

THE CASKET.

\$1 Per Annum.

A Catholic Journal Non-Partisan in Politics.

\$1 Per Annum.

Fifty-eighth Year

Antigonish, Nova Scotia, Thursday, April 14, 1910.

Nc. 15

A Tribute to the Memory of His Lordship, the Late Lamented Bishop Cameron

A Description of His Death and Burial

The demise of His Lordship, Bishop Cameron, has caused, throughout the diocese of Antigonish a feeling, deep and depressing, of great loss and bereavement. The void that he has left cannot well be filled, for taking him all in all there may be many a day before we shall look upon his like again; and as the years go by he will loom large in the history of the Church in the Province of Nova Scotia. The present generation have known him only in the evening of his life, when in the course of nature the infirmities of old age were upon him; but look at him twenty-six years ago, the time when he crossed swords, in the arena of polemics, with a foe man worthy of his steel, the late distinguished scholar, Dr. Burns, and there you have the Bishop Cameron of other days — strong and fearless, eloquent and intellectual, full of wisdom and the soul of honour. Why were men of superior mould, the soldier and the statesman as well as the churchman, always profoundly impressed by Bishop Cameron's personality, culture and attainments? Why was it that, even early in life, he was regarded, wherever he was known, with respect and admiration? A reason of a psychological character is the only adequate one; he was a "kindred nature" with the noblest and the best, so much so that we may fittingly apply to him the language of our master poet:

"His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"

One phase of his character was not perhaps widely understood though it hardly ever escaped the eye of keen observers. The best illustration of it that we know we heard some years ago from the lips of the late Canon Donley of Edinburgh. While Bishop Cameron was visiting him — they were fast friends — they one day strolled to the Castle, where the Black Watch happened to be stationed at the time. The Bishop expressed a wish to see the Colonel, and so was conducted to his presence, while the Canon remained outside waiting. But he waited and waited, and His Lordship did not show up. At length he entered the Armory, and found him, in the midst of a knot of officers, absorbed in conversation. Having related the anecdote, the Canon naively remarked that "Bishop Cameron would have made a great soldier." And so he would have, for he was a hero-worshipper and was brimful of martial spirit. Approach him as a friend, and you invariably found in him kindness and loyalty; approach him in the spirit of reasonable conciliation and you met with gentleness and consideration, no matter what had happened to mar your friendship; but assail him as a foe man, with tongue or pen, and, no matter what your dignity may be, you at once encountered, though held in dignified reserve as became his office, the spirit that swept King William's regulars, in wild dismay, through the pass of Killiecrankie.

But his innate courage only rounded off his manhood, for it was tempered with prudence and guided by charity and reason. His character, however, was of the Scottish type; and when he espoused a cause, he did so with firmness and calm determination. At times, it is true, he may have seemed to possess, in high degree, the "narrow intensity" that Hume Brown declares to be a trait of the Scottish character, but in Bishop Cameron that trait was more apparent than real; his ideals were lofty, his disposition frank and open, and his motives always in keeping with the episcopal office and dignity. His sympathies, too, were broad, his intellect vigorous and penetrating; accordingly, his outlook upon life was wide and comprehensive. Above all, he had an unflinching trust and confidence in the providence of God; and this deep-rooted faith not only was for himself a mainstay and a solace when the onerous duties of his office weighed heavily upon him, but it was also to others who beheld it a source of strength and inspiration. And these observations, we may add, are confirmed by the telegrams that have

poured in since his death from the episcopate of Canada. The Bishop of Sherbrooke, Quebec, laments the death of the great and saintly Bishop Cameron. The Bishop of Rimouski says that "Mgr. Cameron died full of years, of virtue and of merit." The Bishop of Joliette declares that "by the death of its dean the Canadian episcopate loses one of its most distinguished members." The Archbishop of Montreal expresses his "deepest sympathy," and states that "we are losing a great Bishop and a faithful friend." Archbishop Langevin expresses his "heartfelt sympathy for the loss of a great Bishop who was always anxious for the integrity of truth." "I am deeply pained," says the Apostolic Delegate, "to hear of the death of the venerable and worthy Bishop Cameron, and I sympathize most heartily with the clergy and people of Antigonish in the great loss which they as well as the whole Church of Canada have sustained."

Bishop Cameron came of a sturdy race. His father, who was also named John, was one of the most noteworthy men from the Scottish Highlands that ever settled in the "forest primeval" of this country. He emigrated from Achintore, near Fort William, in 1801, and some time after settled at Middle South River, where he soon greatly prospered. Here our late Bishop was born on April 14, 1827; that, at any rate, was the date given in the certificate of Baptism, which he presented when he entered the College of the Propaganda. His school days began at the age of seven years, and his first teacher was also named John Cameron; his second was the late Donald McGillivray, of Glen Road. In 1838 the Grammar School of St. Andrews was opened by Dr. MacKinnon, afterward Bishop, who had taken charge of the parish the year previous, and John Cameron was one of its first pupils. Six years afterwards, on the 11th of September, 1844, he left home for the Urban College. The mode of travel employed in those days shows how much the world has moved ahead since. He took passage to Newfoundland in Captain Graham's vessel, and thence he crossed the stormy Atlantic in a vessel laden with fish, of which one Captain Chambers was master, and landed in Leghorn, Italy. The fourteenth of November found him at the Propaganda, where he was cordially received by the Rector of the College, Father Khyllé, S. J., who had been a Polish nobleman and who had lost his all in the struggle maintained by his country against Russia.

The impression John Cameron made at the Propaganda stamped him as a very unusual student. Even at this early period of his life he deeply impressed great men. We find a striking instance of this during the stirring times that followed the revolution of 1848 and the flight of Pius IX., when the Roman rabble, with amazing valour, defended the "city of the Caesars" against the fiery chivalry of France. The Jesuits fled for their lives, and to save the Urban College from assault and massacre a British subject, Dr. Cullen, was placed in charge of it; the stars and stripes, too, waved over its portals, which perhaps saved the situation, for the American warships lying in the Bay of Naples at the time inspired some fear. For seventy-two days the students did not dare show themselves in the streets; and it was during this tedious period that Dr. Cullen honoured young Cameron with his friendship — a friendship that grew with years. The great Irish scholar and churchman influenced his student friend most profoundly and left an indelible impression upon his memory. "I owe more to Cardinal Cullen," Bishop Cameron used to say in later life, "than I do to any other man, living or dead."

But there is still more striking evidence that John Cameron was regarded by his superiors as the most worthy student at the Urban College in his day. In the summer of 1853 he was appointed prefect of the first class, that is, the best of the nine prefects in the College. About the

same time it was found advisable that the Rector, Mgr. Tancioni, should take a rest on account of failing health, and the vice-rector was very much needed in the secretariate by Mgr. Barnabo. But what was to be done with the students during the *vacation*, or vacation, at the summer residence of the College amid the Alban Hills. The difficulty was solved thus: John Cameron was ordained on July 23, and ordered to take complete charge of the students for over three months. Thus he performed the duties of rector and vice-rector during that period — a mark of confidence and distinction that is perhaps unique in the annals of the College of the Propaganda.

After a sojourn of ten years in the Eternal City — years that to his dying day he looked back upon with delight — Dr. Cameron set out for his native country. On his journey homewards he narrowly escaped death on two occasions; and the incidents are important, for they had much to do with his strong and abiding faith in Providence. The boat on which he had secured his return passage from Genoa to Marseilles was wrecked and nearly all hands were lost. He had decided at the last moment to await the next boat, on which a brother propagandist was to sail. At Dublin, again, he fell

Dr. Cameron, however, was destined for his native diocese. As the years went by the saintly Bishop MacKinnon began to feel the effects of his long and unremitting toil in the vineyard of the Master — a toil so fruitful that, in 1870, his successor described him to the Propaganda "as one of the grasp, until his heroic soul broke its earthly bonds and passed to its eternal home.

The progress of the diocese, since 1877, may be viewed, broadly speaking, from two standpoints — the educational and the religious. At that date the Catholic population of the Diocese was 95,000, the priests numbered 49, and the churches having resident pastors 44. The Diocese had already passed through its period of formation under the guidance of that prince of pastors, Bishop MacKinnon; and after him the developments took place mainly in our industrial centers. These developments Bishop Cameron prudently and amply provided for, so that the Diocese now, in spite of the exodus from our rural districts, shows a gradual and steady growth, the Catholic population at present being about 89,000, the "diocesan priests" 83, and the churches with resident pastors 61. The conditions that prevailed at the start, especially the heavy debt upon the Cathedral, and the manner in which Bishop Cameron improved them, show him to have been a skilful financier and a wise administrator, so much so that he justly merits, even from the standpoint of parochial development, the tribute paid him by the *Halifax Herald* (Protestant): "His life story is one long list of successes in educational and ecclesiastical work; and to his unbounded courage, his foresight, his unwavering resolution is due the commanding position to which his church in the eastern diocese has attained."

Above all, however, posterity will remember Bishop Cameron's efforts to promote education. He realized, as did his predecessor, the backward condition of his people in this respect. Causes of an historic character had made them all — Irish, French, and Scotch — poor and illiterate. Not half a century ago they had few if any fit to represent them in the halls of legislation. The posture of affairs is far different to-day, and the change, in large measure, is due to Bishop Cameron. He not only used his personal income to promote popular education and introduce culture among the masses, but higher education especially has flourished under his fostering guidance. In 1877, there were only two convent schools in the Diocese, but at the present time the Sisters of Charity are conducting nine, and the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame nine also; and as for the College of St. Francis Xavier, "he was one of its first teachers [to quote the *Herald* again], when that institution was established in a very humble way upwards of half a century ago, and "he lived long enough to see it expand and develop, under his judicious guidance, into one of the best universities in Canada."

The *Herald* says further [and we are quoting its editorial utterance]: "The Catholic Church in Canada is robbed of its ablest and most distinguished prelate, and the country at large loses one of its most high-minded and patriotic citizens."

We are well aware, of course, that Bishop Cameron's attitude towards public questions gave rise to controversy and to some bitterness; but we do not believe that anyone can honestly, or at least truthfully, affirm that his attitude was not founded upon honorable and disinterested motives and his resolves executed with the best and noblest intentions. His broad outlook upon the world, his knowledge of human nature, and of public affairs, enabled him to realize fully how much the Catholic body is raised in the estimation of their fellow-citizens by the political career of such great and noble-hearted statesmen as was Sir John Thompson. To quote our *Halifax* contemporary: "Bishop Cameron was more than a great churchman; he was an outstanding Canadian. He took the deepest interest in public affairs; and no man was better qualified than he to form a correct judgment on the great public questions of his time. In his early days his sympathies were on the side of the Liberals, and he was known to be an opponent of Confederation. But later he became an admirer of Sir John

Thompson and Sir Charles Tupper, and a supporter of the policies for which they stood. It was Bishop Cameron's interest in, and friendship for, the late Sir John Thompson that opened the way for the noble statesman which that lamented statesman made in Canadian affairs, and however bitter were the criticisms and however hostile was the opposition which Bishop Cameron's attitude provoked, there are few who will now dispute the soundness of his judgment in the matter."

Bishop Cameron supported Sir Charles Tupper, because he believed that this "grand old man" waived religious prejudice for principle, and stood by the constitution to obtain justice for the minority in Manitoba. We pronounce no judgment on the case, but we feel, at the same time, that history will not couple its record of it with a condemnation of our deceased Bishop; and we feel, further, that generations yet unborn will read with admiration how Bishop Cameron brought Sir John Thompson from comparative obscurity to serve his country in our highest halls of legislation and to leave a name that posterity will reverence forever. It is mainly for this part that Bishop Cameron played that a Protestant gentleman has paid him already this striking tribute: "Loved by his friends, respected by those who differed from him in belief, acknowledged by all to be a singularly able, unselfish and patriotic citizen, the passing away of the venerable Bishop leaves a void, not alone in his own denomination, but also in the public and intellectual life of the whole Dominion."

Whatever may be said of this phase of his career, no one whose opinion is worthy of consideration will deny that Bishop Cameron was a great churchman. As we said in our last issue, no bishop in Canada enjoyed more fully than he the respect and confidence of the Holy See. Of that we have ample evidence during the long and glorious reign of his episcopacy. On two occasions he was sent beyond the limits of his native province to adjust quarrels that arose in Church administration. The first charge of this nature was imposed upon him the next year after his consecration when he was entrusted by the Holy See, with an important mission to Harbour Grace, Newfoundland, and the second, in 1885, when he was sent, *sua mora*, to the province of Quebec, as Delegate Apostolic, to settle a long standing dispute concerning a division of the diocese of Three Rivers. On each occasion complete success crowned his mediation, and on the second he received the repeated thanks and congratulations of Leo XIII. In fact, Bishop Cameron has always been known, on all sides, as a man of superior mould; and indeed he was one of nature's masterpieces. Physically he was erect, sprightly, well-proportioned and dignified — altogether a distinguished personage whose bearing and general appearance would attract attention and admiration among thousands; and mentally he was a man of rare acumen, a powerful controversialist, a great theologian, and a profound philosopher; and hand in hand with scholarship went a sterling character, a strong personality, lofty ideals, a frank and generous disposition, coupled with piety, humility and charity, worthy of his exalted position — qualities of heart and mind which, taken together, made him a figure, in many respects, unique in this country. May God be merciful to our great and noble Bishop!

THE TELEGRAM FROM THE HOLY SEE.
"The Holy Father, being deeply grieved by the news of the death of John Cameron, Bishop of Antigonish, has offered prayers for the repose of his soul, and, with great affection, imparts the Apostolic Benediction to the faithful of his diocese."
CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL
Bishop Cameron died as he had lived — nobly and well. He never fully recovered from the severe attack of illness that he contracted over two years ago, but he bravely remained a
(Continued on page 4.)



Portrait of Bishop Cameron, an elderly man with a beard, wearing clerical attire.

Current Comment.

(By Jas. J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D.)

CONVERSIONS.

There is a little weekly paper published way out in Antigonish, Nova Scotia. It is a Catholic journal (non-partisan in politics, it says itself), and called The Casket. Unfortunately, we have adopted that name now to a great degree instead of coffin, but it will not be forgotten that in the olden days books for birthdays and holiday occasions were called the "Birthdays Casket," the "Casket of Gems," the "Christmas Casket," and the like. Some people might think the little paper as old-fashioned as its name. It is thoroughly serious, but is really very well edited. I often turn to it with pleasure.

