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

THURSDAY, AUGUST 4.

Church Work is careful to use the term "Roman Church" when speaking of the Catholic Church. Anglicans have a fancy for the word "Catholic" for their own use. The other day a man died in an American city, leaving a will by which he bequeathed his estate to his son on condition that he would avoid Catholics and become an Episcopalian. We wonder how *Church Work* would interpret this will.

The Indians in the vicinity of the new city of Prince Rupert, B. C., are endeavoring to defend their lands against the white men, and western Canada has progressed so far that we find an Indian chief writing to the press on the subject, and see the Indians defending their claims in a paper of their own. Civilization has substituted the steel pen for the tomahawk, and the letter to the editor for the warwhoop. We hope these poor Indians will receive full fair play.

Sir George Sutton, formerly Premier of Natal, has been travelling in Western Canada, and said at Montreal on his return from the West, that "the very thought of Canada's possibilities makes one's head whirl." It has made some heads in Nova Scotia whirl too much, we fear; for they have already begun to imagine things that, under the most favorable conditions and continuous prosperity, cannot come to pass before the time of our great-grandchildren, and perhaps not then.

European Russia has been scourged by cholera this summer. Forty-two provinces have been attacked; and there have been 38,000 cases, and 16,000 deaths. When we feel inclined to grumble at the slow spring seasons, the short summers, the variable winters, of our good little province, it must calm or irritation to know that, at least, wholesale destruction of life is almost impossible here; and the fearful scourges of tempest, earthquake and disease that place whole populations in terror in other lands are unknown to us.

Mr. E. K. Spinney, a leading business man of Yarmouth, in the course of a statement made by him before the Royal Commission on Technical Education, emphasized the need of technical education for clerks. He said that the boys he employed to-day were not as proficient as those in his service twenty-five years ago. It is not surprising. Our public schools are now endeavoring to teach boys a little scrap of everything under the sun; and neither the teacher's capacity to impart, nor the capacity of the pupils to learn, is equal to the accomplishing of the impossible. It is high time that technical schoo's relieved the public schools of some of their load, a load injudiciously shouldered, and not very successfully carried heretofore.

The Connecticut Alienists Association is to begin a campaign against overstudy in public and private schools, a subject that is a live and pressing one nearer home. Their action is the outcome of a paper read before them by Dr. Vail, in which he is reported to have said:

"When shall we awaken to the danger and wrongs inflicted on our children in these days when the whole country seems to have gone mad over the mental cramming process called education of our boys and girls? In our public and preparatory schools more and more is expected and required of its teachers and pupils. "Conservative medical men who have given their lives to the study of children, place the number whose health is shattered by overstudy in this country at more than fifty thousand each year, and what does it all amount to? A large part that is taught at this sacrifice of health and reason is never used again in after life. The useful and practical things are many times passed over with but little attention."

The progress of the Church in Australia is shown in a statement of Archbishop Carr of Melbourne in a recent sermon. In 1839 Father Geoghegan, afterwards Bishop of Adelaide, said Mass in an unroofed store. He was the only priest in the settlement; but there was no church, no school, no teachers. There were 2073 Catholics. To-day there are, in the territory then under Father Geoghegan, 4 dioceses, 282 priests, 1337 nuns, 77 teaching brothers, 286 schools, 17 charitable institutions, and 264,189 Catholics. St. Patrick's Cathedral, Melbourne, cost a million and quarter dollars. The Archbishop said that this record had been made by the poorest section of the community, by those who had to leave Ireland because of bad laws and famine. For thirty-five years they have supported their own schools, and at the same time contributed their full share to the support of the public schools.

The *Presbyterian Witness* has an editorial on the Church in Spain. What the *Witness* does not know about the Church in Spain would, if it could acquire the knowledge, fill its editorial page for many, many issues. It says that "Protestant religions have not been tolerated." Now, we have frequently remarked upon the journalistic poverty which goes to the free lunch stall of the cable agencies or the daily press for its meal of Catholic news. But the *Witness* never got any such fact as this from any cable agency or news agency, nor can we imagine where it could possibly have got it, save in that deep, dark and mysterious recess in the anti-Catholic mind, in which all sorts of strange notions concerning the Church are generated by the operation of forces beyond the apparent control of the intellect, and from which they swarm forth in astonishing number and variety.

Artemus Ward said that "Chaucer was a great pote, but he couldn't spel." There are many people to-day who spell more strangely than Chaucer or Artemus Ward, without the justification of usage that Chaucer had, and not in fun, as Ward did. The *New Bedford Standard* refers to a College president who is said to have complained that the students entering his college could not spell. A writer, commenting on this complaint, says that the cause of this is, that spelling is ignored at the outset of a child's education, whereas once it received attention almost from the beginning. We sometimes think that some important matters are shunned or hurried over in elementary education. A man may become learned, no doubt, without being able to spell accurately; but the inability to spell correctly must surely be a grave drawback to any man whose success depends in any measure upon the opinions formed of his ability or attainments by other men as he goes along. And the success of most men depends on such opinions to a very great extent. It is a pity that the simple, yet important, elementary things should be slighted, even when they are not essential to entering upon greater matters.

For some years past, Catholic papers have had much to say respecting the attacks on the Church in France and Italy. There have been some signs of late that the spirit of the most vicious brand of Masonry and Socialism, that which aims its diabolical plots at religion and all the sacred truths and beliefs of Christianity, is getting a foothold in Canada. A writer in *La Verite* makes some very grave charges against certain clubs in the Province of Quebec; and a charge of the most serious nature is now being investigated in Montreal. We give our readers the following despatch, as we find it published. The full facts and details will, no doubt, soon appear; and we withold further comment meantime:

Special to the Morning Chronicle':

MONTREAL, July 28. — The Civic Committee started work to-day on the charge of one Milette that members of the Emancipation Lodge were to inveigle priests to houses of ill-repute and thus spring a huge scandal on the coming Eucharistic Congress. Milette was sworn and testified that he and one Beaupre bored a hole through the Lodge room floor and overheard the plot discussed by several members of the Emancipation Lodge. It was stated that a committee has been appointed, a police officer being one of the number, and that although a member, Franq, a Labor leader, denounced the whole scheme as a base low trick, the others went on with the arrangement. Beaupre, the second eavesdropper, corroborated everything said by the first witness.

Our esteemed contemporary the *North West Review*, sends us this week its silver jubilee number. Commencing publication in 1885, it has now behind it twenty-five years of valiant service for the Church in the West. Few journals have witnessed and taken part in so great a public growth and development in their territory as has the *North West Review*. When its first number appeared in 1885, Winnipeg was a small town. To-day it is a mighty city, the trade centre of what is practically a new world; a city which may one day be the capital of Canada; and which to-day is the chief commercial centre of the "last great west." The *Review* has much interesting matter to deal with in a review of the west during the last quarter of a century; and the task is well and creditably discharged. The jubilee number has twenty eight pages, and the whole is plentifully illustrated with pictures of the bishops, priests and members of religious orders and Catholic laymen who have had to do with the planting and progress of the faith, and with pictures of the Catholic churches, and institutions of learning. We congratulate our contemporary on the years of faithful service it has spent, and wish it all success in the future.

We have been trying to teach the *Presbyterian Witness* for many years the A, B, C's of Catholic doctrine. We never hoped to teach it enough to do it great good; but we were, at one time, vain enough to suppose that we could teach it enough to save it from playing the fool every time it spoke upon any subject or matter respecting the Catholic Church. The *Witness* says that the Pope has moderated his encyclical to the Catholics of Germany, because of a protest made by Germans against some remarks applied to Luther and others of Luther's time, and says: "The explanation is that the first Encyclical was not infallible." There are two possible explanations of this statement being made by the *Witness*. The *Witness* may not have the slightest idea as to what is meant by the doctrine of infallibility; or else it may know and yet be willing to tickle the bigoted minds of some readers who do not know, by suggesting that all the Papal encyclicals are claimed to be infallible. We do not know whether the writer of this statement prefers to be considered an ignoramus or a rogue; but he may take his choice. No writer should presume to so much as mention the Catholic Church who knows so little about her principal doctrines as this writer does, if ignorance is his answer.

* * *

If the Germans raised a hubub at strong language used respecting men who have been dead for over three hundred years, and if the Pope modified his words in deference to their feelings, can the *Presbgterian Witness* see any argument that it might draw from such facts? How about the wretched oath by which so many Protestants still wish to see their sovereign insult and vilify and slander twelve millions of living Catholics? How much longer will the intelligent Presbyterians of Nova Scotia be content to be served or represented, religiously, by this religiously colour-blind and cross-eyed journal?

The good cause of the abolition of the Royal Declaration against the Catholic religion will be immensely aided by the letter of thanks addressed to King George by the American Catholic Federation on behalf of the Catholics of the United States. This letter will be as wormwood and gall to those bigots whose game it always has been to persuade the people of England that the Catholic Church is the mortal enemy of England; that a Catholic as a Catholic must be an enemy of England, and that any Englishman who returns to the faith of his fathers must *ipso facto* become a traitor in his heart. The following is the text of the letter to his Majesty:

ST. LOUIS, MO., June 16, 1910.

His Majesty King George of England.

YOUR MAJESTY,—Report has reached us that your Majesty is opposed to that part of the "Royal Accession Declaration" which is insulting and offensive to Roman Catholics. The American Federation of Catholic Societies, representing three million Roman Catholics, and voicing the sentiments of the fourteen million Roman Catholics of the United States, hastens to congratulate your Majesty on the position taken and to thank you for your kind and noble sentiment.

We hope that through your Majesty's influence this shameful declaration which is an insult not only to the Catholics of England, your faithful and loyal subjects, but to the Catholics of the entire world, will be so modified that your Majesty will not be obliged to begin your reign by insulting the religious convictions of the three hundred million Catholics of the world.

That the Lord God, the King of Kings, may grant your Majesty a long and happy reign, is the sincere wish and prayer of the American Federation of Catholic Societies and the undersigned, its officers:—

Most Rev. S. G. Messmer, D. D., Archbishop of Milwaukee; Right Rev. James A. McFaul, D. D., Bishop of Trenton, N. J., Advisory Board; Edward Feeney, National President; Anthony Matre, National Secretary; Thomas H. Cannon, Chairman of Executive Board.

MODERN PERSECUTIONS.

In the days of old, persecutions were directed against men's bodies. To-day, they are directed against their minds and their souls; against the mind by the unscrupulous proselytzer; against the soul by the hater of all religion.

The early Christians found it necessary to endure bodily pain and suffering, the fire, the knife, and the rack. They suffered starvation, mutilation, death itself. Those who cling to the faith in the present age have no physical sufferings to endure, but the attacks on religion, foretold by our Saviour, have not ceased.

"They will put you out of the synagogues," said Our Lord to his disciples, "Yea, the hour cometh that whosoever killeth you will think he doth a service to God."

"You shall lament and weep," said He, "but the world will rejoice."

Modern persecutions come from persons who may be roughly divided into three classes, namely, those who struggle against the Church of God in the interests of some heretical denomination, but honestly; second, those who lie, scheme and plot against the Church in the interests, or what they suppose to be the interests of some heretical denomination; third, those who war against Christianity absolutely and without seeking to substitute any religion for that which they seek to destroy.

The first class includes a great number of well-meaning bigots; the second, the unscrupulous adherents of certain denominations, whose work corresponds to the work of guerillas in war, their aim being usually to keep dissensions open for what profit or influence they themselves may acquire; the third class may be subdivided into two,—intellectual lunatics and social and political thugs. These divisions and sub-divisions are not complete, but sufficiently classify for general purposes, the persecuting forces lined up against the Catholic Church to-day.

Modern persecutions are more ably planned than the persecutions that were directed against the faithful long ago. To wound or bruise or break a man upon a rack was a clumsy method of getting at his faith. Modern persecutors have improved upon that. Of the two classes first named, we have often spoken. We purpose speaking to-day of the third class. The intellectual lunatics are those who adore a number of false gods, called collectively by the name of science; called, individually, by various names. Of these, also, we have often spoken. The second subdivision of the third class, we wish to say a few words about—the social and political thugs. Amongst them we include those who wish to repeal or remove moral laws in order to indulge their passions unrestrained, and those who wish to overthrow all religious authority and power to the end that they may proceed to carry out unchecked the wild dreams of Grand Orient Freemasonry and Socialism. These last two classes, or sub-classes, find themselves often in harmony, sometimes in such complete accord as amounts almost to amalgamation.

The politics of France and Italy to-day shows the thugs in action, their well-oiled and well-cared-for machine in actual operation. They are not proclaiming a new heresy. They are not Protestants; they have no intention of setting up any other type or form of religion in place of that which they seek to pull down. They hate the Catholic Church with an insane hatred; but there is method and purpose in their madness. The revolutionists who looted the churches of France and exiled the priests in the closing years of the eighteenth century had no definite plans for the future. The modern persecutors in France have. The revolutionists of that time cut the throats of hundreds of priests as the quickest way of getting rid of them; but they had no plans as to their successors. The modern persecutors have no intention of cutting their throats; but they intend to destroy their influence by gradually making breaches between the shepherds and the flocks, and by widening those breaches as occasion may serve. This is only the preliminary work that they have set themselves; and they have proceeded quite a distance with it. They began by excluding the religious orders from teaching in the schools; next, they excluded all teaching of religion in the schools by anyone; next they introduced school books in which the essential principles of Christianity are attacked and ridiculed; next they prescribed rules by which the internal administration of the religious orders was to be transferred to men who publicly professed atheism; and on this being rejected by the Orders, they were subjected to wholesale confiscation of property, the proceeds of which were divided up in one of the most gigantic "graft" scandals that has disgraced any State in modern times. Next the priests were deprived of their stipends paid them for a century past as a partial restitution for the confiscation of all the church property in France more than a century ago, by the persecutors of that day, the bloody revolutionists of the Reign of Terror. Next, the priests were forbidden to refer in any sermon or instruction to any matter of history. Seminarians in preparation for the priesthood were drafted into the army, in the hope that their vocations might be destroyed by the temptations of the barracks, and that the supply of priests might be cut off.

The political thugs would gladly go further. They have gone from step to step for thirty years; and have had a plausible excuse at every step, a plausible assurance that they were acting in fatherly kindness for honest men who protested; and all whose mouths could be shut with bribes, gifts, offices, threats, or indirect influences of any kind, have been so dealt with.

They will go further. They will go too far. The people of France are the most contented and calm race on earth up to a certain point. They do not make a general use of the ballot. They shrug their shoulders at the doings of politicians, and as for the Church, why, they say, Mass is said; the priest is there; the catechism is still taught; the country is prosperous; money is plentiful. Every man is not as in Canada, a politician. Yet, the persecutors of the Church in France will go too far; and before they shall have come within sight of the real work they have dreamed of. For the destruction of the Catholic Church is only a preliminary. The real work they have in view is the government of France according to the formulas of Grand Orient Freemasonry, with an admixture of Socialism sufficient to keep the people interested, and, if that stage of their intended work could ever be reached, the world would see the bodies and souls of the French people fall into the grasp of a small band of scoundrels who would do as they willed with that wealthy nation and with all its resources. That day, however, will never come. The God of old still lives. They have erased His name from the coinage; they have taken down from walls and public places every sign and symbol of Him. They have blasphemed Him and ridiculed Him in the spoken and printed word. And yet, His Church shall live in France. Their forerunners set a prostitute on the high altar of Notre Dame Cathedral, at the time of the Revolution, and called her the goddess of reason. The persecutors of to-day are more cautious and calculating, but not more Christian.

But our Lord said: "You shall lament and weep but the world shall rejoice; and you shall be made sorrowful; *but your sorrow shall be turned into* ern persecutors cannot destroy religion. They have done it some injury in France, and in Italy. They are commencing a similar course to-day in Spain. They are even now making a small and disreputable beginning in the Province of Québec, but with so poor an imitation of the ability and shrewdness of their friends in France, that they bid fair to end before they are well started.

Such are the modern persecutions. Let our Protestant friends not be deluded. The attack is upon Christianity. The Spanish premier, Canalejas, is not commencing a fight against the Church in Spain for the benefit of the ten thousand Protestants who live in that country. They may be used, if they are willing to be deceived, as pawns in his game; but his game is the game of the lodges of the Grand Orient; and neither Protestants nor Catholics need hope for any mercy from the hell-inspired schemes of that order. Do our Protestant friends suppose that the political attacks upon the Church in South American countries, under the direction of the same organization, have been made in the interests of Protestantism, or that they have in any way served the interests of Protestantism? The Lutherans of New Orleans have, within last few weeks, openly declared war on Freemasonry. They have decided that Freemasonry is non-Christian, a cult, opposed to Christianity, and accepting nature as its God. This might well be the attitude of all Protestant denominations, did they but realize that in Latin countries, Freemasonry has declared plainly for a pagan Renaissance. Ever since Pope Clement XII. in 1738, declared against it, Masonry has fought the Church, because the Church was an open and declared foe; and at the same time it has kept up a hypocritical alliance with Protestants in order that it might use them in its fight against the Catholic Church. But where has it sought to set up any form of Christianity? When it can use the prejudices of Protestants, it will use them. It would gladly use Catholics against Protestants if Catholicity would even walk upon the same side of the street with it. Protestantism has nothing to expect from Freemasonry, except to be, one day, its discarded weapon.

The Eucharistic Congress.

MONTREAL, July 29, 1910.

Montreal is making immense preparations for the Eucharistic Convention that meets here during the first week in September. The Convention will be a remarkable and a memorable one, for it will be the first Eucharistic Convention held in America, and its proceedings will take place under auspices and conditions supremely appropriate to the occasion. Montreal is not only the first Catholic city in America, for in many respects it ranks in church history with the famous Catholic cities of Rome, Alexandria and Antioch. During the reign of Tudors and the Valois, Jacques Cartier, a great French explorer, sailed up the St. Lawrence, and first of white men beheld that wondrous mountain in the midst of the Island formed by forks of the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence. Seen from the St. Lawrence, the haughty brow and the wooded slopes of this mountain, made a profound impression on Jacques Cartier, and he named it Mount Royal. His description of this mountain caught the fancy of all that was poetic and romantic in France, and Henry IV. and Richelieu planned to found a city beneath the shadow of Mount Royal. Samuel de Champlain, that knight errant of Canadian story, had plans drawn for the city, but he died too soon. The banks of the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa, long after his time, continued to be haunts of savage hordes of Iroquois and Algonquins, that slaughtered one another with remorseless forocity and barbarity. In Richelieu's time the Iroquois were the most brutal and bloodthirsty cannibals in the world; and yet, Richelieu had dreams of the settlement and exploration of New France, and his dreams might have come true, were not his energies wanted in promoting fatal religious wars in Germany and annihilating the last remnants of feudalism in France. Not to Richelieu but to a private citizen and a simple priest, belong the honour of founding this romantic city. Both were dreamers, for they had day dreams of founding a city on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and in the shadow of the woods of Mount Royal. They met, by accident, in the chapel of Notre Dame in Paris, and told each other of their dreams and aspirations. As we would say they joined forces, and were fortunate enough to secure the co-operation of Maisonneuve, a name as imperishable as that of Tancred. King Louis, on the advice of Richelieu, gave them a grant of the island of Mount Royal, and some 200 years ago, a flotilla sailed up the St. Lawrence and founded the settlement of Our Lady of Mount Royal. The moment they landed, a rude altar was erected in the open air, and with the dark woods of Mount Royal as a background, and in sight of the galleys floating on the St. Lawrence, the first mass was said 259 years ago. Most of the little Colony were nuns and missionary priests and soldiers sent to guard the settlement. They came to win the warring and bloodthirsty Indians to the religion of the Crucified, and little did they think or dream that they were laying broad and deep the foundations of a city, destined to pass Rome, Paris and Antioch in fame and wealth and greatness.

