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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1.

An event of rare occurrence happened a short time ago in Cologne, Germany, when Dr. Leo Mergenthheim, a Jew, was ordained a Catholic priest, and said his first Mass, on which occasion he was assisted by Monsignor Windthorst, formerly of Ohio.

Pastor Russell's religious vagaries are just what we might naturally expect from irresponsible private interpretation of the Bible. The Catholic Church encourages the reading of the Bible, accompanied with prayer; but she has never assisted men to deceive themselves by assuring them that the Holy Ghost would positively and certainly enlighten them. The Holy Ghost cannot teach error; and error there is in the beliefs of the sects, unless opposite and contradictory propositions can all be true, which is absurd.

Amongst the questions put to a Catholic contemporary we notice the following:

"Don't you think the Catholic Church, instead of eternally preaching about the world to come, ought rather to occupy itself with the present one and destroy its misery?"

Our contemporary's answer is too long to insert here; but it classifies the causes of misery in this life as inequality-of health, talents, intelligence and energy, and asks how can men be made equal in these respects, and secondly, the vices incidental to our feeble nature, against which the Church is forever at war. The miseries of the first class are not fatal to the soul. It is not necessary that men should be brilliant, or great, or rich, in order to be saved. If there were no other life but this, what a hollow mockery and a sham this life would be!

The 1900 Year Book of the Department of Agriculture of the United States discusses the question of how to keep young men on the farms. It advocates the organization of boys' clubs to study the best methods of producing the staple farm products of their neighborhood. It suggests county superintendents and rural teachers as the mentors; the parents to furnish the land and the implements; merchants and business men to furnish prizes; and local papers the publicity. The idea, it seems to us, is well worth consideration. Agriculture has suffered, probably, more than any other human occupation, from lack of interest in it. It has been placed in the eyes of young men upon a wrong footing; and they have been led to consider it the lowest of occupations, whereas it is one of the highest and most useful in the world.

The *Detroit Free Press* quotes Secretary Foster of the Detroit Y. M. C. A., as having said at the World's Sunday School Convention at Washington that "seventy-five per cent. of all the boys over thirteen years of age in the Protestant Sunday Schools of the United States are lost to the church and never make professions of faith. I have made that calculation after study, observation and experience."

An English delegate expressed astonishment at this statement, and said that in England they did not lose three per cent. We hope Secretary Foster's view is too pessimistic; but he cannot be wholly wrong, we should think; and even if he is right as to even half of his figures, the World's Sunday School Convention had a much more important matter put before them in his statement than listening to the rabid bigotry of certain reckless critics of the Catholic Church who spoke there. If the Sunday Schools could teach with authority, a better impression would be made.

Dr. James J. Walsh points out in a recent article that practically all the men who were great in science in the 19th century were firm believers in God, and many of them devoutly re-

ligious men. He mentions amongst them, Margagnoli, the father of pathology; Auenbrugger, the father of physical diagnosis; Galvani, the founder of medical electricity; Laennec, who laid the foundation of our knowledge of pulmonary diseases; Muller, the father of German medicine; Selavann, the father of the "cell" doctrine; Claude Bernard, the great pioneer in modern physiology; Pasteur, the father of modern bacteriology; Jenner, Graves, Louis, Stokes, and Carrigan, all of them believers, and the majority of them devout Catholics. The "New Christianity," and the revolt against creed and dogma are not necessary to the progress of human knowledge, freethinking professors and atheistic European politicians to the contrary notwithstanding.

England is about to make a start with a practical domestic training course. A school is to be opened in Brighton this month with eighty pupils. The school will take the form of a large boarding house, in which the pupils will carry on, under supervision, all the usual household work of such a place. The plan has been tried at Karlsruhe, in Germany, for some years with success. The course there for the domestic servants-in-training is one year, of which three months are devoted to cooking. The girls in training have been, usually, from 15 to 19 years of age. They paid about \$80 for the course. At another German school, in Hesse, the girls are taken out making, and taught to buy with judgment. All this seems to belong, as logically to a general scheme of technical education as any other matter included in it. Practical education in economical use of food supplies would be worth much to future housekeepers and their husbands and employers.

William Winter, the critic and essayist, after visiting the ancient cathedrals of England, wrote:

With awe, with reverence, with many strange and wild thoughts, I have lingered and pondered in those haunted, holy places, but one remembrance was always present—the remembrance that it was the Catholic Church that created those forms of beauty, and breathed into them the breath of a divine life, and hallowed them forever; and thus thinking, I have felt the unspeakable pathos of her long exile from the temples that her passionate devotion prompted and her loving labor raised.

He spoke of the church as "the oldest, the most venerable and the most powerful religious institution existing among men." Ruskin, bigot though he was, or often appeared to be, was obliged to admit that architecture fell off after the Reformation. Unreasoning antipathy to all that had marked and accompanied the practice of the ancient religion, led men to pull down and deface all that was beautiful and noble in church decoration, and, in many cases, the very churches themselves. But many of the grand old churches withstood their sacrilegious ravages and yet remain.

A Protestant committee recently formed at Rome, Italy, has decided to ask the American Protestant denominations and the Archbishop of Canterbury to join with the German and Swiss congregations in the project to erect a Protestant Church facing the Vatican as a protest against the Papal Encyclical on St. Charles Borromeo which offended German Protestants.—*Presbyterian Witness*.

What particular virtue or force will be added to this church by its being built "facing the Vatican," we are not able to guess. Unfortunately the windows of the Vatican have witnessed much worse things. Not long ago, as the Protestant *Saturday Review* of London related, the Vatican windows were illuminated by a searchlight, thrown upon them by a mob of hoodlums who received direct encouragement from *L'Evangelista*, the Methodist organ in Rome. If only one poor, feeble old man could be so annoyed, or his sleep disturbed, in the privacy of his bedroom, how much that would raise the status of Protestantism, would it not? We are not by any means sure that the *Presbyterian Witness* would not stand ready to pat the searchlight artist on the back if he could only succeed in spoiling a night's sleep for the Pope.

HOPKINS, MINN., Aug. 3. DEAR EDITOR,—I see now some boss of the fates has settled it that THE CASKET editor must be a cracker-jack, and so there you are. This sort of impertinence you don't need from me, of course, and you'd not have it only for my remembering how some 15 or 20 years ago on an Episcopal Minister trotting out just as jauntily as did your Episcopal Bishop "The Church of England is free," that sophistical trick-o-the-loop is worked off many

times each year, a priest terribly needed such a document as your recent editorial. He came to me for some material, but how far behind all I could give him what you have packed into that one article! And now the later sequel to it on the Pope and the Barons. Is it dull inability to appreciate that that gets these magnificent documents left unrepresented in other Catholic papers? If they were printed on a supplement sheet apart, or on an inside page of THE CASKET, I believe many of the clientele would welcome them and put them to good use. Yours sincerely, MARTIN MAHONEY.

The writer of the foregoing is Father Mahoney of Hopkins, Minnesota, a veteran of the Church in the West, widely known for his vigorous and persistent work for total abstinence, and an old and staunch friend of THE CASKET. We thank him for his kind words, which we do not deserve. They will stimulate us to keep on doing our best.

When the Regency Bill was under consideration the other day in the British House of Commons, Mr. McVeagh, M. P., offered an amusing amendment—amusing because it exhibits the anti-Catholic prejudice which still permeates English public affairs to some extent, in a most ridiculous light. Clauses of the Regency Bill provides that if Queen Mary (who is to be Regent, if Prince Edward becomes King during his minority), becomes a Catholic or marries a Catholic after the death of King George, she shall forfeit the Regency. Mr. McVeagh moved in amendment that the same effect shall follow if she becomes a member, or marries a member, "of the Church of Ireland Disestablished, the Episcopal Church of Scotland, the United Free Church of Scotland, the United Presbyterian Church in Ireland or England, the Wesleyan Methodists, the Primitive Methodists, the Methodist New Connexion, the Bible Christians, the United Methodists, the Free United Methodists, Independents, Congregationalists, Baptists, Welsh Calvinists, Salvation Army, Unitarians, Sabbatarians, Friends, Church of Christ, Moravians, Christadelphians, Disciples of Christ, Swedenborgians, Mormons, Jews, Plymouth Brethren, Armenians, Mahomedans, Buddhists, Freethinkers, Atheists, Agnostics, or any other of the five hundred and sixty-nine denominations not in communion with the Church of England as by law established."

Ireland has so long suffered from drawbacks and conditions arising from bad government and unintelligent laws, that few of a million who have left it have ever cared to go back with a view to remaining there. It is one of the signs of the times that the Irish in America show some disposition to return there now. A few days ago a White Star steamer carried two hundred members of the Irish Home-Going Association.

In explaining the mission of the pilgrims, Mr. Sullivan said:—"We are looking for the promotion of the various industries of Ireland in such a way that the Old Country may take advantage of the knowledge which her sons have gained in this land in regard to the development of her industries.

"It is our intention to attempt to persuade the farming classes to make use of the various agricultural implements used in this country. Most of the farming done there now is by hand."

The time does not seem to be unfavorable for a movement of this kind; and, though we have no means of judging, at present, how far the movement may go, the fact that it is made at all is significant. The Irish land laws were responsible for two-thirds of the emigration, directly or indirectly; and the land question has been now, for some time, slowly but surely undergoing adjustment. Intelligent laws and fair administration, might make Ireland attractive yet to a great many of her sons and daughters to whom their step-mother-country has not been extraordinarily kind.

along the walls it reminded me of a second-class coach in my native province. I was convinced the Chapel Car could never do any good at the Union Depot in Portland. But Providence had in store for me another view of the car.

During the past year I had an opportunity to see the car on the mission and at a place where the "Union Depot" was a single side-track and where, when the local train had passed through, "St. Anthony's Chapel Car" began to assume the proportions of a Cathedral.

Out in the lonely spots, with the brakes set, and the little lamp burning, and the people coming and going one forgets that there are wheels under the car. Out on the missions St. Anthony's Car becomes a real Chapel. The priest says his Mass in the morning and says it at a regular hour. The poor Catholic—if there be any in the neighborhood and they are always there—manages to get around or to slip in once or twice. He sees the Altar and the Vestments. He hears the voice of the priest and the sound of the little bell and his heart breaks within him. He who for years, was scarcely known as a Catholic will, before the car leaves the place, make a good, sincere confession, receive holy communion and rejoice that God has sent His holy one to visit him. In the evening he goes to some public hall to hear the word of God, and he is proud that he is a Catholic. In such a place a thousand visits of a priest, with his poor knapsack on his back and a sewing machine for an altar, cannot do as much good as a week stop-over of a chapel car.

Before the car leaves Town the few scattered families are clamoring for a chapel of their own, and the Protestants, with business instincts and perhaps unconsciously with higher motives, are willing to help them secure one. Is it any wonder that during the past year St. Anthony's Chapel Car was responsible for the building of at least twelve mission churches in Oregon. Or is it any wonder that Archbishop Christie, with Apostolic zeal for the spread of the faith in his growing archdiocese, is sounding his clergy as to the possibility of securing a special chapel car for the exclusive use of the archdiocese. If there be any who question the benefit and propriety of a chapel car for missionary services, I can only say, visit the car on the mission and not only on exhibition at some big central station, and he must be convinced, as I have been convinced, that the car is an instrument for good and sent by God for the salvation of many.

CONSPIRACIES AGAINST RELIGION.

II.

In support of our assertion that the same forces which have operated in France for a number of years past, are now at work in Spain, and that these forces are directed against Christianity, it is necessary to recall some of the events that have taken place in the former country within a period so recent that our readers will at once recollect the particulars when we mention the events.

Two widely read Nova Scotia papers have recently misrepresented the position and attitude of the Church in Spain. We wish to give our readers the facts, and to show the similarity between the attacks of politicians upon the Church in that country and those made in recent times in other European countries; and also the similarity between the misrepresentations sent across to this country in the respective cases.

We take first the anti-religious campaign in France. We wish to state at the outset that we speak from information gathered from better sources than the daily press. We have before us a mass of facts related by prominent Protestant writers; by leading English secular journals upon the authority of their Paris correspondents; by the editors of impartial non-sectarian journals published at Paris, of the highest standing and in no way associated with the interests of the Catholic Church and by special correspondents of leading American papers, who are better authorities, at least, than the cable agencies. We have also had the advantage of personal interviews with members of religious orders, who, having left France after the passing of the infamous "Law of Associations," became respected citizens and teachers in Canada, which interviews, questions and answers, were published in these columns at the time.

Any man who desires to be right upon these matters, must prefer such sources of information to the absurd rigmaroles, fabrications, exaggerations and contradictions of the press despatches that are set before us several times in every week. But, it is wonderful how some men who balk at the infallibility of the Pope in matters of faith accept with the most complete credulity the infallibility of the press agencies in all kinds of matters.

When the maddened masses of French revolutionists stripped the churches of France and murdered the priests the revolutionary government

appropriated all the churches and church property in France; and, so far as robbery and long prescription give a title, the government still owns it all.

Then came Napoleon and the Concordat, and the Concordat lasted until the present rulers of France destroyed it a short time ago. In partial reparation and restitution for the most gigantic act of robbery the world has ever seen, the Government of France undertook the support of the parish priests of France and to protect the Catholic religion against such fanatical attacks as went as near as any human agencies can go, to destroy it at the time of the Revolution. In return it received the right of taxing the people for the support of religion; and it has ever since done so, even while it was undermining religion and preparing to repudiate all its chief obligations.