In the issue for February 17 the editor writes about conversions. He calls attention to the fact that one of the things that most impress Protestants about Catholics—that is, Protestants who really think seriously about us—is that there is a worldwide unity of the Catholic Church. Considering the tendency of men to vary this becomes so striking, after thinking it over, as to be of itself an evidence of our divine origin in the eyes of these Protestants. Certainly if one needed additional evidence for this marvellous unity one might have it in The Casket itself, which is as sympathetically Catholic, though published in an environment as different from ours as one could possibly imagine.

There is a passage in this number that I want to quote. The editor is telling the story of one of the latest distinguished converts to the Church, Professor Albert von Ruville, of Halle University, Germany, whose coming over to the Church created quite an sensation in Germany. The editor of The Casket says:

"One of the things that first influenced Professor Von Ruville is what we call the note of holiness in the Church. There is something in Catholic Churches that touches many people in a mysterious way. If you never feel it you may be lacking in spiritual vitality. It is told of a company of sight-seers who were doing a certain city, that one day, after visiting some large Protestant churches, they went to see what was to be seen in a Catholic Church. When they came out of this church one of the company remarked: 'Did you notice the difference? In the other churches we talked and chatted as we do in the street; but in this church we talked in whispers when we talked at all.' Professor Von Ruville expresses this in a striking way. Dead things effect us in various ways. A dead tree does not excite a feeling of awe, but a dead man does. In the case of the tree it is only vegetable life that has departed; in the other case it is a human soul. Similarly the ancient Catholic Churches which were taken from us in the sixteenth century are felt to be the remains of some holy departed life. The Professor says:

"There is something funeral about these churches. Even long before I had an idea of the nature of Catholic worship I could not shake off this impression when I found myself in some ancient, formerly Catholic Cathedral. Perhaps I instinctively felt that something sublime, something holy, had once dwelt within these halls, with whose passing their souls had, so to speak, passed away."

After all, this is something of the feeling that is aroused in Protestants by the custom that Catholics have of removing their hat when passing a church. I have often had Protestants ask me just why this was done. It strikes them particularly at busy hours in city life. For instance, as the elevated train on a Sixth Avenue road passed through Fifty-third Street and goes by the modest little church of St. Benedict the Moor, the church of our Catholic colored brothers in New York, a dozen hands in each elevated car in the busy hour will go up to touch the hat. Protestants notice this much more than we are likely to think. Going down in the morning on a crowded express train, some men in the car will touch their hats as they pass Fifty-ninth Street, even though the train does not stop there and goes rather fast. The Paulist Church is there, and men come to know that they are passing it almost by an instinct. These are the things that make the outside the Church realize how different is the spirit of the Church, its catholicity, that is, its universality, and its oneness at the same time. The same customs prevail all over, and it makes no difference whether the church be the handsome Saint Paul's or the modest little edifice of St. Benedict the Moor, it is the PRESENCE in them that we honor and not the church.

GERMAN PROTESTANTS RESIGN.

I have just chronicled the conversion to the Catholic Church of a distinguished German professor at the University of Halle. Those who recall the story of German universities will scarcely need to be told that the old University of Wittenburg, Luther's university, in the olden time the stronghold of Lutheranism, is now the University of Halle. It is often spoken of as the University Halle-Wittenburg. While conversions to the Catholic Church are thus coming from the very heart of Protestant Germany, there is a striking manifestation of religious life, or rather, of its lack, among the German people of the north. The defections from Protestantism have become so numerous as to attract serious attention. It was decided some time ago by the German courts that if a man formally announced his resignation from the Church, that is, the State Lutheran Church, he need not pay his church taxes or dues. As a result the number of resignations from Protestantism has risen so rapidly that now five clerks are employed in the ministry of public worship doing nothing else but registering them. There were more than three hundred a day in Berlin alone during the past year. It has been calculated, according to the New York Independent, that at the present time over 30,000 people a year are resigning from the German State Lutheran Church in order to escape the payment of their Church dues. This form of resignation cuts them off from having the services

of a minister of religion at funerals, or marriages or baptisms, but even this does not stop the tide of resignations, though there are very many who are said to hesitate because of the deprivation that this would mean in a social way, though they do not attend church regularly and do not consider themselves affiliated with the church. The real reason for these resignations is the socialistic movement which is disturbing the people's faith and their attitude towards both Church and State. It is confessed on all sides that the Protestant Church can do nothing with nor for the people, that is, the poorer classes. Socialism is capturing them and taking them away from Christianity. An attempt to form a Christian Socialistic party in Germany composed of Protestants was a complete failure. The Catholic Church in Germany, in the Catholic Rhineland has shown its power over the people, and there are social organizations of many kinds which teach them the principles of true Christian democracy and yet hold them firmly to their faith.

THE CHURCH AND THE RIGHTS OF THE POOR MAN.

New York has been rather interested in a series of lectures that are being delivered at the Cathedral Hall, on the Wednesdays of Lent, with regard to socialistic subjects. With the perverseness that too frequently happens for it to be always quite unintentional, the newspapers have reported disturbance as if the police were absolutely necessary for anything but to secure proper handling of the crowds, or the audience had to be quelled. Most of this has been sheer exaggeration. The most interesting feature of the movement for outsiders has been the fact that Catholics should be so ready to discuss social questions, and that the problems of the rights of the poor and of labor are receiving thorough philosophic and historic treatment at the hands of well-known Catholic writers and lecturers. This should not be surprising, however, for at all times in the history of the world Catholic Christianity has stood for protest against the oppression of the poor by those above them, and has preached the doctrine of the brotherhood of man not only among the poor themselves, but among all classes. More than this, she has held it up as a glorious privilege that men should voluntarily become poor and put themselves in a position where they could not own property. Our monks and our nuns in thousands are examples of this.

As a matter of fact, many of those who think that they have worked out for themselves the problems of labor and the principles that underlie them, would be surprised to find how long they had been anticipated by Catholic thought. The great Encyclical, of the great Pope Leo XIII, perhaps one of the most telling documents issued in the last twenty-five years from any source, places very clearly the principles that underlie labor and capital, at least for the employee and the employer, and give the Catholic position. The source of these was confessedly the ethical principles laid down by the great scholastic philosophers, and especially by St. Thomas Aquinas, nearly seven centuries ago. The Church, as might be expected, since she is the institution of her Divine Founder, must look out for the rights of the poor above all, and that is what she has done. She is ready now to take up her teaching mission, to all the nations, of the peace of the workingman, and the great principles of the olden time will be found fully to meet the newest problems of our modern civilization.

Probably nothing should make a member of the Church feel more proud than this catholicity of the Church, not only in space but in time. She does not change, but though the world changes, her teaching proves to be suitable to the new conditions and the principles she puts forward are suggestive for new applications even in the twentieth century. A convert who came into the Church recently in England, said that it was this uniformity of the Church in place and in time that had attracted his attention. Wherever he went, he found the same teaching and Catholics ready to defend the Church on the same broad platform of principle. All down the centuries in history these principles are enunciated over and over again. They suit the varying conditions, they do not have to be changed essentially. He became convinced that only a divine institution could do this. Human institutions must change because they are composed of human beings, and cannot rise higher than their source. I do not doubt that the lectures on Socialism will prove this to many an open-minded person in America even in this year of grace, 1910.—The Helper.

The Efficient Cause of the Trouble in France.

HOTEL M. URICE, PARIS, March 5, 10. Perhaps this is the efficient cause of the trouble in France: "The edict of Louis XIV, on the declaration made by the clergy of France of their sentiments regarding ecclesiastical authority, an edict published in the month of March, 1682, and registered in Parliament on the 231 of the same month and year, is declared to be the general law of our Empire. "We command and order that the decree, sealed with the seals of the State, and inserted in the Bulletin of Laws, should be addressed to the courts, to the tribunals, to all the administrative authorities, to all the archbishops and bishops of our Empire, to the Grand Master, and to the academies of our imperial university and to the directors of seminaries and of other theological schools, in order that this decree should be inserted in their registers, to be observed and to be caused to be observed, and our supreme judge, the Minister of Justice is charged with the enforcement of the publication of this decree. "Given in our palace of the Tuilleries, February 25, 1810. Napoleon." This decree was published while Pius VII, was in jail at Savona, about the time that the gallant "Tyrolese" patriot, Hofer, was murdered in Mantua; Josephine divorced by Napoleon at

tribunal of cowardly theologians, and Maria Louisa given to the French despot by a weak Catholic emperor of Austria with the sanction of a few unprincipled bishops and economists.

Here is the genealogy of the present status of France: Napoleon, the Corsican despot, endorses the Act of Louis XIV, the Bourbon despot, to enslave the Church. Indeed, in many respects this monarch and his court bishops were as great enemies of the Church as the Corsican was. Louis' court bishops, with Bossuet at their head, enslaved the Church in the seventeenth century, when even a Vicar General was condemned to death by the Parliament of Toulouse for appealing to the Pope from the decree of the secular court. De Maistre tells the story. Schism de facto for a time existed in France during the dispute between Louis and the Pope, Innocent XI. The bishops, led by Bossuet, were ready and willing to found a Gallican Church after the model of Henry VIII's beautiful creation in England, but the prudence of the Pope and the timidity of the King saved the situation.

"The State, it is I," said Louis XIV. "I accept and endorse," said the Corsican, and to prove that he meant what he said he robbed the Pope, locked him up in jail and put his heel on the bishops' necks. If Providence had not used a great schismatic power Russia, and a great Protestant power, England to crush the despot, he might have become "pontifex maximus" himself.

Now, where did those two despots of France get their idea that the State was supreme in religion as well as in politics, that the State, in fact, is God? Evidently from Nero and the other pagan emperors who imagined themselves divine, insisted upon license being offered to their statues, and on putting the Christians to death on the charge of high treason for maintaining that the emperor's jurisdiction was limited by the power of conscience and religion. To assert that there was an infinite and omnipotent God above the emperor was high treason, and those who asserted it paid the penalty by loss of life. Louis may have believed in God. If so, why did he say: "The State, it is I?" Why deny the pope's jurisdiction over the Church? And if Bossuet and his companions had a living faith and were not blinded by the glamor of the court or the love of honors, would they have favored a schism in the Church of Christ? The Corsican, of course, had no religion but the gratification of his ambition. Nothing that he did surprises us.

From Nero to Louis XIV, and Napoleon to Waldeck Rousseau, Combes and Briand, the jump is easy. It is a descent from giants to pygmies. But it is the same race and the same breed. The efficient cause of the persecution of the Church in France is clearly atheistic Caesarism. Will it conquer? How fared it with Nero? Where are all the Bourbons, and where is the Napoleonic dynasty? Waldeck Rousseau is dead and judged; Clemenceau and Combes have been kicked out of office, and Briand and his associates are trumming their sails. The new spring is blooming all over France. I have read popular novels in which the Christian religion is called effete, worn out. I beg your pardon. This is not true of the Catholic Christian religion. A man or a nation may lose it, but it is always a renovator. It is eternal. When the storm is over it raises its head again and the very rains and rubbish only fertilize the soil for a larger and better crop. It is rising into power again amid the atheism and impurity of Paris. Visit the beautiful church of St. Clothilde as I did yesterday morning and see the crowds at the sermon; visit St. Sulpice or St. Roca or the Madeleine. I cannot visit them all. But what I see indicates a revival, zealous priests and genuine Catholics.

Yesterday, M. Grader, the cure of St. Clothilde's, who is also a Vicar General of Paris and one of my old esteemed classmates, gave me a breakfast at which I met the Count of Chambour, a Catholic deputy of the corps legislatif, a name well known in America. Some of the Parisian clergy were present and we talked of the religious situation in France and in America.

I pointed out to them that we have a written constitution, not only in the United States, but in each separate State, guaranteeing the right of property which cannot be taken without compensation of the State. And then we have freedom of worship and freedom of education guaranteed by these written constitutions. I showed them that even so-called despotic Russia has these three constitutional rights guaranteed. A mere majority vote cannot take them away. The cancelling of any one of these rights cannot be done in a fit of temper or by an accidental majority, or even by a great majority.

Now in France or in Italy there is no such guarantee as we have in our republic. For them the State is legally God, and a majority, often the result of a fit of passion, is God, or rather the devil, who robs and persecutes the good and tries to damn the souls even of children. Until France and Italy draw a sacred circle—as Richelieu does around Julie in the play—around the right of property, freedom of worship and freedom of education, the statesmen of France and Italy will continue to act like semi-maniacs and mountebanks. Assent followed the American views.—Old St. Sulpice, America.

A farmer was asked to assist at the funeral of his neighbor's third wife, and, as he had attended the funeral of the two others, his wife was surprised when he declined the invitation. On being pressed to give his reason he said with some hesitation: "You see, Mirandy, it makes a chap feel a bit wretched to be always accepting other folks' civilities when he never has anything of the same sort of his own to ask them back to."—Ladies Home Journal.

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Land for Sale A lot of land containing 50 acres, 3 miles from Antigonish, on the Old Gulf Road. This lot has good hard wood and poles on it. For further particulars as to prices, etc. apply to JAMES THOMPSON, Cloverville.

A SPEEDY CURE! KENTVILLE, N. S., JANUARY 1st, 1910. MESSRS. C. GATES, SON & CO., GENTLEMEN,—This is to inform you that I have been a sufferer for the last fourteen years from kidney and stomach trouble, brought on by severe colds. Having been laid up every winter during that time. Last year I was laid up for seven months, so that I could not go out of the house. Dropsy set in, and my stomach swelled so that I was six inches larger than my usual size, had two doctors in attendance, but I grew worse and they were going to tap me—my friends despaired of my life. At this time I was recommended to use Gates' Life of Man Bitters and Invigorating Syrup No. 1, and in one week after commencing their use, my size was reduced two inches, and in four weeks was reduced to my usual size, so that I went to work in my mills, and have been able to continue it ever since. By continuing the use of your BITTERS and SYRUP, I hope to get a cure of the kidney and stomach trouble so far as it is possible, as it always helps me when I take it. You may make these truths known for the benefit of sufferers. Yours very gratefully, JOHN W. MARGESON.