But soft! I am running ahead of my story. The settlement of Our Lady of Mount Royal was essentially and before all a missionary colony. Louis XIV. turned the whole Island over to the Sulpicians, and for one hundred years thereafter, Our Lady of Mount Royal becomes the centre of the missionary work and of the exploring expeditions of New France. How little the world yet knows of the deeds and the achievements of such heroic men as Maisonneuve, Laval and Frontenac! What does the English speaking world know of Brebeuf, La Salle and Marquette. And yet, in the whole martyrology of Christendon there is not a more wonderful type of overwhelming courage and of matchless endurance than that of the Jesuit Brebeuf? A time will come also, when the whole world will re-

(Continued on page 4.)

The Third Archbishop for Westminster.

Not alone all England, Catholic and non-Catholic, but the whole British Empire, and the Catholics throughout the world, took a warm and sympathetic interest in the consecration of Westminster Cathedral a fortnight ago, that wonderful ceremony which symbolised so much of the past, present and future of the Church in England. The foundation stone was laid on June 29, 1895, the consecration took place just fifteen years later, June 29, 1910, and half way between these historic dates in June 1903 the immense temple, bare and unfinished, was opened for the first time when nearly all the Bishops of England, five hundred of the clergy, and thousands of the laity from all parts of the country knelt before the altar where the Requiem Mass was sung for the third great Archbishop of Westminster, Herbert Cardinal Vaughan. "The night before the Requiem Mass I went into the Cathedral at a late hour," writes his biographer. "Its great spaces were all in darkness, lit only by the eight tall candles that stood like sentinels round the bier as it rested in the centre of the nave. No yard of mourning trappings had been used to drape or hide the gaunt bareness of the walls, but kneeling there were two Sisters of Nazareth, who had come to spend the night in prayer with the dead. I knew it was all as he would have wished it to be. In other days it had been hoped to mark the opening of the Cathedral for public worship by some ceremony of imposing and memorable splendour. But the Cardinal had upset his own schemes—he had come back in his coffin, and his funeral service was the Cathedral's opening, and there never was any other."

The other day when the fourth Archbishop of Westminster hallowed the sacred pile with mystic rite of consecration, and the great *Te Deum* resounded through the aisles, the Cardinal Builder came back again, this time neither in his coffin nor in his purple, but in the pages of a biography which reveal the man with such fulness and fidelity as to make him better known to the world now than when he was one of the great figures in it, pages that open with a picture of a beautiful boy of eight in which you can see the loving touch of the mother's hand upon his hair and in the brow that closes his large white collar, pages that close with another picture of a still handsome man of seventy-one, seated in a bath-chair, holding a stick in the thin, nerveless hand, with drawn features, and eyes that have lost all their fire and luster.

The third Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster "above all things loved plain dealing and plain speech," writes his spiritual director, Father Considine, S. J., of him, "whether the outcome of it might be palatable to him or not;" and again "I should put in the first place in any delineation of the Cardinal's nature his honesty—by which I understand his ingrained sincerity, his desire to see himself and to be seen by others exactly as he was—no better, no worse." This is evidently what his biographer had in view from beginning to end of these two splendid volumes which tell the story of "The Life of Cardinal Vaughan." (1).

The Biography is as transparently honest as was the subject of it, and it is this quality above all others that makes the book such a fascinating one. In the matter of literary style one knew what to expect from the Editor of *The Tablet*—his English could not fail to be clear, crisp, convincing, restrained. He had access to all the sources of information concerning the Cardinal; he had himself lived and worked in the closest relations with his subject; as an Editor of the great English Catholic weekly he had been in a position to make a study of the Cardinal's public activities, and to note their effect on the Church and the general public in England. But all this would have been of comparatively little value to his readers had it not been accompanied by the resolve to describe the Cardinal as he really was, and by that sense of proportion which has enabled him to give their true perspective to the events great and small which have gone to make up the life of the third Archbishop of Westminster.

Another biographer might have fallen a victim at the outset to the temptation to dilate at great length on the home-life and the virtues of an ancient Catholic family which consisted of an intensely devout father, a saintly mother who prayed all her married life for her children and yet never asked for a temporal favour for them, and thirteen children of whom one was destined to be a Cardinal, another an Archbishop, a third a Bishop, three priests the most distinguished, and five nuns. But about all these he tells you only enough to make you breathe the atmosphere in which Herbert Vaughan grew up. And he does it with consummate skill, whether he lets Father Bernard Vaughan describe for you the family life at Courtfield, or how Sister Clare Vaughan at nineteen wrote to an uncle to give him good news: "I am astonished that I have enough patience to explain all this to you [why she had delayed writing] when I have such glorious news to tell you—viz, that I may hope in a very short time, in a few days perhaps, to see my Celestial Spouse in Heaven, and to gaze for ever on that Face the beauty of which no words can tell. I am writing to you from my bed, ill in the infirmary. The doctor came to see me last Saturday and said that my recovery was an impossibility, and that I might at any time receive Extreme Unction."

In this too the biographer has done you a service that he lets the characters of his book speak for themselves whenever they can; the work is rich in human documents, beginning with the diary which Herbert Vaughan began as a young man and which he resumed after a long silence in his latter years, and numerous letters written by him and by his correspondents on the great questions of the hour. Here again the biographer has shown a very fine discernment, which, we think, has failed him in only a single instance. There was no necessity whatever, it seems to us, for publishing the correspondence relating to the funeral of Archbishop Vaughan of Sydney. That is the one criticism we feel justified in making in the whole work.

The future Cardinal was born on April 15, 1832. His father destined him at an early age for the army—his mother prayed that he might become a priest, and in 1851 the young man set out for Rome to complete his studies for the Church. In those days he was full of the desire of devoting his life to the conversion of Wales, but they had to ordain him in a hurry at the age of twenty-two and a half in order that he might be a priest before his death which seemed inevitable at the time. "I like my companion better every day," wrote Aubrey De Vere who roomed with him in Rome. "He renounces prospects as brilliant almost as any man in England can command to be a priest in some out of the way village in Wales, and seems as happy as the day is long at his studies and devotions. He is very handsome and refined, as innocent as a child. He sits half the night reading Thomas Aquinas and tells me the next morning that he has been dreaming that people had been burning him alive, and that it had given him no pain." But instead of going to convert Wales immediately after ordination he was sent to be Vice-President of the Seminary at Old Hall, where he began his career by telling W. G. Ward, who was to be one of his closest friends, that Ward's position in the Seminary as Professor of Theology was an anomaly. This incident speaks volumes for the frankness of the future Cardinal. He had already entered the Oblates of St. Charles, who had just been established in England by Manning, and this fact combined with other circumstances produced many difficulties for him during the seven years he spent in this charge. But all the while the idea of devoting himself to a missionary life was strong in him. In 1862 he was in Rome praying hard for grace to know the Divine Will. At first his only wish was to go out and preach to the heathen himself, "but as his thoughts grew and matured he came to want something greater and more permanent and less dependent upon the accidents of an individual's life and health. A college made secure against all chances by settled endowments, and pledged to continue the work year after year, regardless of this or that man's fate, seemed a worthier thing to work for." Such was the origin of the glorious College of Mill Hill, for which the young priest, filled with holy enthusiasm, begged during two years in the two Americas, which has its missionaries at work to-day in the Philippines, Uganda, Madras, New Zealand, Borneo, Labuan, the Congo, Kashmir and Kaffristan, and which in the year 1908 alone baptised nearly ten thousand Pagans. The story of its inception and development forms one of the most interesting chapters in Mr. Snead-Cox's work.

One of the things most forcibly brought home to Herbert Vaughan during his expidition in America was a vivid appreciation of the power of the Press—one of the first things he did on returning to England was to purchase *The Tablet*, then fallen on the evil days, and to become its Editor—though he never took that title. "I remember," he said a quarter of a century later to his biographer and successor in the editorial chair, "sitting there half through the nigth translating some Papal document till I thought I was going to get cramp, not only in my fingers but in my feet as well." Then he added in explanation, "I was afraid to stretch out my leg lest I should kick my sub-editor, who was curled up in sleep under the table." He did not seem to be just the man to be at the head of the chief organ of Catholic opinion in England at the time for:

"He had simply no journalistic experience and very little literary training. All his life he had an impatience, which was half contempt, for the graces of style, and he had very little feeling for the value of words. . . . All these deficiences might have been compensated for by a saving common sense, which he certainly had, but that it was yoked with a certain strange simplicity of heart which sometimes led him into the oddest blunders. His was an innocence which in a journalist became disconcerting. His baffling unworldiness created difficult situations." The author records more than one of these mistakes with engaging frankness, but he devotes a whole chapter of nearly forty pages to "England and the Vatican Council" in which *The Tablet* and its Editor did splendid service for the Church by advocating in season and out of season the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, and the opportuneness of its proclamation as a dogma of the faith, in the face of a party led by Newman himself who believed that "if it is God's will that the Pope's Infallibility is defined, then it is God's will to throw back 'the times and moments' of that triumph which He has destined for His kingdom, and I shall feel I have but to bow my head to His adorable inscrutable Providence." Dr. Vaughan's reply in *The Tablet* to Newman's letter which closed with this passage is as clear and incisive, and withal as temperate as anything that has been printed in the paper during the seventy years of its existence. One of the principles adopted from the beginning by Father Vaughan in *The Tablet* was never to allow the opponents of the definition an opportunity of advocating their views through the columns of his paper. Mr. Snead-Cox explains the motives that lay at the back of this conduct, though he evidently thinks that a Catholic paper may perhaps put its columns at the service of persons who quarrel with its policy. The question is an interesting one, but we would unhesitatingly side with his predecessors. However that may be, the biographer has concisely expressed the editorial attitude of the Cardinal as follows: "Herbert Vaughan's simple rule of conduct, his easy test for Catholic loyalty, was always, and under all circumstances, to stand on the side of Rome. Instinctively in any controversy he would be for the Pope against all comers. To uphold and strengthen the authority of the Vicar of Christ was one of the guiding motives of his life."

He was to have a larger field for the exercise of this and other characteristics, but we must reserve for another number of *Rome* a further notice of his career as Bishop and Cardinal as described in this most enlightening and fascinating of biographies.—*Rome.*

(1) The Life of Cardinal Vaughan, by J. G. Snead-Cox, 2 Volumes, Burns and Oats, 28 Orchard St., W. London. Price 21 shillings.

In Mid-Ocean.

The smokeroom steward had declared the bar closed for the night and the company commenced to melt away as one man after another departed for his "mouthful of fresh air before turning in." Only the bridge party continued doggedly at work (mostly in silence save for a moment or two as the usual autopsy was performed after each hand)—no, this was not quite all, for as I stretched myself at full length on the cushioned seat I heard voices from behind my head.

Two men were sitting together in one of the little compartments into which the smokeroom was divided for convenience of card playing, and in silence—broken practically only by the rhythmic throb of the engines and occasional remarks from the bridge table—their tones carried distinctly and I could not help hearing what they said. Moreover, I listened. It was what one of them said that made me listen.

He said: "I'm afraid—that's what's the matter—I'm scared!" and his tones indicated that he meant it.

"What do you mean?" said the other. I had not noticed their faces when I lay down, and had not the least idea of what they looked like. But I judged from the voices and enunciation that one of them was an oldish man, while the other was not—and it was the latter whose words had waked me to attention.

"What do I mean? I don't know just what I do mean except that I am afraid as I used to be as a child in the dark. Listen now and don't laugh at me till I'm through talking. I live in New York near Riverside Drive and Eightieth Street, and after Mass on Sunday morning in the early summer my wife and I sit under the trees on the Drive and watch the people go by on horseback, in automobiles and afoot. Sometimes it's a man in an automobile, sometimes a flashily-dressed young Jew on horse-back, sometimes it's a negro elevator-boy sunning himself on the threshold of an apartment house — sometimes it's nothing at all—but my very soul suddenly shivers within me as if it felt the presence of some devouring monster lying in wait for my foot to slip."

"Nerves—working too hard maybe?" interjected the other.

"No such thing!—that is, it may be nerves but it's not from hard work. Here we've been two days at sea now and I just had another attack of 'em. It was that fat man with a bull-dog face sitting near us talking of automobiles that gave 'em to me. He's a manufacturer of something, I know, probably owns a dozen mills with hundreds of hands all day and night, and I'll bet he drives them hard and pays them as little as he can. While he was talking I felt the beast again just waiting for my foot to slip. And I'm scared for the wife and the kids asleep below."

There was a moment's silence, broken only by the beating of the engines—like the heart of the ship. Then the bridge party started to settle accounts. Once more the voice made itself heard.

"Look at the keen-faced man with the moustache and the checked cap. *He* gives me the same feeling too—he looks so capable and clean-cut and cold and hard; *his* foot won't slip and he cant understand how anybody else's foot should."

"How long ago did you first get scared like this?" said the older voice.

"I remember it well—it was nearly four years ago, one evening when I was walking in Riverside Park, near the Soldiers' Monument on Eighty-ninth Street. It gave me a bad turn. There were some changes in my business at the time and I seemed to realize for the first time in my life the—the consequences of a foot slip. I felt much as I supposed Blondin might have felt if in the middle of the rope he began to think what a dive into the Niagara gorge would mean. Or as a lion-tamer might feel if he wasn't sure of his mastery over the lion. Just scared—plain scared in fact."

"I know now," said the other, "there's nothing in it. You are about five and forty years old, and your family is about growing up—the eldest of them I mean. No! I haven't seen them and don't know them from Adam, but it must be so on your own statement. How old are you, how many in family and how old the eldest?"

"Forty-three, two girls and a boy eighteen."

A dry laugh from the older voice. "Did you ever run a two-mile race? Or row a four-mile race at college?"

"I used to run a little at one time, but only as a plain duffer; I never made a track team."

"Don't matter. You know what getting 'second-wind' means. That's what's happening to you now. It happens to every man about forty years of age who has imagination and a family. It's not pleasant I admit, but it's not dangerous and you'll soon be over it."

Again a silence. The bridge party went out on deck and we were the sole occupants of the smoke-room. I lay with closed eyes, prepared to simulate a deep sleep if discovered. But neither stirred. The old voice began again:

"At forty a man learns to know himself. He gets his perspective finally fixed, establishes his horizon, gets his latitude and longitude more or less right, if he's honest with himself, and learns to travel thereafter on the basis. To most of us that means that we jettison many ambitions and hopes, restow our cargo, overhaul our ropes, spars, hull and engines and start our course on the final great circle which we travel to the finish. We stop trying to get twenty knots from engines built for sixteen, we find out the economical coal consumption and stick to that, we know the weak spots in the hull and humor them as much as possible—and so on. You can work the metaphor out for yourself."

"Did you have it then?" said the younger. "Were you scared that way way too? What's good for it?"

"Lots of things. First of all Thomas a Kempis semel in die without fail, one chapter to the dose. Then work—more work—plenty of work—join your Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, and never miss a meeting, and when the fit comes on next time and you feel the beast is there waiting—stand up—lash him with the whip—Lash Him!—till he comes to heel and grovels. But Thomas a Kempis regularly without fail—and the Conference, too, if you can manage it. And the rest, I think, you can leave. Besides you ought to be over it soon, anyhow, if you're forty-three years old now."

The words "lash him!" were ripped out in a sudden excess of passion that caused me to start, so unexpected was it—like the flash from a gun's mouth—but the voice dropped quickly again to the even monotone in which it had started. And once more there was silence for a little.

"Then it's not mere cowardice—nor broken nerves," said the younger voice.

"No—it's the ship finding itself, that's all! You'll have some more of it when you get to London and begin to look a little under the skin there.

It always affects me a bit like that even now, and I'm twenty-years older than you. But there's nothing to it. Keep the whip handy, that's all—and don't forget the other things. Shall we take a turn before going before going below?"

They went out. I did not look at them and have not as yet identified them, nor do I want to. And I am not quite clear what the younger man's trouble was. I suppose some day I'll find out.—*Andrew Prout.*

The Bells of Mexico.

It takes a great army of men to keep the church bells going in Mexico. It is estimated that in Mexico City alone there are more than 2000 bell-ringers regularly employed. On days of religious celebrations the number is augmented, as the ringing of the bells must be kept up almost constantly through the day and night on such occasions. The most striking feature of Mexican life to the casual visitor to Mexico is the noise of the church bells. Every little hamlet, and many of the ranches in the country, have one or more Catholic churches, and each edifice is equipped with one or more bell towers. The great Cathedral which stands near the national palace in Mexico City has 16 of these towers.

In some towns the constant ringing of the church bells is prohibited by the local authorities, though their sounding is premitted once or twice every hour. Some churches toll the quarter hours, and others toll every five minutes. Most of the churches in Mexico City toll the quarter, half and full hours.

The profession of bell-ringing is looked upon by the lower classes as being honorable and distinguished, and bell-ringers themselves are usually proud of their vocation. In many cases this position in a church is handed down from father to son through generation after generation. The towers of the large Cathedral are spacious, and frequently are fitted with rooms which are occupied by the bell-ringers and their families.

"How can you sleep with all this noise about you?" was asked recently the wife of a bell-ringer in one of the Cathedral towers.

"It is not the noise of the bells that I mind, she replied. "I hear their ringing without knowing it; but it is the clanging of the street car gongs in the street below that disturbs my slumbers."

All the church bell-ringing in Mexico is done by hand, and, as some of the bells are of ponderous size and great weight, to operate them requires the exercise of powerful muscles and much bodily strength. The matter of installing clockwork or electrical machinery with which to operate the many bells in the great Cathedral city has been considered from time to time, but the preponderance has been against the proposed innovation.

The bell-ringers are divided into day and night shifts. They are required to toll the hours with precision. It is not necessary to carry a watch in Mexico unless one is travelling in the country, out of sound of the church bells. At any hour, day or night, a person can learn the time by listening to the tolling of the bells.

Many of the bells which hang in the church towers of Mexico were brought from Spain in the early days of Spanish rule. Some of them contain large amounts of precious metals, which give to them a tone of richness and clear sounding. The bell-ringers take great pride in their bells, and much care and attention is given to keeping them well burnished and their parts oiled and always in a state of good repair.

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F. H. MacPHIE, Agent.
Antigonish, June 16, 1910.

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

CORNHILL, N. B., March 9th, 1910.
C. GATES SON & CO., MIDDLETON, N. S.
GENTLEMEN:—This is to say that in 1904 I was very sick. Headache and heart trouble, due to change of life, my life seemed to me really not worth living. Had a doctor in attendance, but kept falling away until I reached 125 lbs. I was advised to use your

Life of Man Bitters and Syrup

which I did and can truly say they are wonderful. After I had taken the first two or three bottles, I felt much worse than usual, but as the directions said this sometimes was the result, continued their use, and soon began to see marked improvement in strength, so that I was able to work and gained 30 lbs. in flesh. I thank you for placing these remedies within my reach, and most heartily recommend their use to ladies at this time of life, and advise the continuance of them as I know it sometimes takes a few dozen bottles, but the cost is small compared with physicians' charges.

I am sending you this that you may make known and thus benefit someone who may suffering as I was.

With heartfelt thanks, I am
Yours very truly,
MRS. JOHN FOLEY

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN 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. The applicant 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 father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least eighty 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 upon the homestead or pre-emption 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 enter a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price $3 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.

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

UNCLE PHIL'S REMEDY.

"How's Mary?" asked Uncle Phil Windham of his nephew, Harry Lester.

"Not very well," replied the young man, with a shadowed face.