The series of political conspiracies which culminated in recent years in wholesale confiscation, wholesale repudiations of obligations, and wholesale attacks upon the essential principles of Christianity began about forty years ago, just after France had been annihilated and crushed by the German armies. The causes of that defeat are well known now; but politicians of the time, eager to cover their own shame and the inefficiency and corruption of the French armies, raised the cry that France's humiliation was due to poor schools. At that time the schools of France were turning out the most brilliant thinkers and inventors in Europe. The political jobbery and corruption of the military administration were turning out the worst soldiers France had ever had.

Mr. Eugene Tavernier, associate editor of the *Univers*, is authority for the statement that the so-called anticlerical movement started at that time. It was a favorable moment; and he remarked that the "anticlericals" have always been most expert in seizing favourable moments for the successive steps they have taken. M. Tavernier says:

"As early as 1872, the conquest of the schools, the destruction of teaching congregations, the suppression of convents, the separation of Church and State, the founding of a multitude of associations designed to turn away from the Church children and youth, in a word, a general effort to secularize laws, minds, morals, all this was studied, decided, prepared."

How, in the face of a people overwhelmingly Catholic, professedly, so much has been done to carry out this programme, we purpose showing, as we go on. Many good people, on this side of the Atlantic say:—

"Secular Schools," why, of course, we have them here. Separation of Church and State? Why, certainly, we have that also. France is only striving for what we have, and like. Why should we not sympathize with the movement?"

This is the attitude of the *Eastern Chronicle*, an honest attitude, no doubt; but taken upon insufficient reading and study of the subject. How simple a matter journalism would be, if correct conclusions could be reached and announced, and even fought for, with so little trouble!

We wish first to show the real character of the movement, and then to show its resemblance to the concurrent movements in Italy and in Belgium, and to the present movement in Italy, and even to the recent scandalous outburst of the same thing in the Canadian city of Montreal.

For some years after the "anticlerical" programme was commenced, it was forwarded with a false appearance of liberality and conciliation. Jules Ferry, Paul Bert, and many others then the leaders, were loud in their assertions that it was a programme of good government merely, and was not aimed at religion or at beliefs. As M. Tavernier says, they came forward as men who had in mind some scheme of house-moving or re-arrangement of furniture, which should make everyone more comfortable and make them happier.

There should be State Schools, they said, in which attention should be given, primarily, to secular studies; but, of course, and again and again of course, there should be religious schools, as many of them as the people wished to patronize, and, in their religious teaching should be as free as air. Who would for a moment think of interfering with, or limiting, them? Nonsense.

Such was the beginning. The end, or at least, the latest developments, we all know. But let us catch a glimpse of their true spirit, as they come on with their policy. Paul Bert, in a great speech at Lyons on May 29th 1883 said:—"This enemy is the Catholic Church, the Clerical party." They

had got along so far, in eleven years that they were ready to throw out a defiance, occasionally, to the Church. These were, however, spasmodic, and, as M. Bert's words show, were in terms confined to the Catholic Church.

Now, for purposes of comparison, let us take the speech of M. Viviani, a Socialist and a member of the government, in the Chamber of Deputies, on November 8th, 1906. He said:—

"All of us together, through our fathers, through our seniors, through ourselves, we have bound ourselves in the past to an enterprise of anti-clericalism, to an enterprise of irreligion."

There spoke the grand orient in the saddle at last, and feeling secure. More years of plotting, corrupting, bullying, buying, lying, had passed away. French-rite masonry was master of the public affairs of France. Take another contrast. M. Ferdinand Brissot has been a deputy in the French Parliament for ten years. In the time of Jules Ferry, he was Ferry's right-hand man. He used to declare that what was called "School-neutrality" was in no way opposed to religion. On August 10th, 1904, he said:—

"The goddess State, the goddess School, the goddess Mayor's office, the goddess court-house, all this is merely the conception of a human society that wants to base itself exclusively on human nature, on its phenomena, and its laws. . . . to them from the Church, the nation, the family, the individual. . . . Democracy, urged on by a marvellous instinct of its needs and its forth-coming duties, is preparing for this."

And this man was for a long time a Director of public education. Now, for a glimpse of the moving power underlying the whole goddess scheme. M. de Marcere was three times a Minister of Government. He was minister of the Interior from 1877 to 1879. Now, in his old age, he has written a history of the Republic. He says:—

"At the time when the story I have undertaken ends, little or nothing was known of the Masonic campaign. At most, the initiated might suspect it; and this common error gives the key of most of the events that fill this volume. It is a ray of light thrown backward over a past which opens up new vistas of information."—*Hist. de la Rep., par M. de Marcere, Paris, Librairie Plon.*

A few more instances of the spirit of the "Anti-Clericals," and we shall have finished with this part of the subject. Again we take two instances with a period of years between, thus marking the progress of the movement. In 1851, Paul Bert, as related by Count Albert de Mun, said:—

"Catholic education is the source of imbecility, fanaticism and immorality. There must always be antagonism between secular and religious instruction."

In 1902 a radical member of the Chamber of Deputies wrote:

"The teaching of the catechism to children constitutes an immoral attack upon their reason, an attempt at mutilation, from which they are likely to suffer all their lives. That is why religious instruction to children should be prohibited."

And in that very year the French Government closed 15,000 schools and threw 1,000,000 children into the streets.

M. Florens, formerly Minister of Foreign Affairs, asserts in a book published in 1907, that a Radical-Socialist Deputy showed him a list of names and said:

"This is the composition of the association culturelle which I am going to establish in my commune. All the members are Freemasons like myself. I will not have a single Cleric."

The Associations Culturelles were the associations to which all the Churches of France were to be leased under Briand's law. These associations were to have full control, and the Catholic clergy were to be tenants at sufferance. The Pope was blamed by half the sectarian papers of the world because he absolutely refused to acquiesce in this beautiful arrangement. In January, 1906, *Le Revue Maconique*, a French Masonic publication, advised the brethren to work for the repeal of the law forbidding laymen to wear a clerical dress in public and why? Here are its words:

"In fact, it would be a good thing if people even now were paid to go about the streets disguised as priests, monks and nuns, and commit acts which might create scandal—such as going about with women of low character in cafes, and beer saloons. Even if arrested they could be easily ransomed and rewarded for the great services they had thus rendered in the cause of the propagation of freethought."

The suggestion was not ignored. A few weeks later, several anarchists were arrested for masquerading in clerical costume and singing obscene songs. They were fined a trifling sum. Doubtless the Masons paid, as per programme. It is not hard to guess where *Emancipation Lodge*, of Montreal, learned to hatch dirty plots

Ferrer and the Press.

(John Talbot, L. L. D., in St. John's Quarterly.)

The careful and interesting analysis which Mr. Hilaire Belloc has just made of the Ferrer incident in the pages of "The Dublin Review" should be studied and mastered by the Catholic leaders in this nation. They stand very much in need of the information provided by the English writer, which is more or less familiar to the Catholic leaders of Europe, but is quite unknown on this side of the Atlantic. What is worse, the attitude of our American leaders expresses a scepticism on the matters discussed by Mr. Belloc. They will hardly accept the authority of an expert, and the support of The Dublin Review in the revelations made concerning the machinery which so dexterously manipulated the Ferrer incident as to make it an attack on Catholicism. In New York a saucy journal known as Life, which appeals to the public as a vehicle of refined wit and humor, of careful criticism, and of honest independence, is still charging against the Church the death of Ferrer, which it calls the murder of an innocent man, brought about by Churchmen, because he opposed them. The editors of Life may be fellow-conspirators of the European band which started that flamboyant lie upon its career; or, they may be simply prejudiced bigots, with their eyes shut to the facts; or, they may be average men too busy or too lazy to be interested in the truth, or to desist from falsehood; whatever their attitude or their motives, they should be forced by the Catholics with whom they dwell, whom they daily insult with the repetition of long-disproved lies, to take the position which they have earned, either as fellow-conspirators, or as prejudiced bigots, or as supporters of a lie from sheer indifference to the truth. There is not one shred of evidence to support the charge that the Church murdered Ferrer; or that he was murdered; or that he was an innocent man. There never has been offered any such evidence, merely the unsupported statements of a certain set of persons who undertook to befoul the press on Ferrer. In the last six months, that is, since October, 1909, there has been presented to the public overwhelming evidence to the contrary, showing that Ferrer was guilty, that he enjoyed a fairer trial than he could have gotten in England under the same conditions, that the Church had nothing to do with him, and that the Spanish Government had all to do with him. Yet with no evidence to sustain in the falsehood, and against overwhelming evidence to maintain the truth, the magazine called Life repeats week after week its monotonous falsehood against the Church, its virulent insults against the Catholics of the land. How can such things be? Mr. Hilaire Belloc explains in the January and April numbers of The Dublin Review how the Ferrer lie came into existence, how and why it maintains its existence, how and why it will be repeated in other forms as often as the need and the opportunity occur, and why supposedly intelligent and fair-minded journalists like the editors of Life will continue to sing the lie with variations until the composer provides a newer and more melodious lie suited to the compass of their voices. Who is Mr. Hilaire Belloc? A member of Parliament, a graduate of Oxford, an Englishman with a name, or a Frenchman who became an Englishman, an effective and able writer on social and political questions whose views may be questioned but whose facts never. A course in his writings would surely improve the minds of Life's editors, and open the sleepy eyes of American Catholics to the facts of existence. His account of modern Spain, in the first pages of the January article, tells in five minutes more about Spain than the average American editor has learned up to date about the country which Irving and Prescott and Ticknor united to praise, and which little creatures like John Hay and Arthur Brisbane united to slander. There is not space to deal with that description here, since my aim is to sum up for readers his analysis of the Ferrer case in relation to the press. One point in it is worthy of special emphasis; that when Catalonia, the province of which Barcelona is the capital, takes a certain position on a disputed question, the rest of Spain promptly takes its place on the opposite side. The reason for this hostility against Catalonia lies chiefly in the fact that Catalonia has always owned separatist tendencies, has its own dialect and makes itself regularly disagreeable to all the other provinces. The Barcelona rising of last year is a good illustration of the conditions. The Spanish government got into war with certain tribes in Morocco. The tribes had attacked mines owned by certain capitalists. The Spanish people resented the use of their army in this war, in behalf of capitalists who were chiefly unpopular Jews. Public feeling expressed itself bitterly throughout Spain and was increasing in bitterness and emphasis, when he province of Catalonia, which had remained silent, took up the cry of opposition to the war. On the instant all the rest of Spain dropped opposition to the government and ordered itself against the Catalonians. These are popularly known as the Yankees of Spain, for their enterprise, restlessness, and other unpopular qualities. Barcelona became the center of the protest against the Rif war. On July 26, 1909, the first signs of organized revolt appeared in Barcelona. Most Americans will easily recall the story of the revolt as presented by the American press in its usual frenzied way; the great rising of the impending downfall of the royal house of Spain; the declaration of a republic; the multitude in the streets of Barcelona shouting for liberty; the fears in Madrid; the preparations of the King for flight; and so on ad nauseam down the stereotyped, over-worked list of phrases for a foreign revolution. In a few days the rising was easily crushed, the rioters and promoters

Sticking to the Farm.

(By H. L. Russell, Dean of the College of Agriculture, University of Wisconsin.)

The outlook for the boy on the farm to-day is far different from what it was a generation ago. To John of bygone days it was a place merely of drudgery and toil. There were no opportunities for anything but work. He saw nothing of the wide world and its wonders, except as the animal circus, with its spangle and glitter, gave him a fleeting glimpse of things beyond his horizon; the weekly newspaper contained the chronicle of happenings from the country seat, but registered little of the doings of the outside world. Even hard work on the part of father and the boys failed to secure more than moderate crop returns; and with wheat at fifty or sixty cents a bushel, the financial rewards of farming were not such as to attract and hold John. Such conditions led inevitably to one conclusion. As soon as the boy was old enough to strike out for himself, he left the farm. Not merely was this true for the "lad o' pairs," who was anxious for an education that would lift him into what he hoped would be a wider and higher sphere, but the desire for change, for improvement, led the young of all classes to desert the old farm. The result of this movement has been to crowd the shop and factory, as well as the so-called learned professions. In many cases the old home, especially the old home in the East, has been abandoned, but it has well served its purpose in raising its "crop" of boys and girls. As a farming enterprise it could not hold out against the fertile and cheap lands of the West. Until within a few years the educational influences have led every aspiring young man away from the farm. Colleges and schools have continued to grind out their grist of graduates and have filled the commonly recognized professions to overflowing. The inevitable result has naturally been the same as in the commercial world. Competition became keener and keener, and the maintenance of fees, like the maintenance of the price scale, cannot avert the ill effects of overproduction. A census recently made of the incomes of Illinois physicians, including those of Chicago, showed that the average gross income was approximately eight hundred dollars a year. While this condition has been developing in the professional, and also to a considerable extent in the business world, a new era has been opening for the country boy. He is to-day surrounded with a different environment and is given a different opportunity from that which his father and grandfather had a half-century ago. The crude machinery, hand-wielded, has been displaced with patterns of a power type, ranging from that of the three-horse team to that of the traction-engine. While the labor problem in times of great prosperity is most acute in the rural districts, yet the development of machinery has completely transformed conditions on the farm. The one crop farm, be it wheat, corn, or cotton, has now given way to a diversification of crops, which, with improved methods of culture, has resulted in lessened losses from insect and fungus pests. The farmer has learned that it does not pay to have all his eggs in one basket, even though he may be in the position of David Harum's trader, where he can watch that basket. The work of the agricultural stations has laid the foundation of rational agriculture, and has shown the farmer how to maintain the fertility of the soil by proper rotation, by judicious application of fertilizers, and by utilization of leguminous crops. The history of farming in America indicates an utter disregard of economics as well as ethics. The original fertility of our soils has been depleted by continued cropping, until in many portions the returns barely cover the cost of production. As Butterfield says: the American farmer has mined his farm rather than cultivated it, and in doing this he has robbed posterity of its just rights. The boy of to-day, however, is coming into a different heritage. Fields of wheat have given away to live stock and in the matter of selection of the quality of his stock he is able with scientific accuracy to eliminate the unfit. The farmer no longer ships his crops as unfinished products. But converts his corn, grain and hay into beef, mutton, pork, cheese, or butter. The result is that the old farm yields more than it did a generation ago, and its products are far more profitable. Farming, although the first and foremost of the vocations of men, is the last to feel the impulse of scientific methods. There are still many tillers of the soil who fall far short of the possibilities of their vocation. They still scoff at "book farming," and reject the new ideas as impractical; and the leaven of agricultural knowledge is rapidly permeating the mass, and the mental attitude of the progressive young farmer of to-day is greatly different from that of the pioneers of a generation or so ago. The agricultural press, the farmers' institutes, the college, and the experiment stations have quite revolutionized current practices; and hundreds of our college trained young men now see the opportunity that is open to them in what has been a more or less neglected occupation. Social conditions, too, have undergone a wonderful transformation. The greatest barrier to farm life has been its location. To many this has been harder to bear than the drudgery of work. But the modern farmer is no longer forced to live isolated from his fellows. The telephone is rapidly annihilating space, in the local sense of the term, and practically converts, for social purposes, a township area into a village block. Improved methods of transportation have not yet eliminated distance, but the good roads movement is just ahead of us, and a decade or two will witness the emancipation of the land occupant from the heaviest tax which he is called upon to pay—freight of roads. The boy who sticks to the farm retains an independence not to be de-