SYNOPSIS OF A QUARTER NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS. Any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Application must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by a father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending home steader. Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within one mile of his homestead on a farm of at least eight acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister. In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra. A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years. Must cultivate 50 acres and erect a house worth \$100. W. W. COBY, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

THE BIRTHDAY THAT ANNA GAVE AWAY.

(By L. W. Kelly)

Anna's mother said to her: "When you're twelve years old you may have a birthday party."

And send out written invitations like Irma Clark, and give favors, and have a cake with twelve candles, and get presents, and play games?" asked the excited child.

"With all the appointments," answered Mrs. Carr, with a smile. "O goody, goody!" exclaimed Anna. "How nice of you, mamma! How I wish the next two weeks were past and that to-morrow was the day!"

"I'm glad it's not," commented the mother, as she took a broken needle out of her sewing machine. "There are many things to do before the preparations are all made."

There was a white dress to buy, twenty-four invitations to be written, Aunt Elizabeth's help to be secured, cakes to be baked, a program to be planned, and a hundred and one other details that needed careful attention.

Anna was deeply interested. She even stood still for two whole minutes while her dress was being tried on. She helped her mother and her nine-year-old brother Frank to select the guests, and she herself wrote out all the invitations. But everything was to be kept a secret until a day or two before the party.

"Oh mamma," Anna exclaimed over and over, "won't we have the fun?"

But even pleasant plans sometimes fail. About a week later the mother's promise was made. Anna came home from school complaining of being chilly, and soon afterwards of being hot. She was put to bed and the doctor was sent for. He looked wise but said that he'd have to wait for the symptoms to develop before he could tell what was the matter.

Some days later a rash broke out on the little girl, and the physician immediately uttered the one word: "Measles."

For five days longer Anna lay in bed, in a darkened room, on the third floor, back. Baby Raymond and little sister May were sent to Aunt Elizabeth's; Frank, who had had the measles, was allowed to stay at home, but was kept away from the sick room. Only mother was permitted in there.

Anna, active child that she was, did not like to be cooped up in one room. She had to take a bitter medicine to reduce the fever, a syrup to ease her cough, and another mixture that left in her mouth a taste of chalk. And, my, but she was cross! Her irritability became almost unbearable. It reached its worst the day before her birthday. On that morning her mother had a headache from Anna's fretfulness. Frank who had crept up to her door to ask how she was, was ordered by her to go away. Miranda, the colored cook, who came from Virginia, said:

"Dead an' dead, dere's somethin' wrong wid dat chile sence she's ben sick. Seems as if de old black boy got into her, I do declare!"

When the doctor came, he was told about Anna's petulance; so when he went upstairs to see her, he was thinking of it. But he did not "let on" to her. He was just as cheery as usual, related to her a little story about his office cat, and gave her a carnation from his buttonhole. After he had seen what he could do for her that day, he sat down and told her this about some of his other patients:

"I've just come from the hospital for crippled children. It's crowded. I have three cases among the pay patients and two of the free wards to attend to. In those wards there are nine—let me see—fourteen girls and nine—no ten boys."

"Fourteen and ten make twenty-four," thought Anna. "Why, that's the very number I was to invite to my party!" And her face clouded.

"I'll keep my birthday after all." "But you can't celebrate it, my darling!" replied the mother soothingly.

"I didn't say I'd celebrate it, mamma, but only that I'd keep it," objected Anna.

"They mean the same," said the mother. "How will you keep it?" "By giving it away."

"That's a new way to keep a thing. I don't understand."

"I want to keep it by giving it away to the crippled children in the hospital that doctor just told me about, and let them celebrate it for me."

"O my!" laughed the mother good-naturedly. "That's a splendid idea. I'll help you carry it out."

And papa helped, as soon as he was told about it over the telephone, by promising to add five dollars to Anna's one dollar for the purpose.

Aunt Elizabeth helped by offering to go down town and do the necessary shopping that very afternoon. And Frank helped by agreeing to "take the things around to the hospital the next morning. And the doctor helped by getting permission of the manager of the institution to let the party be held next day, and by making out a statement of what every little patient might be allowed to have in the way of a treat.

The next morning at ten o'clock, the doctor and Frank, after wishing Anna a happy birthday, took four packages around in the buggy from Mr. Carr's house to the institution. A freezer of ice cream, together with oranges, bananas, cakes, candy, and other things, had been sent there already by the confectioner.

When the doctor entered the girls' ward, he said: "Good-morning, girls! I've brought you a visitor. And he's brought you a—"

"A birthday," broke in Frank firmly, unmoved by those fourteen pairs of eyes that were gazing at him. "A birthday party," corrected the doctor, "in honor of his sister Anna, who is twelve years old to-day."

There were story-books, picture books, post-cards, dominoes, checkers, and so forth, which were distributed by Frank; every little patient getting a parcel with her name on it, and a card on which was written by Aunt Elizabeth: "With the best of best wishes from Anna Carr." For Agnes there was a French doll that could say "Mamma, and that would close its eyes whenever it was laid on its back."

A similar visit was paid to the ten boys in the ward on the opposite side of the corridor. Then the ice cream and fruit were brought in, and the doctor and Frank with two of the nurses helped to serve everybody.

Agnes whispered to Frank when he helped her to her portion: "Your sister must be a real sweet girl. Tell her I send her my thanks and my love."

And every one of those poor crippled children was as merry as he or she could be, and got more pleasure out of the celebration of Anna's birthday than the twenty-four guests, that she had first in her mind to invite, would have gotten from it.

They made so many happy remarks that even the doctor could not remember them all, although he intended to treasure the funniest and the kindest of them to repeat to Anna. He hurried away after one brief half hour of happiness among his pets, but he bade the nurses take note of any incident worth relating to his little patient.

When Frank went home at noon, he was full of his subject. He told all he could think of concerning the party. Standing outside Anna's door and speaking back of a sheet that had been hung over the entrance, he made her especially happy over the message from Agnes.

The doctor called that evening for a brief ten minutes, and added his report to the account that Frank had given. The cripples of his wards, he concluded, had had a delightful day. They sent their heartfelt thanks to Anna.

After Anna had taken her medicine, and said her prayers, and sungled down in the bed to go to sleep that night, she drowsily made this quaint remark:

"The happiest birthday I ever had, mamma, was the one I gave away."—*Acc Maria.*

How to Run Your Dairy Herd For The Greatest Profit. (J. H. Grisdale, Agriculturist, C. E. F., Ottawa)

TIMELY COMMENT ON A QUESTION OF MUCH CONCERN TO ALL DAIRYMEN WHICH, IF PRACTICED GENERALLY, WOULD REVOLUTIONIZE THE DAIRY INDUSTRY.

Upon the quantity and the quality of the food fed depend the returns in milk. Even the poorest herds may be expected to leave a profit if well fed. Commonplace herds will surely pay and leave a profit from good feeding. The best herds are useless and certainly a losing proposition if poorly fed. The deduction is clear, let us all feed better. There is never a man of us who cannot do better. The great majority of us are surely falling far short of our possibilities and our knowledge in this line. Very few and scattered are the farmers who are doing the right thing by their herds in the way of feed. This seems all the more strange seeing that we all admit the truth of the statement.

Divide into three equal fields. Follow a three-year rotation thereon.

First year: Corn, an early variety. Feed in August and September.

Second year: mixed grain, oats, peas and barley (four bushels per acre) seed down 10 lbs. red clover, four lbs. timothy per acre. Cut quite green in July. Do not allow to lodge.

Third year: Clover, cut in late June and in early August.

Do not hesitate to feed this 15 acres of crop in the summer, even should things look blue for the winter forage supply. Let no consideration prevent its utilization at the proper time, not even an abundance of grass. It will always pay to feed such forage in summer.

DON'T NEGLECT THE COWS IN THE FALL.

The Frenchman says: "It is the first step that costs." The dairyman might say: "It is the last bite that counts." This is true not only of each day, but also of each season. Good feeding must continue through the winter; then through into the spring to say nothing of the fall and of course through the next summer.

"Good feeding," means the right kind of feed just as surely as it means sufficient feed. The right kind of feeds are cheap, palatable feeds. As a palatable feed for winter, spring, summer and autumn use there is nothing beats good corn ensilage. It's as cheap as it is good. If you have no silo, why, this year of grace 1910 is when you ought to build one. If you can't build an expensive one then build a cheap one. The ensilage from a stave silo is just as good as from one built of cement. You can build a silo for from \$100 to \$250 per ton capacity. You can grow the corn and put it in your silo for less than \$2.00 a ton. As feed, good corn ensilage is worth \$5.00 a ton. Does not that appeal to you as an investment and a crop worth while?

COW RECORDS. Good feeding is essential to success. Most so-called dairy herds as a whole can be so fed as to give a profit. Every herd includes more or less inferior dairy animals. Very often "more" is the word. They are the ones that make the dairyman's life too often seem like drudgery. Let's not keep them, my friend. Let's unload the loaders, every one of them.

If you don't know which is which here's how to find out: Weigh each cow's milk each time you milk her, and keep a record of the weight. Yes, that's right.

"Too much work!" Not a bit of it. Very little work and wonderful results! You will feed better, you simply won't be able to help doing so. You will get very much more milk in the year, from 1,000 lbs. to 1,500 lbs. per cow. You will like your business better. You will feed better, but you will feed more cheaply because you won't be wasting feed on the poor ones.

The writer would gladly send ruled blank forms for keeping records. A scale will cost from \$1.25 to \$1.50 according to quality, and there you are. Not a few farmers thought dairying a failure till they started in on this line. This is the year for you to begin. Begin right now.

GET A GOOD BULL. First-class dairy herds are not accidents. They are the results of liberal feeding, careful selection and good breeding.

Pure bred females are not a necessity. The majority of farmers will do better with grades. But good grades mean the use of good bulls. Not merely a pure bred bull, but a good one of the breed. The breed does not matter provided always (1) that the breed suits the line of dairying followed; (2) that you like the breed; and (3) that you stick continuously to the one breed. Better buy your cows, than try to breed by changing from one breed to another in selecting sires.

Only good individuals of good breeding should be used. Such are worth good prices. It has been demonstrated that a really good bull in a 15-cow herd will save \$500 in two years. You can get a good bull calf for from \$50 to \$100. If the \$100 one is of better type and breeding than the \$50 one he is easily worth the extra money. Buy a good bull in 1910 if not already provided with such an animal.

AVERT FLIES AND PARASITES. Resolve that flies and parasites shall get a warm reception if they molest your herd in 1910. The best fly preventive, all things considered, is probably pine tar and lard. One lb. pine tar to 10 lbs. lard, thoroughly mixed

and applied with a bit of cloth on parts most subject to attack. For parasites, creolin, or some similar preparation will do the work. A few gallons of such a disinfectant is a most valuable addition to farm supplies.

WELCOME THE FRESH AIR. Good fresh air means health, pure milk and cheaper feeding. Fresh air is cheap. Introduce a system of ventilation if your stables are not already so fitted. A simple system can be readily installed and will more than pay for itself in a year. Provide an outlet for foul air, we nearly all do. Don't forget the inlet for fresh air, that's where we fall short, too many of us. That stable is not properly ventilated where one feels the air oppressive when he enters in the morning.

LET THERE BE LIGHT. The best and cheapest germicide and disinfectant in the world is sunlight. Let us get all of it we can into our stables. If at all practicable put in more windows on the sunny sides. Provide double windows for such windows as exist. Single windows are dirty and too often useless as openings intended for admission of light.

IN CONCLUSION. In 1910 let us each and every one resolve: (1) To feed more generously. (2) To provide supplementary feeds for summer. (3) To grow more corn and build a silo. (4) To keep dairy records. (5) To make an effort to breed better. (6) To keep cattle clean. (7) To ventilate and sunlight the stable. Can you say: "All these things have I done?" If not, get busy right now this year of grace, 1910.

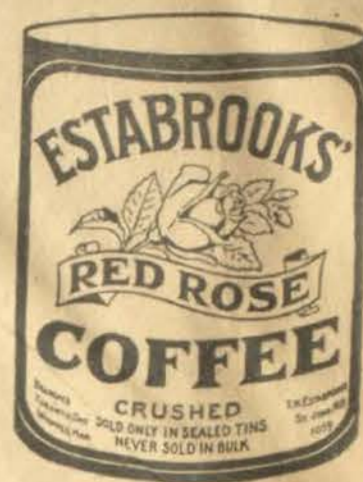
Redmond Never Jokes.

Banish from your mind, in thinking of Mr. Redmond, the picture of the carelessly dressed, merry Irishman with a strong brogue and a merry quip and jest for any situation. Here is a stern man between fifty and sixty years of age, thick-set, perfectly dressed, carrying himself always with the dignity of a Gladstone.

An Irishman's fun may lurk deep within Mr. Redmond's breast, but it is not observable. From his appearance he might be a well-to-do city man who will stand no nonsense. It is quite obvious that he is not a person with whom the frivolous could jest with impunity. He is a heavy build—becoming heavier with increasing years—he is broad-shouldered and broad-chested and he holds his head with the air of a conqueror. His very walk as he enters the lobby and proceeds toward his seat, tells one quite plainly that he is not a person to be trifled with. His square face, with the strongest of jaws, is marked by a small mustache, but it is a commanding aquiline nose, and cold, searching eyes that give the best indication of his character.

Mr. Redmond is an imposing figure when he makes a speech, for he carries the grand air of the statesman of the past generation. He has few gestures. Standing in his place without a movement of the body, he hurls fierce condemnation at his confessed opponents, plain warnings verging on threats at the Liberals, and scornful contempt on back bench members on either side who have made speeches in opposition to him. His face expresses more than the most violent of gestures. It is the picture of hard wrath. His eyes seem actually to roll with anger. His favorite word, "Forsooth!" is thrown at ministers and ex-ministers in a way which might well frighten a man unused to the treatment.