"I'm sorry. What seems to be the matter with her?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Uncle Phil. She has no appetite, and is weak and wretched half her time."

"What does the doctor say?"

"Nothing satisfactory. Its my opinion that he doesn't know what ails her. The worst of it is, she gets into such low spirits, and cries sometimes for half the night."

"That's bad, Harry—very bad."

"I know it is, uncle. Yet what can I do?"

"How are you getting along in your business?" asked Uncle Phil.

"Not so well as I could desire. Hard, wearisome work every day, and yet I seem to make very little progress."

The young man's face took on a troubled aspect. Uncle Phil had seen that look a great many times before, and now it set him to thinking.

"Did you ever see the person who got along in this world as well as he desired?" asked the old man.

"Oh, as to that, Uncle Phil, my desires do not take a very wide range. But, I would like to see some fruit of my labor."

"You have a comfortable home, Harry, as the fruit of your labor. Isn't that something?"

"Yes. But I don't seem to get ahead. And that discourages me. I work hard enough in all conscience."

Uncle Phil looked at his nephew for some moments, and then said:

"Is that the face you carry home every night, Harry?"

"What face? I don't understand you."

"The dark, discontented face you wear now?"

The eyes of Harry Lester dropped to the ground.

"Because, if it is, I don't wonder Mary is sick."

The shadows passed away, and a smile lit up the young man's countenance.

"Ah, that's better! That's the true home-face. Show it to Mary, and, my word for it, she'll find it more potent than medicine."

"You're a little facetious to-day, uncle," said Lester.

"Not I; but in sober earnest. I don't just know how it is; but I'm afraid that, in going home to Mary at night, you take shadows instead of sunshine. Now, a woman's heart wants sunshine. It cannot grow flowers in the dark. Leave your care and business anxiety inside your store when the doors are shut at night, and bring home to your wife a cheerful spirit. Try the virtue of a smiling face, my boy; and old Uncle Phil's word for it, Mary will need no more doctor's stuff." It was just as the old man supposed. Harry Lester, like too many other men who permit themselves to get over-anxious in regard to business matters, always brought a clouded face to his home at night. He used to bring light and smiles and cheerful words. Then it was different with Mary from what it was now. Her face reflected the light and smiles that beamed from his, and her lips were running over with pleasant talk. Uncle Phil's remarks set him to thinking, and he remembered all this. Could it be possible that the withdrawal of sunlight from his countenance had thrown her life into shadow?

"I thought she was more of a woman than that."

"More of a woman! Why, is this all you know of a true woman's nature? You should have been wiser in regard to her character before taking the happiness of a wife into your keeping. Love cannot grow and flourish if the sky is forever clouded; and love is a woman's life."

The state of Mary's mind, as well as the state of her health, were sad enough to lead her husband to think seriously on any remedy that might be proposed; and so Uncle Phil's admonition did not pass from his thoughts, as we have seen from his remark touching the lack of true womanliness in his wife.

"Try the virtue of a smiling face."

That was easily enough said; but not so easily done. How was Harry Lester to smile when he felt depressed in mind, and anxious about his business? He could smile through the day; smile in the face of his customers; and without an effort. Did he think of that? No; he only thought of the impossibility of applying Uncle Phil's remedy.

"Try the virtue of a smiling face, my boy!"

He remembered these words as he stood at his door, and made a pause before entering. Anything but a smiling aspect was the one that sat upon his countenance.

"I will try," he answered, with a kind of desperate resolution, and, pushing open the door, entered with a lighter step than usual.

"Oh, is this you, Mary?" he said in a pleasant way, as his wife, who happened to be crossing from the parlor, met him in the passage. He put on a smile as he spoke, and, wonderful to say, a smile came into Mary's pale face.

"How are you this evening," he then asked, with a kind interest that was unusual, for, nearly always, his thoughts were not home-guests but wanderers backward amid the cares of the day, or forward with anxious hopes into the morrow.

"Better than I have felt all day." And something of the old sweetness played about her lips; played there so temptingly that her husband could not repress the inclination he felt to lay upon them a kiss of tender feeling.

Why, it seemed as if a sudden sunburst had irradiated the countenance of Mrs. Lester. How long was it since a kiss, so full of heart-warmth as that, had been pressed upon her lips? Away back in the past, the time lay so far, that memory was at fault in recalling it.

Better than she had felt all day! If this were really so, and we believe it, the discovery was made at the moment.

"I am glad of it, Mary." And with his arm drawn around her waist—when had it been there before?—they walked back into the sitting-room.

"You look in better spirits, dear?" And Mary's eyes read his face all over with an eager interest she could not hide.

It was on the man's lips to reply that he wasn't aware of any cause why he should feel in better spirits. Despondency was such a habit with him, that any other state of mind seemed unusual. Even as the words of this reply came into his mind, his countenance changed. But, remembering Uncle Phil's admonition, he checked himself, and forcing back into life the already half-extinguished smile, answered:

"Do I?"

"Yes; in better spirits than I have seen you for a long time. It does me good to see the sunshine in your face again."

"The sunshine in my face again, Mary? Why, has it been absent so long?"

Lester felt surprise, and showed it in his manner.

"Don't let it go out again, dear," said his wife, leaning fondly towards him.

"If it is so pleasant to you, Mary—"

"Pleasant, Harry! It is my life. Oh, if I could see your face wearing the cheerful expression it wore in the beginning of our married life, I would be the happiest woman alive."

Mrs. Lester's voice lost itself in a sob; and her eyes grew dim with tears; but the smile that lit up her wan face, and gave it an impression of former beauty, remained.

"Business brings its cares and anxieties, Mary; and these will shadow the face sometimes."

"I know it, dear. But, why not leave care and anxious thoughts behind, when the day's business is over? To sit at home in darkness cannot make you stronger for to-morrow's work. It is enough to be anxious and careful all day. Evening should refresh your mind with cheerfulness."

"True words, Mary: and I will try to profit by them. It does me good to see the sunshine in your face again."

"You can always have it there if you will," she answered.

"I can?"

"Yes; but only reflected sunshine. I am like the moon, and shine by borrowed light. If clouds cover your face, mine must lie in darkness."

That was an evening memorable in after times as the happiest one they had known for months, if not for years. Mary's aspect changed in an hour so entirely that she scarcely seemed like the same person. A neighbor who dropped in during the evening, said: "How much better you look, Mrs. Lester! I'm really glad to see it."

"I feel much better than I have felt for a long time," she replied.

Her husband looked and listened in wonder and self-rebuke. Uncle Phil's new remedy was working like a "charm."

"Can it be possible," he said to himself, "that the cause of her low spirits and failing health lies at my door? Has she been wasting like a plant deprived of sunshine? I did not dream of this. Women are different from men. I have not comprehended my wife."

In the morning Mrs. Lester looked cheerful and moved about with a lightness of step to which she had been for months a stranger. There was even warmth in the cheeks that had been colorless so long; a warmth that gave them an appearance of roundness.

"How is Mary to-day?" asked Uncle Phil, who called at the store of his nephew.

"She's better, I thank you."

"Ah! I'm glad to hear you say so. Did you try my remedy?" The old man smiled, and Lester smiled back in his face.

"Did you try it?"

"Yes."

"And it acted right?"

"Like a charm!"

"I knew it would!" said the old man gleefully. "I knew it would! Why, you moody fellow! you were killing your wife. Women must have a little sunshine at home, or they will die. And so Mary is better, dear heart! I was sure I had the right remedy."

"If there should be no relapse."

"Relapse! There can be no relapse, unless you take home a rueful face. Let her see you always cheerful and hopeful, and, my word for it, there will be no going back to low spirits."

"But, Uncle Phil," said the young man, "how am I always to look cheerful and hopeful, when my mind is burdened with care? It is requiring of me a great deal more, I am afraid, than I can give."

"Did your worrying all through the evening ever help you a particle on the next day, Harry?" asked the old man.

"I don't know that it did; still I couldn't help worrying."

"I know better. You can help worrying, if you will. You helped it last night, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"And you can help it to-night, and to-morrow night, if you will."

"How?"

"Think of your wife's health and happiness. That should be motive enough, surely, to cause a little self-denial."

"Self-denial, Uncle Phil!"

"Yes; for I think you must have a certain enjoyment in these moody states, else you would not indulge them so often. Your own reason tells you that they are fruitful of great harm. But a deeper reason why they should cease is, that they involve distrust in Providence. Harry, you are in the hands of One who knows your wants, and who will see that they are provided for just in the degree that is best for your eternal as well as your earthly good. No anxious care; no dread of coming disaster; no gloomy distrust or chafing doubt will change the events of to-morrow. They are to be ministers of good to you, though not always in the way you have desired. Is it not the worst of folly, then, to sit brooding in darkness because the affairs of your daily life do not shape themselves according to your short-sighted plannings? You can help this unhappy brooding over what cannot be changed, and you must do it."

"I will try," answered the young man.

"You must try, and succeed also. Let there be no giving up or going back. Habit is second nature. You have fallen into a bad habit. Break it up with a vigorous hand, and go to work in the formation of a good habit. After a while, you will find it as easy to carry home a pleasant face as you do a clouded one. And think what a wonderful difference it will make in your home!"

When the day was done he turned his steps homeward, he felt the old, dark states falling like funeral drapery around him. There has been nothing in the day's business of an unusually depressing character. It had been a fair day's business, and he should have been satisfied. But having indulged a morbid way of looking at things so long, his mind had taken on a diseased action, and now there was a troubled weight on his feelings, and a depression of spirits that it seemed impossible to throw off. Thus it was with him when he ascended the steps of his dwelling, and reached out his hand to open the door.

"This will not do," he said, pausing. And he stood still at the unopened door for some moments. "I shall mar everything."

Then he descended the steps, and passed up the street.

"It will never do in the world to carry this face home to Mary. I must try and find a better one. What a firm grip this fiend of brooding distrust has taken! I must shake him off and I will!" Thus he talked with himself as he strode away.

In ten minutes Lester was back again at his own door; and now he turned the key and entered without hesitation. He had shaken off the fiend, and had a smile, a kiss, and a pleasant word for Mary, which gave new life to her pulses, and sent the warm blood in flushes of beauty to her face.

Two applications of Uncle Phil's remedy were enough to satisfy Henry Lester of the real cause of his wife's disease; and to assure him that he had only to continue as he had begun to make certain of a speedy cure. He found the remedy good for himself also. His own mind had been diseased as well as the mind of his wife; but now he felt like a new man. Health was flowing through his veins and giving him a sense of enjoyment to which he had been a stranger for years.—*Exchange.*

Railway Engineers as Heroes.

No man eludes death oftener or more narrowly than the locomotive engineer, says Mr. Thaddeus S. Dayton, writing in *Harper's Weekly.* On a fast train the danger threatens and is gone in a fraction of a second. He goes on to tell of some of those "close calls" which every engineer must reckon as part of the day's work. There are a few cases, we are told, when Providence steps in and averts a disaster which seems inevitable.

The most remarkable instance of this sort happened many years ago on a railway in eastern Missouri. The story was told recently in the official organ of the Order of Railway Conductors.

One summer morning a twelve-car train containing the members of a Sunday school was bound for a picnic at a point about fifty miles distant. Although the sky was cloudless when the excursion started, the train had not proceeded more than half way when a thunderstorm broke. The rain fell in torrents. The engineer was worried for fear the terrific downpour might cause a washout or a spreading of the rails, and he slowed down to about 35 miles an hour.

As the train swung around a curve and approached a small station which it was to pass without stopping, the engineer, peering through the broken curtain of rain, saw that the switch just ahead was open. It meant a terrible disaster. He closed his throttle and put on the brakes in an instant.

"Better stick to it," he shouted to his fireman.

"I mean to," was the answer. "God help us all!"

His last words were drowned by a terrific crash of thunder which came simultaneously with a flash of lightning that seemed to strike the ground just ahead of the engine. The next thing they knew they were past the station, still riding safely on the main line rails.

The train came to a stop, and the engineer and conductor hurried back to discover what had happened and how the train had passed the open switch. They found that the lightning had struck squarely between the switch and the rail and had closed the switch.

"It was the act of God," said the engineer.

QUICK WITTED HEROISM.

More often the story of a close call is "a tale of quick-thinking heroism." We are told of an engineer whose presence of mind saved scores of lives in Newark, N. J., one December day a few years ago:

"A freight train was going up a steep grade about half a mile from the station when the couplings broke between the third and fourth cars from the end, and they began to roll down hill at a terrific speed. A long passenger train had just arrived and was standing directly in the path of the runaway cars. The engineer of the passenger train saw the approaching danger and realized in a flash that the on-rushing cars must be stopped at all hazards before they reached the station. Otherwise there would be a terrible loss of life. He uncoupled his engine, sprang into the cab and opened the throttle. The big engine bounded forward like a spirited horse struck with a whip. At the last moment before the collision the engineer shut off the steam and jumped. He landed unhurt in a heap of cinders. The engine crashed into the runaway cars, and an instant later there was nothing left of the locomotive or the cars but a mass of wreckage. At least a hundred lives were saved by the engineer's prompt action."

THE BROKEN DRIVING ROD.

"Occasionally a fastening of one of the great driving rods will break. Then at every revolution of the wheel to which the other end is attached, the great steel bar, weighing several thousand pounds, will come, "swinging like a Titan's flail," beating three hundred strokes a minute.

"No disaster comes so unexpectedly and is so much dreaded as this. Almost invariably it happens when the engine is running at high speed. When a driver breaks it is a miracle if the men in the cab escape with their lives. If they do survive, and by their heroism succeed in stopping the train and avoiding a wreck, despite the rain of blows from this huge flail of steel, their act brings forth a greater measure of praise than almost any other form of bravery that the railroad knows.

"Only the other day one of the driving rods of a fast passenger locomotive broke while the train was running more than sixty miles an hour down the steep grades of Pickerel Mountain. In an instant the whirling bar of steel had smashed the cab and broken the controlling mechanism, so that it was impossible to bring the train to a stop by ordinary means. The great locomotive lunged forward like a runaway horse that had thrown its rider. In some way, however, Lutz, the engineer, had escaped injury. He crept to the opposite side of the cab and climbed out through the little window upon the boiler to try to reach some of the controlling apparatus from the outside. He was working himself astride along the scorching boiler when suddenly the engine struck a curve, which it took at terrific speed. The shock half threw the engineer from his perilous position, but he saved himself by grasping the bell rope. Then he worked himself down along the uninjured side of the swaying locomotive to where he could open one of the principal steam valves. A cloud of vapor rushed forth with a tremendous roar. Although robbed of its power, the locomotive did not slacken speed until it reached the bottom of the grade. Then little by little the threshing of the great driving rod, which was pounding the upper part of the engine to pieces, grew slower, and finally it stopped. No one was killed or injured, and not a passenger in the long train knew until it was over of the danger that had been avoided so narrowly. If it had not been for the bravery of the engineer one of the worst wrecks in the history of railroading might have resulted."

AN EXTRAORDINARILY CLOSE CALL.

One of the most extraordinarily close calls that an engineer ever had occurred on a Western railroad last year, says Mr. Dayton:

"A heavily loaded 'flier' was sailing along one night at between sixty and seventy miles an hour, approaching a broad river that was spanned by a drawbridge, which was sometimes open and sometimes closed. The train was supposed to come to a halt and the engineer to find out. If all was well he would sound the whistle and proceed slowly. On this night, however, the long train rushed on the bridge with undiminished speed. Fortunately, the draw had just been closed and nothing happened.

"The engineer's failure to stop at the bridge was the first intimation that the fireman had of anything wrong. He ran around to the engineer's side of the cab, shut off steam, and applied the brakes. He found the engineer fallen forward, senseless, with an ugly gash in his head. Beside him lay the stone which had inflicted the wound. It was afterwards established beyond question that in some inexplicable way this stone had been picked up by the engine itself while moving at its great speed and hurled into the cab. If the draw had not been closed that night when the 'flier' rushed across the bridge there would have been another accident which would have added to the story of railroading a mystery almost as deep as any connected with the navigation of the sea."

Such things as these make the engineers fatalists. According to Mr. Dayton, all of them believe that they will die when their time comes, and there isn't much use of worrying about it. Mr. Dayton concludes with the story of an engineer on a Southwestern railroad who firmly believes that he bears a charmed life:

SAVED BY A CYCLONE.

"Several years ago he was hauling a long train of refrigerator-cars loaded with fruit from California and running on express time. It was toward the close of a hot mid-summer day. The track stretched for miles straight away over a level plain. In the distance a storm seemed to have broken, and the engineer observed that it seemed to be moving diagonally toward him. In a few minutes he dashed into a torrent of rain, and then, preceded by an ominous hush, he heard the roar of the cyclone. A broad, shallow river spanned by a wooden bridge lay just ahead. Peering through the darkness, the engineer fancied that he saw the funnel-shaped cloud embrace and obliterate the bridge. The next thing that he knew was that he was sailing through the air, and his last thought was that he would land in the river and could not swim.

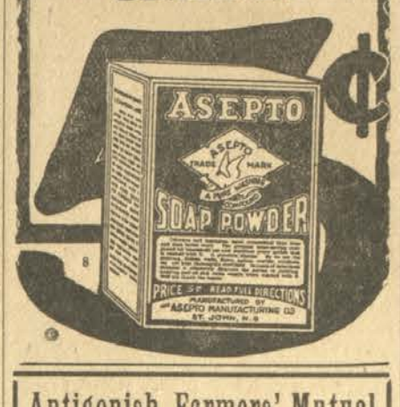
"When he recovered consciousness he was lying in a wheat-field five hundred feet from the track amid the debris of the woodwork of the engine. Much to his surprise, he was still alive. He struggled to his knees and saw his fireman crawling toward him. When the storm lulled they made their way to the track and thence to the river. A mass of wreckage almost dammed the stream. In its indescribable confusion they recognized what had been their train. The cyclone had torn the cab free and carried it and its occupants to safety. They were the only ones of the train crew who escaped."—*Star.*

Pluck.

A little rill came tumbling down
Upon the jutting rocks,
And got the very hardest kind
Of bruises, bumps and knocks.
But it bravely leaped and laughed,
And went upon its way—
Precisely as a boy should do
When he gets hurt at play!

ASEPTO SOAP POWDER sweetens the home

YOUR GROCER SELLS IT



Antigonish Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company

Every farmer ought to become a member by insuring against loss by fire. In this Company every member has a voice in the election of officers, and the spending of his own money. As the rates are light there are none so poor but they can afford to place a small amount on their premises, and very few so rich that they can afford to lose their buildings. There remains but two things to do—either insure, or if you prefer it, get some one to travel among your neighbours with a subscription list. When you look at it in this light, I think you will much prefer to insure, and receive by right rather than charity. Every information by applying to

GEORGE VINTEN
SECRETARY TO THE COMPANY

Kendall's Spavin Cure

The cure that saves horsemen and farmers millions of dollars every year.

It is known the world over as the one certain, reliable remedy for Spavin, Curb, Splint, Ringbone, Bony Growths and any Lameness.

Cases just developing and old, stubborn sores and swellings readily yield to the wonderful curative powers of this famous remedy.

Orangeville, Ont., Dec. 21, '08

"We had a horse which was getting very lame on account of a Spavin. I was anxious about him as we could not work the beast when we most needed him.

Our teamster saw Kendall's Spavin Cure in the store and tried it.

I am pleased to say he had success as the horse has stopped limping and is doing his day's work."

W. A. NICHOLSON.

Don't worry about Spavins, Growths, Swellings or Lameness, but use Kendall's Spavin Cure. It cures every time. The world's best liniment for man and beast.