spised. In the rural community individualism is not yet lost; in the city the social organism is so complex that the maladjustment of any part interferes seriously with the well being of all related parts. The farmer can live in large measure from the fruits of his fields; the business man is often almost wholly dependent for his success on factors over which he has practically no control. His enterprises may be numerous and profitable, and in a twinkling of an eye business stagnation may develop where a short time before expansion could not keep pace with the increasing commercial needs. No such condition confronts the farmer. The world must have his products. The price of automobiles and other luxuries may go to smash, but butter, eggs, and the products of the field the people must have and must pay for. The boy who has stayed by the farm for the last decade has seen the old mortgage paid off, farm-buildings built, modern improvements installed in the house, and the standards of living raised to the point of comfort. Some days ago a young man walked into my office with his wife, and laid down some photographs. They were pictures of his house and his farm. They showed a well-kept place, a cozy house nestling among young trees and shrubbery, spacious barns and ertis, with a well-appointed dairy-house and ice-house. The young man said: "I left this school eighteen years ago with just ten dollars in my pocket. Year by year I laid by a little until I rented a small piece of land and struck out for myself." Now he has a farm and its equipment, worth at least eight thousand dollars, and all paid for. It was evident, too, that this accumulation had not been secured by sacrificing his life-blood in the effort. His home surroundings betokened the fact that he had lived as he went along. A few weeks ago I sat at a banquet of the alumni of one of the agricultural courses. The president of the association had left the university fifteen years before to go home to a farm encumbered with mortgages. He bought a small interest in it from his father. The mortgage began to dwindle, and in a few years was cleared off entirely. Strawberries and other small fruits did the business. During the last four years the gross income of that young man was thirty thousand dollars. How many professional men who have spent years of preparation and have been established for a decade or more could show as good a balance sheet? This young farmer had also been largely instrumental in organizing a cooperative fruit association in his community. He and his neighbors pooled their crop; instead of dumping their product on the Chicago market and competing with each other, they graded and selected the fruit of the community before consignment, and then shipped it in car-load lots to different markets, where it could be most advantageously handled. In a short time the name of this community became an established trade-mark in the fruit markets of the middle West. Is it any wonder that the mortgage melted away before that young man's energy? What place offers a better opportunity for all-round development than the farm? In the complexity of modern life, in the development of the social organism, the individual is rapidly disappearing. He is lost in the mass. In the city he becomes a cog in the machine. The whole industrial mechanism tends to transform him into an automaton. The factory operative is no longer able to make a pair of shoes or fashion an implement, but he cuts out this or that particular piece, or guides a machine that makes a screw or a bolt. Specialization has undoubtedly reduced the cost of production, but to the toiler in the ranks this degree of organization only comes with loss of vision and perspective. Deeper and deeper a man cuts the rut of his life, until at last escape becomes well-nigh impossible. How much more of life he is able to live in the country! His interests here are varied and continually changing. No vocation requires such a breadth of training to be up to date. In earlier days anybody who failed in any other avenue of life sought refuge in farming; but the successful farmer of to-day needs a mental equipment, and alertness of mind, that fully equals that required in any other profession. One who makes and keeps even a garden realizes how manifold are the enemies of his fruits and vines. For every plant there is a pest, and too frequently more than one. All these he must learn to conquer or check. The plague of to-day is perchance replaced by a new invasion next year. The constant struggle develops the keenest qualities in a man. As the farm boy succeeds, he becomes more and more important in the community. The schools, the local government, the general raising of the standards of life find a more general and freer expression in the country than in city life. A man owes a duty not only to himself, but to those who are to follow him. What father and mother would not choose, if opportunity permitted, to rear their children in the country rather than in the city? The tide has long been toward the town. But the boy who sticks to the farm, who learns how to utilize the forces of nature, who has a large opportunity to-day. The rewards of peace, contentment, independence, come in full measure to him who finds his life-work in developing the soil.—The Youth's Companion.

Red Rose Tea is so popular because "it's good tea" and because when you buy a package you have the comfortable feeling you're getting an article fully worth every cent you pay for it.



Prices: 30c., 35c., 40c., 50c. and 60c.

The City Cousin.

He's my own cousin, mam'ma says, but my! he's awfully green! Because he's always lived in town, and he hasn't seen So very many things. He said he never milked a cow, And all the grass he ever saw, was in a yard till now! He never gathered roasting ears, and it's the first time he Threw up a stick, to knock down nuts and eat 'em off the tree! And he don't know where honey grows and never learned to swim. My! I would hate to be that old, and not know more than him! When he is home there ain't a creek, and so he never goes A-fishing, and he hasn't got a suit of real old clothes, The kind you have to have to fish, and he says he can't go Barefoot with us because the grass and weeds would hurt his toes. He won't chew slippery elm bark or beeswax; he's afraid Of it because he told us that he don't know how it's made; And he won't dig up angle worms, because they wiggle so; I never saw the place he lives, but my! it must be slow!

—J. W. Foley.

Curiosity Confounded.

The great French scientist, de la Condamine, is said to have had an uncontrollable curiosity for trifles as well as in serious matters. One day he went to call on his friend, Madame de Sevigne, the renowned letter-writer. He found her, as usual, seated at her desk, absorbed in her favorite occupation. She greeted him most cordially, but craved his permission to finish her letter, which must be sent by the first courier. "Certainly," replied the scientist. But presently, overcome by his habitual curiosity, he seated himself back of his hostess's chair, so as to read over her shoulder. A mirror hanging above the desk revealed to the Marquise her guest's indiscretion. Without a pause she continued her letter in these words: "I would tell you more, my dear friend, but Monsieur de la Condamine is back of my chair, reading every line I write." Scarcely had she penned this sentence, when the old gentleman jumped to his feet and ex-

Advertisement for Asepto Soap Powder, 'sweetens the home' and 'YOUR GROCER SELLS IT'. Includes an image of the soap powder box.

claimed: "Pardon me, Madame! I have not read a single word!" — Ave Maria.

The Sixth Sense.

It has always been maintained that carrier pigeons have a sixth sense—the sense of direction; and now learned people declare that bees have this sense in a still greater degree. Recently a bee-keeper in France released a number of homing pigeons and an equal number of bees eight miles from home, and the bees arrived several seconds before the birds. In order to make the experiment a trustworthy one, he dusted the bees with flour, so that they might be recognized by those who waited at the hive for them. "And what are we to understand by the Biblical expression 'the four corners of the earth'?" asked the instructor in theology. "Rockefeller's corner in oil, Havemeyer's corner in sugar, Carnegie's corner in steel, and Patten's corner in wheat," answers the new student.

Large advertisement for Ogilvie's Royal Household Flour. Features an illustration of a woman holding a loaf of bread and text describing the quality and benefits of the flour.

Professional Cards section containing advertisements for O'Mullin & Gray, D.A. McIsaac, Dr. J.L. McIsaac, Dr. C.S. Agnew, E.L. Lavin Girroir, Burchell & McIntyre, D.C. Chisholm, Joseph A. Wall, Land for Sale, Advice to Ladies, and a Synopsis of Canadian North-West Land Regulations.

PAY ENVELOPE NUMBER NINE.

It was six o'clock on a dull Saturday evening. Thick gray clouds filled the sky and the smoke that poured from the factory chimneys hung close to the earth, and made the atmosphere as impenetrable as fog.

Usually they poured from the foundry in a great mass, but on Saturdays it was different. Saturday was payday, and then the men must march slowly by the paymaster's little window, each call out a number, receive the envelope containing his week's pay, and march on out the gate.

Harvey Fleetwood was near the head of the line on this particular day. His young wife was very sick and he was in a hurry to get home to her; so, in spite of the protests of the men, he pushed his way to the front until he was the fifth one from the head.

"Number Nine!" he called, and in a moment received the envelope so numbered, was jostled on, and had soon hurried from the yard. Once outside the grounds and apart from the men he eagerly tore the envelope open.

"Ten dollars, and here I owe the doctor that much for Molly's medicine. Then the kids need clothes and we have to eat. What will I do if she does not get well?" he groaned, as he took the money from the envelope.

For a moment he stood amazed, then gave a long, low whistle, for there in his pay envelope were twenty dollars. He looked at the envelope. It was his, Number Nine. It was sealed when he got it, so the paymaster could not know that he had made a mistake. The money was his, and the doctor would be paid.

At first he could not believe his good fortune, but the two ten-dollar bills crinkled in his hand. It was true. His first impulse was to rush home and tell Molly, but, on second thought he decided not to. Molly was peculiar; she would say the money was not his; she would not rest until he had taken it back. Besides, the office was closed now, and he could not take it back until Monday morning, even if he wanted to—which he did not.

Ordinarily Harvey would have decided to go to the paymaster and tell him of the mistake, but with so many bills to be paid and Molly so sick, it seemed a godsend to him. He resolved to keep the ten dollars and say nothing of it to the paymaster or to his wife. The doctor would be paid, and he would have his regular wages to keep them through the week. With this decision he satisfied himself.

Owing to shortage of orders, the men in the moulding department had been told not to return till nine o'clock Monday morning, so the foundry was deserted at eight when the president of the company strode into the cashier's office. After greeting his subordinate, he said:

"Harrison threw up his place as foreman of the moulding and casting department Saturday. We will have to pension him. Been with us a long time, thirty years. That means promotion for some one in the department, and I can not decide whom to put in."

"Have you no one in mind who is able to fill the position as well as Harrison did?" asked the cashier.

"Oh, there are several who can do the work, but that is not the question. We need someone thoroughly honest, as he will have the handling of all the orders, and a smart man could easily fish money from us by short-ordering and taking the difference between the order and the bill he gives us. I had in mind that young Fleetwood. He is a good worker, and seems to be honest. I have no way of telling if he is honest, for I will not abuse the confidence of my men by setting traps for them.—Answer the telephone there, Watson."

When the cashier turned and hung up the receiver, there was a smile on his face.

"You will not have to set a trap intentionally to test Harvey Fleetwood, and yet there will be one," he said.

"What do you mean?" The president rose from his chair as he asked this question.

"Carlton, the paymaster in the moulding department, has just wired me that he inadvertently put ten dollars too much in Harvey Fleetwood's pay envelope Saturday night. Fleetwood is number nine, and Jones is nineteen. Jones worked overtime last week and made twenty dollars. Carlton put the same amount in number nine by mistake. He will not be here until Wednesday, and he has asked me to fix it up."

"You are right; that will be the test of Harvey Fleetwood's honesty and of his ability to fill the position left vacant by Harrison, for if he proves his worth in this matter I will give him the place."

"Never mind, Harvey. I will soon be well. I do not mind how poor we are so long as you are honest." With a sob, he hurried from her bedside into the next room, took the ten dollars and replaced it in the envelope. He would trust to God; surely He would provide. Then he hastened to his work.

When he entered the gate he went straight to the office to tell the cashier of the mistake made in his envelope. He hesitated when he saw the president, but the president nodded to him to proceed, he said:

"There was a mistake made in my pay envelope last week, and I got ten dollars too much. Here it is, sir," and he laid it upon the desk.

"Keep it," returned the president. "You deserve it for your honesty; the mistake was ours. The astonished Harvey left the office. When he had gone the president said, with a smile:

"I think Harrison's place is filled. Harvey has earned home that night with the ten dollars and the astounding news that he was promoted to foreman and his salary doubled. The news acted better than a tonic and Molly was soon her old self. It was then he told of the pay envelope, and to hear her praise was ample reward for his honesty, together with the joy at receiving the new position. He was glad that he had not yielded to temptation.—New York Observer.

Homely Facts Worth Remembering.

To renovate a black coat which has worn shiny, sponge it with equal parts of ink and strong tea.

A good glove-powder may be made by pounding up dried Castile soap in a mortar with pipeclay.

Rusty flatirons may be restored to their original smoothness by rubbing them over with beeswax and lard.