Mr. Redmond is one of the most serious men in the House. I have not heard him make a joke in the course of his speeches during the past three years. Always in his place, he gives one the impression of maintaining a somewhat aloof relationship to the men he leads—a fact which may have something to do with his authority over them. He sits in his corner-seat, arms folded across his breast, gloomily alert. Rarely is he moved to smile. Witty gibes by his compatriots will sometimes lighten his face, but pleasantries from the government or opposition benches do not shake his indifference. He gives one the impression of being a very stern person who regards those English jokes as waste of time. Unlike many of his followers, he speaks but seldom. At question time, for instance, for he hardly ever catechizes ministers, although his supporters raise questions on them by the score. When, how-

Crushed Coffee— what is it? By a new process of crushing between steel rollers, instead of grinding, the skin, which remains in the eye of the bean after roasting, is separated from the kernel and removed by air suction, while the kernel is broken into small even grains. These grains when steeped, being free of the skin or chaff, settle quickly, leaving the liquid clear and bright, and give the true coffee flavor. Estabrooks' Red Rose crushed Coffee is as easy to make as Red Rose Tea. Directions are in each tin. It is strictly pure, not a particle of chicory or any other adulterant being used, and is packed in air-tight tins the same day it is roasted so to retain its full flavor, fragrance and strength. A good combination is Estabrooks' Coffee for breakfast and Red Rose Tea for other meals.  ORDER A TIN IN TIME FOR BREAKFAST

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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 action 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, APRIL 14.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN WESTERN CANADA.

Much obscurity and misrepresentation have hitherto enshrouded the past of Western Canada; but now the public are in a position to get at the truth. For Rev. A. G. Morice, O. M. I., already widely and favorably known as a historian, has just given to the world the first complete "History of the Catholic Church in Western Canada from Lake Superior to the Pacific (1650-1895)." The work is published in two fine volumes (Mason Book Company, Toronto), and its value lies not only in the unbiased and straightforward fashion in which the author presents the facts, but also, and chiefly, in this that it contains much original matter drawn from unpublished manuscripts or first-hand sources of information.

The early history of the West has been written by Protestant historians, but they have largely ignored or misrepresented the part played in it by Catholics, more, perhaps, from unacquaintance with the facts than from prejudice. Usually Lord Selkirk's Settlements, on the Red River, is regarded as the very beginning of civilization in the West, but Father Morice dispels that illusion forever. As a matter of fact, the West was penetrated, as early as 1659, by two Catholic Frenchmen, Desjardins and Radisson; and it was the latter of the two, who, displeased at the treatment he had received at the hands of the French authorities, turned to the English for assistance and inspired the formation of the Hudson's Bay Company. But these explorers were only adventurers; the blessings of civilization were not carried into these wild regions before 1732, when the famous Lavendrye, with Father Messaiger, S. J., reached the Lake of the Woods, and erected Fort St. Charles on its shores. Here efforts were made to convert the "noble redskin," but without much success; indeed, he appears on these pages shorn of much of the glamour that works of fiction have thrown around him. In 1730 the Sioux Indians surprised and massacred a party of Frenchmen, including Father Aulneau, S. J., on an island about twenty miles from Fort St. Charles. This was a great blow, but the intrepid Lavendrye, whose son was among the slain, bravely stuck to his post; and soon, in 1741, another missionary, Father Cognat, S. J., took up the work of Father Aulneau. Thus matters went on until Canada passed into English hands, in 1763 when the West was abandoned by the French, except some adventurous spirits who did not care to return to civilization, and who, marrying the "daughters of the soil," became the progenitors of the famous half-breeds.

Having lucidly and fairly described the life and activities of the West thus far, Father Morice proceeds with its history under English rule. He points out how the famous Northwest Fur Trading Company came into existence. It was a Scotchman, Alexander Henry (Protestant), who first entered the West after the departure of the French, and gave the initiative to the formation of this Company. Associated with its members, as a matter of course, were the half-breeds, who were largely Catholic; in fact, the Catholic population out there at the time was close upon 700. Between the North West and Hudson's Bay Companies a bitter rivalry arose, which continued to bear evil fruit until the two were united in 1821. Moreover, it was the hostility of the former (largely under English leaders) that caused so much trouble and disaster to Lord Selkirk's Settlement, which was composed of 280 immigrants, a few of whom who were from Ireland and the rest from Scotland. When the noble Lord himself went West in 1816 at the head of a troop of disbanded soldiers, called the Meurons, restored order and reinstated Captain Macdonnell as Governor of the Colony, the latter, who was a Catholic, feeling the need of religious influence, made a strong appeal to Bishop Plessis to send missionaries. Although the diocese of Quebec, at that time, and for years before, was ill-supplied with clergy, the zealous and noble-hearted bishop was not deaf to the appeal; he sent two missionaries in 1818, Father Provencher and Father Dumoulin, the former of whom was consecrated Bishop of the North West on May 12, 1822, and is now aptly called, on account of his missionary labors, "The Apostle of the West."

HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP CAMERON.

(Continued from page 1)

the helm. Last summer, nowise daunted by the increasing infirmities of old age, he performed his wonted Confirmation tour, and then went to Quebec to attend the first Plenary Council of Canada. After that, though gradually becoming more enfeebled, and suffering at times from extreme weakness, he worked on day after day, thus illustrating, if a man ever did, the words of the old song,—"A Cameron never can yield." On the day of his death, the 6th of April, he was in his office as usual, and not worse in health, apparently, than he was the days previous. But towards night-fall he became quite unwell, and then a high fever set in. His medical advisor was quickly summoned, and he did all he could for him—but in vain; the Bishop calmly passed away at half past ten o'clock. Fortunately, however, there was ample time to give him the last Sacraments of the Church; and there were present at his death bed the Rector of the Cathedral, the curate, Dr. J. J. Cameron, and two sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame. Last Sunday the remains were transferred to the Cathedral, amid a large throng of mourners, and there laid out in state to await the solemn obsequies of Wednesday following.

On entering the Cathedral one could not fail to be impressed by the solemn trappings of death everywhere in evidence. The chancel window bore on a purple background the following appropriate and consoling inscription: "Loguebar de testimoniis tuis in conspectu regum et non confundar." The three altars were draped in royal purple relieved by symbolic Maltese crosses in gold, the episcopal throne in purple and gold, and the pulpit in purple and black. From the centre of a Roman arch separating the sanctuary from the nave of the church, likewise from the centre of the nave, fell away in graceful curves to the pillars on either side a soft sable material that served as a foil to the delicate frescoes of the twelve Apostles that adorn the walls. In the centre aisle near the Sanctuary was placed a catafalque—with funeral plumes—on which all that was mortal of the late Bishop reposed. Mourning drapery festooned the organ loft and turned around the pillars whose Corinthian capitals were, too, shrouded in solemn black.

Wednesday morning broke beautifully clear, but a pall seemed to hang over the little town of Antonigish. The shops and banks were closed and business was at a standstill; signs of deep mourning prevailed everywhere. The day previous the regular trains had brought in contingents of prelates, priests, religious and lay, and these trains were afterwards followed by three special ones, the first at midnight from the west, with several distinguished personages on board, the second from Sydney shortly after 5 o'clock a. m., the third from Pictou and New Glasgow later on. At nine o'clock, the hour appointed for the solemn obsequies, the Cathedral was packed to overflowing, and large numbers were obliged to remain outside and there await the funeral cortege. The Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by Most Rev. Archbishop McCarthy, of Halifax, and the funeral sermon, which we publish elsewhere, was delivered by the Most Rev. Archbishop Bruchesi, who had gladly come all the way from Montreal to pay his last respects to his deceased friend. At the Mass the assistant priest was Rev. Dr. Thompson, the deacon Rev. H. P. McPherson, the sub-deacon, Rev. C. F. MacKinnon, the acolytes, Rev. J. J. McNeil and Rev. Jas. McKough, the thurifer, Rev. Father Mombouquette, the book-bearer, Rev. Dr. McNeil, the candle-bearer, Rev. Father Dan McPherson, the mitre-bearer, Rev. Fr. Robitaille, the torch-bearers, Rev. D. J. McDonald, J. J. Walsh, J. J. McKinnon, and W. Boncher; the ushers, Revs. J. Nicholson, and J. Kiely; 1st Master of Ceremonies, Rev. M. Gillis, Rev. J. H. McDonald, 2nd Master of Ceremonies.

THE FUNERAL SERMON ON HIS LORDSHIP, BISHOP CAMERON BY HIS GRACE, ARCH-BISHOP BRUCHESE, OF MONTREAL.

"My Just Man Liveth by Faith."—Hebrews, ch. x. 33.

MY LORDS, REVEREND FATHERS,—DEARLY BELOVED BROTHERS:—

Do you not remember the admirable chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, wherein he speaks of faith? The apostle begins by defining faith: "Faith, he says, is the substance of things to be hoped for,—the evidence of things that appear not." He then describes the Patriarchs of old, and the most illustrious men among God's chosen people. He briefly rehearses their virtues, their courage and constancy amidst adversity and sorrow, their triumphs over their enemies, over flesh and blood. The secret of their heroism, of their noble deeds, and of their glorious victories,—is the same for one and all—their faith. This is the luminous proof of the divine dictum "My Just man liveth by faith."

Seeking in the pages of Holy Writ—for an expression applicable to him whose sudden death we mourn—I could find none more suitable than the words already quoted.—Herein is embodied the life and deeds of Bishop Cameron.—His life, his labors, his sacrifices, the admirable achievements of his long episcopacy are stamped with the seal of divine faith. It was this lively faith that inspired all his actions. Like the Apostle, he fully realized its necessity and worth. He deplored the weakening of supernatural faith among nations as among individuals. Here are some of the last lines he penned expressive of his sorrow:—"It is manifest to anybody who observes the current of modern thought, that the great and terrible evil of our days, an evil which thrat-

ens to destroy all religion and morality, is lack of faith in the supernatural."

Priests, people of this diocese, I have not had, like you, the privilege of living in close intimacy with the late Bishop, still I know him well enough to be able to say that he was a spiritual man, truly—"the man" of God "as the Apostles say"—and I cannot find a more fitting tribute of praise than this to express my sentiments of veneration for the deceased Prelate.

Alas! death has deprived us, in a rather summary manner, of the great and holy Bishop. His people mourn him, and the Church of Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific shares in the general grief. The dean of the Episcopate disappear in his person, and we, of the younger generation of prelates, may say that we have lost our model. He was a man of prayer, a scholar and a worker; he was kindness and charity personified; dignified, yet unaffected; firm, yet gentle, loyal to the Holy See, and the Church of Christ; fearless in stamping out errors and vice; in a word, he was a model of all the virtues expected of those whose mission is to teach, guide and sanctify. Bishop Cameron realized the full significance of St. Augustine: "Nothing in the world is more difficult, more laborious, more perilous than the office of Bishop; yet nothing more blessed in God's sight, if the work be executed, as our Heavenly Commander enjoins."

Dear beloved brethren, I admit, it was with considerable hesitation that I accepted the pressing invitation to speak here on this sad and solemn occasion. I thought that my lack of knowledge of the English tongue would prove an obstacle to the full expression of my sentiments of esteem and affection towards the deceased Prelate. Nevertheless, I accepted the invitation, because I considered it an honor to my diocese, towards which the late Bishop entertained the most friendly and cordial relations; and my humble eulogy is an earnest token of my heartfelt sympathy; I am moreover convinced that you can fill in what is lacking in my discourse, by your own grateful and pious reminiscences.

The most striking feature in Bishop Cameron's life, it seems to me, is God's visible protection over him throughout his long career. He guided him, from first to last. He watched over him, in infancy and in childhood; He confided the youth to distinguished professors who early instilled a love of study which only increased with years; He disposed all things, so that the young man, whom He had called to the service of the altar, had the signal favor of being trained at the very source of sacred learning—in Rome—in that celebrated seminary of the Propaganda—that glorious Cenacle whence disperse to every part of the world, those who are to perpetuate the work of Christ. What happy, fruitful years he spent studying under eminent professors, acquiring the virtues of the true servants of God! These were Rome's halcyon days; the Pope was then a knowledgeable and honored as King; he was free to appear among his people who fully enjoyed the splendour of Pontifical functions; he loved to go among his spiritual children whom he comforted and blessed. The rights of the Holy See were universally respected; all felt happy nestling close to the very heart of Mother Church.

As Bishop Cameron advanced in years, he loved to dwell on his happy student days in Rome. How he loved to recall his devoted teachers; the magnificent ceremonies he had witnessed; the friends he had known—and ever held dear—his visits to the shrines and monuments of the Eternal city—in fine—all he had loved in that spot unique on earth. There among the elite of the world he followed a severe rule—a rule which moulds the character and prepares the future leaders of men. As a student, he shone among his peers; he became a distinguished theologian, took all his degrees, and acquired as great a proficiency in the Latin language as in his mother tongue. After a long and thorough course, he was ordained to the priesthood. Only those who have experienced the same happiness can understand the emotions of the young levite, when he first felt the fresh, glowing grace of the priesthood conferred upon him in the church of St. John Lateran—the mother church of the whole Catholic world. In 1854 the young priest returned to Nova Scotia, after an absence of ten years. He displayed the greatest zeal in his new career. The Roman student, in his turn, became a professor, and the whole country knows the great work he achieved in the building up of such a College as is St. Francis Xavier's. This was his life-work. He was also engaged in the sacred ministry at Saint Ninian's, which, in time, was to become his Cathedral Church. Here he labored, as the missionaries of old. It is a well-known fact, in these early years, he was so actively engaged on Sundays that he could not find a moment to break his fast before four or five o'clock in the evening. It was thus God prepared him for the episcopate. He had been ordained priest in Rome—it was in Rome also that he was to be consecrated Bishop by his very dear friend, Cardinal Cullen. The Vatican Council was then holding its solemn sessions; the youthful prelate was privileged to assist. What a happiness it must have been, for one whose heart was thoroughly Roman, to take part in the deliberations of the august assembly, on the infallibility of the Pope. The invasion of Rome forced the Council to interrupt its proceedings, and Bishop Cameron returned home to aid in the administration of the diocese, so soon to be confided to his sole charge.

For forty long years our lamented Prelate bore the burden and the heats of the episcopate. He did so, nobly, valiantly, honorably. You are justly proud, dear brethren, of having had such a bishop, and there is nothing more legitimate than your sorrow in his loss. His Cathedral was heavily in debt, he cancelled it; he multiplied parishes and churches; he enlarged St. Francis Xavier's, and to-day, thanks to his indomitable

energy, it ranks second to none on the continent; he fostered priestly and religious vocations, and he had the consolation of seeing many of his diocessans embrace the ecclesiastical state, and several of them his colleagues in the episcopate. He was in dire need of religious communities, and he appealed to several to come and devote themselves to the work of education and charity. It is quite natural to me to recall here, the close relations of the deeply lamented Prelate with the diocese of Montreal, in inviting the daughters of the Venerable Marguerite Bourgeoys to open educational establishments for young ladies throughout his diocese. If these renowned teachers were entitled to his gratitude for responding to his call—it is certain that their devotedness was fully repaid, for they ever found in the late Bishop a benefactor and a friend, while the numerous vocations which followed the opening of their schools proved a precious help to the community.