$1. a bottle—6 for $5. Get our book "A Treatise On The Horse," free at dealers or from us.

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

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Established 1873.

Members Montreal Stock Exchange.

Direct Private Wires.

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Orders for listed securities executed on all Exchanges instantly over our exclusive wire. Continuous quotations. The best Market and Financial News available. From our long experience and efficient service to the public, covering the past thirty-five years, we have become established as the principal centre for local securities, including

Municipal Debentures
Bank Stocks and Corporation Bonds and Stocks : : : : :

These are bought and sold at Net Rates, and delivered at purchaser's nearest bank FREE OF CHARGE.
Correspondence Invited.

FARM FOR SALE

The valuable and well-known farm situated at Beech Hill road, about 2½ miles from the Town of Antigonish. It consists of 200 acres, 80 of which is in good state of cultivation, and 120 in pasture 60 is intervale land, and 60 well wooded. Soil is a fertile loam. Farm cuts annually fifty tons hay. Dwelling 34 x 26; barn is 80 x 30. Pasture is well watered; well at house and well at barn, will be sold on easy terms. Apply to

WILLIAM CHISHOLM, Beech Hill
Box 325, Antigonish.

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.

J A WALL.

Antigonish, 16th March, 1910.

Maritime Dental College

Affiliated with Dalhousie University and Halifax Medical College.

Session opens

August 30th, 1910.

For information and calendar address

DR. FRANK WOODBURY, Dean
192 Pleasant St., Halifax, N. S.

SEWING MACHINES.

For more than fifty years Singer Sewing Machines have been recognized as maintaining the highest standard of excellence. Easy running, it has no equal for light or heavy work.

Sold on easy terms.

S. G. KEATING, Agent, Antigonish.

CARRIAGES!

One carload just received. Best workmanship, material and design.

Our prices are the lowest and we give good terms.

Do not buy till you call on us.

BONNER'S.

Cooper's Fly Knocker

For warding off the attacks of

Flies and Mosquitoes

—ON—

Cattle, Horses and Sheep.

INCREASES MILK YIELD OF COWS; ENERGY of HORSES WOOL - CLIP of SHEEP : : : : :

Cheap and Effective.

M. S. COX
TRURO, - N. S.

Hides! Hides!
500 Hides Wanted

C. B. Whidden & Son are paying cash as usual and pay as high as the highest: : : : :

Also want

1000 Pelts

C. B. Whidden & Son.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

1904, C. No. 348.

In the County Court for the District No. 6.

Between JOHN D. COPELAND, Plaintiff
—AND—
JOHN SCOTT GORDON, Defendant

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

WEDNESDAY

the 17th day of August, 1910, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon.

All the estate, right, title, interest, property, claim and demand of the above-named defendant at the time of the recording of the judgment herein, or at any time since, of, in and to

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of

LAND

situate, lying and being at James River, in the County of Antigonish, aforesaid, and described as follows: Bounded towards the South by lands of William McDonald; towards the West by lands of Roderick McDonald and lands of Robert Nichols; towards the North by lands formerly owned by Donald McLean and lately owned by Alexander McAdam, and towards the East by lands of Robert Nichols and lands of Colin McDonald, containing two hundred acres, more or less, together with the privileges and appurtenance thereto belonging.

The same having been levied upon under an execution issued pursuant to an order of this Honourable Court, dated the 9th day of July, inst., a judgment duly recovered herein, which was recorded for upwards of one year.

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

Dated Sheriff's office, Antigonish, N. S., July 11, 1910.

D. D. CHISHOLM,
Sheriff.

ALLAN McDONALD,
Plaintiff's Solicitor on Execution.

THE CASKET.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS, $1.00.

No Subscriptions discontinued until all arrearages thereon are paid.

Subscriptions in United States are discontinued at expiration of period paid for.

ADVERTISING RATES.

ONE INCH, first insertion, SIXTY CENTS
" second " - - TWENTY CENTS

Special Rates for periods of two months or longer.

Advertisements in Local Column inserted at the rate of 10c. per line each insertion

Changes in Contract advertising must be in by Monday.

OBITUARY Poetry not inserted.

JOB PRINTING.

Neat and Tasty Work done in this Department. Facilities for all Descriptions of Job Printing are A-1.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 4.

FAREWELL TO THE ROYAL INSULT.

The bill to change the King's oath has passed its second reading in the British House of Commons by a majority of 410 to 84. The form of the new declaration, as it now stands, is that the King states that he is a faithful Protestant.

There has been a good deal of agitation in England; but only the extremists wish the former abominable language retained. The chief point of discussion has been the form of the new declaration; and the Anglicans and the Nonconformists have done most of the wrangling as to whether the King was to be made to swear that he is a faithful member of "the Protestant reformed Church as by law established in England," by which is meant the Church of England, or that he is a faithful Protestant which is pretty broad; and in this latter form the Bill now reads. It goes now into committee: and it is expected that it will be finally passed in the Commons, as the second reading is generally regarded as an approval of the principle of a bill. Of course its form may be yet altered considerably. It remains to be seen whether the House of Lords will add one more to the long list of wise and liberal reform measures they have blocked, by holding up this bill.

Under present conditions, the chances seem to be in favor of their passing it.

The Legislature of the Commonwealth of Australia passed a resolution in favor of the change. The orangemen of Canada presented a petition against it. We are glad to know that all the ill-temper, all the harsh language, all the bitterness developed by the whole discussion has come from the opponents of the change, and that the attitude and utterances of Catholics everywhere have been calm, dignified and patient.

In marked contrast with the tone of some papers in this Province is an editorial published by the *Wesleyan*, from which we quote as follows:

There has been much discussion over clauses in the declaration of personal belief which Sovereigns of the British Empire are required to make on accession to office, which are considered offensive to their numerous Roman Catholic subjects. The government of the day has considered the matter and proposes to make the Declaration state what the Sovereign does, and not what he does not, believe, thus doing away with the offensive references to Roman Catholic doctrines. The proposed Declaration reads:

(Here the *Wesleyan* gives the new declaration:)

We certainly think this is very much to be preferred to the former statement, and hope that it may be adopted by Parliament. The first reading was carried by a vote of 383 to 42

The *Wesleyan* then says: "It is contended by some that in the oath taken by bishops and other dignitaries, etc., etc., and states the substance of the bogus Bishops' oath and proceeds as follows:

These contentions are strenuously denied by Roman Catholic periodicals. We are not in a position to say how much or little truth there may in these charges and denials, but even if the charges should be well founded, we still believe that the proposed Declaration is much preferable to the former denunciation of Roman Catholic beliefs. Britain allows great freedom of speech, all creeds, even to anarchists, so long as they commit no overt acts endangering to the state, and we do not consider that it is necessary or wise for the Sovereign of the Empire to be called upon to denounce the beliefs of great bodies of their subjects whether they be Mohammedans, Buddhists, or Roman Catholics; to do so, is to annoy and irritate millions of those who are to be considered loyal subjects until they are proved to be otherwise.

We wish that our friend the *Wesleyan* had gone a little further in the exercise of the good sense exhibited in the above passages, and ignored the bogus oath until such time as someone of reputable standing is prepared to answer for its existence and to raise it above the level of a vicious libel, and our friend may or may not have been deliberate in listing Catholics with the Mohammedans and Buddhists. But, upon any view, the utterance is in pleasing contrast with the editorial libel of *Church Work*, and the sneaking manner in which some other "representative Canadian papers" have dealt with the subject.

The Eucharistic Congress.

(Continued from page 1.)

alize the greatness, the courage, and the seerlike vision of La Salle. He was a king of men, and a statesman among Kings; and when we see this incomparable man, haunting the Court of Louis Quatorze to get France's aid to found a mighty Empire, we are struck with the futility and impotence of genius and the folly of power and its parasites. Neither Balzaac or Dumas ever conceived a story so romantic, so pathetic, so improbable as that of La Salle.

He built the first ships that sailed the great lakes, and the first boat that floated down the Mississippi to the sea. In the depths of winter he has crossed half a continent on foot, over a wilderness of snow and ice and alone. Never were such powers of endurance as his, never such incomparable resolutions, and had Louis XIV listened to him rather than to his courtiers and parasites, the whole history of the world would have been different. There would have been no French Revolution and no Chatham. And yet, La Salle died like Caesar and like Lincoln, killed before his time by fanaticism and tolly.

Often from the heights of Mount Royal, I have looked out over the City of Montreal, to the noble tide of the St. Lawrence sweeping by. Often have I marvelled at its magnificent churches and its shrines. Often in my dreams, I see a commerce centered here far surpassing that ever enjoyed by Venice, Genoa or London. In my day - dreams also do I see in ages yet to come, great poets, artists and painters dwelling here, but never one so renowned, so romantic, so incomparable as La Salle. He saw the future greatness of Canada and New France. He realised long before Jefferson, Pitt or Burke, the transformation of the world which the settlement and growth of the Western Continent must bring about, and his monument is yet to be built.

Great and illustrious men from every land and clime will visit Montreal in September, and will view the island city from the summit of Mount Royal. They will see a city far surpassing in wealth, in importance, in comfort and in luxury the Paris of Louis XIV. They will see a city that at the close of this century will outrival London, Paris and New York in wealth, in commerce, and in power. Let there be no illusion about it. Montreal is the natural gate-way of commerce of North American Continent, and wth amazing foresight or good fortune Canada has succeeded in centering here the greatest commercial enterprise and the best and most successful transportation system that industry and statesmanship have yet devised. The Island of Manhattan, so rich, so famous, so wonderful, will not and cannot hold its own in wealth and commerce against the Island of Mount Royal, and that is what the enlightened visitors to the Eucharistic Convention can see for themselves from the wonderful slopes of the Mountain from which Montreal derives its name.

Is it not fitting that the Eucharistic Convention should have its first sittings on the American Continent in such a city? Is it not a wonderful coincidence, that doctors, scholars and philosophers from every land and clime should assemble in such an age as this at the shrine of our Lady of Mount Royal to proclaim to all the world the unchanged and unchangeable dogmas of the church, which was old ere the Frank crossed the Rhine, or the Anglo-Saxon ceased to be a painted savage. In an age of boastful infidelity and blatant unbelief the proceedings at this Convention in Montreal will speak louder than hours of thunder to a listening world, that Catholicism is to-day more potent, more inspiring, and more wonderful in its achievement than ever in its history.

The Archbishop of Westminster and Earl Marshall are coming from England, and Archbishop O'Connell will deliver a sermon from a platform erected on the slopes of Mount Royal. Cardinal Vantuelli will represent Rome, and Archbishop Farley New York, and Archbishop Ireland the West; and I am not at all sure that this will not be the most remarkable assembly that has ever been seen in the Church since the College of the Apostles dispersed to preach the Gospel to the world nearly nineteen hundred years ago. The Paris of Richelieu and the Paris of Louis XIV. is gone. The Paris of to-day is not the Paris of old; it is not the Paris of Louis IX. nor of St. Thomas Aquinas. For seven centuries the great church of Notre Dame in Paris resounded with the strains of that wonderful Tantum Ergo which the genius of St. Thomas Aquinas gave the Christian world. Its echoes are no longer heard within those lofty aisles by the bank of the Seine, but here where the St. Lawrence sweeps onward to the sea, in the City of Our Lady of Mount Royal, in a new world, where men are free, and hopeful, the great hymn of St. Thomas Aquinas is sung in a hundred churches to the music of Verdi and Gounod, and with an intensity of devotion never surpassed since the followers of the crucified worshipped in the Catacombs, where in September, Celt and Saxon, Frank and Goth, Latin and Slav, Semite and Tartar, African and Oriental will meet to repeat the prayers and the hymns that the greatest Christian philosophers composed for the Church seven hundred years ago. Well might the eyes of the whole world be focussed on such an assembly, and on a city so full of piety and romantic story as this city — Our Lady of Mount Royal.

P. A. O'FARRELL.

From Our London Correspondent.

GARMISCH, BAVARIA, July 20, 1910.

There is one event in the cycle of the years which has no equal and no imitators. It is the Passion Play performed every decade by the peasants of the famous Bavarian village of Oberammergau. We are now on our pilgrim way to this wonderful and sublime spectacle and our way lies refreshingly far from the modern and Protestant world with its scepticism and its cold criticism. From these we have fled to this charming retreat at the foot of the highest mountains in Germany, a tiny village nestling in the lovely Alpine valley surrounded by wonderful snow peaks, deep gorges, and shady woods, while every height is crowned by a cross, the houses are adorned by statues of Saints and Angels, the roadside Calvaries draw the thoughts to that Passion which is the mainspring of the people's lives, and the mountain torrents, the wonderful wild flowers, the lovely and lonely lakes hidden amidst the hills, the whispering pine forests, the legended ruins all combine to make an atmosphere of simplicity, faith and adoration which is the best of all preparations for the Passion Play.

As we shall visit some of the Catholic cities of Germany and Belgium on our return journey, we may now confine ourselves to some brief notes of our stay in Garmisch. Even after our departure from England and all the teaming interests of London, the Imperial interest did not slacken all at once. It was useful to note the aspect of Germany, her fair fields covered with crops, her smart officials bent on duty, her splendid cavalry, seen in serried ranks with sunlight flashing on golden helm and lance as we crossed the Rhine. Most beautiful of all her old Catholic cities with their grand Cathedrals, her villages, a collection of quaint brown and red roofs nestling amid the fertile plains or tucked away within a grove of trees. Our companions on the journey were also interesting. At dinner one night in the saloon we met a New Zealander, as plendid specimen of what the Colonies can produce, and a man who had travelled all over the world and loved and knew the earth's wild places. He gave us his opinion on the Old Country and its present administration. It was flattering to neither but it was valuable to have. He could also say something from experience on the subject of Women's Suffrage and he did not favour it.

"We look upon the Old Country as Home, and it is nice for a visit, but we would not care to live there." "We think the Old Country is going down." And the arguments against universal Women's Suffrage were very strong though our vis-a-vis realised quite fully the injustice to women of property. Then amongst our party we had the pleasure of numbering an American priest from New York, whose nationality soon made itself known, for he carried a small silk replica of the Stars and Stripes, and as we passed the beautiful lake where the unfortunate Ludwig drowned himself, this little flag came into requisition to signal an American pleasure yacht lying by the shore.

In Munich we found a vast crowd of all nationalities and conditions of life making their way up to the Passion Play. The crowd at the station was exceedingly picturesque. Priests, French, Austrian, Bavarian, Mountaineers carrying ice axe, alpenstock and knapsack, women in their handsome costume, with low necked bodices, fashionable ladies in the latest Paris and Vienna confections, guides with bronzed faces and clear eyes, British and American tourists with the inevitable Cook's man, and scores of German University students in their bright coloured college caps. In fact the crush was so great that the trains were being run in three sections and even so there were most desperate struggles to secure places, many first class passengers being glad to secure a third class carriage if they might only reach the desired goal. We soon left the plains of Munich and its environs far behind, and began to ascend towards the mountains through fragrant woods, with here and there glimpses of lake or river and far away views of the wonderful castle of Neuschwanstein, one of the gorgeous palaces built by the unfortunate King. By the evening we were seated on a balcony shaded by chestnut trees overlooking one of the grandest views in the Bavarian Tirol. And here let me pause in passing to give a hint to those of our readers who desire to see the Passion Play this year. If you have the time, don't rush straight to the Play, but make a pause, entering as it were for a moment one of those old Miserere seats placed close to a Catholic altar, where the good monks spent hours in meditation. We can meditate and at the same time sooth both body and mind jaded by the weariness of life; here in Garmisch, the mountains give inspiration, the faith permeates the life of the people through and through, and the rural simplicity of the life is the finest antidote possible for the ennui of to-day. In Garmisch, at the Villa Bethell, Catholics will find a charming residence with a Catholic family of gentlefolk, who are well known in the Roman world where they spend the winter. Here all arrangments are made for the Passion Play so that the visitor has the advantage of securing the best seats through people who are known as residents. In addition to this every delightful excursion imaginable lies ready to gratify your fancy. If you are a mountaineer, the frowning height of the Zugspitze will call you, or the Waxenstein or other mighty peaks; if you are a botanist, here you will find a wealth of Alpine flora, edelweiss, alpenrosen, hare bells, sloe roses, wild thyme, candytuft, and a host of others flood the air with their incense as your foot presses them; the woods are full of wonderful vegetation and beneath their shadows the deer, and sometimes the chamois, on the higher slopes, pause to gaze upon one almost without fear. It is an experience to wander up the mountains by moonlight after the mountain glow of rose and gold has faded from the peaks, and wonderful and lovely as the tiny Badersee lake is by sunlight, with its marvellous vivid green water of that mystic shade usually associated with elf and fay, it is yet more wonderful when you see that same wonderful hue in the moonlight, and gazing into the depths of the translucent water meet the weird glance of the Nixie which some cunning hand has carved upon the rock beneath. In the ruined Castle of Wwerdenfels, once the stronghold of the Prince Bishops who ruled the surrounding country, a ghost is said to walk, and at least the ruins are intensely interesting from their antiquity, for they date from the seventh century. For those who like adventures there is the beautiful gorge of the Percknacklamm, where one walks, between high rocks covered with fern and vegetation, on a path suspended over the broiling river; or the more terrible Hollanthalklamm, where rocky paths alternate with pitchy tunnels in the solid rock, while the narrow gorge is almost choaked with overhanging masses of snow, and light at last leads us to a glacier across which we pass to ascend the mountain and return on the further side.

Another delightful drive is to old world Mittenwald, a small and unpretentious village which supplies the world with its violins. The quaint street of the wide roofed houses each stepping out ahead of its neighbour is most fascinating, and many of the houses are most beautiful, frescoed, always with scenes from the life of our Lord or our Blessed Lady. Before the church stands a fine bronze statue of Joseph Klotz who brought the violin industry to Mittenwald two centuries ago. Within the sacred edifice are many features of interest, in particular a miraculous crucifix, the ancient and anguished figure on which was found by some peasant of the neighbourhood while digging in a field, and the remarkable feature of which is that real hair is growing on the head and chin. The standards carried by the various confraternities were also most beautiful and interesting. You often see these brilliantly colored poles crowned by a small figure of the Saint who is the particular patron of the craft concerned, and very beautiful is their workmanship. The violin factory showed us the various process employed, every bit of the work being done by hand, the pine wood used coming from the surrounding forests while the sycamore for the back comes from Poland. The peasants work the wood in their homes during the winter and bring it up to the little factory for the finishing. Sometimes a nail driven into a young sapling by some thoughtless boy many and many a year ago, will nullify the work of weeks, for the nail has disappeared in the growth of the tree, only to appear piercing the hollowed wood of a viola front, which has to be cast aside when the defect is found at the last moment. There is in this little factory every known pattern of the violin, and it was most interesting to study the various differences between a Stradivarius and a Klotz. Here, too, it was possible to purchase instruments for something like one-third of the sum paid in shops at home.

We were singularly fortunate to arrive at the moment of the Archbishop of Munich's visitation to the village. On Sunday last His Grace went on procession through the village from the priest's house to the New Church as it is called, though it can already boast two hundred years of existence. The procession looked very beautiful winding over the rustic bridges flung across the innocent looking little Loisach which less than a month ago was a raging flood sweeping all before it. At the head walked the village band, playing a Bavarian air of great beauty and spirit; they were followed by the men of the various confraternities wearing their sashes of blue and white, then came the clergy of the Parish, a fine body

(Continued on page 5)

Women's Suffrage—A Set Back.