New tins should be set over the fire with the boiling water in them for several hours before food is put into them.

Provided the water has been kept boiling, it is a sign that vegetables are sufficiently cooked when they sink to the bottom of the pan.

To clean fruit or acid stains from water, wipe them, and rub the stains well with a piece of raw potato dipped in fine brick dust, then clean as usual on the knife-board.

To preserve egg-shells for collecting purposes, when the egg has been blown, pour into the shell a solution of corrosive sublimate, and shake it about so that it comes in contact with every portion of the membrane.

To make fireproof mortar for stoves, etc., take two-thirds of the best lime and one-third of smith's block-just, mix well together, and form into a stiff mortar with cold water. When set this mortar will be nearly as hard as iron.

If a light silk blouse has become slightly soiled, take it in hand before it gets really dirty. Heat some bran in the oven and rub the soiled part of the silk with this. The dirty marks will speedily disappear, and the blouse look like new.

A very good way to warm up a joint of meat is to steam it in an ordinary potato or pudding steamer, allowing ten minutes to each pound if underdone; from five to seven, according to thickness, if well done. The meat will be very tender recooked in this way.

Lemon juice will cleanse other things besides the skin. Copper may be cleaned by rubbing with a lemon skin and salt. It should be wiped at once with a cloth or chamois. Iron rust and ink stains may be removed from linen by rubbing with lemon juice and salt and then exposing the spot to the sun.

Do not throw away bones nor leave them in the pantry until tainted; but as soon as the meat has all been used crack up the bones, put them into a saucepan with cold water and a little salt, boil up, skim, and then boil gently for one and a half to two hours. Pour into a basin, let the stock stand until cold, and take off the fat. This makes good gravy or stock for soup.

To wash chamois leather gloves make a lather with a good brand of soap and water, adding a teaspoonful of ammonia to a quart of suds. When tepid put in the gloves and leave them to soak for a quarter of an hour. Then press them between the hands, but do not wring them. Rinse the gloves in fresh, cold water to which a little ammonia has been added. Press the worst of the moisture out by placing them in a towel. Dry them by hanging them in the open air.

The Religious Critic.

If the consequence were not so extremely serious, it would be amusing to witness the cool assurance with which most non-Catholics and some conceited Catholics call Christ's Church and her doctrines before their self-constituted court for condemnation without a hearing.

The fact that they are ignorant, in very large measure, of what she believes and teaches, and, even more so, of the reasons and arguments by which she proves her position, does not disturb them in the least.

They know only that she is an obstacle when they desire no interference with their unjust or immoral inclinations.

Therefore they seek to destroy her influence and authority by advancing the doubt as to whether she is right. It would be much more rational if they would first question their own qualification to pass accurate judgment upon a subject of such magnitude, when it is not evident that they possess sufficient information or proper training for judicial investigation.

It does not follow because a man has been successful in his own speciality for the reason that he has made it a life study, that he is thereby made capable of accurate judgment in a far deeper science to which he has given little or no attention. Sensible men understand that this is the age of specialists, and they know that the most successful men are those who give all their talent to their particular work. If any should be puffed up with conceit upon a little temporary prosperity and then imagine that they "know it all" in some other speciality,

some bright genius rises up with talent and information about his speciality and gives their pride a severe jolt.

Now, religion is a speciality which transcends all merely human sciences in the depth of its knowledge, and in the breadth and importance of its scope. It is not vanquished or destroyed because ignorant, or conceited men have doubts about its truth, nor because others sneer at it, ridicule it or abuse it.

When people have doubts about religious truths and obligations, it is often because their minds are so influenced by selfish or immoral interests that they hesitate to give allegiance to a system which demands the same and just control of their passions, and which also insists that God and their fellowman have rights which must not be invaded or disregarded.

If you wish to set yourself up as a judge to pass final sentence upon the Church, you must show that you are qualified for the position and also that you have the right to judge. It is likewise necessary that you admit to the hearing not only the accusations, but also the evidence for the defense and that you suspend your opinion until after you have used due care in the examination and consideration of all procurable testimony. You must remember that no one is to be condemned without a full and impartial hearing, and that the legal presumption is for truthfulness, probity and innocence until guilt be proven beyond a reasonable doubt.

Now, in case you should have conceit enough to set yourself up as a judge of the doctrine or methods of the Church on account of accusations that have influenced you against her or her officials, the first question is: "Who appointed a man of your calibre and limitations to act as the Supreme Court in this case? Who certifies that you are fitted for the position? What do you know about the Church, as she really is, beyond what you studied in the little Catechism?"

That is only primary school training, and it is not recognized as sufficient for a judge. In the civil law unless you have had at least a high school education or its equivalent, you would not be allowed to enter the examination held by the state for the purpose of appointing Supreme Court judges, but not only for that of testing whether or not one may be allowed to plead even before the lowest courts in the state.

This board does not accept as sufficient, the recommendations of successful financiers, physicians, lawyers, or of any others, no matter how high their standing. It does not accept the degrees of Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, or any other college or university where candidates have studied and completed the law course to the satisfaction of its president and officials. It insists upon its own examination even of those who have received certificates of capability for other sources. So likewise with the Church. She does not accept, as judges of her doctrine, financiers, physicians, lawyers, scientists, Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Dartmouth, or any other college or university graduates, and does not consider any of these qualified to criticize or reject her teaching just because they are bold enough to consider that their eminence in other professions, entitles them to condemn a system to which they have given little or no consideration.

So, then, the Church as defendant, in the exercise of her rights, could object that your self-constituted Court is without jurisdiction, is not learned in the law, is prejudiced in advance, and therefore is too ignorant and too unjust to render a fair verdict.

This, of course, would hurt your pride, but if you insist upon the trial, you might be reminded that you are claiming the right of decisive private judgment which is not allowed even by the civil law, because it is the rejection of established and competent lawful authority. To claim this right is practical Protestantism, a fact which you, as a nominal Catholic may not realize, but please keep it in mind.

One more thought. The State of Massachusetts with all its laws, attorneys, judges and courts is very small when compared with the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church founded by Christ the Lord. It is only of yesterday, its problems are few, its history very brief, and very limited are the scope and importance of its legal decisions. If so much study and so much capability are demanded from those who wish to plead before judges in an institution so small, what is your status when you constitute yourself not merely a pleader, but as the whole Supreme Court in your condemnation of a State, so to speak, founded by the Infinite Wisdom of Christ, authorized by Him (not subject to your approval) to teach all nations, protected by His Presence, guided by the Spirit of Truth which "teaches all truth," (and which therefore does not have to learn anything new from you,) and which is to remain invincible to the very end of the world, teaching all men, blessing, purifying and sanctifying them.

The Scriptures say: "Judge not, lest thou be judged." If this applies to our conduct toward other men, with how much greater force does it warn us not to consider ourselves judges of Christ's Church? It would be very impertinent on our part to invert the order, so that Christ should be judged by us. It is the other way—He is the judge of the living and the dead, and we and not He are the defendants.

It is about time that some Catholics took the proper view of this. You cannot separate Christ from His Church. He has organized her, taught her, authorized her to teach you and everybody else and when you despise and reject her, you despise and reject Him.

Your duty is to believe and not to condemn. You are not His judge, but He is yours. God has not abdicated and put you in His place. He, and not you, has decided what His will is, how it shall be made known and applied. He is Infinite Wisdom and you are not; He is Omnipotent and you are not; He is not subject to you, but you must abide by his decisions.—The Pilot.

Desert Riches.

The pampas of Patagonia, famous for their sheep ranches, are great desolate deserts, sometimes level as far as the eye can reach, sometimes undulating in graceful monotony, and again a chaos of lava rock. A few swift, dangerous rivers have ploughed steep canons. In slighter depressions, where snow melts and water accumulates there are grassy meadows. Several hundred sheep were brought from the Falklands in 1877 to Punta Arenas and sheep raising was thus introduced into the regions of the Strait. From this nucleus and shipments which followed the stormy Territoria de Magellanes (of Chile) today carries perhaps 2,000,000 sheep.

Punta Arenas is its centre and base of supplies. To the north of the Strait, south of Rio Santa Cruz (Argentina), the littoral and contiguous river valleys support perhaps 1,000,000 more.

Thus this little lonely Strait settlement, the Mecca of southern Chile and Patagonia, is one of the great wool exporting ports of the world, shipping away on steamers three years ago over 16,000,000 pounds of wool with a commercial value of over \$1,600,000. In addition to this there was a sale of nearly 400,000 pelts. Thus sheep raising in these regions has been more lucrative than gold digging and more profitable than copper.

Although here in Southern Patagonia the few million sheep graze on some of the poorest land in Argentine territory, yet they go far toward piling up her enormous total of perhaps 70,000,000 head of sheep, making her first as an exporter of frozen meat and second only as a shipper of wool, justifying her maintaining in her beautiful capital the Central Produce Market of Buenos Ayres, the largest wool and hide market in the world.

Church of the Future.

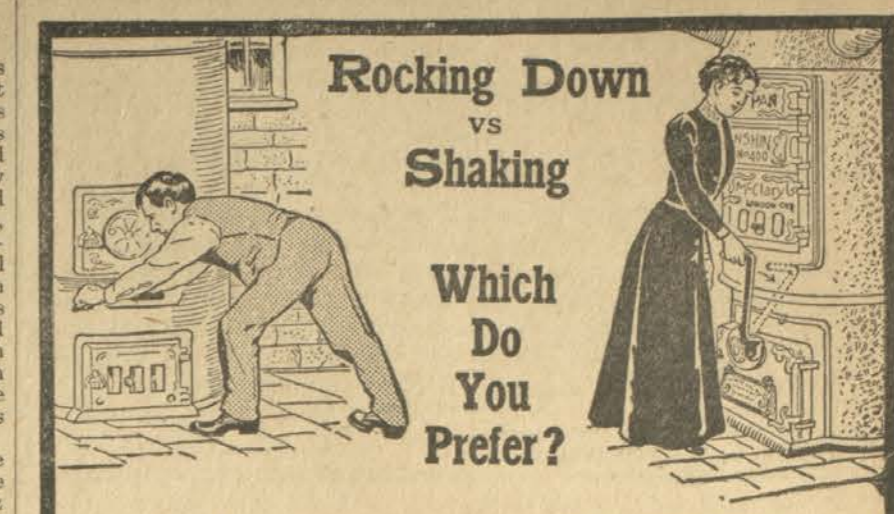
Father Benson, a convert, and son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, writes an interesting article on the future of Catholicism. Casting aside the silly objections as to who constitute the members of the Catholic Church, he writes:

They seem to be entirely unaware that a movement is going forward amongst some of the shrewdest and most independent minds in all civilized countries, which, if precedent means anything, implies as absolutely true the prediction of Mr. H. G. Wells that we are on the verge of one of the greatest Catholic revivals the world has ever seen.

When men in France like Brunetiere, Coppee, Huysmans, Rette and Paul Bourget, come forward from agnosticism or infidelity; when Pasteur, perhaps the most widely known scientist of his day, declares that his researches have left him with the faith of the Breton peasant and that further researches, he doubts not, would leave him with the faith of the Breton peasant's wife; when, in Great Britain, an Irish Protestant professor of biology, a professor of Greek at Glasgow, and perhaps the greatest judge on the bench, in the very height of maturity and of their reputation, deliberately make their submission to Rome; when, within the last few months, the Lutheran professor at Halle follows their example; when two of those who were called "the three cleverest men in London," not only defend Catholicism, but defend it with the ardor of preaching friars; when, in spite of three centuries of Protestantism, enforced until recently by the law of the land, the Catholic party in the English Parliament once more has the balance of power, as also it holds it in Germany; when as is notorious, the "man-in-the-street" publicly declares that if he had any religion at all, it would be the Catholic religion; when a papal legate elicits in the streets of Protestant London a devotion and a hostility that are alike the envy of all modern "leaders of religious thought," and sails up the Rhine, into Cologne to the thunder of guns and the pealing of bells; when this kind of thing is happening everywhere; when the only successful missions in the East are the Catholic missions, the only teachers who can meet the Oriental ascetics—surely it is a very strange moment at which to assume that the religion of the future is to be some kind of ethical pantheism.

One last indication of the future of Catholicism lies in its power of recuperation. Not only is it the sole religion which has arisen in the East and has dominated the West, and now once more is reconquering the East; but it is also the one religion that has been proclaimed as dead, over and over again, and yet somehow has always reappeared. Once "the world groaned to find itself Brian," Arius is enshrined in the text-books and the Creed of Athanasius is repeated by living men. Once Gnosticism trumped on the ancient faith everywhere; now not one man in a hundred could write five lines on what it was that the Gnostics believed. Once the Turks overran Africa and Spain and threatened Christendom itself; now the nations trained by Christianity are wondering how they can best dispose of Constantinople. Nero thought he had crucified Christianity in Peter; now Peter sits on Nero's seat. Once Elizabeth disembowelled every seminary priest she could lay hands on, and established Protestantism in Ireland. Now Westminster Cathedral draws immeasurably larger congregations than Westminster Abbey, where Elizabeth is buried; and Catholic Irishmen are dictating in an English Parliament how the children in English schools are to be educated.

At every crisis in the history of Christendom—at the captivity of Avignon, the appearance of Luther, and the capture of Rome in 1870—it was declared by "modern thinkers" to be absolutely certain at last that Catholicism was discredited forever. And yet, somehow or other, the Church is as much alive today as ever she was; and that, in spite of the fact that she is, in her faith, committed to the past and to doctrines formulated centuries before modern science was dreamed of.