Bishop Cameron was a fearless champion of justice and truth. Though good and kind to all, even his would-be enemies, he was inflexible on a question of principle. You have not forgotten his struggles to expurgate the textbooks that were placed in the hands of his school children. He never ceased "to good fight" until all his grievances were redressed. His sterling qualities brought him into close contact with the prominent men of the period, and despite his modesty he excited a potent influence on the minds and hearts—nay on the conduct—of those eminent men. He enjoyed the full confidence of the Holy See; evidence of this is given in several important missions with which he was charged. He was a friend, loyal and true. Never did he forget or abandon any one who had once won his esteem and affection. He was a model of self-denial and austerity. The Gospel precept of mortification was to him a living reality. "Those who knew him intimately can recall many admirable examples of his virtue. Some years ago, he was obliged to undergo a painful operation: The oculist, owing to his patient's advanced age, fearing that he would be unable to endure such pain, advised the use of an anesthetic. "No! No!" said the holy prelate, "Do your work, you will see what a bishop can suffer." Still hesitating, the doctor operated upon him, marvelling at the grand old man's extraordinary power of endurance. "My Lord," said he, "what is the secret of your strength?" "Ah!" replied the bishop, "while you were removing the tumor from my eye, I was thinking of my crucified Saviour, who suffered far more for me without murmur."

Jesus Christ was indeed the divine model, whom he studied and whom he sought to imitate; thus, when attacked or misjudged, he was silent like his Master. It is needless for me to add that the lowly and the poor held a privileged place in his great heart.

His youth, like that of the eagle, seemed continually renewed—what a grand type he was of the old Highlander: there was something princely in his appearance and bearing; in him, were dignity and simplicity combined, his glance was mild yet keen; light seemed to radiate from his countenance. A few moments' conversation with him sufficed to reveal the treasures of his kind heart. I truly believe the purity of the angels hovered continually over that human life.

I saw your bishop for the last time in September, at the first Plenary Council of Quebec. He seemed quite feeble. He was present at the opening sessions, and assisted at several meetings. He was also well enough to accompany his colleagues on the pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Ann de Beaupre. However, he was soon compelled to retire from the Council; it was not without a certain sense of sadness that we bade him good-bye, feeling quite sure that it was our last farewell. He reached home, but while taking a much needed rest, he still interested himself in the important events of Church and State.

The twenty-first Eucharist Congress for which we are now preparing in Montreal, afforded him great happiness and pleasant anticipations. It enlisted his liveliest sympathies. Unfortunately he felt he would not be able to be present, and on last Holy Thursday, he wrote me an admirable letter, into which he put his whole soul. Here is a touching extract: "So great an event, one indeed which will shed lustre and glory not only on the illustrious See over which you preside, but also upon the whole of Canada, merits a much longer and more elaborate treatment than can be accorded to it by an old man now in the eighty-fifth year of his age, and who for fifty years in the episcopate has borne the burden of the day and the heats; but I cannot allow so memorable an occasion to pass without giving some expression to the joy which I share in common with all the faithful of Christ in this land, that our country is soon to be blessed with the most solemn and universal profession of faith in the holy mystery of Christ's most adorable Body and Blood.

"To be present and take an active part in the Eucharistic Congress of Montreal is a privilege greatly to be prized by those who may be fortunate enough to enjoy it. My infirmities render it impossible for me to give you any assurance that I shall be among that happy number. But if I am not present in person, be assured that I shall be with you in spirit."

This letter will be treasured in our archives as a precious souvenir. Oh! Venerable Brother, from heaven above, you will be present in a more intimate manner than if you were still on earth, at our triumphant demonstration in honor of the God of the Eucharist. Your course is finished—you are now enjoying the reward of a well filled life. The vision of faith has now given way to the vision of glory. Your happiness is ineffable and unending. Ever help those who sincerely loved you in life and mourn you in death.

Deep is our gratitude for the lessons you have taught, and may we all, bishops, priests, and people, followers of Jesus Christ, be as you were: "Just living by Faith!" Am. S.

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AWFUL PLOT DISCOVERED AND DISCLOSED BY DR. ROBERTSON, VENICE.

By "M. C. L."

We may, as a nation, take our pleasures sadly, but assuredly that is not the fault of the No Popery folk. Those strenuous entertainers are an unflinching source of innocent merriment, whether they be tearing a passion to tatters over the imaginary sale of imaginary "straws from the Pope's bed," or proclaiming the imaginary discovery of the imaginary "Church of the Holy Donkey" (alias "the Sainted Mare's Nest"), or publishing delicious dreams of the Jesuit in disguise, the Immured Nun, or the priest instantaneously converted from the errors of Rome by reading a verse in that to him hitherto unknown book, the Bible. Not satisfied with moving us to mirth by his statement that he has "always understood" that Lord Deaneigh is a Jesuit, Lord Clonmell is generous enough to invite our laughter again by expressing the opinion that the teaching of the Jesuits "is quite different from the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church or Her Catechisms." When it follows that Father Bernard Vaughan, for example, does not teach and preach Roman Catholicism, but something else "quite different." When it follows that he is not a Catholic at all. Oh, how deceptive are appearances, and oh, how we have been imposed upon! To think that the Catholic Church has canonized Ignatius Loyola, the very founder of the society whose teaching differs entirely from hers, and that we have honored and invoked him and Francis Xavier and Aloysius and other Jesuits as saints! To think that Stonyhurst, Clongowes, and other famous Jesuit Colleges are centres of non-Catholic teaching! It is clever of Lord Clonmell to have discovered the Jesuits' subtle trick of posing as Catholic priests, whilst all the time they are teaching differently from the Catholic Church, and even from the Catechisms they so unaccountably, under the circumstances, use in their schools. Are they, then, Protestants in disguise? If so, how are we to explain Mr. Joseph Hoeking's anti-Jesuit attitude? Is he less enlightened on the subject than Lord Clonmell, or is he a Catholic in disguise, striving by depreciation of the famous society to save Catholic teaching from being undermined thereby? Truly, things are not what they seem! It must be conceded that Lord Clonmell's knowledge of the matter is as profound as that of the lady who declared that there were as many divisions and sects in Catholicism as in Protestantism. "If we have Baptists, Presbyterians and Anglicans," quoth she to her Catholic neighbor, "you have Jesuits, Benedictines and Franciscans, and I've heard you say yourself that their habits are not the same." Another mirth-provider is the Rev. A. Robertson, of Venice, who lures us to laughter with his latest effusion: "The Papal Conquest." Of course, he must be exonerated from a deliberate attempt to be funny; he does not willfully don the cap and bells. He is minister of a Protestant sect in Catholic Italy, and spends his energies in abusing, misrepresenting and calumniating the Catholic Church; obviously he deems it quite right of him, a Scotsman, to attempt to pervert Catholic Italians to some variety or other of Protestantism; consequently that he bitterly resents Catholic efforts for the converting of once Catholic Britain back to her ancient faith is not surprising, as no one expects a Protestant to be consistent. Moreover, all experience and all history teaches that they who most loudly claim to be champions of civil and religious liberty, and shriek shrillest against Romish intolerance, are just the persons most enslaved by bigotry and prejudice, and least tolerant of beliefs other than their own. Dr. Robertson believes, or at any rate asserts, that the British Press has been captured by Roman Catholic intrigues or influence. Does this explain the fairly lengthy notices his works receive? But Dr. Robertson knows of something much more thrilling than the capture of the Press. He has discovered—not the North Pole or a new Continent, either an all too lame and impotent conclusion to the great life-work of the Light of Venice—but a Popish plot for the overthrow, by force, of Protestant Britain. Sweet shades of Shaftesbury and Titus Oates, do you still revisit the pale glimpses of the moon, and have you had power to delude the worthy Robertson as you did your countrymen when the second Charles was king, and it was asserted and believed that 30,000 foreign friars were coming to assist 40,000 English papists to assassinate the king and exterminate his Protestant subjects? Dr. Robertson declares that "Rome" is plotting the overthrow of Britain as a nation, and he is in a position to say: "It has long been known in Italy, and Italy has warned England of the fact, that the original date fixed upon by the Pope and the Kaiser for the carrying out of their nefarious enterprise was 1911-1912. I am in possession of the reasons that led to the selection of this date." (It was kind, if not altogether prudent, of the Pope and the Kaiser to take Dr. Robertson so far into their confidence.) "They are many and various, some touching Germany, others England and Italy, and not a few having reference to the disaffected state of Ireland at our own doors and of Ireland across the ocean. However I do not intend to enter further into them, all the more that the partial awakening of England to the danger of her situation has probably spilt the project for so early a date as the one indicated." Dr. Robertson seems to be quite "in the know." It is satisfactory to know, on his authority, that the Pope and the Kaiser have temporarily postponed the downfall of Britain; no doubt when they have again selected a date they will give us timely warning. Ah, if only he and Mr. Hoeking and Lord Clonmell would collaborate, how delightful would be the result, how now swiftly would Mr. C. Hoese (take final surrender of her laurels! —Glasgow Observer.

Our London Letter.

(Continued from page 4)

qualify their Catholicity by this name which is so antagonistic to Christianity. Hatred of the Divine Founder, blasphemy, and intolerance of every Christian ideal float upon the very surface of Socialistic writings. No man who has one spark of the old knightly reverence for woman coming down through the ages of chivalry from the fountain head of devotion to Our Blessed Lady, can be a socialist. The equality offered her by Socialism is to be chosen, be she sound in body, to be the common "wife" of a Colony; to have her children removed from her womb, and to be brought, with other women, twice a day to the State nursery, that there she may discharge her office of nourisher to all, or any, babe, placed in her arms. In fact the principle laid down is that of a stock farm, only the animals are human. That is one phase of the universal equality of Socialism!

There is some flutter in the Nonconformist dovecot just now. New theology has been gaining ground amongst certain of the ministers and Dr. Forsyth and Dr. Campbell Morgan have come out to defend Congregationalism against the invader. They cry that such men are losing precious souls, who now do not feel their duty to come to church at all. But the enemy replies that in many instances the congregations have largely increased as there is a section of worshippers who yearn for something new. These latter are suggesting that the "New Theology" should be preached to the heathen! A determined effort on the part of some congregationalists to limit their minister's interpretation of religion, by the trusted deed provisions of the particular edifice builder, is proving, if anything, more disastrous, since if the holding, and preaching of the Trust Deed doctrines were universally insisted on, and the claim enforced by an appeal to the secular courts, there would be a general exodus from most of the pulpits and few could be found to take the place of the departing preachers so much as Calvinism "developed" since its first institution. It is even said that were "essentials" only to be adhered to there would still be the same confusion, so diverse are the opinions as to "essentials" in this Christian community. But it is scarcely likely, I think, that reference to the courts on the old Trust Deeds will be made. It might create a very dangerous precedent—for some people. Supposing we, the spiritual descendants of the vast majority of our fellow countrymen in the past, were to come forward there would be a still greater emptying of pulpits. For, if justice is to be consistent, wherever an ancient Catholic foundation exists we could prove our claim to have the "essentials" of worship, on which we are perfectly clear—carried out within those hallowed walls as in the days of their prime. What of the claim of our priests to hundreds and thousands of chantries, what of the claim of our poor to many a dole; given on condition "they do pray for the donor's soul"; what of the Mary Mass, and the Mary bell; of the days appointed holidays, first for the bearing of Mass, and after for healthful recreation. Ah, how we Catholics should welcome such an appeal, for though we have been despoiled of our patrimony we have not lost our birthright, we possess the old title deeds, worn and stained, it is true, by the blood of the martyrs, but all the more precious for the sake of those who preserved them to us.

We shall soon have a vivid reminder of those old Catholic days of England, in the Pageants which are shortly to delight our eyes and gather our sons and daughters from afar to tell in wordless language the age-long stories and legends of the youth of that mother land from whence they sprang. The first of these ambitious efforts is the Army Pageant, which, be it whispered, is not only a most scientific, romantic, and picturesque portrayal of British warfare from its earliest stages, but is also expected to lend something of its receipts to wipe out the heavy deficit left upon the Anglican endeavor to gull the natives into an acceptance of the continuity pageant, by last year's brilliant Church Pageant! It is doubtful if any but Service men will appreciate all that is conveyed by the many fine scenes devised by Mr. F. R. Benson. The larger part of the audience, as they watch King Arthur at the battle of Badon, will not perceive that this is the occasion on which moral was first introduced into battle, nor will they scent out initiative in King Alfred's attack on the Danes, they will not trace the first employment of the use in the animated struggle between Harold and the Conqueror, but they may note that William's soldiers are all devout Catholics since the episode opens with the Norman army at Mass. It is in the fight at Dupplin Muir that shot wins victory for the Scottish leaders, when used for the first time. Crey and Agincourt cannot hope to wedge in a second interest, they are enough in themselves. It is interesting to us that the only big reverse of the English arms chosen for display, is that in which the conquering host was led by a Catholic Saint, to wit the Maid of Orleans, who sent our troops flying on the battlefield of Patay. We, who are loyal, will not dwell on Naseby, but turn to the fine material offered by the "Stories of Famous Regiments" or famous fights. Here we shall find the 43rd Highlanders, the 10th, and the Black Watch at the battle of Coruna, which cost the life of Sir John Moore, and later we shall see General Graham and his Irish Fusiliers at the Battle of Barossa, while Badajoz will bring Pictou and Macpherson before our eyes again, to make us remember how small a thing our annals of bravery and heroism, skill and daring, would be, were it not for the Celts, be it of the stern and faithful North, or of the smiling and tender West.

The great Pageant of London is too immense a subject to tackle on this late page, we must leave its consideration through our Catholic spectacles till later, but one thing may be mentioned, in its connection. At least one week of the Festival of Empire will be dedicated to Scotland,

and already over 100 Scottish athletes, dancers, and pipers, have arranged to come "over the border" on the 30th May next.

The ranks of Catholic Professors have lost a shining light by the death of Monsignor Corbisley, who passed away on Holy Saturday at Weymouth, whether he had gone for a rest and change of air. His name will always be identified with that great Alma Mater of the North of England, Ushaw, of which he was for many years Vice President. He was also a valued member of the Catholic Education Council, whose place it will be difficult to fill. R. I. P.