The *London Tablet* has, for many years, been advocating, more or less openly the cause of Women's Suffrage. The following from its leading article in the issue of July 16 is both interesting and sane:

By a majority of 109 the House of Commons has decided that Mr. Shackleton's Bill for conferring the Parliamentary franchise on certain classes of women ought to be become law; a few moments later the same House of Commons, by a majority of 145, decided that the Bill shall not become law. They blessed the Bill, and then, without even a decent interval, they proceeded to strangle it. It was in keeping with the tangle of insincerities by which the movement has been surrounded now for forty years. To pass the Second Reading of the Bill meant nothing, but to send it at once to a Standing Committee meant business, and so leave was at once refused. The net result is a decided set-back to the cause. It is now certain that the present House of Commons does not mean to allow women to have the vote. But results not inconsiderable have been secured. The second division list is a permanent record separating friends and foes. Another result is the splendid vindication of the political capacity of women which the whole episode supplies. Let us rule out for the moment the avowed opponents of the movement, and contrast the conduct of its women supporters with those of its professed friends of the other sex — men like Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George. The female supporters of women's franchise semed hopelessly divided as to the way in which the cause should be advocated and the sort of Bill they wished to promote. Some wished for a Bill that should give votes to a small number of select persons, lady-like people who live in nice houses and pay rates regularly. Others wanted a broad democratic measure, based upon universal adult suffrage, which would give votes to eleven million women. Between these two extremes was found every variety of opinion.

(Continued on page 7)

Meeting of St. F. X. Alumni Association on August 18.

It has been decided to hold the annual meeting and banquet of the St. F. X. Alumni Association on Thursday, August 18. The following program has been agreed upon —

THURSDAY, AUG. 18.

11.00 a. m. — Meeting of Members of Executive.
2.30 p. m.—General Meeting of all the members in the College Hall.
6.00 p. m.—Alumni Dinner.
8.00 p. m.—Public Address by Mr. Bourassa, followed by Smoker, speeches, etc., in the College Assembly Hall.

It is hoped that the Alumni meeting will be very largely attended.

DRUMMOND COAL

INTERCOLONIAL COAL MINING COMPANY, Limited
Westville, - Nova Scotia

For Sale at ANTIGONISH by JAMES KENNA

HUGH D. McKENZIE, Agent, ST. PAUL BUILDING HALIFAX.

FOOT PROTECTION FOR HOT DAYS

Your feet can be easily injured these days, by not being properly cared for.

At no time of the year are your feet more sensitive to foot troubles than during the hot Summer months.

This is the time when they perspire easily, swell and become very painful.

All Summer foot troubles can be avoided by wearing the right shoes—INVICTUS Colored Shoes.

The colored leather used in INVICTUS Shoes is porous, so that air is constantly circulating around your feet.

We have INVICTUS Colored Shoes both in Oxfords and Boots, either in Lace and Blucher Style in all the newest 1910 shapes — the shapes that lead the styles in Canada.

A. KIRK & COMPANY

The Royal Bank of Canada

Established over thirty years in Antigonish.

Branches in Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Capital and Surplus $10,700,000.
Total Assets $71,000,000.

Savings' Department

A joint account may be opened in the name of two members of the family. In case of death of either, the survivor can continue the account, without the usual legal formalities.

Antigonish Branch J. F. BLAGDON, Manager

THOMAS SOMERS
General Store.

On the way another car of that celebrated JEWEL FLOUR also Bran and Oats.

Ready-Made Clothing
Another lot of ready-made clothing for Men, Youths and Children in the latest patterns just in.

Boots and Shoes
We are leaders in offering good serviceable footwear. A large stock to select from.

Brantford Carriages
for sale on favorable terms. CARRIAGE CANOPIES (can be used on any carriage) CARRIAGE DUSTERS, etc.

Dairy Supplies
Headquarters for all DAIRY SUPPLIES.
Highest market price allowed for all produce.

THOMAS SOMERS

General News.

The State of Minnesota is to be envived. It has nearly four millions of dollars in its treasury, and its financial position justifies the hope that it will not have to collect any taxes for the year 1911.

Reports received from all parts of the West indicate that the grain this year will be only about a three-fourths crop. The enormous increase in acreage, however, will help to keep the total yield up to that of other years.

At least 15, perhaps 20, negroes, all of them probably unarmed, were hunted down and killed by a mob of from two to three hundred men in Slocum and Denison Springs neighborhood of Palestine, Texas, on Saturday. No reason is given.

Mrs. John T. Brine of Halifax was struck by an automobile just as she was boarding a street car on Granville street on Friday last, and was so badly injured that she died Saturday night. The automobile was driven by Mrs. H. M. Pride, who was placed under arrest and admitted to bail.

A sad accident occurred off Table Head, New Aberdeen, C. B., August 1st, when Richard Phillips New Aberdeen and Peter Ponsay and son Sydney Mines lost their lives by the capsizing of their boat about two hundred yards from the shore. No trace of the bodies has yet been found.

In the Commons, on Thursday, the government's new form of the King's declaration was adopted without division in committee, and a smooth passage of the bill in the House of Lords this week is anticipated. It passed its second reading in the House of Lords on Monday without division and was approved on all sides. The Archbishop of Canterbury admitted he shared in drafting the new form of oath.

Louis Rostelli, a granite cutter of Quincey, Mass., on Friday last, while in an unexplained frenzy, shot and killed two persons and wounded three others. His mother, Mrs. Rose Rostelli, aged 65 years, and Harry C. Harding, aged 56 years, are dead. Gaspare Rostelli, brother of the murderer, received three bullet wounds, and C. Theodore Harding, a brother of the dead man, was shot in the knee-pan and will be a cripple for life.

The strike on the Grand Trunk Railway has been settled. The increased schedule of rates offered by President Hays of the Grand Trunk has been accepted, which is said to give the men an average increase of 18 per cent in wages. The men are also promised that the rates now in force on the C. P. R. lines east of Fort William, which are pratically the standard rates demanded by the men, shall come into force on January 1, 1912.

The Canadian Government has lately passed an Order-in-Council increasing the rates of pay for the officers and men of the Canadian navy. The main figures were made public during the last session of Parliament. The rates vary from 25 to over 50 per cent more than the British rates. Captains on promotion will receive $8.20 per day, after four four years service $9, and after eight years service $9.60. Command money will be $3 per day on promotion, with $4 after four years service and $4.50 after eight years service. Commanders will receive $6 per day on promotion and lieutenants $4 per day with corresponding increases as above for length of service. Engineer Captains will receive $13.50 per day. Other figures include the following: Chief Warrant Officers on promotion $3.50. Gunners boat swains and carpenters $2.50, able seamen, 70 cents. Ordinary seamen 50 cents. The allowances for the up-keeps of kits, gratuities, etc, are similiar to the regulations of the British Admiralty.

A murder case in London, Eng., recently has been extensively featured in the newspapers of Europe and America, and has had a rather dramatic side happening on Sunday last, when the alleged murderer was arrested on the steamer Montrose from Antwerp off Father Point, in the St. Lawrence. Scotland Yard, Britain's famous agency for the detection of criminals, set the police of Western Europe and Eastern America as well as those of the large seaports in other Continents on the hunt for the murderer, with the above result. The murderer, Dr. Crippen, is charged with killing his wife, Belle Elmore, an actress, burying her body in the cellar of his home, and fleeing with a young girl named Ethel Clare LeNeve. The body was discovered. The murderer and his companion had apparently cleverly concealed their tracks and for a time it appeared they had escaped. Just as the search for the murderer seemed to be useless, a wireless message from the Montrose, then crossing the Atlantic, announced that two suspects were on board. They were registered as Rev. Dr. Robertson and son, the girl having dressed in boy's clothing, Crippen had false eye-brows and beard, which was noticed, and directed suspicion to him. Crippen and his paramour are Americans, as was also the murdered woman. A large number of newspaper representatives accompanied the detectives out to meet the steamer when the arrest was to be made. No event of this kind in recent years has received such sensational attention from the newspapers. Crippen appeared in Court at Quebec on Monday, and was remanded for 15 days.

St. Francis Xavier's Summer School.

Rev. M. J. Ryan, D. D., Ph. D., Professor of the history of Philosophy in St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, N. Y., delivered two lectures last week before the summer session of St. Francis Xavier's College at Antigonish, N. S. The first lecture dealt with the history of Colonial Systems, European and American; the second with the development of the American Constitution. The lecturer said that question of Colonial policies had assumed a new interest since the U. S. had launched out into a new colonial system. The American Republic, indeed, had always from 1787 had a colonial policy; for the Western State are colonies from the original thirteen, that at first formed the American nation, and became the "Mother-country" of new States. "Territory" is only another name for Colony, and over the Territories, the American Republic always practiced "Taxation without Representation." But in addition to this old Colonial Policy, the U. S. has now another "Colonial" policy, since the acquirement by war and conquest of the over-sea dominions. The older Colonies called "Territories" had the prospect of ultimately becoming the equals of the thirteen original States; but the new "Colonies" are essentially and necessarily subjects, like the inhabitants of India; nay, the Filipinos, for instance, are subjects of the American nation, whereas the East Indians are not subjects of the people of Britain, but subjects of the King-Emperor, and fellow-subjects of the British people.

The term "Colony" has had various meanings in history. The ancient Greek Colonies had no political but simply a sentimental conection with the Mother-State. The Roman Colonies were military garrisons planted in conquered countries. The French speak of colonies of population and colonies of exploitation. In English the term, when unqualified by any adjective, usually refers to a settlement of population from the mother-country, —what used to be called a "Plantation."

(Continued on page 6.)

From Our London Correspondent.

(Continued from page 4)

of tall and stately priests. The Archbishop, a noble-looking man of commanding height, walked under a canopy of white and gold, and though his eye was stern his glance wandered over all his children followed by his blessing, and did not fail to reach the pilgrim photographer ensconced on the river bank some yards away. Everything is very early here, and therefore High Mass was sung last Monday by the Archbishop at 8 a m., followed immediately by the confirmation of some four hundred children. The greatness of the occasion brought out the Godmothers in their smartest dresses and costumes, which made the sight very charming and unusual. The men and boys sat on one side of the Church, and the women and girls on the other. The Church is very loftly and handsome, with some fine paintings, four altars besides the high altar and a splendid sanctuary. It looked more beautiful than usual for the mountain flowers, the branches of the fir trees, and even young ash saplings had been requisitioned to make it like a bower of foliage. The children, girls, were all in white with wreathes of flowers on their heads, but no veils. The mothers and grandmothers were in wonderful and picturesque costumes, the older women wearing very quaint seal skin caps something in the shape of a tea cosy with a dint in the middle covered with gold. The majority wore full black silk dresses and full aprons of white soft silk. The mothers wore full skirts of various materials, aprons of white silk and shoulder shawls of white silk heavily fringed and embroidered with flowers in various coloured silks; their hats were curious, small and low crowned with wide turned-up brims, something like an old beaver, the crown was almost hidden by twists of silver cord, which fell in a knot at the back, fastening a spray of red field flowers hanging out over the shoulders; the young girls wore full bright print skirts, blue, green or pink aprons with long ribbon streamers, low square bodices of white linen, and green hats with the lovely feathery plume of the eagle stuck in at the back. The men were equally picturesque, their short leather breeches were held by broad braces embroidered in green, worsted leggings leaving the feet and ankles bare, strong boots, white shirts, and green beaver hats set jauntily and carrying a plume or a chamois tail completed their garb.

Another picturesque sight was a funeral which took place in the early morning with many women carrying lighted tapers of bright colour, and immense wreathes of roses. But tomorrow we must leave all this for the Passion Play. CATHOLICUS.

Liquor Prosecutions.

To the Editor of The Casket:

SIR, – A masked correspondent in your issue of last week, whose intemperate language you very properly rebuke, makes the implied charge against the Town Council that it is not endeavouring to enforce the law against the sale of liquor. He makes special mention of those of its members who were elected on that issue a few months ago. And although his letter does not, in itself, call for any statement in reply, yet its publication in your columns, added to the circumstance that the facts respecting this matter are very little known, makes a statement of those facts opportune. As one of those elected on the issue referred to, I recognize that the people of this Town have a right to know what we have done towards enforcing the law.

In nominating the committees for the year, the Mayor showed his earnest desire for the full enforcement of the law by putting upon the License Committee both the Councillors who had appealed for support on this ground, together with another strong temperance man. The first thing before the new Council was the selection of an Inspector of Licenses. The man who had held the office, combined with that of policeman, for a number of years previously, had resigned a few weeks before and had left the Town. His successor in the latter office was an applicant, as was also another man. Desiring to get the very best officer available, the Council postponed the appointment and advertised for applications. After a thorough inquiry, they selected the present officer as, in their judgment, the best among the applicants.

It being thoroughly understood that anyone already convicted of a second offence against the law then in force would, if evidence of another offence were discovered, be prosecuted for the third, such a prosecution was instituted against a repeated offender.

At once the members of the Committee were approached through one of their number, and asked to make an illegal compromise. The Committee refused. The accused retained the services of Mr. R. R. Griffin, well-known for his strongly and frequently expressed views on the temperance question. The accused was convicted after trial, and was arrested. His counsel applied to the Judge of the County Court for the district for his release, under the Act respecting the Liberty of the Subject. He was given bail pending the bearing. Counsel for the License Inspector, who had been such for some considerable time, drew it to my attention that his arrangement with his client did not provide for his opposing the application for release, and suggested that if the Town intended to oppose the application and desired to retain him, provision should be made accordingly. I replied that as chairman I would call the License Committee together at once. This was done immediately and while the Committee was still in session, application was made to counsel to state the fee required. The reply, addressed to me officially within about an hour of the above-mentioned interview, was as follows: June 6, 1910.

J. A. WALL, ESQ.,
Chairman Police Committee,
Antigonish.

DEAR MR. WALL, — My retainer from the Town in the matter of Liquor Prosecutions is for services in the Police Court and not beyond that Court.

For some time past, I have refused to appear before the higher courts in liquor cases, as I am of the opinion the figuring in these cases does not add to one's prestige before the courts; therefore I think it would be advisable for the Town or Police Committee to hand the further conduct of such cases to some other counsel. I am,

Yours' sincerely,
C. E. GREGORY.

After ineffectual attempts to obtain other counsel, the Town Solicitor was, by vote of the Council, instructed to oppose the application. He did so with extreme reluctance and only to save the Town the expense of retaining outside counsel, as he himself was the convicting magistrate. In the result, the accused was released on the ground that the first conviction, made against him over a year previously, had been made on the plea of guilty entered by his solicitor, and not by himself personally. This case showed the desirability, sufficiently evident in itself, of having the same counsel who had conducted the prosecution, conduct also the Inspector's case in any further litigation out of it, and a solicitor had to be found who would be prepared to do so. There were other prosecutions to be commenced, and Mr. Griffim was applied to, and, as the inspector informs me, gave him to understand that he would act for him, but shortly afterwards told him he would not act, and up to the present no solicitor has been found in the Town who is at once free to act and willing to act for the Inspector on these prosecutions. With the expiry of the old Act on the last day of June all possibility of prosecuting for offences against it ceased.

This is a plain statement of the facts, without comment, and without expressing or implying blame against anybody. Mr. Griffin is perfectly free from a professional point of view, as is any other solicitor, to accept or decline a retainer from any person. Under the circumstances, however, I should like to believe that he is not the author of the letter published by you last week.

I may add that the Committee hope to make arrangements, though not without difficulty, by which counsel for the Inspector shall be procured, and the new Act enforced so far as the best efforts of all the officials concerned can go. To this end we ask the co-operation of all good citizens. We ask them to give the Inspector such facts as they know. They will be far more effectual in this form than in that of vague and frothy general statements in an anonymous letter.

J. A. WALL,
Chairman of Committee
on Police and Licenses.

Personals.

Mr. T. V. Sears of Sydney is in Town

Mr. William McIsaac of Sydney is in Town.

Rev. R. Macdonald, P. P., Reserve, C. B., was in Town this week.

Miss Bessie Baker, of Halifax, is visiting friends in Antigonish.

Governor Fraser is in poor health. He is spending the summer at Guysboro.

Dr. Chisholm of New York is at his old home, Salt Springs, Ant., spending a few weeks.

Mrs. Alexandra McLellan, of Cambridge, Mass., is visiting friends at Salt Springs, Ant.

Mr. and Mrs. D. G. McKinnon, of Somerville, Mass., are visiting at Mr. McKinnon's former home, at the North Grant.

Mr. John Charles Chisholm of Chicago arrived in Town yesterday morning, and will spend a few months at the home of his mother, Mrs. J. W. Chisholm, Cross Roads Ohio.

Dr. DeCoste of New York is at his former home at Harbour Bouche, having come east to attend the ordination of his brother, Rev. Joseph A. DeCoste, to the holy priesthood.

Mr. A. W. Smith of Bottineau, North Dakota, is spending a few weeks at Clydesdale, Ant., his native home, after an absence of thirteen years. Mr. Smith is City Superintendent of Schools at his adopted home.

DIED

At Mulgrave on the 27th July, after a painful and lingering illness, borne in a truly Christian spirit, MRS. JAMES MCMILLAN in the 59th year of her age. May she rest in peace!

At Eastern Harbor, Cheticamp, his old home, on July 8, 1910, THOMAS AUCOIN of Sydney, after a short illness which he bore with great patience and resignation to the will of his maker, at the age of 42 years. To the bereaved widow and relatives of the deceased the community extends its sincerest sympathy. R I P!

At Alexander, Inv. Co., July 23rd, 1910, of appendicitis, GRACE JOHANNA, aged 9 years and 8 months, daughter of James and Catherine Murphy, adopted by Mrs Ann Campbell. An exceptionally bright child, she will be greatly missed at home and in school. After a devout reception of the sacraments, she peacefully passed away. May her soul rest in peace!

At Cambridge, Mass., on July 15, WALTER G. BOUDRO, aged 25 years, son of John C. and Angella Boudro, leaving sorrowful parents, four sisters and two brothers. May his soul rest in peace! Also, at Cambridge, Mass., on Saturday, July 23, JOHN C. BOUDRO, aged 57 years, father of the late Walter G. He leaves a sorrowful wife, four daughters and two sons May he rest in peace!

At Brooklyn City Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y., on July 26th of heart failure, after a few days' illness, in the 38th year of his age, WILLIAM CARROLL, son of the late JOHN and MARGARET CARROLL of Hawthorne St., Antigonish. He received the last rites of the Holy Catholic Church, of which he was a faithful member, and was laid to rest in Holy Cross Cemetery on Friday, 29th July. May he rest in peace!

Among the Advertisers.

Waldren, photographer, is in Town and will remain until noon Saturday.

Wanted fat sheep, and lambs every Monday, until further notice. Thomas Somers. ii

Lost, in Town, on Tuesday, a watch charm with Masonic emblem engraved thereon. Finder please leave at Casket office.

Kodaks and Brownie Cameras, films and a full line of supplies at Copeland's Drug store.

For sale, a set of heavy double team harness, only used three weeks. A snap for some one. W. S. Forest, Town.

THE GREAT $11,000 PRIZE CONTEST

TO THE PEOPLE OF ANTIGONISH AND GUYSBORO COUNTIES: : : :

I have entered the Halifax Herald and Evening Mail Prize Contest

Last year, when these newspapers had their contest Antigonish did not have a single staying representative. Such, however, is not going to be the case this year; I am doing all in my power to bring one of the prizes to Antigonish and Guysboro Counties. There is no reason why I cannot. These Counties are as intelligent as any in the Province, and the natives of these Counties, whether here or elsewhere, want live newspaper literature.

Newspapers, nowadays, are a family necessity. Good newspapers—the best ones—are a great necessity.