Rocking Down VS Shaking Which Do You Prefer? Look at the man above. He's SHAKING an ordinary furnace. He bends nearly double, exerts all his strength, works up a perspiration, 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.

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THE CASKET

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

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1.

QUESTIONS FOR THE EASTERN CHRONICLE.

1. Leaving out of consideration the press despatches published in the daily papers, what documents or publications has the *Chronicle* read, and what authorities has it consulted, upon the present political and social conditions in Spain, the relations between Church and State, and the status and policies of political parties?

2. Does our contemporary know whether the source of the press despatches is an independent and impartial one?

3. Does the tone of the despatches indicate, of itself, impartiality? Do the despatches make a reasonable attempt to present more than one side of the questions they deal with?

4. What is its authority for the statement that the Vatican has sent an ultimatum to the Government of Spain on the single point of making to Protestants the concession it speaks of? When was the ultimatum sent? What was its language?

5. What is meant by the statement that "the political war in Spain is waged between the government and the Vatican of Rome?"

6. In what manner can it make good its statement that "the Vatican would crush the Spanish Government by force of arms if it could?"

7. The *Chronicle* mentions more than one complaint of "the Vatican" against the Spanish Government. Are any of them justified in any degree, and, if so, which?

8. How does it attach responsibility to "the Vatican" for any movement the Carlists, a political party, may make, under the circumstances?

9. Is it not natural that any political party, opposed to the government, should make political capital out of disputes that are of great and general interest?

10. Is there anything improper in the statement attributed to "the Vatican" that it hopes that when the Spanish Parliament meets, the party now in power will be defeated?

11. What is the *Chronicle's* authority for the statement that a majority of the Catholics of Spain are behind the Government of Canalejas in the present disputes? Has he a mandate from the people, given at any general election upon these subjects?

12. What is the proportion of members of religious orders in Spain to the Catholic population of that country, as compared with the proportion in other European countries, including Protestant countries, to the Catholic population thereof?

13. What is meant by "the disquieting extra legal growth of monasticism in Spain?" How is such growth extra legal? How is it disquieting, and to whom?

14. Who was the "typical patriotic Spaniard" who made the remark quoted about "getting rid of our monks? To what political party did he belong?" What paper in Madrid quoted him? What is the political standing of that paper? On what ground is it said that he is "typical"?

15. In what manner can our friend make good its statement that "for scores of years Spain has known no real happiness?" What would be "real happiness" for them?

16. Will the *Chronicle* state in detail the alleged effects of the large membership of the religious orders in Spain upon the business and social conditions in that country?

17. In what way have the religious orders burdened the people of Spain?

18. Assuming, for the purposes of this question that Premier Canalejas is correctly quoted in his interview with the *Paris Temps*, what does the *Eastern Chronicle* think of his school programme, as applied to a country which has only 10,000 Protestants in a population of nineteen millions?

19. Does our contemporary think it wrong for the Catholic Church to oppose the proposed elimination of all creed and dogma from schools now Christian, — no question of mixed schools or conscientious objections of parents or pupils being involved?

20. What does our friend conceive that Canalejas meant by his reference to "intransigent Catholics, whose only programme is the reign of Jesus Christ?"

21. Do such utterances inspire confidence in this politician's fidelity to Christianity in any form?

22. Is it a necessary inference that a government in power correctly represents in every policy it puts forth, the real wishes of the people? Is such an inference more, or less, a matter of course, in countries like Spain, in which the public mind is somewhat apathetic on political matters, and the franchise is, to a considerable extent, neglected?

If our contemporary wishes to be taken seriously, as knowing something substantial upon the questions into which it has so boldly plunged, here is its opportunity to show how much it knows, and how well it has weighed and assorted its information.

CONSPIRACIES AGAINST RELIGION

(Continued from page 1)

Like that recently brought to light there.

In 1904, M. Delpeche, a member of the Senate, speaking in the Senate, said (and it is with pain that we reprint the horrible blasphemy—but the truth is necessary):—

"The triumph of the Galilean has lasted for twenty centuries; it is now his turn to die. The mysterious voice which once on the mountains of Epirus announced the death of Pan today announces the end of that false God who promised an era of justice and peace to those who should believe in him. The deception has lasted long enough; the lying God, in his turn disappears."

This brute, Delpeche, is still a prominent figure. In August, 1909, he made a speech at the distribution of prizes at the Lycée of Foix, and used such blasphemous language that the Bishop of Pamiers was obliged, in protest, to withdraw his chaplain from that institution.

In our next article we shall show a few samples of the actual work of the "Anti-clericals." Meantime, we may observe, in closing this article, that the commencement now being made in Spain adheres faithfully to the French Masonic drama. Canalejas is careful to explain that all he wants is a more vigorous and effective school system. Not an anti-religious school system! Perish the thought. It is a measure of good government, merely. No harm is intended to the Church. Indeed, religion will be the better of it. So the Grand Orient of France talked thirty years ago. With smiles and smooth assurances, and lies they have advanced from point to point, and so they will do in Spain, if the Spanish people prove as gullible and childishly helpless in public affairs as have the people of France.

But the Church is not dying in France. She is not even in danger of death. Her case is not half so bad as it was in that same country just before the time of Napoleon. The Protestant historian, Macaulay, described in one of his famous essays her dreadful position at that time; recorded her swift and triumphant recovery; hovered about the commencement of an explanation of that recovery; and, unable to make any reasonable attempt at explanation, hurried on to the close of his essay.

"But the end was not yet," he says. "Again doomed to death, the milk-white hind was still fated not to die."

And she will not die at the hands of the Grand Orient of Europe.

Our London Letter.

LONDON, Aug. 18th, 1910.

The vacuum which usually causes this month to be the greatest test of an Editor's capacity is not quite so utter this year. All the same some of the material which fills it can claim kinship with those topics generally associated with the Silly Season, though in many instances there is a method in their madness.

For instance, it sounds very silly to us to hear that the "Old Catholic Church," a small community having a chapel in Islington, proposes to shortly erect a hierarchy and take steps to secure a thoroughly equipped theological college for students for the priesthood, until we learn that all this needs funds for which the present Bishop Mathew is appealing earnestly. In fact this individual has no intention of starting his hierarchy until he knows just how much his friends and supporters are good for. It is a remarkable thing, the dependence placed on "filthy lucre" by all the apostasies and schisms. The old idea of the Apostolic life which started with neither staff nor scrip, the missionary spirit which said "where the Mass is there the table is"—and which is the origin of our Mass offerings to-day, we cannot give the old hospitality under the changed conditions, save in kind,—the profession of Holy Poverty, voluntarily and gladly, these are the first things to go as the heretic turns his back upon the glorious vision of the Church of God. And so this apostate priest who has set up this new conventicle in Islington, and dares to assume the title of the "Old Catholic Church," has already set out on his weary search for the goods of this world. It is possible he may find them. There are always a few moneyed cranks who collect religions in preference to china or old lace. It is more expensive and less substantial, but it gives them that desirable thing, Power, in the select sectional circles in which they move; and in picturesque hybrids such as the Old Catholic Church it may even mean a stained glass window when they depart. Nay, there are great possibilities about being in at the birth of a sect, a brand new Calendar may need a few latterday Saints. So we may

presently have a few more Bishops scattered around. It will be interesting to see whether the old Catholics select the old Catholic Sees such as Canterbury and York, etc., whether they attempt to usurp the Sees governed by the restored hierarchy of the Catholic Church, or whether they invent new Sees for themselves.

The correspondence which has been raging in the dignified columns of the *Times* leads one to wonder whether some of the writers put their common sense in their pockets when Religion is the question. The subject is Christ's Catholic Church and what constitutes that Church, and the definitions given are indeed weird and wonderful. An Anglican clergyman gives a definition which for originality has surely never been equalled. His first proposition seems sane enough. "The root principle of the whole subject lies in the fact that Christ's Catholic Church is the universal Society of Christians throughout the world governed by the Catholic Episcopate." With this we are at one, there is only one such universal body, and the Catholic Episcopate is in turn governed by the Bishop of Rome, that seems clear enough. But no! The reverend gentleman goes on to give us more propositions with which we are in agreement, and then comes the climax. "There can be only one Catholic Bishop in each diocese. All out of communion with the Catholic Bishop of his own Diocese is a schismatic and liable to excommunication ipso facto." Agreed. Now comes the amazing illustration. "For instance, all Christians living in the capital of England owe canonical obedience to the Bishop of London; the inhabitants of Paris to the Archbishop of Paris, dwellers in Rome to the Bishop of Rome; all good Christians in the Capital of Russia to the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg, and so on, ad infinitum!" As a commentator says, Mr. Hall apparently considers schism rather a question of geography than of sin. But seriously, can anyone interpret the mind of this writer. Apparently the Catholicity of each Bishop is shown by that one who assumes the actual name of the city in which he lives for his See. But how does Mr. Hall distinguish the Catholicity of two Bishops, one Anglican, the other Roman, who rule over, let us say, Southwark, or how distinguish persons living in country towns which are included in the Diocese of the Anglican Archbishop of York and the Catholic Archbishop of Leeds? What a glorious muddle for the traveller who journeys from his native Diocese of London, say, where he has been a Protestant, to Paris, where he must become a Roman Catholic, to Russia where he conforms to the Greek Church, to certain parts of Germany where he becomes a Lutheran, and "so on ad infinitum!" With the swing of thought's pendulum, a vision rises before me of the Church of a mountain village in Bavaria which is to-day the world's Mecca for a few brief months. Let the Rev. Gage Hall stand in the Church of Oberammergau at 6 a.m. one Sunday morning before September is out and he will see before him living maps in which are well defined the parts of Christ's living Catholic Church. There on their knees, where there is space, or standing devoutly wrapped in prayer, before the same altar, he will see the Briton, the Celt, the German, the Frenchman, the Italian, the Russian, the Swede, the inhabitant of far Japan, the American, the Colonial, the Spaniard, the Belgian, and the Indian, and the African, the Greek and the Arabian, all are unknown to one another, their speech is strange, their manners, habits, customs, ideas do not amalgamate, but they come together before the Christian altar, these parts of Christ's Catholic Church, for the supreme act of worship that makes them one, and to each and all the Holy Mass is as familiar, to each and all the church is as completely home, as if they knelt amongst their own people in the land of their birth.

But such views as Mr. Hall's,—and the other view that "Christ's Catholic Church" consists of all baptised Christians, though the Wesleyan Connection, the Presbyterians and others have as much part in it, as corporate bodies, as the Carlton Club or the Army and Navy Stores,—merely show into what a lamentable state of confusion the Church of England has fallen. And the defiance hurled at her Bishops by Anglican clergymen, who commit and defend bigamy by the argument that we were intended to enjoy life and that marriage was created for pure joy, so marriage is not intended to be a burden, like another, is merely an open expression of the utter disregard of authority which permeates her ministry, and expresses itself in varied forms of service, and remarkable public utterances. It is regrettable to hear that the inhibited Vicar of Sutton Cheney whose exposition of his views, as given above, brought applause from a congregation of strangers and journalists at last Sunday's parish service, should have found a Catholic woman to share his crime. His position is peculiar, for in the eyes of his wife's Church he is not a bigamist, since he is not married at all a second time, for the French Catholic lady with whom he has returned, was induced to go through the Scotch form of marriage by proclamation before witnesses, which, in the absence of the Parish Priest, does not now constitute a marriage, even one incurred in sin.

Surely there seems only one course open to the Rev. Mr. Cocks, Anglican Vicar of St. Bartholomew's, Brighton, who has resigned his living because his conscience forbids him to act against the decree of his Bishop, but also forbids him to obey the provisions of that Bishop's decree. He has resigned his living because, believing in the Real Presence of the Blessed Sacrament he cannot agree to discontinue the practice of reserving the Sacrament and urging his people to make visits of adoration to the Church. It is sad to think that though Mr. Cocks has seen a gleam of light he is still in the twilight, and the interruption to his career which has come through his own honesty of purpose, may we hope lead him to

realise where truth is one, and where the Blessed Sacrament has its home.

Catholic prelates have been occupying the columns of some of the well known provincial and Northern papers in defence of the Holy See's attitude in the Spanish affair. The Bishop of Salford himself took up the cudgels in the case of the Manchester Guardian, which in reply to the query "is the Pope an independent Sovereign" had declared that he was an Italian subject. Bishop Casartelli's letter was dignified but to the point, his Lordship stating, it is beyond question that the Pontiff is in the eyes of the world, Catholic and non-Catholic, an independent Sovereign. The Bishop has hit to point the diplomatic relations maintained between the Vatican and all the Courts of Europe, while that marvellous work, the Almanac de Gotha includes the Roman Pontiff amongst reigning sovereigns. Canon McCarthy in the *Glasgow Herald* seeks to give the readers of that widely circulated journal a fair statement of the real issues between the Vatican and Spain, which have been so confused by the home Press.

A well known Catholic layman has been obliged to enter the press columns, too, in defence of his honour these last few days. Mr. Hillaire Belloc, M. P. and journalist, wrote to the *Times* yesterday in connection with a message which had been circulated by Reuter that in searching the rooms of an Indian Seditionist several letters had been found from English M. P.'s amongst the list of names given being that of Mr. Belloc. Unlike M. Keir-Hardie, he considers that the position of a Senator of the nation demands an instant refutation of a charge of holding friendly intercourse with those who are guilty of sedition, and he explains at length that having asked in the House a question as to why Members were not given full information with reference to the state of affairs in India, a relative of one of the men under arrest wrote to him, and he replied that he had no knowledge of the complex question and was not therefore competent to speak upon it. He presumes it is this letter which the police have now discovered, but adds that though the letter is perfectly harmless, his French name and his partly foreign nationality (he also probably thinks his faith though he does not mention that) make it incumbent upon him to immediately offer the explanation which shall clear his honour of the least suspicion that he is false to the country which he serves. It is well; we should probably otherwise only too soon have heard of the "insurrectionists and Catholics in India" just as we are hearing, for as little reason, of the "Carlists and Clericals" in Spain, as though the two were synonymous.