Activities in Catholic Scotland have been very great during the past few days, and the increased interest taken in the social movement in many parishes, is leading to quite exceptional results. Gaelic, Dramatic, and Debating Clubs are coming to a very high standard of excellence indeed, which is attracting the attention of non-Catholics and leading many, at these interesting and valuable entertainments to catch their first glimpse of that awe inspiring and—to some—sinister figure of the Catholic Priest, not in all the unassailable dignity of the pulpit, but as the friend and comrade of his people, always the best of the company, gay, and witty, and thoughtfully kind to all about him. It is a good view, this, for the enquiring Protestant, for it will instantly strike a note of interrogation. Is this courteous cheery Christian gentleman the "black Jesuit" I have been led to picture—in his faith, the faith that inspires and looks kindly upon all this innocent recrea—"on—the same religion that is said to be so cruel and unscrupulous? And the Protestant who starts questioning the Catholic Church is generally lost—to Protestantism.

The Young Men's Society of Glasgow and their friends filled St. Mungo's Hall last week to listen to the eloquent speaker and subtle arguer, Father James Hughes, on the thoroughly modern topic of "Catholicity and Socialism" in which the lecturer demolished the latter and showed it to be the very anti-thesis of Catholicity. There were a large number of non-Catholics present who were visibly impressed.

Many of the old friends of Father Thomas Walsh, of Broughty Ferry, found their way up to Dundee last week for the installation of Father Walsh as a Canon of the Dunkeld Chapter. Bishop Macfarlane spoke some high words of praise regarding the good Priest's work in the education field, and his profound knowledge of the liturgy of the Church, which so entirely fitted him for his new dignity; the tribute ending with a eulogy of his work as Editor of the Catholic Directory.

Scottish Catholic Charities have benefited to the extent of £6,500 by the will of the late Miss Brownlie of Glasgow. CATHOLICS.

The Two Maitlands' Service to Historical Truth.

It is now about fourteen years since the late Dr. F. W. Maitland, Professor of Law in the University of Cambridge, England, began, in the *English Historical Review*, a remarkable series of papers entitled "Canon Law in the Church of England." Prior to this time, the ablest Protestant scholars held that the Church of England had always preserved its autonomy, and had resisted more or less successfully the constant encroachments of the Popes, and that, finally, by the courage of wise statesmanship of Henry VIII., the English Church threw off the Papal yoke. Maitland examined this theory in the light of history, civil and ecclesiastical, and declared it erroneous. He showed that the Church in England up to the Reformation had believed itself to be but a branch of the Catholic Church, and that no one in England thought of denying this, or of questioning the divine right of the Pope to make laws which would bind in conscience the peasant, the priest, the Bishop and the king.

In conclusion Maitland wrote:—

The great series of events which we know as the Protestant Reformation altered profoundly the relation between Church and State. . . . In the first place we have the subjection of the Church to the State. In 1534 Henry VIII, having wrung from the clergy a reluctant promise that they would never make any new canons without the royal assent, this rule was confirmed by statute (25 Hen. VIII. c. 19). In the next year it was declared by statute that the King, our Sovereign Lord, his heirs and successors, kings of this realm, shall be taken, accepted and reputed the only supreme head in earth of the Church of England (26 Hen. VIII. c. 1). These acts, I think we may say, mark the moment at which the Church was severed from the Church of Rome.

The London *Spectator* (non-Catholic) of recent date pays the following high tribute to Dr. F. W. Maitland in reviewing a posthumous book by him which has recently appeared:—

Maitland was above all things a great historian; he was, indeed, the greatest legal historian that England has produced. . . . Turn, for a supreme instance of our author's historical power, to his "Canon Law in the Church of England." It is from one point of view an elaborate legal disquisition on a pure question of law, namely whether the Ecclesiastical Courts of England did or did not treat the Canon Law of Rome, or, in other words, Papal Law, as binding on such Ecclesiastical Courts. Maitland argues the case with all the precision and the acuteness of a lawyer, but with a profounder grasp of history than on this particular point was possessed even by Dr. Stubbs. Maitland proves that, as one might suppose, the law of the medieval Church was as much respected in England as in every other part of the Christian world which acknowledged the authority of the Pope.

The important services to historical truth, rendered in many ways in our day by F. W. Maitland, recall that remarkable book, "The Dark Ages," brought out, over sixty years ago, by his namesake, S. R. Maitland, also an

Englishman and a Protestant, where-in he proved among other things how familiar all classes were with the Sacred Scriptures during the "Dark Ages." One of the cleverest bits of work done in that book was Maitland's

exposure of the unsound historical foundation on which Merle D'Aubaigne, in his History of Reformation of the Sixteenth Century, sought to support the fable of Luther's "finding the Bible."—The Sacred Heart Review.

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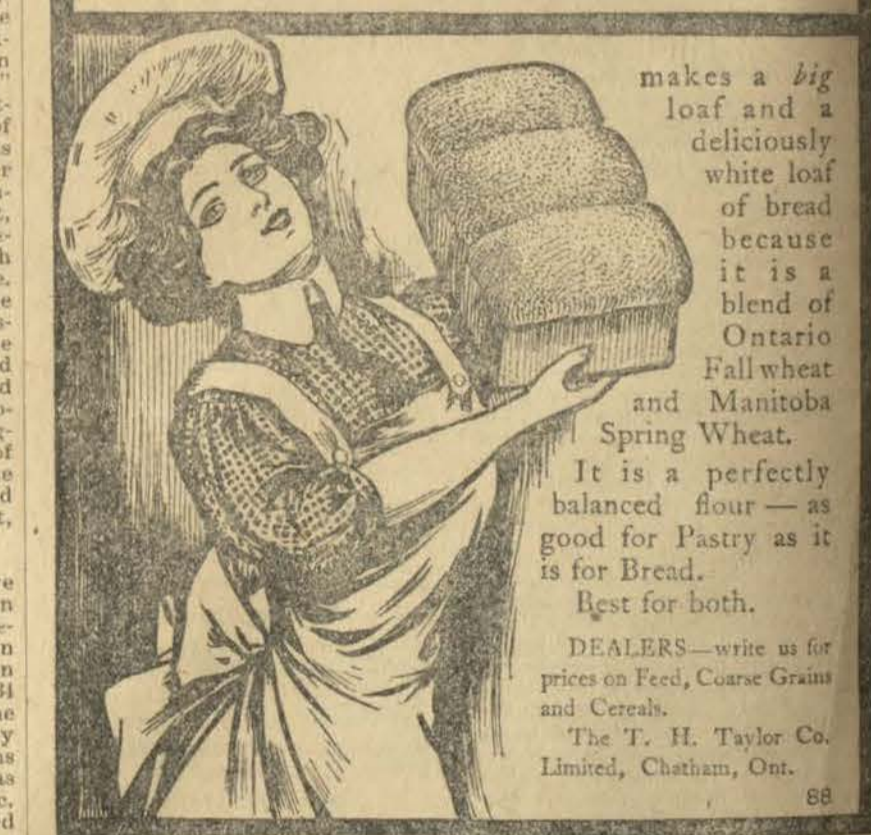
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"ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" produces many more loaves than a barrel of ordinary flour. The bread is better—sweeter, nicer to eat—and more wholesome—has more health and strength in it—makes more delicious pies, cakes, biscuits and doughnuts. Children, whose mothers use "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" at home, can have just as good baked things as the Princes and Princesses of England.

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 Write for full particulars.

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 The valuable and well known farm, situated at Silver Valley, lately occupied by John McQuinn, better known as the "Murry Farm" one mile from Town, containing 160 acres of land with first class buildings. For further information apply to
ANGUS McDUGALL,
 Box 244, Antigonish.

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 The subscriber offers for sale, on easy terms, the valuable and conveniently situated farm on which the reader, containing 100 acres, a large house under excellent cultivation. Thereon is a good dwelling house, barn and outhouses, adjacent to Church, School, Railway station, and Telephone office. Possession given immediately.
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The Battle in France.

With the approach of the French elections, said to have been fixed for April 21, with the second ballot on April 8, the battle between the forces of Christianity and the enemies of all religion has entered upon an acute stage. Recent pronouncements by the Bishops are significant of the temper in which the Catholics will enter upon the coming struggle.

Cardinal Luçon, Archbishop of Rheims, expressed the sentiments of all the ninety French prelates who signed the collective pastoral letter forbidding the use of the anti-religious school books when, on a recent Sunday, after being condemned by the Civic Tribunal of Rheims, he made a public declaration to the effect that in such a cause there is nothing he and his colleagues of the episcopacy are not ready to suffer. He added:

"If the liberty of education is one day to be the reward of our efforts, our sufferings and our struggles, we shall not think we have paid that necessary liberty too dear. In the meantime we have a mission to fulfill, and with the grace of God we will accomplish it. To those who try to reduce us to silence and to padlock our lips we will reply with the apostles: 'It is impossible for us not to speak. We must obey God rather than man. If the accomplishment of our duty draws down on us rigorous treatment by the public powers, we shall remember the disciple is not more than the Master. We shall recollect that the Saviour of the world was dragged before the tribunals, and that, judged and condemned by those he had just saved, far from replying, with maledictions to their maledictions, died in praying for those who put Him to death. Following his example, we shall pray for those who persecute us. We may feel confident better days will come, when justice will be done us. Then they will recognize that by the very acts with which we are reproached today, we deserved well no less of society in general and the State itself than of the family and the Church."

CARDINAL ANDRIEU TO CARDINAL LUÇON.
 In a letter to Cardinal Luçon, Cardinal Andrieu shows the spirit that animates the French hierarchy:

"I do not send you condolences, but rather congratulations, because the apostles, who actions you have imitated, felt glad when they were judged worthy of suffering outrages for Jesus Christ. Liberty of thought placed at the service of the lodges believed it had humiliated you when it opened a trial against a prince of the Church, but it only gave you glory without receiving any for its pains."

"Since the tribunal of Rheims had no right to judge you, it is now, before the laws and before God, in a position involving no slight responsibility. The sentence which it has pronounced justifies the gravest kind of rebellion . . . and it reveals what the true nature of the separation law is, and manifests that under a regime of which its founders boast as the broadest liberalism, Catholic worship—viz., the cult of the vast majority of the French people—is not allowed liberty in the most necessary things."

"Catholics and all honest men will keep this in mind, and at the next elections they will proceed to the urns as one man to give to France legislators who will not trample on the most sacred rights of the Church, the family and our fatherland."

And here and there through France priests are being condemned for doing their duty just as Cardinal Luçon did. A few days ago the heroic bishop of Orleans, on hearing of the condemnation of the Abbe Turin for having told the children of the Crusades during a catechism lesson, exclaimed:

"To-morrow I myself will go to teach catechism in one of the churches of the city, and to the children of State schools I will speak of history just as I shall speak of the Christian Doctrine. And if I am brought to trial and condemned, all France shall know of the sort of liberty that is left to Catholics and their priests."

confined to two points: First, he will teach them not to pronounce the name of God in vain; he will imbue their minds with a sentiment of veneration and respect for the idea of the first cause and the perfect Being, and he will accustom each of his pupils to surround that notion of God with respect, even if it should present itself to him under a different form to that of his own religion. Secondly, without concerning himself with the special dogmas of the various religious communities, the teacher will strive to make each child understand and feel that the greatest homage he owes to the Divinity is obedience to the laws of God, revealed to him by his conscience and reason."

Mgr. Amette proceeds to demonstrate that those instructions have been violated not only by the verbal teaching of the schoolmasters and mistresses, but by the books they placed in their pupils' hands, some of which were condemned by the prelates. It was therefore the plaintiffs in the case, and not the defendant, who had violated the law.

Moreover, the prelates had not attacked persons, but had only denounced works which, far from respecting religious neutrality in the public schools, violated it from every point of view—religious, historical, philosophical, social and even patriotic. The Archbishop, not content with this clear demonstration, points out that the prohibited schoolbooks violate not only the secularization law and the law on the press, but also the law for the separation of Church and State. Indeed, this last mentioned law, promulgated in December, 1905, in its very first clause guaranteed the free exercise of the worship of God. As the Catholic Church assigns as the object of that worship the sanctification and eternal salvation of the faithful, the guarantee of the liberty of worship must insure to the Church the free use of the means to attain that end. One of those means is to teach and to repress error. To admit the demand of the plaintiffs would be to interdict the Church to use its right to place on the Index works contrary to its dogmas and morals—a right which has never been contested, even under the regime existing previous to the guarantee of the liberty of worship. Msgr. Amette therefore appeals to the court to reject the plaintiff's demand and to condemn them to pay the costs of the trial.

In Lands Afar.

NOTES ABOUT HOLLAND.
 On March 4th last, the fifty-seventh anniversary occurred of the reestablishment of the hierarchy in the eleven Northern Provinces of the Low Countries, officially known as the Kingdom of the Netherlands, but commonly designated by the name of Holland. Geographically the kingdom covers less than half the territory of Ireland, and is, therefore, not much larger than many single counties in our Western States. Its population reaches close to six millions, about one-third of whom are Catholics.

The hierarchy of Holland numbers one metropolitan and four suffragan sees, viz., Utrecht, Harlem, Breda, and Rotterdam, the three last named comprising the provinces of North-Beabant and Limburg, whose population, like their Flemish neighbors, is almost exclusively Catholic. The Archdiocese of Utrecht is the historical see of Holland, having been first occupied in 690, by St. Willibrord, Apostle of Holland, and after him for a time by St. Boniface. All through the Middle Ages Utrecht remained the only see of the North until the reign of Philip the Second, King of Spain and Count of Holland, by whose efforts the other bishoprics were erected. When, however, Protestantism became dominant in those parts of the Low Countries, the bishops were driven out and their bishoprics forcibly suppressed. Ever since, up to March, 1853, the Catholics of Holland were ruled by vicars apostolic.

From the latter year, therefore, officially dates their freedom of worship and religious independence of government interference. To what extent they have profited by and taken advantage of it a mere glance through their latest year-book will show conclusively. What impresses the reader most is the multifarious display of push and activity on the part of a people whose temperament we led to look upon as the very extreme of phlegmatic, whereas, so far as religion and good citizenship is concerned, they should correctly be ranked among the Church's most strenuous children. "Organize" evidently is the Dutch Catholic motto, and how completely it has been accomplished the pages of the year-book tell.