The Halifax Herald is one of the best daily newspapers in Eastern Canada. It is published every day in the year, with the exception of Sundays. The subscription rates to this paper are $5.00 a year and $2.50 a half year.

The Evening Mail is the afternoon edition of the Herald. Its circulation, which is larger than that of any other three evening papers in Nova Scotia, proves its merit and popularity. The subscription rates of the Mail are: one year, $2.00; one-half year, $1.00. In Halifax City and Dartmouth the people pay $6.00 a year for this newspaper.

The Weekly Mail and Homestead is the weekly edition of the Evening Mail. It has all the important news of the week in its columns. The cost of one yearly subscription to the Weekly Mail and Homestead is fifty cents.

These papers afford a grand opportunity to Nova Scotians living away from their native homes to keep in touch with the doings of their native province. In such cases they act like daily letters from home.

SUBSCRIBE for one of these — Nova Scotia's greatest newspapers. Their motto is: "All the news all the time." Keep up with the times, in touch with the world's doings. You should have a daily newspaper in your homes; and you should have the very best. Now is the time to subscribe. Do it to-day.

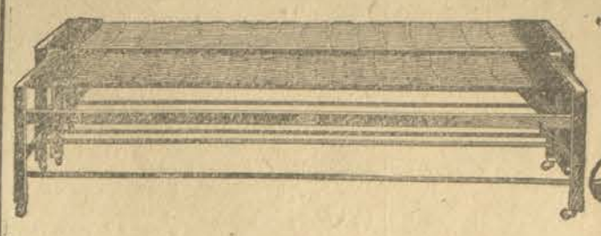
Every subscription to one of these papers, through me, will give me a large number of votes. Renewals are worth just as much as new subscriptions.

I Need Every Vote I Can Procure to Win a Prize

and I cannot have too many. I ask my friends to rally around me in this exciting contest, and help me to put Antigonish and Guysboro Counties in the front rank.

HAROLD B. WHIDDEN, Antigonish, N. S.

Chisholm, Sweet & Co.



"Alaska" COUCH

GUARANTEED ALASKA BEDDING

A springy indestructible Sofa by day, with choice flounced Denim Mattress.

Extends for comfortable Double Bed when needed.

Can be instantly separated into two Couches for different rooms.

$13.50

Why not have comfortable chairs for the home? We carry a large stock of

Morris Chairs, Library Chairs and Rockers.

See our Morris Chairs with automatic adjustment, which can be raised or lowered without leaving chair. Prices $7.50, $8.75, $12.00

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(Continued from page 5)

The first English Colony was planted in Ireland. But it is not easy to discover the exact date. Certainly it was not in the 18th century. King Henry II. of England was not an Englishman but a Frenchman (strictly speaking an Angevin). The adventurers who went over with MacMurrough did not even speak English. The leaders and captains were Norman-French, who felt the same scorn and hate for the English as they did for the Irish. The followers were chiefly Welsh (and hence there are so many peple in Ireland bearing the name of Welsh, Walsh, or Walshe). In those days the Norman-French were simply called "French." Even those, like the Bruces, who moved from England into Scotland, were so-called. There are extant old proclamations of Scottish kings addressed to "The Scots, the French, the Galwegians, and the Angles"—as the four elements composing the community of Scotland. It was not until we became unwilling to admit that Frenchmen had ever conquered us, that we begin to call the conquerors "Normans." The Colony settled in Ireland has been a constant source of discord between two peoples meant by God and nature to be friends, and who were friends until they were politically united. For five hundred years the English and the Irish had dwelt side by side in their island homes, friends in peace and allies in war.

Irishman quarreled with Irishman; and Englishman quarreled with Englishman; but the English did not quarrel with the Irish, and the Irish did not quarrel with the English. There is nothing like that anywhere else in the history of the world—the spectacle of two independent and neighboring nations keeping the peace for five hundred years. Though differing in many ways, each of them loved freedom and each loved fairness; and as they had common political virtues, they had a common political fault which tended to international peace. For the English as for the Irish it is easier to be fair to foreigners than to one another; and, if they had always remained foreigners to each other, doubtless they would always have been friends. However, Providence willed it otherwise; and our duties are determined for us by the situation in which Providence may have placed us.

Colonial Systems strictly so-called began in the end of the 15th and opening of the 16th century. Reading the history of the dealings of the white race with the "inferior," one is often tempted to adopt Dr. Johnson's opinion that it would have been better for the world if Columbus and Vasco de Gama had never been born, or if their ideas had never issued from their brains.

In the 16th century Spain was the great power; she was what no other power has ever been—first upon the land and first upon the sea. Spain in those days was served by the Italians—whom she had conquered—as faithfully and as efficiently as Britain has at a later time been served by Irishmen and Highland Scots. Spanish valor guided by Italian genius formed the finest soldiery in the world and Spenser considers it high praise to give the Irish warrior when he says that men who had served in the Low Countries against Spain told him that the Spaniard was not superior to the Irishman. The Spanish infantry never was really defeated until they felt the weight of the brigades organized and drilled by the ablest of all British soldiers, Oliver Cromwell.

In those days, Colonies were established for the interest, real or supposed, of the Mother-country. Thus Scotland and Ireland, as they had had no share in the expense of founding and defending the English Colonies, were excluded from the Colonial trade till their union with England; in the same way Castile monopolized the Spanish Colonies and excluded the other kingdoms composing Spain. When Portugal was annexed for a time to Spain even the Portuguese in the Moluccas were not allowed to trade with the Philippine Islands. The profit of the Spanish Colonies under absolute monarchy was secured for the State; the Spanish treasury was filled from the gold mines of Peru and the silver mines of Mexico. Under limited monarchy and representative government, the profit of the English Colonies went not to England as a State, but to a class of the population of England. Adam Smith showed the foolishness of a nation allowing a class to use the blood and treasure of the whole people to build up and defend Colonies for its own advantage. Under this Colonial system, the Colonies were not unjustly treated as they received preferences and bounties in return for the prohibition of Colonial manufactures (which the Colonies would not have had anyhow.) Adam Smith says that the British policy towards the Colonies was commercially as well as politically more liberal than that of other European countries. But in the course of time, it would have become unjust, and have had to be altered. The restrictive legislation began with the Cromwellian Commonwealth and the Revolution. "The oppression of Ireland and the Colonies," says Acton, "was the work of the modern school who killed one king and chased away another." Ireland then first was reduced to the status of a Colony; and the Cromwellian Settlement having induced the Imperial Parliament to exclude the Catholics from the Irish Parliament, refused to ratify the treaty of Limerick and began the enactment of the Penal Laws. Of this Colony, Edmund Burke, himself an Anglo-Irishman, who therefore knew their character, says that it was composed of three sorts of men: (1) A few honest, fair, and liberal men. The rest might be divided thus: (2) Tyrants who in order to obtain support for their tyranny systematically calumniated the Irish to the English; and (3) traitors, who in order to obtain support for their treason, symsematically misreprosented England to the Irish.

The restrictive trade laws of both Spain and Britain were tempered in practice by smuggling; and the British Imperial Custom-house officers collected scarcely even enough of revenue to pay their own salaries.

The Spanish Colonial system had one merit which that of England did not and could not have. The Spaniards on the whole did not exterminate the natives. This was partly due to the fact that the Spanish government, being absolute and not granting self-government to its Colonists, was able to control them in their dealings with the natives. An Hungarian historian of the American Revolution maintains that the chief cause of the American revolution was the discontent of the Americans at such protection as the British government was able to afford to the Red Indians. Certainly the Indians were avenging their own wrongs, and trying to defend themselves against future wrongs when they declined the invitation of the Revolutionists and took up arms upon the side of the British connection It was equally due to the influence of the Catholic Church in protecting and civilizing the Aborigines and teaching charity and mercy.

The break up of the old Colonial system was occasioned by Lord Chatham's efforts to expand it beyond all bounds. Chatham has the advantage of having both the Imperialists and the Radicals glorifying him; and he certainly had some great qualities, but I see no signs of statesmanship. As for the war of 1755-62 I hold with Dr. Johnson that it was one in which an honest man cannot heartily sympathise with either side, for it was only a question whether the natives of America and India should be robbed by French or by British Colonists. It is customary to claim for that war that commerce flourished with it. It is true that British exports recovered more quickly than they had done in any previous war. But to the end of the war this trade was carried on in foreign shipping. There must be something wrong about a glorious naval war which transfers the carrying trade to foreigners. British sailors thrown out of employment turned to the navy, or were pressed into the navy. So superior was the British gunnery that in all the naval battles only two thousand British were killed; but of one hundred and eighty thousand who served, one hundred and twenty thousand died of disease and wounds. Of course the enemy suffered equally in this way, if that were any consolation. Financially the war left the nation exhausted, and Chatham in a speech in the Lords in 1770 acknowledged that the exhaustion of the nation rendered peace necessary.

By the expulsion of France from North America he gave free scope to the secessionism already existing in the American Colonies; for we know that even while the mother country was fighting their battles, the Adamses were aspiring towards secession. It was the war, as George Grenville told Pitt to his face in the debate upon the repeal of the Stamp Act, that made it neceesary for the Mother Country to ask the Colonies to defray part of the expense of the garrison which defended them against the Red Indians. The break-up of the Empire therefore was due to Pitt's attempt to extend it beyond all bounds and impose on his country a burden greater than it could bear. The Stamp Act is pronounced both by Burke and by Brownson (in his *American Republic*) neither unconstitutional nor in itself unjust. Grenville's mistake was small compared with that of Townshend. Burke and Rockingham testify that George Grenville was a more reasonable man than his brother, Earl Temple, or his brother-in-law, Pitt. And when he proposed that since the Americans would not pay any part of the cost of the army, it should be withdrawn, he made the one statesmanlike proposal made in those years.

It is often asserted by historians that Chatham could have averted the American rebellion and secession. There is no ground for such a belief. In the first place, when he formed his government in 1766, one of the main purposes of his policy, as he informed the Duke of Bedford, was "to maintain the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament." In all his correspondence, there is no hint of disapproval of Townshend's taxation; and when he returned to public life and in opposition his first speech contained no disapproval. In the ordinary tone of opposition which does not wish to praise and cannot consure, he said that he would wait for future information about America before pronouncing any opinion on the ministerial policy.

Burke's speeches on conciliation show that Burke, if he had been a Colonist, would have been a Loyalist and have preached to the Colonists conciliation with the Mother Country. Burke in politics, Coleridge, wittily says was like Noah in the Ark,—accompanied by a few rational animals and a great many beasts. Long before 1790 Burke was so dissatisfied with his own party that, after his defeat at Bristol in 1780, he said he should not be sorry to be altogether out of public life.

The first blood in the Civil War between the Revolutionists and the Mother-Country was shed on April, 18, in the Battle of Lexington. By a coincidence so curious as almost to seem providential, on the aniversary of that day was shed the first blood in the Civil War between North and South, and curiously, also in a conflict between citizens (Southerners) and soldiers of the regular army. On the 4th of July (1776) was issued the declaration of American Independence. On another 4th of July, one hundred and twenty-five years later, a proclamation of Lord Roberts informed the world, to use the words of Sir Wilfred Laurier, that there are to be no more American Revolutions within the British Empire.

The effect of the American Revolution was to produce a profound distrust of Colonial liberties. The Colonies were protected by garrisons paid by the Mother Country and enjoyed preferences in its market. But it was feared that Democratic government in the Colonies would lead to fresh secessions.

The Manchester Party then arose and saw in the colonies only a burden to the Mother Country. This doctrine so penetrated all parties that in 1852, Disraeli, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, wrote to the (Conservative) Foreign Secretary that "those wretched Colonies are a millstone around the neck of England, and I suppose they will be declaring their independence as soon as they think they can do without our protection."

The government of Lord Aberdeen turned the Orange Free State out of the Empire because a garrison of 2000 men was needed; and when five or six years later that State asked for admission again, and even proposed to become a province in a South African confederation, neither the Conservative nor the Liberal party would assent to the proposal.

Since Queen Victoria's Jubilee we have seen the rise of a new policy in which the British territories inhabited by people of European race, are not to be colonies but nations, constitutionally the equals of the mother country, all linked together in a loose confederation by having the same king, the same flag, common interests, similar laws and institutions, equal duties, agreement for mutual aid in defence, and perhaps mutual preferences in defence. The objections to independence and disunion are moral: (1) Even a king has some rights and ought not to be deposed unless he has committed some wrong against his people. (2) Disunion without provocation, especially between people of the same race, is morally wrong, and contrary to the will of Providence, which intends the unification of the human race. (3) Separation would involve the abandonment of the monarchical form of government, and the adoption of the republican; and the lecturer, while feeling no contempt for the Republican form, hold with the framers of the American Constitution, that a Constitutional monarchy is more excellent. (4) All revolutionists are bad for morality and religion since they shake custom and habit; and on habit and custom the morals and practical religion of the majority of people depend.

The lecturer left the audience to draw their own conclusions from the facts related. Moral judgments no man could help forming, precisely because he is a man; but with political judgments, or parties, or political expediency the lecturer had nothing to do and left all that to their own reflections.

Caring for the Hair.

[From "Good Health" by Frances Gulick Jewett.]

If you pull out a hair from your head, you will see how long the root is and what it looks like. All you find is a bit of flesh on the end of the hair. The pit which the hair stands in is called the hair cell. It is plain, therefore, that when you pulled out the hair, the entire lining of the cell came with it; in other words you pulled out the whole wonderful cell with everything that was in it. That is what you see on the root of the hair in your hand.

The truth is that each hair stands alone like a small telegraph pole in its own little cell; each is separate from every other one; each has its own muscle, its own oil glands, and you would be able to see them plainly under a microscope.

It is probably true that women think more of their hair than men do, because it makes more difference with their looks. Indeed, a woman without hair on her head looks about as queer as a doll without her curly wig, yet there are women who are entirely bald.

I once knew a woman who was so ill that she lost every hair on her head. It came out by the handful, and at the same time her eyelashes and the hairs of her eyebrows dropped out too.

To conceal her loss she covered her head with a wig and painted her eyebrows the color of her false hair. Unfortunately she could do nothing for her eyelashes, so her eyelids had to go like plain untrimmed curtains.

Every woman of every nation and tribe likes to have a fine head of hair.

Even a man seems to like better when there is hair on the top of his head, and I suppose a baldheaded football player would have a pretty hard time of it. The question for us all, then, is how to get a fine head of hair and how to keep it.

Most important of all is the healthy scalp, and very often its health depends upon how we treat it. We can do two things to help to make it vigorous.

1. Keep it clean.
2. Bring fresh blood to it by brushing the hair and by massaging the scalp.

Most heads need washing about twice a month, but heads are like hands in this respect, for the kind of work we do makes a difference in the amount of washing that is needed. A child often needs the wash once a week.

Some people rub a raw egg into the scalp before washing. This does no harm, but an egg on the head is no more important for head washing than an egg on the hands for hand washing. Certain other things are, however, very necessary.

Take a washbowl of warm water and any good soap (I myself like tar soap best), make a good lather, and rub it into your scalp with your fingers or a brush; wash the head and hair thoroughly; then rinse it in a second bowl of warm water. This will take out the soapsuds. Next wash it in cold water quickly to prevent yourself from taking cold afterwards.

Your hair is now clean and sweet. Dry it with towels if you are a boy; if you are a girl the register, the radiator, or the stove will help in winter. Do not go to bed with damp hair. You may catch cold.

Washing is a great help, but exercise of the scalp is quite as important for any head of hair. To get it, brush your hair every day until the scalp feels warm but not sore. Five minutes may be long enough. Also, for two or three minutes each day, press the fingers of both hands hard against your head through your hair and move the scalp back and forth on the skull. Do this in one place after another until every part has had its exercise. The special good of all this washing, brushing, and exercise is that it clears away the dandruff, thoroughly cleans the skin, brings the blood to the scalp, and makes the oil glands active. Washing and exercise are indeed the best hair tonics we can have; many a man has secured a better head of hair by being faithful in their use.

Girls with long thick hair are sometimes careless about washing their heads; they do not know how much other people are judging them by the looks and the odor of their hair. Washed hair is light and fluffy, sweet and clean, while unwashed hair is solid and heavy, neither sweet nor clean.

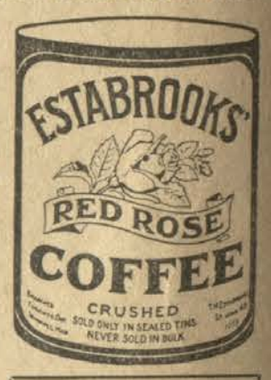
The oil glands give hair all the oil it needs. Don't put on any more, for the the more oil there is, the more dust it will hold, and tidy men and women do not like to use their heads as a gathering place for all sorts of microbes that are lodged in the dust of the air.

Bad use of the Whip.

There are a lot of people driving horses who do not know what the whip is for and do not know how to use it. We remember an old milk hauler back in Ontario who started out one spring with a three-year-old colt, a democrat wagon and a rawhide whip. The colt was of the ordinary general-purpose kind, and the driver an ardent believer in the use of rawhide on horses in the milk hauling business. Inside of three months his colt was a "plug" and no amount of "whalloping" could stimulate a stronger pace than a jog trot. The driver had played his "rawhide" so presistently that the colt had evidently come to regard the lash on his back as one of the phases of life not to be taken more seriously than the movment of the harness or the clatter of the wagon. His usefulness was impared by the bad training before he was four years old, and the owner was looking for a livelier piece of horseflesh to go to the milk wagon the following year. He always claimed that hauling milk had a tendency to make horses lazy. Probably it had, but we always thought that what he called "laziness" arose merely from the fact that he had overworked the only remedy he knew for laziness—the gad. —*Farmer's Advocate, Winnipeg.*

Crushed Coffee—what it is

By a 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.



Estabrook's Red Rose *crushed* Coffee is as easy to make as Red Rose Tea. Directions are in each tin.

Estabrooks' Coffee for Breakfast and Red Rose Tea for other meals.

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Try it for Breakfast To-morrow

Children Often Need a laxative—but you cannot be too careful what you give them. Harsh purgatives injure the bowels and pave the way for life-long troubles. The new evacuant in

NA-DRU-CO LAXATIVES

does the work most effectively without irritating the bowels or causing any discomfort. The children like them for they taste like candy. One of the most popular of the NA-DRU-CO preparations.
25c. a box. If your druggist has not yet stocked them, send 25c. and we will mail them. 20
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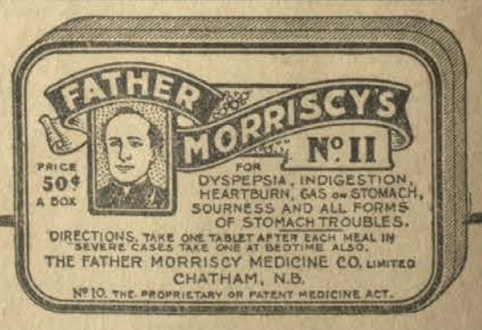

Each tablet of Father Morriscy's "No. 11" Prescription will digest 1¾ pounds of food. This means that though you are a martyr to Indigestion or Dyspepsia, you can eat a good meal **and digest it, too,** if you take a "No. 11" tablet afterward.

With the aid of Father Morriscy's "No. 11" sick, sour, dyspeptic stomachs quickly recover.

50c. a box at your dealer's or from

Father Morriscy Medicine Co. Ltd, Chatham, N.B. 75

Labor Versus the Saloon.

Unionism takes the laborer by the hand,—a faithful and helpful companion; it keeps him longer with his family in the morning and turns him home earlier at night; it sustains him when falling; it lifts him up when fallen; it educates him; it broadens him; it elevates him; it makes life for him better and brighter and larger and more worth living.