This holiday season is the harvest time of the little Churches scattered up and down our storm-tossed coasts where brave Priests battle for nine months of the year with solitude, and storm, and privation, to say nothing of loneliness, to keep the light of faith burning amongst the scattered Catholics of the surrounding villages. These humble little shrines attract our thoughts, for to many of us they recall glad days of leisure spent by sea and wood and moorland, were the murmur of the waves gave a new meaning as we sang "Sweet Star of the Sea," and the soft wind of the woodland fluttered the leaves of our missal through the open windows, while the little altar was fair and fragrant with the simple flowers of a country garden. And now these little sanctuaries are crowded, the more fortunate ones,—and the good Priest hopes as he sees the happy well-to-do congregations, that these fortunate ones may cast a thought out through the summer noonsdays to the stormy winter nights and may guess that these well-dressed crowds are not the ordinary congregations, whose weekly offerings sometimes amount to five shillings, sometimes less. Sometimes the hope is realised and sometimes even the offerings of the visitors enable the Parish Priest to replace with stone the poor little iron shanty, but the poverty of the country is so retiring and so different from the sordid poverty of London that in the more thoughtless it may pass unnoticed.

The beautiful Church of St. James, the Royal Spanish Church of London, has been the scene of two interesting gatherings this week. The first was last Sunday morning when Queen Victoria Eugenie heard Mass there in the Layde chapel, which was built by the Count de Torre Diaz, Consul General for Spain in Great Britain, to the memory of his first wife. The second was a sadder occasion, for on Wednesday there gathered within the noble gothic building a great number of the legal profession, Judges and Counsel, etc., to pay a last tribute of respect to the late Mr. Justice Walton, the only Catholic occupying a position in the High Court Bench, and a man of great legal attainments, particularly in commercial law. Mr. Walton had passed away quite suddenly the previous Sunday at his country house from heart failure. His body was brought to the Church, where he had been a well known figure for so many years, and here solemn Requiem Mass was sung by his son, who is a priest,—in presence of a large congregation including many distinguished folk. The late Judge is a loss to the Bench and to the Catholic social world in all the doings of which he took a lively interest, being a particularly strong advocate and worker in the cause of temperance.

By the way, I hear that Lady Butler shortly hopes to publish a life of her distinguished husband, a work surely of peculiar charming interest for it is the story of a great Catholic, a great soldier and a great Irishman. CATHOLICUS.

Sir Edward Grey, speaking at Berwick, Thursday, said the settlement of the lords' question was a matter of life or death to the Liberal party. There was no need to fear the conference was going to shelve or birk the question. There was a conviction on both sides that something must be done.

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THOMAS SOMERS

General News.

Cholera has broken out in Vienna. Montreal is to have a juvenile court. L. H. Streeter, Sydney, dropped dead in the street, Thursday.

One hundred and fourteen of the striking miners at Springhill, N. S., went west last week to settle there.

It is now reported that there is an outbreak of rabies among the cattle in some parts of Ontario.

Mayor Gaynor left the Hoboken hospital Sunday and was taken to his summer home, Long Island. He was very weak.

A timely notice has been sent to Canadian quarantine officers instructing them to take precautions against the introduction of cholera from Russia or Italy.

Penny in the slot machines have been adopted by the Canadian Post Office department for the sale of stamps, and will be installed at business points in Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa and Winnipeg.

A slight improvement in cholera conditions in South Russia is shown by the latest reports, which is taken as a sign that the epidemic is now on the wane. Reports for the week ending August 20th give 16,106 cases and 7,743 deaths, as compared with 23,044 cases and 10,725 deaths for the previous week, making a grand total of 121,091 cases and 5,030 deaths for this year's epidemic.

During a thick fog on Thursday evening the Sanford barque Kingdom went ashore on Mud Island and may be a total loss. There is a large hole near the bow and the vessel is somewhat chafed. Water is running in and out of the vessel and it may be that she cannot be saved. There were fifty people on board, including thirty men, women and children passengers. All are at Mud Island and Sanford is housed ashore.

S. W. Margaree.

Sunday, the 28th inst., is a day long to be remembered at S. W. Margaree. It was the occasion of a Solemn High Mass being celebrated by Rev. Moses Coady, D. D., recently ordained at Rome, assisted by his two cousins, Rev. Miles Tompkins and Rev. Maurice Tompkins as deacon and sub-deacon respectively, with Father McEwen as master of ceremonies.

The Pope graciously granted a plenary indulgence to all who would approach the sacraments of confession and communion on the occasion of Dr. Coady's first High Mass in his native parish. A large number of the parishioners availed themselves of this great privilege, and the church was filled with a congregation of worshippers from far and near, all eager to participate in the imposing ceremonies and receive the Pupal Benediction from the hands of the young celebrant.

At the Gospel, Father McEwen preached upon the dignity and responsibilities of the priesthood. He portrayed the life of the priest and showed how it should conform to the life of our Saviour, whose "sweet joy and sweeter sorrows" he illustrated in a manner at once practical, impressive, and thrillingly eloquent. He reminded his hearers that though the ministers of God may have infirmities as men, as ambassadors of Christ we owe them the highest respect; that though they may possess natural qualities which challenge our admiration and serve as beacon lights for our emulation, these end at the grave, but "once a priest, a priest forever."

The heart of our deservedly esteemed parish priest, Father Chisholm, was filled with joy to see on the altar one whose footstep he had guided and whose boyhood he had watched over, and it is to be hoped that the good example of those who preceded him will encourage and inspire other young men from the parish to enter the sacred ministry.

After Mass an address, accompanied by a purse, was read by Mr. A. S. McDougall. It briefly expressed the pleasure his return gave, and the joy felt for having chosen the sublime vocation of the priesthood.

Father Coady made a touching reply in which he said that though for some years in the Eternal City, the centre of Christianity, where there were so many things dear to him, he still was drawn homeward by the strong ties of kindred and old associations. He thanked them, one and all, for this good will towards him, and assured them that he would continue to remember them in his prayers.

My Short Ramble.

About two weeks ago, realizing that I owed myself a short vacation, I took the train at Antigonish bound East.

My travelling companions were two lady friends and near relatives, from the Far West. They had dear friends in the Near East and so had I. Our objective point was Tracadie.

Arrived at the station, I witnessed, with much interest the meeting of two loving sisters for the first time in twenty-one years.

Needless to say, it was happy, joyous and yet pathetic. To me it suggested the thought of how many families, who were united and light-hearted at home, as it were but yesterday, are to-day separated and scattered all over the continent, and who can never have the privilege and pleasure, afforded these, in this instance.

I myself, had had pleasant associations of years gone by in this place, and forthwith proceeded to renew them. I found some changes, it is true, but still it was Tracadie. Many familiar faces I met, grown like myself, just so many years older, but all extending the same cordial welcome as of old. Many more, I wished and will miss for all time, for the angel of death is always abroad. Such is life, and thus does it mark its course.

The good old Church stands still in its majesty, overlooking the Bay, and inviting passers-by inside. The same urbane, friendly Father Lafin is still faithfully administering as Pastor of his flock. In ordinary health, the

years would now pass swiftly, when he could celebrate the Golden Jubilee of his priesthood. May they touch lightly upon him, whose hospitality in the home, can only be surpassed by his piety and devotion at the altar.

Among many other old-time friends I met, I will just mention one,—the rest well excuse me.

A short visit to the gentlemanly, Christian square, William Gerrard, was certainly in order and it was made. He borders on his eightieth year, and quite naturally shows the effects of some of the infirmities of age. The fresh, florid, ruddy countenance with which I was familiar, has disappeared, but the old geniality, and characteristic care to say and do only what he conceives to be right, still remains with him.

If we are observant, we can always find food for thought, and that without travelling far afield. Here I find a man, who I may say, has gone through life, and is at any moment prepared to hear the joyful salutation, "Well done my good and faithful servant." Not far distant, I find a group of lovable young children, the youngest of whom is my dear rolicking, dancing, and sometimes fighting two-year-old "Eugene." The former is practically through with life; the latter is only beginning life, in fact does not yet know what life is, and in his case particularly, does not care a snap. He, with hundreds of thousands of others like him, throughout this "Canada of ours," must be trained to grow up in the way in which they should go. We must all unite in doing this. This is the work imposed upon us, which if we attend to, and also inculcate into their minds continually as they grow up, love of home,—the essence of patriotism,—then, indeed, are we in reality Nation builders.

I proceed further East, and on foot. I try to combine business with pleasure. I seek material for "copy," my time is limited, I must needs be strenuous, and cannot even wait for a train. Here I find a new I. C. R. Station—at least new to me,—which is called the "Monastery" Station. It is a dandy, well equipped with everything, but "water." Water should be supplied. It affords a much needed convenience, not only for the Monastery, but for the surrounding country.

Next, I come to what they call "Kirk's Store," which is under the efficient management of Mr. Gallant. As I took it, it is a general provision store, well patronised, and as I further learned, giving general satisfaction to customers, and necessarily to the proprietor, Mr. D. G. Kirk of Antigonish. They call this place "Black Bridge," for what reason I fail to ascertain. The only bridge I crossed thereabout was a spick and span one, apparently not old, and painted in bright red. For the life of me, I could discover nothing black, dark or even shady there. To me, the name does not appeal as either appropriate or euphonious. I would suggest that the name be dropped, for good, and the name "Eastern Crossing" (Tracadie) be substituted therefor. My suggestions are, as yet, free, and may be accepted or rejected, just as suits the intelligent majority.

Round about Tracadie, I made many visits, and met several interesting conversationalists. In one place I picked up a copy of THE CASKET, and naturally inquired how it was liked. The one addressed was an intelligent well educated lady. She answered that she liked THE CASKET very well. She admired its editorials, the discussions on public necessities, such as railways, (I liked this), but she did not like the contentious correspondence lately appearing, particularly any correspondence characterised by rancor and sarcasm. She thought it was a disgrace to the columns of any such paper as THE CASKET.

I was just getting myself into the attitude of a very attentive listener, when she suddenly asked me "Who is Who?" and who is, what do you call that other writer? I cheerfully admitted my inability to give the required information.

"Do you think this new Act will succeed in putting down the liquor?" was her next question.

I would prefer not to volunteer a reply, but a woman, I discovered long ago, expects full answers to her questions. I would not wittingly insult a woman for anything, and therefore answered substantially as follows:—"My opinion, Madam, is that the success of this or any other Act upon this question, depends wholly upon the support given it by public opinion. Public sentiment, unanimous if possible, is needed to make it operative. Without this many ways can be devised to evade its provisions."

I am interrupted here by the question, "Do you think they can enlist the public sympathy and sentiment, in an active practical way, by quarrelling about it in the press?" Well, I hardly think they can," I sincerely replied.

"Do you discover any difference between the new Act and former Acts on temperance?" "None in effect," I replied, "save this, that under former regulations, one had only to get sick once, under the present one is obliged to get sick twice, before and after using."

"But is this not a prohibitory measure?" "It was so intended, I believe, but to make it so, it requires the force of public sentiment behind it again, do you see?"

"The wordy warfare in THE CASKET applies to its enforcement in the town, does it not?" "Yes, mam."

"Then why don't they hire the Hall, and thresh it out in one night?" "Well, I do not know." I think it would be the proper course to pursue, as you reminded me of it. Anyhow, under conditions as they seem to exist, I think it matters not, "Who is Who?" or the rest of them.

At this, I discovered it was near train time, took my hat and was about to say "Good-by," when she asked me,—Are you married?" "No, mam."

"O, my, why don't you get married?"

"Well, I don't know, you see,—O, here is the train, Good-by, Good-by."

Thus, I left in a pestered mood, soliloquising bachelor-like, "confound it all, they must have the last ques-

tion, Why do I live anyway?"

I took the train for Antigonish, and got off under a drenching rain, without umbrella or raincoat, the poor man's luck again. Mr. Bourassa had come and gone. I missed him by twenty-four hours. I am generally accused of being slow, but I bet Mr. Bourassa one cent, he was not half the busy man I was that week.

I naturally sought the bright lights of the Town to ascertain what impressions he did make. "It was great, it was immense, it was the best ever in Antigonish." Did they agree with his sentiments, or scheme, if he enunciated any? Well no, not one of them, but the beautiful language he used, was captivating. Just that. This is, or should be a hint to our young people to cultivate the language and its uses, in speaking and writing.

Were I a young man once more, this would be my hobby. One thing, I admire about Mr. Bourassa is this, and another is his Independence.

Antigonish itself is all right. There is nothing wanting there, so far as I could learn, no complaints that I heard, except perhaps a dullness in trade, and a lack or laxity of prosecutors.

As I was tired, tired, I took the first available passage home, the best place on earth, and now whilst going into retirement for an extended period, I cheerfully and lovingly dedicate the above to my sweet, two-year-old, lovable, mirth-provoking "Eugene," at Tracadie Station.

Aug. 27, '10. VACATIONIST.

Among the Advertisers.

Four show cases and a nice counter for sale—cases 3 to 7 feet long, counter 11 feet. T. J. Bonner.

Another shipment No. 1 herring just landed. T. J. Bonner.

Bring your sheep and lamb pelts to Bonner's, highest cash price paid.