Politically, the whole country is covered with a splendid system of Catholic election clubs, extending itself into every city, town and hamlet and through provincial committees in full touch with a Central Bureau as supreme executive. As a result of every election for municipal, provincial or national offices Catholics cast their votes for candidates of their own selection, and have so far succeeded in returning seventeen of their co-religionists for the First and twenty-six for the Second Chamber of the National Legislature. In addition, through a national *Katholieke Volks Bond* (Catholic People's Union), Catholics act collectively in regard to all the burning questions of the day, striving in particular through this *Bond* to safeguard the Catholic working classes against the poisonous influence of the Socialist propaganda.

Apparently they have succeeded in organizing every body and everything from a Catholic standpoint, and, turning the pages of the year-book one would almost fancy the Middle Ages had returned again with their complex variety of Catholic Guilds. Catholic trades in every branch, mechanics of every description have each their own Catholic unions; there are societies for Catholic farmers and day laborers, Catholic commercial travelers, Catholic clerks in stores and offices, Catholic architects and contractors, Catholic manufacturers and

employers of labor of all kinds are each represented in the long lists of denominational organizations. Worthy of special note are the Catholic Military clubs, in every garrison town of the country, whose object is to provide pastimes and promote social intercourse among Catholic soldiers and to keep them in line for prompt and regular discharge of their religious duties. Charitable organizations are to be found in large numbers in all the principal cities and towns. The St. Vincent de Paul Society is spread out over the whole land, being made up of three hundred and twenty-two conferences and allied Charities, all of which are affiliated with a national committee in The Hague. This national committee counts among its membership some of the most illustrious representatives of the Dutch Catholic laity.

Extraordinarily well supplied also is this small country with missionary colleges. Each of the five dioceses maintains both a seminary and a theological college of its own for the education of priests. Vocations to religious life among both sexes must be abundant in Holland since after fully supplying the home parishes more than twelve hundred priests, sisters and lay-brothers are spared for missionary work abroad. Dutch missionaries are laboring in every clime, including not only their own colonies in the East and West Indies but also Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands. In the former the Dutch Dominicans have charge of three large parishes with several chapels of ease; in the latter the Dutch Fathers of the Sacred Heart have fifteen of their members laboring in the province of Surigao. It is scarcely necessary to state that the parochial school system in Holland is highly developed, there being hardly any parishes without a Catholic primary school. Since what may be called its Catholic emancipation Holland has doubled the number of its parishes, trebled its clergy, and spent \$240,000,000 on the building of churches. In 1800 it had 2,310 priests and over a thousand organized parishes.

But the most signal proof of religious earnestness and intellectual activity among Dutch Catholics is found in the statistics of the Catholic press. One almost feels tempted to doubt one's visual power while reading the returns on this vital subject of our times. Nevertheless, you find it stated that these less than two million Catholics support *fifteen Catholic daily papers*, some of which in size, make-up and general information equal the leading secular journals of to-day. To these must be added thirty-one papers, published either twice or three times a week; seventy-six papers published once a week, and fifty-two monthly and quarterly publications, the last named ranging from the humble but effective annals to the more select reviews and magazines devoted to theological, scientific and literary subjects. Catholic editors and journalists, Catholic publishers and booksellers each have their separate societies for the purpose of working in unison for the common good of the Catholic press.

From the foregoing it would seem that Catholicism in Protestant Hol-

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 What is a "tonic"? A medicine that increases the strength or tone of the whole system. What is an "alterative"? A medicine that alters or changes unhealthy action to healthy action. Name the best "tonic and alterative"? Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the only Sarsaparilla entirely free from alcohol. Ask your own doctor all about it. Never take a medicine doctors cannot endorse. J.C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

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Dr. B. J. KENDALL CO.
 Enosburg Falls, Vt. 52

land is very much alive, and that Dutch Catholics are entitled to be ranked among the Church's most strenuous children of all lands. The Church in Holland is indeed blessed with an energetic and harmonious episcopate, a well-trained and hard-working clergy, a zealous and resolute laity. Together they present a united front to the enemy, and are advancing toward their high purpose in a manner more glorious and irresistible than those of Macedon of old.
 —V.S. America.

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Sheriff's Sale

IN THE SUPREME COURT 1904, A. No. 334
 Between JOSEPH A. WALL and PETER McDONALD, Plaintiffs and CHRISTY MCISAAC and DANIEL MCISAAC, Defendants
 To be sold at Public Auction by the Sheriff of the County of Antigonish, at the Court House, in Antigonish, on
Monday, the 2nd Day of May, A. D. 1910
 at ten o'clock in the forenoon,

pursuant to an order for foreclosure and sale made herein by His Honour A. MacGillivray, ex-officio Master of the Supreme Court, (being the Judge of the County Court, District No. 5) dated the 7th day of December, 1909, unless before the time of sale the amount due to the plaintiffs hereof for principal, interest and costs be paid to the plaintiffs or their solicitor, or into Court.

All the estate, right, title, interest, property, claim and demand and equity of redemption of the above named defendants and each of them (and of all persons claiming by, through or under them or either of them, since the recording of the mortgage foreclosed herein) of, to, in, upon or out of all those two certain lots, pieces or parcels of

LAND

situate, lying and being at Cross Roads Ohio, in the County of Antigonish, and bounded and described as follows: First lot, bounded on the east by the waters of the Ohio River, so called; on the north by lands formerly owned by Angus McInnis, John Duncan's son, being the lot next described; on the west by lands formerly owned by Angus McDougall and afterwards in possession of Lancelin McDonald; and on the south by lands formerly owned by Archibald McInnis (Hugh's son) and afterwards by Angus McLean, containing seven and five eighths acres, more or less, being the lands occupied at the date of the said mortgage by the said Christy McIsaac and Daniel McIsaac. Second lot, bounded on the south by the lot last described; on the east by the waters of the Ohio River aforesaid; on the north by lands heretofore in possession of one Archibald McInnis, John Duncan's son; and on the west by lands of Andrew McInnis, or the front line of the Keppoch lots, so-called, containing seventy five acres more or less, and being the lands conveyed to the said Christy McIsaac by Robert D. Kirk by deed dated the 16th day of May, 1876.
 TERMS: Ten per cent. deposit at time of sale; remainder on delivery of deed.
DUNCAN CHISHOLM,
 Sheriff of Antigonish County.
D. C. CHISHOLM,
 of Main Street, Antigonish, N. S.,
 Solicitor of Plaintiffs.
 Sheriff's Office, Antigonish, 20th March, 1910.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Notice of Sale—page 5
Tenders—William R. Chisholm, page 8
Cooper Dipped Wool—M. S. Cox, page 8
Agents Wanted—Empire Cream Separator Co., Ltd., page 8
Lumber Wanted—St. F. X. College, page 8
Spring and Summer suits—Chas. Sweet & Co., page 8
Social—D. G. Kirk, page 8
Horse Fair—Alex. McDonald, page 8

LOCAL ITEMS

ALEXANDER MACDONALD (Am Painter) died last evening at 7.30 p. m. Funeral at 2 o'clock p. m. on Saturday, 16th inst. A more extended notice will appear next issue.

THIS MORNING, at the Mother House, Congregation of Notre Dame, Montreal, there is a Grand Requiem Mass sung for the repose of the soul of the late lamented Bishop Cameron.

THERE is nothing of importance to report from the Big Marsh coal areas this week. The drill is working steadily, and is down about 240 feet. It is still encountering sandstone formation.

IT IS EXPECTED that the sehr. Carl E. Richard will lead the first of next week at Mulgrave for Newfoundland. Messrs. Whidden have not yet booked a full cargo, and parties wishing to ship will please apply at once.

REV. MARTIN WALLACE, of Chatham, N. B., who was ordained at Joliette, Que., by Archbishop Archambault, on Holy Saturday, is in Town. Father Wallace, we understand, is to be assistant to Father MacAdam at Sydney.

FOOT-BALL.—The first game of football this season on the local grounds will take place to-morrow at 3 p. m., when New Glasgow will meet St. F. X. College. Both teams have met in previous years, and are still keen rivals for foot-ball honours.

THE INVERTED column rules usual in THE CASKET on the death of a noted ecclesiastic, we regret to say, are not feasible since our enlargement, owing to the fact that our form chases are smaller than our order called for, and do not permit of a thin space on either side of the rules.

IN TODAY'S issue of THE CASKET we have a good deal to say of our late dearly beloved Bishop, the Right Reverend John Cameron. His demise has made it necessary to appoint an administrator until a successor assumes the direction of affairs. We understand that, during the interregnum, the Rev. H. P. MacPherson, Rector of the College, will administer the affairs of the diocese.

IN THE HASTILY written notice of His Lordship Bishop Cameron's death, which appeared in our last issue, we inadvertently said that John Cameron was sent to Rome by Bishop MacKinnon; we ought to have said Bishop Fraser. We may add that Bishop Fraser, in the fall of 1851, died at his residence in Antigonish, and that on the 24th of February of the following year Dr. MacKinnon was consecrated at Halifax as bishop of Antichat.

THE FOLLOWING estimate from a noted layman in the United States is further evidence of the wide esteem in which Bishop Cameron was held: "Your telegram stating the sad news of the death of His Lordship Bishop Cameron received. It certainly was a great surprise to me coming so unexpectedly, and I offer you, one and all, my deepest sympathy for the loss of one so revered and loved by all who knew him. He was one of God's apostles on earth and left us a beautiful example to follow."

FARMERS' MEETINGS.—Mr. C. F. Alward, of New Brunswick, one of the Government's institute speakers, is addressing meetings in this County, having commenced at Poul Brook on Monday last. To-night, at 7 o'clock, he will address a meeting at Fraser's Mills; to-morrow, at 2 p. m., he will speak at St. Andrew's, and the same evening, at 7 o'clock, he will be at the Court House, Town. Mr. Geo. Taylor is assisting Mr. Alward at this series of meetings. The subject of the addresses are "Soil Fertility" and "Stock Raising."

ON MONDAY, Mrs. Dan McDonald (widow) Acadia Street, Antigonish, received a telegram from her oldest son which conveyed the distressing information of the death at Mulberry, Florida, of her second son, Roy, a young man of 27 years. Death followed an attack of malarial fever. The sad announcement was a shock to deceased's mother and relatives here, as only lately he wrote home, and spoke of his good health. He followed the trade of a blacksmith in Antigonish, and in Florida he was engaged at electrical work. The body will be brought home for interment. His mother and brothers and sisters have the sympathy of the community in their sad bereavement.

DR. HENRY LAURENCE SOUTHWICK, President of the Emerson College of Oratory and Boston School of Expression, was in Antigonish last week. The learned and eloquent Doctor was brought here to give a series of lectures and readings to the students of St. Francis Xavier's—seven programmes in all—and he certainly did his work well. The College authorities have conferred a great benefit upon the students by bringing to them such a fine interpreter of literature, and particularly of dramatic literature, as Dr. Southwick is acknowledged to be. Every program of his, whether dealing with the tragedy or the comedy of Shakespeare, with the wit and humor of Brinsley Sheridan and Charles Dickens, or the pathos of Hawthorne, is at once a delight and an illumination—stimulative, educative and inspiring, without ever being in the least prosy or dull. "The Orators and Oratory of Shakespeare, the great play of Hamlet, the almost equally great play of Julius Caesar, the wonderful comedies of Twelfth Night, and The Merchant of Venice, and Brinsleys Sheridan's famous comedy, The Rivals, were each in turn taken up and dealt ably with. Dr. Southwick has become a favorite here in Antigonish, alike with students and citizens. No wonder, the lecture platforms of to-day

there are few like him: possessing histrionic talent of a high order, and much of the literary faculty, he is ever the accurate and accomplished scholar, the refined and high-minded gentleman.

Personals.

Mrs. Patrick O'Brien is visiting her former home in Antigonish.

Mrs. M. McKenzie and Mrs. A. J. McDonald of Baddeck, C. B., were in Town for the funeral ceremonies.

Mr. D. J. Grant, cutter, Antigonish, left for Cobalt, Ont., on last Saturday, to engage as travelling salesman with a tailoring firm in that place.

Mrs. Delory, operator in the Antigonish office of the C. P. R. Tel. Co., has gone to New York to reside with her daughter, the C. P. R. office here having been closed.

The Misses Rose and Christina Chisholm arrived at their home in Antigonish on last Friday from Bisbee, Arizona, where they had resided the past three years.

Inspector McIntosh of Lunenburg was a guest of Prof. Macdonald over Sunday. Both left, Monday for Cape Breton, having been appointed a Commission by the Government—to investigate, and settle, if possible, a school difficulty in South Inverness. The date for meeting the ratepayers of the section in question was set for the first of this week.

Mr. Sedley Crowe, for the past four years a member of the Canadian Bank of Commerce staff at Antigonish, is being transferred to Winnipeg, and expects to leave Antigonish this week. Mr. Crowe has made many friends in Antigonish, who, while glad to learn of his promotion, regret to sever relations with him. In musical and other circles he was prominent, and will be much missed. At times his position in the Bank was responsible, yet he proved quite capable and was always courteous.

The honor of being the first skipper to take his ship up the St. Lawrence to the port of Montreal this year belongs to Captain Nielsen of the Kronpriz Olaf, which arrived on Monday morning from Cape Breton with coal.

Halley's comet now rises about 4 a. m., a little more than an hour and a half before the sun. The speed of the wanderer is about 1,684 miles a minute. Its present appearance was first observed September 11, 1909, by Professor Max Wolff, of Heidelberg. By the middle of April, it will have become a magnificent object, rushing toward the sun with marvellous velocity, with a streaming tail probably 50,000,000 miles in length. Soon after this it will pass round the sun and then approach still nearer the earth, passing between it and the sun and probably not more than 13,000,000 miles from us. This will be a little later than the middle of May, and at that time the comet will be at its brightest and will probably be visible in the daytime. In a few days thereafter it will begin to wane. It will fade away, and at length will pass out of the range of the telescope. It will have gone again on its long journey to a point beyond the orbit of Neptune, but will return about the year 1983.