And the saloon,—the Striped Beast; it lies in wait for the laborer on his way to work in the morning and it stealthily tracks him home at night; it waits with the tiger's patience for a moment of weakness and then it springs and clutches; and it drags its staggering victim down to earth; it plants its paws upon his breast; its fangs crush through his throat; and then it sucks and tears and tears and sucks; and manhood, womanhood, self-respect, love of family, love of wife, love of parent, love of child, love of God, honesty, decency, all that's good, it draws from him and sneaks away. And the angel of death comes down and covers the lifeless, soulless corpse with the soil of the drunkard's grave and over it writes in letters of fire: "The drunkard shall not enter the kingdom of God." And off in the distance squats the Striped Beast, his eyes, like balls of fire distinct in the encircling gloom, watching the whole procedure and waiting the coming of another victim!

That's the saloon and that is what it does for the laborer! Unnecessary for me to tell it to you who labor. You know it better than do I. You have seen it lie in wait. You have seen it crouch and spring. You perhaps have felt its hot foul breath upon your cheek; you have heard its great jaws snap; you have sunk your fingers in its deep coarse hide, in a desperate attempt to strangle it or free yourself from it; and in God's mercy getting free from it; breathless and bleeding from wounds in body and soul, you have thrown yourself at the feet of the crucified Jesus and have begged Him to protect you from this fearful thing! Well you know it better than do I, you whose homes it has made desolate, whose wives and daughters it has devoured, whose sons and fathers it has consumed, whose little ones it has fed upon! You know for what the present-day saloon stands. You know it stands for the fattening of the few, while the many perish and die. You know it is labor's mortal enemy. For it gains only by labor's losing. It fattens only by labor's wasting. It lives only by labor's death! You know that clear-sighted, sacrificing, uncorrupted Unionism has ever opposed it. You know that no resolution, no motion, no movement in favor of the saloon has ever reached the floor of a labor convention that was not rolled there like a beer-barrel by beer-handlers.

And yet you laboring men, you men who pose as labor's friends, you men who dare to lead in such a cause,—for next to the cause of Holy Church I know no cause more sacred,—you who labor, strive for labor, stand for labor, speak for labor, act for labor,—you dare to set the saloon upon your brother-worker!—(*Very Rev.*) *J. E. Cassidy, V. G., Fall River, Mass., in Sacred Heart Review.*

Married the One who Drank.

Two young men in a West Philadelphia neighborhood were rivals for the hand of a girl. One of the men was a quiet methodical youth, honest as the day is long and a hard worker, but at the same time, as such characters often are, sadly lacking in magnetism and general loveableness. The other was just the opposite. He was not a bad fellow, but he loved to play cards, indulged occasionally in the spirits that cheer and was not overly enthusiastic about work. As is usually the case when such characters are rivals for the hand of the same young lady, the latter won. They were married about a year ago. The youth soon tired of the restraint of married life and began to go back to his old associates. Card games kept him out till the early hours of the morning, and sometimes when he did reach home he was not entirely sober. In the light of these developments the young wife grew less and less happy. Now the gay young man regrets because the bands of matrimony restrain him from living as free and careless a life as he would like; the other man regrets because the first has married the girl he loved, while the girl herself regrets because she chose the flashy, attractive man for her husband instead of the slow, plodding, honest one. In many respects the case is like many another, but it is being discussed widely in the immediate neighborhood of those involved.—*Philadelphia Record.*

The Unmarried Maid.

If there is one class beyond all others which is engaged in the noblest and disinterested efforts for men, women and children, is the unmarried daughter or sister, called unjustly "old maids."

Mothers and wives have their lives given to serve their own; these unmarried sisters and daughters or friends bear the yoke to serve others. They spend their years watching the declining days of the old father or mother, and blessed indeed is the father or mother whose age is tended by a loving daughter. Often they help to rare the children of a brother or sister, or they pass into homes of friends, to serve, lighten and help. Sometimes they answer the call and go out into the world, and we see them training youth, nursing the sick, helping the unfortunate, giving their loving service to all.

I should think but lightly of that mother who would allow her daughter or son to speak jeeringly and flippantly of this kind of "old maids," for they have shown again and again what woman can be at her noblest highest and best.

The man who will speak lightly or insulting of a so-called "old maid" is showing to the world what he is made of, and the woman who gets him for a husband is to be pitied, for he certainly has not an abundance of manhood to boast of, and is not worthy the love of a good woman.

There are few people who do less for self and more for others than these noble, generous sisters and daughters who sacrifice their own interests for parents, brothers and sisters and friends, and there are few persons less appreciated than they are.—*The Tablet.*

Womn's Suffrage—A Set Back.

(Continued from page 4.)

But deeper than all differences was a communion of feeling — a common resolve to be content with whatever was most likely to advance the cause. and to get rid of the disability of sex. It seems an obvious easy wisdom which teaches us that if we want to drive in a wedge, we had better begin with the thin edge. That seems obvious, but to acquiesce in this instance meant that the Bill put forward would necessarily be open to the reproach of being undemocratic and of favouring property rather than poverty. To accept such a Bill was a bitter pill to many, but it was taken cheerfully. Mr. Shackleton's Bill giving the franchise to one million instead of eleven, was a poor Bill, and in some of its details even a shocking Bill, but it was acceptable for what it was— the easiest Bill to put safely through the House of Commons. With a generous effacement of individual wishes, with a fine sense of proportion, and a perfect adjustment of means to an end, all the Woman's Suffrage Societies agreed to concentrate effort on this one measure. They called it a Conciliation Bill. They knew it would be effective for their great object, the effacement of the sex-line in political affairs, and they were content to trust to time and the logic of events for the rest. It was a supreme test for the common sense and the political capacity of women. They agreed to sink their differences and to close their ranks; those who praised the Bill and those who thought it an abortion, united to work for its success, and with equal ardour. Now let us consider and contrast with this eminently reasonable and sober attitude, the conduct of the professed champions in the House of Commons. Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George set upon the Bill and worried it, exposed its inconsistencies and declared it undemocratic, and so, because it was not perfect, destroyed it. Political treachery had done its worst, and could go no further, when these two Liberal Ministers rose to rend the Bill because it was too moderate. Why did they suppose it was introduced at all, except because it was moderate—so moderate that it was likely to disarm opposition? The great thing was to secure the vote for some women—then the logic of events would secure it for the rest. An appreheneion of this inevitable result was a complete justification for those who, like Mr. Asquith and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, are opposed, on principle or prejudice, to giving votes to women; but the attitude taken up by men who denounced the Bill and voted it down because it did not give the franchise to all women at once is simply unintelligible, except on the hypothesis that they wanted an excuse to stab the Bill. Every defect, every inconsistency, every comic element they could discover in the Bill ought to have endeared it to the hearts of these ardent democrats as making it more certain that its scope would have to be widened in the near future. The unanimity of the Liberal front bench was certainly charming, but it was reached by travelling along strange roads. The Prime Minister opposed the Bill because in the end it must lead to the enfranchisement of women on the same terms as men, and his colleagues opposed it with equal fervour because it did not secure this end at once.

"For our part, we have never been of those who expect that the winning of the franchise will mean any vast or immediate amelioration of the lot of women. But, as Mr. Balfour in his admirable speech pointed out, our whole theory of government is based upon the supposed consent of the governed. Why was the franchise given to the agricultural labourer or the hardly less ignorant artizan in the towns? Not assuredly because they are fitted by education or training to devise wise legislation, but because experience shows that the man who wears the boot is the best judge as to where it pinches. Each class knows its own sorrows, and men whose lives are lived near the difficulty are, if not the best judges as to how it should be remedied, at least the most urgent in getting it away. No class can in the long run be trusted to look after the interests of another; either the necessary eagerness or the necessary knowledge is wanting. The whole theory of our modern Constitution depends upon the theory that it is, on the whole, better for a people to govern itself, however blindly and gropingly, than that it should be guided by the wisdom of even the most benevolent of despots. Is there any reason why women should be an exception to that general rule and refused a unit's share in the making of the laws under which they have to live and work and suffer? The problem is more urgent than it used to be, because the numbers of the women-workers, and solitary women, is far greater than heretofore. It was plesant to note in the debate the general abandonment of the old argument based upon the supposed intellectual inferiority of women. Very little too was heard of the physical force argument. If soldiers are necessary to the life of a nation so are mothers—and which service is the more arduous and the more dangerous? On the other hand, the Prime Minister's protest against the threats of a violent agitation in the event of the failure of the Bill will command general assent. No one would wish to visit the excesses of a few individuals upon a great movement, but women will do well never to forget that in appealing to violence they appeal to the one form of argument in which they must inevitably be worsted. The by-election is the women's opportunity."

"Pa, what makes the cost of living so high?"

"The cost of living so high, my son,"

The Pledge.

[By Cardinal Manning.]

I promise Thee, O dearest Lord,
That I will never cloud the light
Which shines from Thee within my soul
And makes my reason bright;
Nor ever will I lose the power
To serve thee by my will,
Which Thou hast set within my heart,
Thy precepts to fulfil.

Oh let me drink as Adam drank
Before from Thee he fell;
Of, let me drink as thou, dear Lord,
When faint by Sychar's well;
That from my childhood pure from sin
Oh drink and drunken strife,
By Heaven's clear fountains I may rest
Of everlasting life.

An interesting story in connection with this little poem is related in the Toronto *Mail and Empire.* A Christian mother had taught the lines to her boy in his childhood, and every night when he said his prayers at her knee he repeated the pledge, till the words became as familiar as those of his prayers. Years after, when he no longer had his mother to guard and advise him the boy fell into evil ways. He learned to drink and when he grew to manhood the drink habit mastered him. He became a common sot, abandoned wife and children to the mercy of the world and thought only of satisfying his craving for liquor. One evening, when he had reached the lowest stage of his downward career he staggered into a church when a mission was being given. Stupid with drink, he could not understand the message of the sermon, even though it was on the evils of intemperance; but suddenly the young preacher knelt down in the pulpit, and, with hands and eyes raised to heaven, he repeated Cardinal Manning's "Pledge." The familiar petition sank through the mists obscuring the outcast's brain, and once again he was an innocent child "pure from sin of drink and drunken strife." He sought the missionary, took the pledge and kept it for life. The probation time was not long. He had worn himself out, and so great was his horror of the cause of his downfall that when he was dying he refused to take the brandy the doctor held to his lips.

Whispering the words his mother had taught to him,

"I promise Thee, O dearest Lord,
That I will never cloud the light
Which shines from thee within my soul"

the redeemed outcast passed away,

"Is it too much to ask mothers with young children to cut out these lines and teach them to the little ones — especially the boys?" asks the writer of this touching story.

"We teach the tots many little prayer rhymes—why not teach them 'The Pledge'? If any young man who may happen to glance over this page—and who recognizes his will is beginning to weaken and his appetite for drink is growing upon him—will cut out these two verses and place them in his pocketbook, perhaps he will find strength in a moment when he most needs it. If any forlorn human creature in the depths of the misery of the drink disease should stumble on these little verses, perhaps, because they are sincere, and gentle, and tender— and not denunciatory — they may spur him to make one more effort to shake off the octopus which for long has firmly held him. Then, indeed, will a little seed sown by the wayside bear fruit."

Acknowledgments.

For additional acknowledgments see page 5

L L McDonald, Cheadle		$5 00
Nellie Connor, Halifax		50
Andrew Dias, Toronto		50
Capt E Petrie,	Glace Bay	1 00
R J McDonald,	"	4 00
Michael McKinnon	"	1 00
A B McGillivray	"	1 00
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N F McNeil,	"	1 00
James McKay,	"	1 00
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Daniel McNeil,	"	1 00
Daniel McVicar,	Caledonia Mines,	1 00

In a Dutch Home.

In a delightful article describing her first visit to Holland, Eva Madden, in *Harper's Bazar*, tells of one of the houses she visited:

"The house of this lively old lady stood on the river and had its old warehouse beneath it. Its dining-room was what we call a 'Dutch' one, and, seated at its polished round table, my feet on a stool, my chair a high-back, carved one, my companions Dutch ladies, my food cheese, bread, delicious butter (the Dutch take holiday, by the way, on the day of the first appearance of butter after the cows have eaten the new grass) and sausages, my eye rejoiced in the vision of the ceiling with its black oak carved rafters, at the Delft blue of the walls with their rare Dutch decorations, at the black oak wainscoting with its lovely row of Delft plates bounding the four ancient walls, at the heavy oak doors, the sideboard, the polished floor all lovely in the many-hued light of the painted glass window at its end for lighting.

After the dining-hall, the kitchen was most characteristic of what we know as Dutch, and it lingers like a picture. It was white-tiled and spotless. There were blue plates and cups, and there was copper, and the old copper shone and the fire burned in a Dutch oven, and in all this beauty stood the maid in her short skirt and red blouse, polishing for dear life.

"My hostess gave her little laugh, her lively eyes twinkling merrily.

"'Maritje,' she said—all the maids all over Europe appeared to be named Maria—'why do you polish? Is not that kettle spotless?'

"'Ja, Mevrouw, ja,' answered Maria, also smiling; 'but to-day, you know, is Thursday.'"

Protest of Spanish Bishops.

It is said that nothing of the kind has had such effect for many years with the government of any country as the joint letter just sent by the Spanish Bishops to the Government of Spain.

The document is a model of firm but courteous and temperate protest, as the translation shows:

"It is inexplicable how, during the diplomatic negotiations regarding the religious congregations, one of the parties should affirm that the number of convents is excessive, and should announce a project of law to reform that of June 30, 1867, and prohibit the establishment of such associations without authorization from civil authority.

"One connot understand the reason of so much pre-occupation to diminish the number of houses of prayer and study while there is nothing effectual done to diminsh houses of corruption, atheistic schools, centres of anti-military and anti-patrioctic propaganda, and of periodicals that, in open violation of the law, threaten the foundations of family life, rights of property and order.

"When the nation finds itself in a state of decadence and of prostration resembling ruin — which we cannot describe, since no one wishes to expose the misfortunes and sorrows of his own mother—it is inconceivable how anybody can pretend to find a remedy for or avoid the catastrophe by regulating the life of citizens who, in the legitimate use of the right of association, unite together to obtain the end of religion, an end which is more important than human life.

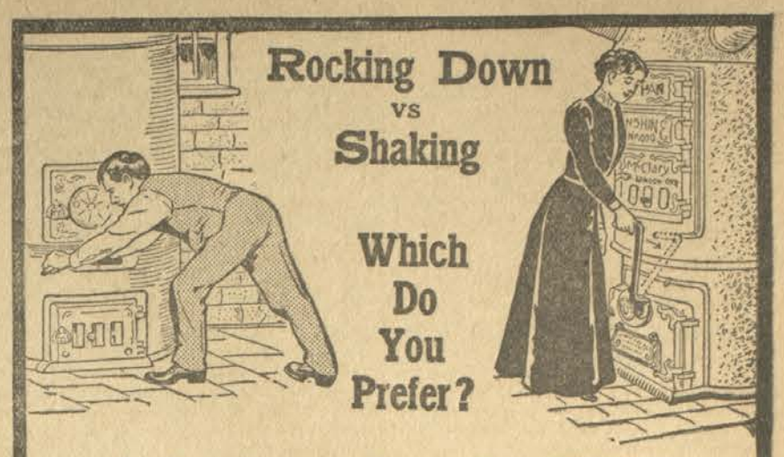
"And while attention is thus paid to the Concordat by trying to establish an exceptional regime against the religious orders by diminishing their number, this solemn international pact is violated at the very same time in favor of false forms of worship; and disrespect is shown to the Constitution by converting tolerance into permission, by authorizing manifestations categorically and decidedly prohibited by it and by giving to Article II an interpretation at variance with context and its spirit, consecrated though it has been by its authors in parliamentary dispositions and in the official declaratons of the 'Gaceta.'

"The dissenting religions have had every facility to carry on proselytism. Their temples were known and stood open to the public. The idea of placing out of doors writings, emblems and other signs forbidden by the Constitution, instead of being a favor conceded to the sparse, insignificant minority that professes a religion different from that of the State, seems to many to be rather a humiliation inflicted on almost the entire Spanish people in that which they hold highest and dearest—their religious sentiments.

"We who are in immediate contact with the people, with the people that work and pay expenses, that give to the State the sweat of their brows and the blood of their sons, we can know better than any other one the desires of the public, the real and true aspirations of the nation.

"Genuine public opinion, which demands the solution of many questions interesting to the prosperity and reputation of the nation—the first being provision concerning the necessaries of life, in order that the situation of the workmen may cease to be so precarious and difficult—does not occupy itself with the religious question, which, since of itself it does not exist, has not been solved, nor can it be either, because it has no life except that which the newspapers give it when they have nothing else to seak of.

"The people demand peace, and their sufferings cannot be cured by greater or lesser doses of anti-clericalism. It would be sad indeed if, when by means of peaceful labor they had commenced to close the wounds of the country and had opened plentiful sources of progress, glory and hope, discord were fomented in their midst, and if in the fields moist with the sweat of their brows there should be sown deadly seeds, the development of which can render national energy sterile and destroy, while it is still in bloom, the glowing hope that our fratricidal dissensions were terminated forever." (Here follow the signatures of the Bishops.)



Look at the man above. He's SHAKING an ordinary furnace. He bends nearly double, exerts all his strength, works up a prespiration, and gets a sore back.

Now, look at the woman. She stands nearly erect, gently moves the lever to and fro, a few inches, and the ashes are dropped into the Sunshine ash-pan. This is called ROCKING DOWN. It's so easy a child can do it.

Which method do you prefer? Why, Rocking Down, of course. 51

Go to our agent in your locality. Let him show you the many other time-saving, labor-saving and fuel-economizing features of the Sunshine. Order him to install the Sunshine with a *guarantee* to heat your home to your entire satisfaction.

McClary's Sunshine Furnace

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B., Hamilton, Calgary.

Could They Be More Foolish?

The best proof that common cream separators are out-of-date is the fact that they contain 40 to 60 disks or other contraptions. They need such contraptions simply because they lack skimming force. Since they lack skimming force, they are neither modern nor properly built. In view of these facts, could any maker or agent of common cream separators be more foolish or incorrect than to claim that disks or other contraptions make, or are needed in, a modern machine?

Sharples Dairy Tubular Cream Separators

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are entirely different from all others. They produce twice the skimming force of common separators. Dairy Tubulars neither use nor need disks or other contraptions. They skim faster, skim twice as clean, wash many times easier, and wear several times longer than common separators.

The World's Best. The manufacture of Tubulars is one of Canada's leading industries. Sales easily exceed most, if not all, others combined. Probably replace more common separators than any one maker of such machines sells.

Sharples 30 Yrs

Write for Catalogue No. 340.

THE SHARPLES SEPARATOR CO.
TORONTO, ONT. WINNIPEG, MAN.

Farm For Sale.

The farm on the Post Road, owned by the late Rupert Cunningham, is offered for sale. For particulars apply to

MRS. RUPERT CUNNINGHAM, Town

Temperate Drinks

Now that the hot weather has arrived, you should add a bottle of LIME JUICE to your order, as it kills typhoid germs. We also have

ROUS' CELEBRATED DRINKS, Ice Cold.

which quench the thirst and are good for the system. All kinds of

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always on hand and all goods guaranteed or money refunded.

D. R. GRAHAM
Tel. 78. Best Flour for Sale.

FARM FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale his farm situated at New France, Antigonish County. It contains 70 acres, more or less, has good buildings on it, and is in a good state of cultivation.

For further particulars apply to the undersigned, or to William Chisholm, Barrister, Anigonish.

ALBERT WALDRON.