Girl wanted for general housework. Apply to Mrs. H. Power, Antigonish.

Horse for sale, four years old, Bushaw, kind and well trained. Apply to Alex. R. McDonald, Monk's Head.

Wanted, a boy to go to school and chores around house. Apply at Casket office.

Pigs for sale. On Monday, September 5th, a number of small pigs will be offered for sale near the store of F. R. Trotter, Town.

For Sale, a 9 year old mare, bred to Black Morgan, weight 900 lbs., good worker and driver. Owing to her being a little blemished I will sell her cheap. Dan R. McGillivray, Maryvale

Obituary.

At Head of Lochaber, this county, on the night of Monday, 29th inst., in the 31st year of his age, after a long illness, MARTIN WALL, a native of Gorebridge, county of Kilkenny, Ireland. The deceased, who left his native land at the age of fourteen brought with him the seeds of a long illness, which he never has so tenaciously adhered, and for which, as well as for his sterling integrity and his fidelity in the discharge of the duties of a Christian father, he was ever noted. Consoling by the frequent reception of the Sacraments and the assiduous attention of his pastor, he died in the hope of the eternal reward which was always so real to him throughout life. A sorrowing wife, six sons and one daughter survive him. He will be laid with his kindred in the cemetery of St. Patrick's Church, Lochaber, after Requiem Mass at ten o'clock to day. May he rest in peace.

At Halifax, August 16 1910, Allan Maclean, aged 77 years. He was born at Inverness County, C. B., moving in manhood to Halifax, in which place he remained until the time of his death. For some years he was troubled with a very distressing disease, which he bore with Christian resignation. Consoling by the last rites of the Church, of which he was a devout member, he passed peacefully away on the above date. He was well posted in Scottish history, and was considered a good Gaelic scholar. He married, in 1844, Elizabeth Redmond of Halifax, and had four sons and one daughter: three of the sons—Francis Donald, Pius Charles and Enkleberth Laurence of Halifax, and one daughter, Mrs. Florence (Mrs. Alex. M. McGillivray) of Antigonish, now in the West, arrive to mourn the loss of every father and affectionate father. His wife predeceased him twenty-three years. He was a brother of the late Mr. Angus Chisholm, of Antigonish, the General in St. Cyprien, Halifax, on Thursday, 18th August, was largely attended, showing the esteem in which the deceased was held. Ian McLean, of which he was captain for a number of years, attending in a body. May his soul rest in peace!

DIED.

At South Mattapan, on August 9, 1910, after a short illness, MARTHA O'CONNELL, aged 83 years, 5 months and 24 days. Fertilized by the last rites of the Church, she passed to her eternal reward. She leaves two sons and six daughters to mourn her loss.

At Westville, N. S., on August 11, ALEX LAIS, aged 5 years and 4 months. A favorite with relatives and friends, his bereaved parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. B. Lays, brothers and sisters have the sympathy of their friends.

At Westville, August 5, JOHN BOYD, aged 82 years, consoling by the la rites of Holy Church, leaving a wife, one son, and four sisters to mourn their loss. R. I. P.

At Cass Lake, Minn., on the night of August 11, of summer cholera, after an illness of four teen days, JOHN CAMERON McDONALD, aged 3 years, 8 months and 19 days, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Angus R. McDonald, formerly of Nova Scotia. The sympathy of every father and mother in the community was extended to the parents on the death of "Little Cameron," as he was affectionately called.

At South West Mabon, on Aug. 16th, 1910 one of the most highly esteemed persons in the person of MARTY ANN, wife of Murdoch Mc Killop, at the age of 29 years. The deceased was a daughter of Donald & Arthur of S.W. Ridge. Besides her father, one brother and one sister, she leaves a sorrowing husband with three small children to mourn her loss. Consoling by the last rites of the Catholic church she peacefully passed to her reward. The large concourse that followed the remains to the cemetery bore testimony to the respect in which she was held. May her soul rest in peace!

NOTICE!

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

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, 12th March, 1910.

Sharples Dairy Tubular Cream Separator

The only simple cream separator made—for it is the only one that contains neither disks nor other contraptions. The most efficient cream separator made—for it produces twice the skimming force, skims faster and skims twice as clean as common separators. The only modern separator made—for it does better work, without disks or other contraptions, than common separators do with them. No better proof exists that Tubular construction is the only correct separator construction.



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.

Write for Catalogue No. 310 THE SHARPLES SEPARATOR CO. TORONTO, ONT. WINNIPEG, MAN.

Sept. 28—Oct. 6 AT HALIFAX.

NOVA SCOTIA'S GREAT EXHIBITION.

Bigger, Brighter and Better than ever will be the Big 1910 Fair at Halifax.

PREMIUMS, - - \$20,000 RACING PURSES, - - \$6,200

Eight Days at the Expo.

If you cannot spend the whole of this time in Halifax, come on one day, or as many days as you can, beginning on Wednesday, September 28, and ending on Thursday, October 6th.

It will pay you in every way—in health, in recreation, in business, and in added knowledge of the resources of your Province.

THE RACES will bring the fleetest field of horses in Eastern Canada.

THE DISPLAY of our Manufactures, Agriculture, Fisheries, Machinery, Mines, Fine Arts, and Live Stock will be superb and on a grander scale than before.

LOW RATES on all lines of transportation to Halifax. Write for information to

M. McF. HALL, Manager and Secretary, Halifax.

FARM WANTED.

Anyone having a small Farm, with Buildings thereon, for sale or to rent, will please send written particulars as to price, etc., to

L. MACMILLAN, St. Andrew's, Antigonish County.

Beautiful Gold Watch

...ON... 5 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

A Fine Gold-Filled Waltham Watch

This Watch is regularly sold for \$20.

50 cts. If perfectly satisfied after 5 days' FREE TRIAL, I give you the very fine price of \$16.50 a week

Send me your name and address and I will send you at my expense ON APPROVAL

50 cts. a week, or \$2.00 a month.

DESCRIPTION OF MOVEMENT: Nickel, 15 Jewels, Settings, exposed pallets; cut Expansion Balance; patent Breguet Hairspring, hardened and tempered in form; patent regulator, polished and gilded under plate. The case is one I recommend very highly. Will replace at any time, should it prove unsatisfactory. Mail your name and address now for FREE TRIAL to Jewelry Dept of

WALLACE the Optician and Jeweler

ANTIGONISH - - N. S.

FOR SALE

A fine residence in Town. Also several good farms.

TERMS TO SUIT PURCHASERS. Apply or write to

E. LAVIN GIRROIR, Barrister, Antigonish, N. S.

Chisholm, Sweet & Co.

Shower-Proof and Dust-Proof Coats

Our stock in this line is complete. The style, semi-fitting, with military collars, flap pockets, turned cuff.

The materials used are fine cravenette, covert cloth, corded, silk, moire silk, rubberized silk.

Patterns are black silk, fawn with small pin stripe, green and smoke grey.

Stylish smoke grey, coat suitable for a dust-proof as well shower-proof coat, \$10.50.

Black moire silk coat, very stylish, \$18.75.

Corded silk, semi-fitting, single-breasted, in green and fawn, just the thing for young ladies, \$10 50.

Also a large stock in grey cravenette covert cloths \$7.75 up

For the men we have the latest thing in water-proof coats, (these are all the rage now) the material is olive drab par-matta cloth, fitted with military collar, single breasted, loose fitting, will turn the wet, ranging in price, \$9 to \$12.50

Men's rain coats, made from a dark Oxford grey cravenette cloth, suitable for a fall and spring as well as a shower-proof coat, \$7.50 to \$12.00.

We also wish to announce that we have received ten cases of English goods, which brings to our store the newest patterns in black, fancy dress goods; we take this opportunity of extending an informal invitation to all our friends to come and look over our stock.

WEST END WAREHOUSE

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO ESTABLISHED 1807

B. E. WALKER, President Paid-up Capital, \$10,000,000

ALEXANDER LAIRD, General Manager Reserve Fund, - 6,000,000

Branches throughout Canada, and in the United States and England

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ISSUED AT THE FOLLOWING RATES: \$5 and under 3 cents Over \$5 and not exceeding \$10 6 cents " \$10 " " " \$30 10 cents " \$30 " " " \$50 15 cents

These Orders are payable at par at every office of a Chartered Bank in Canada (except in the Yukon) and at the principal banking points in the United States. They are negotiable at \$4.90 to the £ sterling in Great Britain and Ireland.

They form an excellent method of remitting small sums of money with safety and at small cost, and may be obtained without delay.

ANTIGONISH BRANCH

W. H. HARRISON, Manager

The D. G. Kirk Woodworking & Cont. Co.

DOORS, WINDOWS, MOULDINGS, and FINISH OF ALL KINDS, BIRCH and SPICE FLOORING, SHINGLES, BRICK, LIME, LATHS, PLASTER, etc. BUILDING MATERIAL OF ALL KINDS FURNISHED AT SHORT NOTICE. PLANS AND SKETCHES PREPARED AT MODERATE PRICES

Address all correspondence to R. H. McDONALD, Manager

ANTIGONISH NOVA SCOTIA

LAND SALE.

19-7. C. No. 502

In the County Court, for District No. 6, Between D GRANT KIRK, Plaintiff, and JOHN J. McINTOSH, Defendant.

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

SATURDAY, The 1st day of October A. D. 1910, At the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon,

All the Estate, right, title, Interest, claim, property and demand of the Defendant herein, at the time of the recording of the judgment herein, or at any time since, of, in, to, upon, or out of all that certain, lot, piece, or parcel of

LAND, Situate, lying and being at Goshen, in the Co. of Guysborough, and bounded and described as follows:—

Beginning at a stake two rods East of the bridge at tannery, running down stream five rods to a stake, thence easterly five rods to a post marked "A," thence four rods and ten links to a stake marked "M" at the public road, thence along said road nine rods to the place of beginning, containing one half acre, more or less, the said lands having been levied on under an execution issued out of this Honorable Court on a judgment recovered herein, which was duly recorded for upwards of one year.

Terms: Ten per cent, deposit at time of sale remainder on delivery of deed.

A. J. O. McGUIRE, Sheriff of Guysborough County, ABLAN McDONALD, Plaintiff's solicitor on Execution, Dated heriff's office, Aug. 29, 1910.

"Talks With Parents"

10 Cents Single Copy

This excellent little manual, so replete with sensible and practical information for parents, of which The Morning Chronicle, speaking editorially, says the contents seem almost to have been inspired, and of which the press of this country and of the United States were so lavish of their commendation, can be had for

F. A. RONNAN

HALIFAX, N. S. Single copies 10 cents. Reduced prices for lots.

P. S.—The clergy will be supplied at special prices for lots of 50 or more.

Lifeway Soap is delightfully refreshing for bath or toilet. For washing underclothing it is unequalled. Cleanses and purifies.

PLANT LINE.



DIRECT ROUTE —TO— BOSTON

And All Points in United States.

SAILINGS

In effect June 25th, 1910.

HALIFAX TO BOSTON,
Tuesdays and Fridays at 7 a. m. and Saturdays at midnight.

Hawkesbury to Boston,
Fridays 9 p. m.

Hawkesbury to Charlottetown Thursdays noon
From Boston Tuesdays Wednesdays and Saturdays at noon.

Through tickets for sale, and baggage checked by Railway agents.

For all information apply to Plant Line Agents at Halifax.

H. L. CHIPMAN,
Manager.

Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing

The undersigned is now prepared to do the highest grade of work on all watches, clocks and jewelry entrusted to him. Your jewelry repairs will be correctly and promptly attended to, at a moderate charge, if you leave them with

Pratt The Jeweler,
Main St. First door west of R. R. Griffin's office

When You Want Society Supplies

Such as Badges, Pins, Buttons, for League of the Cross and Auxiliaries' Holy Name Society, St. Aloysia Sodality, or any Society you belong to, or

Souvenir Spoons
as prizes for K of C, C. B. A., L. O. C. or P. W. A. send to us. We will send samples and prices upon request.

T. P. TANSEY
14 Drummond St. MONTREAL



West End Livery Stable

The subscribers have opened a FIRST CLASS LIVERY. Carriages, Harness, almost all new. Good Driving Horses, Double or Single Rigs can be supplied at short notice.

In connection with our Stables, Horses always on hand for sale.

C. B. WHIDDEN & SON,
Head of Main Street :: Antigonish Telephone 20.

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INVERNESS, CAPE BRETON
Miners and shippers of the celebrated
Inverness Imperial Coal
SCREENED
RUN OF MINE
SLACK

First-Class for both domestic and steam purposes

COAL! COAL!

Shipping facilities of the most modern type at Port Hastings, C. B., for prompt loading of all classes and sizes of steamers and sailing vessels. Apply to

INVERNESS RAILWAY & COAL CO
Inverness, C. B.
J. McGillivray, Superintendent, Inverness, N. S.
JAMES KENNA, Local Agent

BARGAINS FOR THE CLERGY

- Chasubles from \$ 7.00 up
- Dalmatics " 20.00 up
- Copes " 15.00 up
- Veils " 12.00 up
- Chalices " 10.00 up
- Ciboria " 12.00 up
- Ostensoria " 19.00 up
- Sanctuary Lamps 6.00 up
- Candalabras, Congs, Bread boxes and all classes of religious articles.

Flowers from 15c bunch up. Best values in Ontario for religious articles. Missions a distinct specialty.

J. J. M. LANDY
416 Queen St., West, Toronto
Phone Call 305.

Ferrer and the Press.

(Continued from page 2)

were in jail, and a ringleader, Senor Ferrer, was placed on trial for his life.

