent local Catholics.

Mr. Mark Sykes presided over the gathering, and, alluding to the design of the fete, said it was very strange to observe how the two poles of population in Europe, the Anglo-Saxon and the Spaniard, have had their histories continually intertwined by wars, alliances, and Royal marriages on the one hand, and architecture, literature, and trade on the other.

Spain and England developed on different lines, and passed through their respective periods of depression and prosperity at different epochs, but each had upon the other an enormous influence, which is perhaps but little appreciated.

We must ever be grateful to Spain for having given us the Elizabethan Era. Had it not been for the Armada England would never have realized her position in the world, never have become the vigorous and powerful State she did become under the stress of that circumstance, never have been strong enough to survive the inevitable shocks of civil war which eventually settled the lines of our constitutional government.

But it was not only as a world of power that England must be grateful to Spain. The England of Addison, Fielding, Smollett, Thackeray, and Dickens must admit that our great humorous novelists are, without exception, indebted to Cervantes for the invention of that school of fiction in which English writers excel.

What Cervantes did for English literature perhaps Velasquez, in a less degree, achieved for English painting. Sir Joshua Reynolds, Romney, and Mr. Sargent undoubtedly owed not a little of their boldness and courage to the splendid example of their Spanish predecessor.

In a special way Dr. Dwight discussed the attitude of the Church towards the special branch of science to which he himself professes, and made it evident that anatomy, far from being hindered in its progress by the Church authorities, was, on the contrary, fostered by their wise regulation and patronage and flourished to a remarkable degree in the greater mediaeval universities.

chosen field of scientific research, discusses for the public the relations of the one to the other.

The distinguished speaker made in the course of his address an admirable distinction which it is well always to bear in mind, namely, that there are genuine scientists who work calmly and quietly, adding century by century to the sum of world's scientific knowledge, and certain camp followers of science, noisy, offensive and arrogant, whose one purpose in life seems to be to overthrow Christianity and all that it stands for.

The whole world has heard of Ernest Haeckel. For years he has been proclaimed as the apostle of scientific learning, whose word was law and whose conclusions no educated man could afford to deny. So widespread had become his influence that only a short time ago the Rationalist Association of England distributed millions of copies of his "Riddle of the Universe" in the hope of converting the masses to his materialistic view of the origin of man and this world.

It is therefore refreshing, not to say instructive, to hear a man of Dr. Dwight's well known scientific standing proclaiming before a large Catholic audience that this once popular scientist idol is but a mere camp follower, and that he can no more be called a man of science than Robespierre can be reputed a friend of liberty or Herod a protector of innocence.

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We have referred before in the columns of the Pilot to the distinguished services which laymen have done and may do in the interest of the Church. The convention of the Federation of Catholic Societies, besides accomplishing great results in other directions, has this also to its credit, that it affords a platform from which men of Catholic faith distinguished in the career of life which they have chosen may give solid and convincing instruction to their brethren in the faith concerning great issues which affect the standing and influence of the Church in the great world outside.

The Pope and the Poor of the Little Sisters.

A Jubilee audience which ought to be described rather by a poet than by an ordinary Rome correspondent, took place in the Vatican towards noon last Friday, July 31. An hour or so previously half a score of omnibuses belonging to the convent schools of Rome drew up outside the doors of the Hospice of the Little Sisters of the Poor, and were soon filled with as many of the hundreds of old people, men and women, as they could hold; those that were left, the younger and brisker members of the institute, found free places in the trams that pass from San Pietro in Vincoli to the Vatican Basilica, and in half an hour they were all accompanied by the Little Sisters, who spend their lives caring for them, on their way up the steps of the Pope's Palace.

Whenever capital and labor lock horns in a strike a cry is immediately raised that the wives and children of the strikers are starving. Any undue depression of the stock-market brings a wail from the ranks of the well-to-do and a really serious interruption in the smooth operation of trade and finance causes the average American to talk like an anarchist.

land that is not annually spending a great deal of money on needless and very injurious things. There is hardly an article or item in the long list of wants and needs of an American family whose purchase is not artificially stimulated by enterprising advertisers; even in our breakfast foods, as in clothes and furniture, we must obey the dictates of fashion.

We have heard much complaint recently about the high price of meat. This is an important matter, for the American men have meat at each meal, a carnivorous excess which he and the Es-qui-maux share together. The American is independent to a fault abroad, and at home he is an abject slave. The woman decides everything about family expenses. The wife must dress as well as her neighbors, who are all dressing beyond their purses.

Every Sunday in summer and on many week days, there are excursions to all points of interest and amusement. These excursion rates are low it is true, but when multiplied by three and four, it means a large fraction of the provider's weekly wage, when there is the matter of clothes for the festal occasions.

In every city and town are amusement places of all kinds well patronized. The theatre, the casino and the moving picture show are fixtures in the national life and they cost money. The magazines publish every month a list of the 'best sellers' in current fiction; these books seldom cost less than \$1.50 a copy, yet you may find the latest ones in hundreds of modest homes.

A few generations ago every American girl knew how to cook and sew, and domestic service was no disgrace. Now the households of most men can afford domestics, are at the mercy of mercenaries who 'hold up' the family to high wages, insolence and bad service. No girl who can do anything else will do housework. The average girl's dream is to obtain a place in some store or office, wear good clothes and go to amusement places in the evening.

Right through the fibre of our people runs this wasteful, spendthrift weakness. Now in buildings put up carelessly, then our railroads run carelessly, the people uniting in a crazy greed for speed, so the disease of extravagance has grown and become a national characteristic.

Any woman in three minutes, can, of course, disprove to her own satisfaction, every count of this indictment and lodge counter charges which will make a man feel like a deprived malefactor, but then there is this to be said: the women of a generation ago ran households, raised families, bought homes and educated sons and daughters on salaries and wages much smaller than those of to-day.

Ink.

Ink is a substance used to conceal thought. In color it is often brilliant; in effect dull. It is extensively used to spread rumors, convey scandals to distant points and to stain careers. A little of it, therefore, goes a long way.

There is no cure for ink. It has been locked up in dark closets. It has been sent to jail. It has been confined to hard labor in the works of professional humorists and penned in countless ways. It has served many a Henry James sentence and slept in a Congressional speech.

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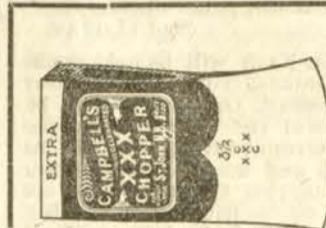


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