New France, June 13, 1910.

Teacher Wanted

A grade C or D female teacher for Section No 47, Bailey's Brook, Pictou Co. Apply to

DUNCAN L. McDONALD, Sec to Trustees, Bailey's Brook

WHERE AMHERST MAKE EXCELS

7 POINTS
—THE PERFECT NUMBER—

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.
Prize Contest—H B Whidden, page 5
Grand Picnic—page 8
Bodds for Sale—J C MacIntosh & Co, page 5
Teacher Wanted—Paul Levangie, page 8
Teacher Wanted—Angus L McDonald, pg 8

LOCAL ITEMS

THE ORDINATION of Rev. J. A. Decoste, which was to have taken place on Aug 1, has been postponed till Aug. 7. He will say his first Mass on Aug. 9, at Havre au Bouche.

FARM SOLD.—The farm of the late James Mills at Dunmore, South River, was sold by his executor on Monday last, at public auction, and purchased by Mr. Hugh McIsaac, now of Pittsburg. Pa., for $390.

OUR AGENT in Cape Breton County, Mr. Leo LeBlanc, wishes to convey his thanks to our subscribers on whom he has already called, for the prompt and ready payments made to him. He is now visiting the northern section of the County, and later on will return to the southern Colliery districts.

A PICNIC AT Eastern Harbour, Cheticamp, announcement of which and other particulars are given in our advertising columns, is an attraction that will be largely attended. Good steamer arrangements are planned, and the many features, such as the situation, must render the event a most popular one for all who are contemplating a holiday.

THE DIFFERENT BRANCHES in Richmond Co. of the Societe L'Asomption will unite in Descousse on the fifteenth inst., for the celebration of their national feast. At ten a. m., Solemn High Mass will be celebrated by Rev. A. A. Boudreau, P. P. of L'Ardoise. The sermon will be delivered by Fr. P. H. F. Bourgeois, C. S. C., M. A., of St. Josephs University, Memramcook, N. B. At twelve the visiting members will attend a banquet, given by the local branch.

A SITTING of the County Court Judge's Criminal Court was held at Guysboro, last Tuesday, Judge Macgillivray presiding. The King vs. Buckley Jordan was tried, the charge being breaking and entering the shop of S. H. Pyles, and stealing therefrom. After trial the prisoner was found guilty, and, as he is but twelve years old, was sentenced to be detained in the Halifax Industrial School for four years. D. P. Floyd prosecuted and J. A. Fulton defended the prisoner. The King vs. H. H. Demont, a prisoner in the common goal on a warrant of conviction for violation of Part II. Canada Temperance Act. Motion on return of cause of detention and papers in the trial in the Court, in law, for discharge of prisoner, an order in the nature of Habeas Corpus. After hearing argument of counsel, decision was reserved. J. A. Fulton for prisoner, D. P. Floyd for the Crown.

THE YOUNG LADIES attending the A classes at Mt. St. Bernard College during the past year were eminently successful at the recent Provincial examinations. Their records are as follows—

	Aggregate
Sarah Cameron, Salt Springs,	726
Catharine Donovan, Whit. Pier,	627
Catharine McDonald, U. S. River,	601
Velma Cunningham, Antigonish,	585
Christina McKinnon, Antigonish,	584
Lorrie McMaster, Port Hood,	539
Elizabeth McIsaac, Whit. Pier,	523
Christina Chisholm. Antigonish,	494
Claude Murray, Mabou,	482

In the M. P. Q. subjects the following were successful in taking First Rank:

Miss Grace Blagdon, Antigonish.
Miss Sarah Cameron, Salt Springs.
Miss Lorrie McMaster, Pt. Hood.
Miss Catherine McDonald, U. S. Riv.

OTHER SUMMER SCHOOL LECTURES.—The next evening lecture before the Summer School will be delivered this evening, in the College Assembly Hall at 7.30 by Professor Robertson, C. M. G., Chairman of the Royal Commision on Industrial and Technical Education. It is not necessary to tell the people of Antigonish who Dr. Robertson is for they all know that he is the foremost authority in Canada in Agricultural questions and rural economic problems. This evening he will speak to the Summer School and Citizens on "The Call of the Land." A. C. Bell, Esq., of New Glasgow, one of the best platform speakers in Canada, will be the Summer School lecturer for next week. He will speak on Thursday evening, August 11th, on "Poverty." The evening lectures will be brought to a close on the evening of Thursday, Aug 18th, when Henry Bourassa, M. P. P., the great Quebec orator and parliamentarian, will address the Summer School on "The Making of a Canadian Nation." He will speak in the College rink as, in all probability, no other building in Antigonish would accommodate the audience. The variety and high class of those evening lectures delivered in connection with the Summer School ought to satisfy the most fastidious; for certainly no other town in Canada has the opportunity of hearing so many interesting lectures of uncommon merit as the people of Antigonish have during the Summer Session of St. Francis Xavier's College.

JUDGE CARLETON AND M. J. BUTLER, C. M. G., DELIVER LECTURES.—On Thursday evening last, Judge Carleton entertained a large and appreciative audience at St. Francis Xavier's College, when he delivered his most entertaining lecture on "Irish Wit and Humor" before the Summer School. Notwithstanding the warm weather Judge Carleton's audience was the largest that has gathered in the College since the opening of the present Summer Session. The learned Judge is a very pleasing speaker, has excellent command of language, and is apparently a trained, and practised elocutionist. This was Judge Carleton's first visit to Antigonish and the people of our Town hope it will not be his last. He may certainly expect another invitation at an early date. On the following evening, M. J. Butler, C. M. G., General Manager of the Dominion Coal and Steel Corporation, was the special lecturer. Although the subject, "Transportation Problems of Canada," was very different from that of the preceding evening, it became very interesting and instructive as handled by Mr. Butler. He has the Transportation Problem in all its phases at his finger-ends, and we venture to say that many points which previously seemed obscure to most of his audience were by him made to appear quite simple and readily intelligible. A thoroughly appreciative audience followed the lecture from start to finish and had only one regret: viz., that the lecture was somewhat shorter than they wished.

THE ELEVENTH Annual Convention of the League of the Cross of the diocese of Antigonish will be held at Port Hood on August 30th and 31st, next. The active workers of this noble Society feel quite sanguine that the coming Convention will be the most successful yet held. Many questions of interest to the body and calculated to promote temperance will be persented to the Convention. Following are the most important features of the program

MONDAY.

8—9 p. m. Benediction of Blessed Sacrament and sermon.
9—9.45 p. m. Preliminary Meeting of Delegates.

TUESDAY.

8—8.45 a. m. Mass for delegates.
8.45—9.15 a. m. Addresses.
9.15 a. m.—5.30 p. m. Sessions of Convention.
7.45—9.30 p. m. Mass Meeting of Citizens, Temperance Addresses and Musical Entertainment.

WEDNESDAY.

7.15 — 8 a. m. Requiem Mass for Repose of Souls of Departed Members.

KEEP AFTER THE WEEDS.—That eternal warfare against weeds is imperatively necessary is a lesson as old as the husbandman's calling itself. "Ill weeds grow apace," and it is only by keeping continuously after them can they be suppressed. We have been asked by a public-spirited citizen to remind Overseers of Roads and Highways that the cutting of weeds along the roadside comes within their duties and that failure to remove them has a punishment provided. The weed ragwart, a pest in this County and in Pictou County if ever a weed could be called such, is, we are assured, allowed to grow and ripen and propagate along the roadside. Of course it must prove an annoyance and a serious hardship to the farmer, as it spreads from the roadside to his his farm, particularly when the farmer is striving to eradicate it from his lands and is meeting with a measure of success. Ragwart is propagated by its seeds and by a few offsets from the base of the stem, and, as the seeds are ripe by August, now is the proper time to cut them down. A little attention at the present time will save much labour and trouble later, for "an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure." When the harvest is over is also a good time to fight the weeds. True, all the harm they can do has been done with the season's crop. But there are more crops to come and the farmer who would successfully solve the weed problem must look ahead. So long as there is growth in the ground weeds will grow and there can be no let up in efforts to combat them till the frosts come. Weeds that have been allowed to go to seed, will soon begin to show themselves in the stubble, especially if a rain comes along. The thing to do then is to allow the seeds to get a good start, then gangplow and harrow the land. This will expose the new plants and their roots to the heat of the sun, effectually putting them out of the running. Perennials, too, can be checked considerably by surface cultivation after harvest. By exposing the roots to the dry, hot sun in August or September their vitality is weakened and they will do less harm the following year. One of the reasons why they have made so much headway in many places is because they have been allowed to work their own sweet will after the harvest.

THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON INDUSTRIAL TRAINING AND TECHNICAL EDUCATION arrived at Antigonish this morning by the early train from Sydney, where it has been in session since Monday. The party will leave Antigonish for New Glasgow by to-morrow's early train. The programme for to-day is as follows: Breakfast at College at 8 o'clock; drive about Town and vicinity at 10 o'clock: lunch at College at 1 p. m. meeting at College Hall at 2.30 p. m., when evidence on matters pertaining to industrial training and technical education will be taken, and it is expected a number of witnesses having knowledge of conditions here in these subjects will be present; Dr. Robertson, C. M. G., chairman of the Commission, will lecture on "The Call of the Land" at the College Hall at 7.30 p. m. The members of the Commission are: James Robertson, C. M. G., (chairman), Dr. George Bryce, Gaspard De Serres, Gilbert M. Murray, David Forsyth, James Simpson, Thomas Bengough (Secretary), A. H. Horton (Asst. Secretary). Dr. Robertson was Commissioner of Agriculture at Ottawa for a number of years and latterly was principal of the McDonald School of Agriculture at Montreal. He is one of the greatest authorities on agriculture in America. His lecture this evening will prove profitable to all who will hear it, and our agriculturists living near to the Town should make an effort to be present. The first business of the Commission is to take evidence and collect information about the various industries of the country,—agriculture, mining, manufacturing, fishing, etc.,—and to ascertain what the present systems of education are doing in the several provinces of Canada towards helping the development of the country. So far as education is concerned, it will be considered very carefully where and when it bears upon the prosperity and progress of the country:—its weak and strong points, its actual condition; possible improvements, etc. After making a study of the conditions in Canada, the Commission will seek information in the United States, France, Germany and Great Britain, so as to be in a position to recommend or advise practical improvements in our industrial and educational methods. The report of the Commission when made will be published for free distribution for the information of the people. The following extract from a circular sent out by the Chairman gives a definite idea of the scope of the work undertaken: Our Commission will give particular attention to the manufacturing industries, to agriculture, to domestic occupations, to mining, to the fisheries, to the lumber interests, to the building trades, to the transportation services, as well as to the technical training required for commercial operation. The Commission will also make inquiry into (a) the needs of existing industries in respect to labor; (b) the quality of labor that is available; and (c) the needs of such labor as to industrial training and technical education. The Commission will appreciate co-operation regarding all these matters.

Hospital Building Fund.

Previously acknowledged.....	$886.00
Rev. Fr. D'Auteuil, Larry's River,	50.00
W. H. Harrison, Mgr. Bank of Commerce, Antigonish,	25.00
Thomas Somers, Antigonish,	20.00

Correspondence.

Mr. Editor,—

"A fool is my subject, let satire be my song."

"Great Homer nods." You, Mr. Editor, must have been having a little snooze when, notwithstanding the note of adverse criticism, you gave space to that driveler signing himself "Who" in your last issue. Your columns were never heretofore known to be open to the same quantity of calumny and bad English. So far as the Citizens of the town and its immediate neighborhood are concerned little or no harm may have been done by this publication, but your circulation is from ocean to ocean, and the inference conveyed to your readers abroad is that our town is a seething cauldron of drunkenness and its incidental evils. By way of inuendo, the Town Council, Police officer, and the medical profession, if not abettors of the vice complained of are hinted at as callous to the conditions (all imaginary) prevailing, or negligent in the performance of the duties imposed upon them. Instead of attempting to besmirch the fair name of the town in the public press, it would appear to every person of common sense that "Who" being in real good earnest as to bringing about moral reformation would walk into the office of the Town Recorder, lay the facts, stating persons and places, before him; then condign punishment would be meted out to all transgressors of our Temperance Laws if the evidence given be sufficient to secure conviction. Yes, Mr. "Who," you apparently have it in your power by meaning business to put all the rum-sellers, if there be any at present in the town, where the dogs cannot bark at them, and that for varying periods of time according to the Statute Books of this Province. Will you do this? No, the yellow streak is too prominent in your anatomy. Straight forward conduct in repressing the evil, supposing even a modicum of it does exist, would not be in keeping with your peculiar temperament; it might not receive the publicity sufficient to affect the good name of the university town of Antigonish.

How the good and beautiful cause of temperance and sobriety is set back when weaklings—lacking good taste, good English, and ordinary common sense—are allowed to inflict their crudities in its behalf upon the public! It is to be hoped that we have seen the last of this kind of Temperance literature. Think of it, "Brutes at large," as the heading of the article. "Who" would have our citizens, some of the male portion of them it is presumed, as belonging to the genus *aper*. Well, in the eyes of common sense he has only very successfully proven himself as allied to the long-eared species of the genus *equus*—verily a *princeps assinorum*.

ALETHEIA.

TEACHER WANTED.

A Grade C or D Teacher for Frankville School, one capable of teaching French and English preferred. Apply to PAUL LEVANGIE, Trustee, Frankville, Ant. Co.

TEACHER WANTED.

A Grade C teacher for Lismore School Section, No. 45, male preferred. Apply, stating salary, and experience, to ANGUS L. McDONALD, Secretary to Trustees, Lismore, Pictou Co.

Grand Picnic.

A Grand Picnic will be held at the Church Grounds,

EASTERN HARBOR, CHETICAMP,

ON—

Monday and Tuesday August 15 and 16,

In aid of the Catholic Church Funds.

No pains will be spared to make this an enjoyable time.

MEALS WILL BE SERVED ON BOTH DAYS BY THE GOOD LADIES OF THE PARISH.

The steamer Magdalene will carry passengers from Mulgrave, Port Hood and other points on Monday morning, returning same day, at very low rates.

BY ORDER OF COMMITTEE.

Special offering

—OF—

Nova Scotia Steel & Coal

First Mortgage

5 per cent Bonds

ON FAVORABLE TERMS.

Price and particulars on application.

J. C. MacIntosh & Co.

Members Montreal Stock Exchange.

Direct Private Wires.

Halifax, N. S. :: St. John N. B.

Teacher Wanted

For North River School Section, No. 2, a C or D teacher. Apply, stating salary and experience to

DAN. J. McDONALD, Sec. to Trustees
North River, Antigonish Co.

Teacher Wanted

A Grade B or C licensed teacher for the higher department of Heatherton school, one capable of teaching French and Latin preferred. Apply to

W. C. CHISHOLM, Sec. to Trustees, Heatherton, N. S.

Laborers Wanted

Four Good Labourers wanted to work on the Science Building, Antigonish. Apply at the NEW SCIENCE BUILDING

Teacher Wanted.

Wanted, for Big Beach School Section No. 114, a second-class teacher. Apply, stating salary to

JOHN R. McLEAN, Sec. Big Beach, C. B.

Man Wanted.

At once, a man for general work at County Asylum. Apply to

THE MUNICIPAL CLERK.

July 27th, 1910.

Notice to Overseers

Overseers are again reminded of the necessity of making prompt returns properly filled and sworn to.

Neglect of duty in this respect will result in the penalty for neglect provided in such cases being enforced.

ALLAN MacDONALD, M. Clerk.

July 13th, 1910.

TEACHER WANTED.

Teacher wanted for School Section No. 67, Lower L'Ardoise, Richmond County, one holding a B certificate, male preferred. Apply, stating salary wanted, to

SIMON F. SAMPSON, Sec. to Trustees, Lower L'Ardoise, Richmond Co.

WANTED

1000 Calf Skins; 1000 Wool Pelts; 5 Tons Wool for which we will pay

CASH

Also on hand a full line of Groceries, Boots and Shoes Crockeryware, Shirts, Overalls, Etc., Etc.

Macgillivray & McDonald
Opposite Post Office.

NOTICE!

Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on the lands now owned by Rhodes, Curry & Co. Limited, in this County, and on any lands they may yet purchase, will be prosecuted. Also, trespassers on the lands of J. C. Macdonald, Town, whereon there is a an orchard and growing hay, are notified that they will be prosecuted.

W. G. CUNNINGHAM, Manager.

Library for Sale

The library of the late Rev D. V. Phalen will be sold, or any volume or volumes therein, at reasonable prices. Books in good order. Mostly as good as new—many of them new. Catalogues and certificate of fumigation of premises and contents, may be had from

E. PHALEN, North Sydney, N. S.

A MIDSUMMER SALE

—OF—

Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Etc.

When the clock strikes "8" on Thursday Morning, July 28th,

you can buy any article of Clothing, Haberdashery, Boots or Shoes in our stock at a discount of

20 Per Cent.

from our regular prices. Yes, that's what we said, twenty per cent. Big discount — big interest on your money. We want the money, we want the room for fall and winter stock; we don't want the goods. What we say we'll do. We'll do—you know it, so come get your share of the bargains. There's not a man, woman or child can afford to stay away. Scratch your head a little—think what 20 per cent off means. Remember, this is a fair, square, honest discount.

Highest price paid for Wool and Butter

Palace Clothing Company

Main Street, Antigonish, N. S.

Great Bargains In Used Pianos

These prices will give you an idea of what this Bankrupt Sale means. We have a lot of other Organs and Pianos, small, neat instruments, with old-fashioned cases, but good music, which we are selling at from $10 to $20 each. They must be sold in ten days. Write for full particulars and terms.

Fraser Piano, $350, now	$ 20	Chickering Piano, $800, now	$ 50
Mason & Hamlin Piano $250 now	15	English Cottage Piano, $300 now.....	25
Warner Piano, $250, now..	15	Winchester Piano, $250, now	20
Coleman Piano, $300, now..	25	Hallet & Cranson Piano, $300, now.....	50
Square Piano, $400, now...	25	Hayden Piano, $500, now..	60
Mortimer Piano, $300, now	25	Pneumatic Simplex Pianola $250, now.....	75
Aville Piano, $300, now	30	Pneumatic Piano Player Pianola, $250, now.....	75
Stoddard Piano, $350, now	35	Pneumatic Autonola Piano Player, good as new, $250, now	90
Broadwood Piano, $250, now	30	Leverman Upright Piano, reduced from $350, ...	150
Palmer Piano, $200, now...	45		
Dolman Piano, $400, now..	40		
Townsend Piano, $300, now	40		
Hurst Piano, $500, now....	45		
Hallet & Davis, $400, now..	50		
Herrick Piano, $400, now..	50		

J. A. McDonald Piano and Music Co.

46 Barrington St., Halifax, N. S.

Also Moncton, Amherst, New Glasgow, Sydney, Glace Bay

Haying Tools!

We have a full line of the above, including

SCYTHES, WOOD and IRON SNATHES, HAY RAKES, WOOD and STEEL BOUR HAY FORKS, two and three prong; GRINDSTONES, SCYTHE-STONES.

Also a large assortment of

MOWING MACHINE SECTIONS, GUARDS, PLATES, OILERS, MACHINE OIL, WRENCHES, HARPOON FORKS, PULLEYS, ROPE, ETC.

Seasonable Goods

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

Also a large stock of

CARRIAGE-MAKERS', BLACKSMITHS' and BUILDERS HARDWARE.

Give us a call and let us figure on your requirements with you. We carry a large and well-assorted stock, and being in close connection with the manufacturers, can quote fine prices.

D. G. KIRK

Antigonish . . . N. S.