While the failures in Canada in the past quarter were smaller in number than the failures in the first quarter of 1909 the amount of liabilities was larger. On the whole, however, the situation may be considered satisfactory. In the whole of Canada, for the three months, there were 420 failures, with assets of \$1,415,036, and liabilities of \$5,159,073, compared with 451 failures, having \$2,297,246 assets and \$4,566,412 liabilities in the same three months last year. The Province of Quebec leads with 185 failures, the assets being \$946,048 and liabilities \$2,545,339, against 193 failures, \$923,940 assets, \$2,179,109 liabilities in 1909. Ontario's failures numbered 131, with \$719,988 assets and \$1,344,213 liabilities, compared with 148 failures, with \$870,347 assets and \$1,518,000 liabilities last year. The New Brunswick returns do not look as well. The failure in the first quarter of 1910 were 27 in number, the assets were \$517,530, and the liabilities \$742,650, while last year there were 22 failures, with assets of \$42,449, and liabilities of \$96,709. On the other hand Nova Scotia shows improvement. Failures were reduced from 24 in the first quarter of last year to 17 in the first quarter of this year. The assets last year were \$117,149 and liabilities \$176,702; this year the assets were \$18,400 and the liabilities \$66,059.

Among the Advertisers.

Lost, gold brooch with gold cross attached. Finder please leave at Casket Office.

Sum of money found at post office is at Casket Office.

Lost, in Town, a silver belt buckle. Finder please leave at Casket Office.

Kerosene oil pump found on Glen Road, is at Casket Office.

Lost, between Bishop's residence and Main street an ostrich boa. Please leave at Casket Office.

Wanted, smart girl for general housework. Good wages. Address Box 277, Antigonish.

Just received, a supply of hayseed. We have also clover seed in stock.—L. McDonald Co., Heatherton.

C. B. Whidden & Son have just received 1 car choice seed—wheat, oats, barley, timothy, clover, etc.

Bishop Cameron's latest photo, three sizes, 50 cents, 75 cents, \$1.00. Mailed to any address on receipt of price. Waldren, photographer, New Glasgow.

Wanted, 6 ft. feet Spruce Boards, 16 M. feet Hemlock Boards and 1 M. pieces of Spruce, 2 x 4, 14 feet long. Apply at NEW SCIENCE BUILDING, S. F. X. College

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Acknowledgments.

- Wm. McPherson, Antigonish \$2.00
Dan Bourque, Antigonish 1.00
John McQuinn, Antigonish 1.00
Wm. McDonald, Antigonish 1.00
D. F. McLean, Antigonish 1.00
Mary Kane, Antigonish 1.00
J. Kell, Antigonish 1.00
Henry DeYoung, Pomquet 1.50
R. J. Chisholm, St. Andrews 1.50
Donald Boyd, Fraser's Mills 1.50
R. McNaughton, Loch-Karrie 1.00
A. B. McLean, Inverness 1.00
A. J. McLean, Inverness 1.00
Geo. Taylor, Antigonish 1.00
L. J. McDonald, Heatherton 1.00
Patrick O. Landry, Pawkuckat 1.00
Dan J. Druban, Galedonia Mills 1.00
J. W. McDonald, Lydesdale 1.00
Alex. D. McDonald, Lydesdale 1.00
A. C. Sutherland, Middleton 1.00
Dan J. McDonald, Littleton 1.00
John A. Forbes, Inverness 1.00
C. McDougall, Sturgeon Lake 1.00
Angus McDonald, St. Jodigne 1.00
Capt. D. McDonald, West Merigonish 1.00
Angus Campbell, Lennox 1.00
Michael G. Brown, Bear Island 1.00
R. L. Gillis, San Francisco 1.00
Florence McDonald, Seal Harbor 1.00
Daniel J. McMillan, Fort Hood Mines 1.00
Rev. John J. Loughran, Scranton 1.00
Rev. Chas. J. Mahony, Scranton 1.00
Rev. Rogers Israel, Scranton 1.00
Dr. J. J. Walsh, New York 1.50
Alex. McDonald, Taylor's Road 1.00
Wm. McDonald, Wines River 1.00
Angus McPherson, Vernal 1.00
Thomas Gorman, Afton station 1.00
R. K. McLeish, Landing 1.00
John D. Chisholm, North River 1.00
D. J. Chisholm, Victor 1.00

Resolution of Condolence

The following resolution of condolence was passed by St. Francis Branch, No. 355, C. M. B. A., Louisburg: Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, to remove by death the brother of our esteemed brother Rev. W. F. Kieley, P. E., North Sydney, N. S.; He is therefore resolved, that we, the officers and members of this Branch, humbly tender Bro. Rev. W. F. Kieley our deepest sympathy in his sad bereavement. Further resolved, that a copy of this resolution be sent brother Rev. Fr. Kieley, and also copies to THE CASKET and Canadian for publication; St. Francis Branch No. 355, C. M. B. A., Louisburg, March 28, 1910. R. J. McNeil, Rec. Sec.

Auction Sale

To be sold at public auction, on the premises of Mrs. Campbell's Restaurant, on Main St., Town of Antigonish, on

Tuesday and Wednesday, April 19th and 20th, commencing at 10 o'clock in the forenoon:

Parlor Furniture, Hall Furniture, Bedroom Suites, Dining Room Furniture, Ice Cream Parlor, Furniture and Freezers, Carpets, Floor Rugs and Linoleums, Curtains and Window Shades, Pictures, Dishes and Kitchen Utensils, Cooking Stove, Hall Stoves. Piano will be sold at private sale or any of the above furniture.

TERMS—All sums under \$5, cash; and four months' credit on notes with approved security for sum over that amount.

F. H. MACPHEE, Auctioneer.

Agents Wanted.

Wanted, agents to sell the best Cream Separator and Gasoline Engine in Canada, in territory where we have no representative at present. Write us at once for particulars. We have an interesting proposition for live men.

Empire Cream Separator Co. Ltd. SUSSEX, N. B.

Cooper Dipped Wool

Brings the highest price.

Protect your flock from Scabs, Ticks and Lice

By using only COOPER'S POWDER OR FLUID DIPS

More sheep and cattle are dipped in COOPER DIPS than in any other brands.

Cheap, Reliable and Safe

Ask M. S. COX TRURO, N. S.

Farm For Sale

The farm at Fraser's Mills, formerly occupied by the late Donald McDonald, Allan's son, containing about 200 acres of good land, well-wooded and watered and conveniently located near school, post-office, etc.

Antigonish, 16th March, 1910. J. A. WALL.

WALL PAPER

Exclusive American Designs

Not only are you offered here the advantage of choosing from a range of designs, representative a million dollar stock of "merit" papers, but you can be guided in your selection by the judgment of an experienced decorator—one who studies effects and paper of right tints and colors and properly harmonized with whatever the room contains, will give an artistic effect, no matter how little the paper costs. There's a variety here at any price from 6c to \$2; a single roll of 8 yards with bordering to match the paper. Persons intending to paper their houses this spring, are respectfully requested to leave their orders as soon as possible, as I am unable to give special discounts on early orders.

R. A. McDONALD Decorator Old Halifax Bank Building Main St. Antigonish

HORSE FAIR
FAIR GROUNDS ANTIGONISH
The date of this year's Horse Fair is Monday, May 2d
Judging will commence at 2 p. m.
All persons having animals for sale, should not fail to show them on the grounds.
PRIZES.
C. Edgar Whidden offers following prizes for Colts from his horses.
Taupin (Percheron.) Yearlings
1st, \$3; 2nd, \$2. 1st, \$3; 2nd, \$2
Scottish Chief Yearlings
1st, \$3; 2nd, \$1. 1st, \$3; 2nd, \$2
Dearborn Yearlings—1st, \$1; 2nd, \$2;
The North Grant Agricultural Society offers prizes as follows for Bureleigh Colts:
Two year olds Yearlings
1st, \$3; 2nd, \$2. 1st, \$3; 2nd, \$2
ALEX. McDONALD, Secretary.

Farm Machinery
Whenever you require anything in the line of farm machinery, such as Plows, Harrows, Cream Separators, etc., don't overlook to call and talk the matter over with us before purchasing.
L. McDONALD & CO.
The Massey Harris Agency, Heatherton, N. S.

RIDING WAGONS
We have a few nice riding wagons on hand that we will sell at a bargain.
L. McDONALD & CO., Heatherton, N. S.

TENDERS!
Tenders will be received by the undersigned until the 15th of May for the purchase of his farm at Lower South River, Antigonish Co. It consists of 100 acres of good land, well wooded and watered and good building thereon.
WILLIAM D. CHISHOLM
Box 19, St. Andrews, Ant. Co. N. S.

Farm For Sale
Offers will be received by the undersigned until MAY 15th, for the purchase of his farm, at St. Joseph's, Antigonish Co., consisting of 150 acres of land, with building thereon; has abundance of wood and excellent water and is conveniently located, being within five minutes' walk of St. Joseph's Church, Post Office, Store and Telephone, and four miles from Railway Station.
Will be sold reasonable and on easy terms.
Apply to HUGH R. McDONALD, Stellarton, Box 250.

Albert - Thomas Phosphate.
Just received, one carload of the genuine Albert - Thomas Phosphate
For sale low. T. J. SEAR, Antigonish

FARM FOR SALE BY TENDER.
Sealed tenders will be received by the undersigned until noon on the 30th Day of April next, for the purchase of that excellent farm of 205 acres, more or less, situated at Marydale, Antigonish County, being the farm of the late William Chisholm (Carricromony). This is, without doubt, one of the best farms in the County. It is well wooded and watered. Besides abundance of heavy hard wood, poles, etc., there is also a great deal of valuable pine, hemlock and spruce on it. It cuts from 3 to 40 tons of hay a year. There is a very valuable marsh on it that cuts from 10 to 15 tons yearly. This marsh needs no manure, and with a little labor put on it, can be made to yield much more. This splendid farm is conveniently situated, being within one quarter of a mile to School, Post Office and Telephone Office, and about 3 miles from the Church. The buildings thereon include: Dwelling house, two barns and outhouses all in good condition.
The subscriber does not bind himself to accept the highest or any tender.
REV. D. E. CHISHOLM, Executor of the estate of William Chisholm.
Pomquet, March 3th, 1910.

Farm for Sale
Offers will be received till May 1st next, by the undersigned for the purchase of his farm at Pleasant Valley. It consists of 200 acres of good land, about 50 acres of which is cleared and in excellent condition. Any amount of wood hard and soft, and a large quantity of good hemlock timber. House and barn in excellent condition. About five minutes' walk from Telephone and Post Office, and about three hundred yards from School House. For further particulars, apply to
A. A. McDougall, or to ALLAN McDONALD, Barrister, Antigonish.

Farm For Sale.
Farm known as Hugh Cameron's (Hugh's son) at Vernal, Springfield, Antigonish Co., consisting of 200 acres. Comfortable house with barns near main road. An immediate purchaser can obtain a bargain. Apply to J. A. WALL, Solicitor, or J. F. FLAGDON, Manager The Royal Bank of Canada, Antigonish.

Farm For Sale.
The subscriber offers for sale, on easy terms, the valuable and conveniently situated farm on which she resides, containing 100 acres, a large portion under excellent cultivation. Thereon is a good dwelling house, barns and outhouses, adjacent to Church, School, Railway Station, Post Office and Telephone Office. Possession given immediately.
MRS. JOHN CHISHOLM (La Down.) Lower South River, 4th March 20, 1910.

Clothing With Character
Don't Go It Blind
Come Here For the Best Spring Goods
We've searched the markets, tested the productions of all the reputable clothing furnishings, boot and shoe manufactories, taken great pains in making selections, and we are now prepared to offer our trade "goods with character" at prices that will be perfectly satisfactory. Be sure and see what's doing before you decide.
Palace Clothing Company
HOME OF GOOD GOODS,
Main Street, Antigonish, N. S.

SEEDS!
Just received, large, fresh stock of choice field and garden seeds, comprising
White Russian, White Fife and Red Fife Wheat.
American Banner, Sensation and 20th Century Oats
Two and Six-Rowed Barley, Peas, Corn and Buckwheat.
Lower Canadian Timothy, Mammoth Late Red, Alsiki and White Clover.
Also a large assortment of Garden Seeds in bulk and in packages.
Just received, one car Swift's High-Grade Animal Fertilizer.
One car White's Portland Cement.
One car Wire Nails.
Mail orders and inquiries receive our special attention.

D. G. KIRK
Antigonish - - - N. S.

Now it is a Player Piano: Music - Roll Library
First, you buy a few rolls: they belong to you—you own them outright. And let us say right here, we have an almost unlimited number of all the standard, as well as the latest and best music. Then, if you wish to exchange any of these inside of thirty days, you can do so by paying a very small fee; if you keep them longer, a trifle larger fee will be charged. The roll now received in exchange, belongs to you, and you also have the right of exchanging it when you wish. Thus, you are enabled to hear all of the latest and best music by simply purchasing a few rolls and paying small fees when exchanging them. Write to us and we shall be pleased to send you full particulars regarding this Player Piano Music-Roll Library plan of ours. Better still, call and let us talk it over.

J. A. McDONALD Piano and Organ Co.
46 Barrington St., Halifax, N. S. ALSO AMHERST, NEW GLASGOW, SYDNEY, GLACE BAY, MONCTON.
HOUSE TO LET
House to let on Church St., now occupied by Mrs. Sears. Possession given first of March. Apply to A. KIRK & CO.

Big Grocery
Sells Lower than any one else for Cash
We are not doing a "strictly cash" business, but when you have the cash, it will go further at the Big Grocery than at any other store. We give you a few prices to judge from.
Granulated Sugar 5c
Best Tea (guaranteed) 23c
Evaporated Apples, 3 lbs. for 25c
Prunes, 3 lbs. for 25c
Pepper and Ginger, 6c. per pkge
Best Cream Tartar, 25c. per lb.
Essences, all flavors, 8c. per bottle
Hundreds of other things just as low. Our Big Essential and Tinware department is always loaded—call and look around our big place—you can't help buying—price, quality and a large stock calls you to
BONNER'S
The Big Tea and Coffee House

WANTED
A LOT OF GOOD POTATOES, OAT BLOCK BUTTE AND EGGS,
for which I will pay the highest prices in exchange for GROCERIES, ETC.
My motto is "Best Quality at reasonable prices."
Try Highland Blend Tea Sold only by D. R. GRAH. The best tea value in Town.
D. R. GRAHA
Tel. 78. Best Flour for Sale