What were the charges against this man, who was he, how was he tried? Life declares that the Catholic Church tried him, that his trial was a farce, that his innocence was patent and his guilt never was proved, that he was a reputable citizen of Spain. What has Mr. Hilaire Belloc to say to these statements? First, he says, when the ferment in Barcelona had reached a certain degree of anarchy there was suddenly delivered a carefully organized attack upon the property of the Catholic Church. Although Barcelona is full of Jews and capitalists, not one of these suffered; but picked men were seen going from place to place, bearing petroleum, giving orders, and organizing an attack upon convents, monasteries and churches. The damage done was tremendous, the details have since been widely printed, including the violation of the graves of nuns, the burning of valuable libraries, handsome churches and poor churches, and the murder of a few priests. The Jews and the capitalists, at whom the rising was supposed to be directed, because they were most concerned in the Riff war, were not attacked; whatever was of the Church was looted; all things else remained intact. It is perfectly clear, then, that the Barcelona rising was not a protest against the Riff war, nor even an anarchist attack on the Spanish government, but a direct attack on the Catholic Church. It may be that Life has some affiliations abroad which bring its editors into touch with the leaders of such a assault; it may be that the editors of Life knew before the rest of the world of the character of the Barcelona assault on the lives and properties of Catholics; and from this knowledge they may have inferred that indignation and revengeful Catholics took up the case against Senor Ferrer and pushed it to a conclusion. Certainly the Catholics of New York, if they discovered the editors of Life, under cover of a rising against the Federal Government, directing incendiaries against New York churches and convents and causing the death of priests and nuns, would not wait for the courts to administer justice to such ruffians, but would lay hands on them in their own offices and string them to the lampposts. And their action would be approved by the world. In Spain the business was done in a different fashion. After the suppression of the Barcelona riots men and women were arrested wholesale, tried by court martial and sentenced some to prison and some to death. No fuss was made over their punishment. Among them was Francisco Ferrer, a farmer's son, who had acquired a fortune by peculiar means. His trial took much time even for Spain, and his execution was delayed for various reasons. Finally he was shot, and upon his execution all Europe was roused as at a word of command; suddenly and for a moment only, for when curiosity and inquiry followed the subject was silenced.

The history of Senor Ferrer is interesting. From his youth he was in opinion an Anarchist. At the age of twenty-six he had to fly from Spain as a rebel. In Paris he abandoned his wife and three children, who since that time have shifted for themselves. He taught Spanish for a living, made the acquaintance of the Jew Naquet, distinguished Freemason whose business it has been to introduce divorce into the law of France, became a Freemason, tricked a devout Catholic spinster into leaving him in her will \$180,000, and settled again in Spain to carry on an anarchist propaganda. He lived with various mistresses. Matter Morral, whose bomb slew several people and came very near killing the King and Queen of Spain on their wedding day, was one of his disciples. With these antecedents Senor Ferrer could not afford to be shown five hundred miles of Barcelona during a revolt. He was there, however, and the records of the trial show precisely where he was from July 28, when the rioting in Barcelona began, to July 30, when the government suppressed the rebellion. Ferrer remained hidden for one month. There had been little bloodshed on either side, and public feeling had quieted down when Ferrer was arrested. His trial took place according to military form, with the fullest publicity and a multitude of witnesses. The Spanish procedure is as follows: Witnesses are called, their evidence thus gathered is summed up and presented from the point of view of the crown; it is criticized from the point of view of the defense by the prisoner's counsel, a soldier not a lawyer; the court, consisting of army officers, decides on the evidence.

In fact, Ferrer was unusually lucky in the formality and delays of his trial, for no other country but Spain would deal so formally with a red-handed rebel. John Brown at Harper's Ferry, a Fenian in Ireland, a Hindoo mutineer, got short shrift from offended governments. But the Spanish government had crushed the rebellion in a few days, it had the upper hand, and it had possession of Senor Ferrer. It could afford to be generous in the matter of time. Fifty witnesses were examined. They proved, as conclusively as the sworn evidence of many and diverse men can prove anything, the guilt of Ferrer. It was difficult to get them to testify, because the secret society to which Ferrer belonged terrorized the population with threats of violence. On this account one section of the testimony was permitted to be anonymous. The fifty witnesses were not anonymous, but gave open testimony, and Ferrer tried vainly to shake their testimony. Here is a summary of their evidence:
1. Bermejo, a detective, followed Ferrer on July 26 from the railway station to a hotel, but then lost track of him. To appreciate this testimony it will be necessary to know Ferrer's own story. He declared that on July 26 towards evening he went to the station to take the train to his residence; but rioting had interrupted the service; he therefore walked home

and remained there quietly until the 29th, and had nothing to do with the rioting and the attempt to set up provisional governments.

2. Bermejo swore that Ferrer went to the Hotel Internationale. Ardid, a soldier, swore that Ferrer took him aside the same evening and urged him to desert his duty.

3. Sanchez confirmed Bermejo's story, describing Ferrer's dress in detail.

4. Calvo swore to meeting Ferrer in the streets that same evening, and to the dress.

5. Caldeforms saw Ferrer leading a group of rioters later in the evening. He knew him only by his portraits, but recognized the prisoner as the leader in the riots.

6. Domenech, the barber, accompanied Ferrer throughout these days and turned State's evidence. While this fact makes his evidence suspicious it is detailed and was confirmed by other witnesses. Ferrer was at the Hotel Internationale until 9.30. Then he visited the newspaper offices where the rising was centered and discussed measures for making it successful. Towards morning he went home and remained there July 27. On the next day he was in the village of Premia, which commands the maritime road, and nineteen witnesses, among them the Mayor of Premia, gave testimony as to his behaviour.

7. The Mayor swore that at midday, when the revolution at Barcelona seemed to be winning, Ferrer begged him to declare a provisional government and to rise against the existing regime. Many persons present at the interview, Domenech, the barber, and a waiter confirmed the Mayor's testimony. Ferrer cross-examined the Mayor, but could not shake his testimony; he himself weakened in his denials; and the Mayor exclaimed contemptuously, "A man who would deny this would deny the light of the sun!"

There is in brief the story of the trial. What becomes of Life's bitter, persistent, unfounded declarations in behalf of this corrupt and anarchistic creature? Nevertheless Life will continue to proclaim Ferrer a martyr, and the Catholic Church his executioner. M. Hilaire Belloc in his second article in The Dublin Review takes up the study of the machinery by which the sudden cosmopolitan movement in connection with the Ferrer case was produced. It is of tremendous interest to Catholics, who are the chief object of these movements and the unfortunate victims. They do not seem to be aware of the aims of such movements and are taken by surprise. Catholics in Barcelona last July thought only of a rising against the Government on the score of the Riff war, and were amazed at the facts disclosed in August, that only churches, convents and other Catholic institutions had been attacked. Archbishop Hughes of New York was not so ignorant of the intentions of the Native Americans of 1842, when he filled his churches with armed men and informed a silly Mayor that he was prepared to defend what the Mayor was not, the honor of New York and the property of its citizens. A little of that spirit and knowledge among the Catholic leaders of Barcelona would have saved Ferrer's life by making his schemes of loot and murder impossible from the start. The conspirators behind Ferrer, the men who arranged first for an attack on the Church under cover of the Barcelona rising, and who then made a second attack on the Church under cover of Ferrer's execution, by charging his death to the Church, scored a double success. In the former case they destroyed an immense amount of property, and in the latter they convinced the world for a moment that Ferrer was an innocent martyr, done to death by cruel and Catholic Spain. How did they achieve this second success? Mr. Belloc says, by the agency of the press.

Let us see now how this agency was made to do its work, in the case of the English press, which was undoubtedly the fairest and least prejudiced in its treatment of the Ferrer matter. Keep in mind all the facts which have been related above; the public trial of Ferrer; its careful procedure according to statute; at least fifty witnesses examined; the clear proof that he plotted to overthrow the government; his failure to break down the testimony in cross examination; the facts of his own life, his advocacy of anarchism, his desertion of his wife and family, his tricky rise to fortune, his mistresses, and his schools for dechristianizing children; and then be surprised at the information received by the English press and conveyed to its readers right after the execution of Ferrer, who was shot on the morning of Wednesday, October 13, 1909.

The Westminster Gazette referred to Ferrer as a public-spirited citizen, whose execution came as a shock to all who considered the nature of the proceedings.

The Globe, biased against Ferrer, declared that according to English notions the execution was somewhat hurried.

The Daily Telegraph prints the statement of its Paris correspondent that no witnesses had been called for the defense or the prosecution, assured its readers that it had no evidence whether there had not been a crime against justice, and described the complicated and lengthy procedure of Spanish courts as "summary."

The Daily Chronicle declared that the proceedings were hardly judicial, that no statement can afford to ignore the moral judgment of its neighbors, and alluded to the high character and public services of Senor Ferrer.

The Daily News, besides declining from Mr. Belloc his offer to provide a summary of the evidence against Ferrer, declared "that no witness might be called and no cross-examination allowed. Charges rested on documents obviously forged."

The Spectator declared that the trial was no trial, no witness were called, and nothing was done to put the facts before the world.
Mr. Belloc quotes from other journals, and declares that he might have indefinitely extended his list from the innumerable journals of England, all showing the same bias, the same information, the same ignorance of the facts and the conditions. What was known to every Spaniard in Barcelona and Madrid on October 11,

namely, the facts of the Ferrer trial, were not known in London as late as October 16. Ferrer was executed two months and a half after his offense had been committed, six weeks after his trial had begun, after an examination of fifty witnesses, after a cross-examination of several, after clear proof of his crime against his government. Not one of these facts had reached London in time to save the press from its bunders and falsehoods. How could such a thing happen? Can we believe, says Mr. Belloc, that new discoveries of ore in the Rio Tinto mines would be ignored in London three days after they were known in Madrid? Yet the Rio Tinto mines are also in Spain. Why were the journals ignorant for a week in London of what everyone knew in Madrid on October 11? Because some interested parties must have taken pains to prevent the facts getting to London. Who are these interested parties? Certainly not the Spanish Court in Barcelona or the Spanish government in Madrid, who followed the ordinary procedure, delayed much more than is customary in England, permitted everything to be printed, and concealed nothing to be testimony of witnesses who had been terrorized by the Freemason friends of Ferrer. Who then carried out what Mr. Belloc calls "a cryptically organized protest against Ferrer's execution?" The Rue Cadet in Paris, were the Freemason-Jew group known as l'Internationale has its headquarters. These leaders organized and directed the attack on the Catholics of Barcelona; they roused the press of Europe in behalf of Ferrer, presenting him as a victim of Catholic intolerance; they shut off all information from the journals of England and America, and supplied or suggested the lies which took the place of information; and when finally the Catholics awoke to the situation and sent out the real facts, the Rue Cadet ordered the discussion of Ferrer's death dropped, because the world, mean as it is, does not yet take its heroes from the ranks of the wife-deserters, fornicators, grafters and Anarchists, whom the editors of Life in New York delight to honor.

This summary of Mr. Belloc's article in The Dublin Review is the barest outline of the most astonishing magazine article which has appeared in years. It should be in the hands of every Catholic. It should be the discussion of our potent councils, synods, conventions, congresses, which pass so many resolutions on trivial subjects and ignore matters so vital as the machinery which made obscure and criminal Ferrer so vicious a weapon against the Church which baptized him. We suffer every minute from this machinery, which works day and night through such stupidities as Life, and inflicts suffering and injury. Why do we suffer it? Because the leaders remain either indifferent or ignorant.

The Salt Bath.

There are few things more invigorating to tired nerves than a salt bath either before going to bed or the first thing in the morning. If one is inclined to sleeplessness the latter time is best, as the salt it decidedly stimulating.

Sea salt can be bought in boxes and should be kept in bathroom closet, or some place where it is quickly found. As a brine is not made rapidly it is wiser, if the bath is to be taken in the morning, to soak a large double handful of the salt in two quarts of boiling water over night. Keep in a covered pitcher.

When ready to use add two quarts of fresh water, either tepid or cold as preferred. If one likes to bath in a tub, use more salt, keeping about the same proportions.

This brine can be used on the face as well as the body, and it does small hurt if it gets in the eye. The stung is temporary, and the good effects are felt in rested eyes as well as nerves. Such a bath is strengthening to women who are unable to take cold plunges and find a daily bath in hot water enervating.

If you have no sea salt, ice cream salt, or even that for table use, will answer, but it costs more and is less beneficial.

When very tired one can add to the salt water three or four tablespoonfuls of alcohol. This combination is especially invigorating.

The new United States census indicates that the drift to the city is not so marked now as it was ten years ago. The "back to the soil" movement has done something toward lessening the lure of the city.

Opportunities seldom come at the moment we most desire them.

Be quick to encourage and slow to disparage.

The Prince E. Island EXHIBITION And RACES At Charlottetown, Sept 19 to 23, 1910

Open to all Canada. \$1,400 in Exhibition Prizes. Live Stock Entries (except Poultry) close 9th September. All other entries close September 13th. Three days' Horse Racing—\$2400 in purses. Low Rates by Steamers and Railways. Nearest Station Agent will give particulars of rates. Special attractions in front of the Grand Stand. For Prize Lists, Race Programs and all information write to
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Ingredients of Ayer's Hair Vigor
Sulphur. Destroys germs that cause dandruff and falling hair. Cures rashes and eruptions of scalp.
Glycerin. Soothing, healing. Food to the hair-bulbs.
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Sodium Chlorid. Cleansing, quiets irritation of scalp.
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Sage. Stimulant tonic. Domestic remedy of high merit.
Alcohol. Stimulant, antiseptic. Water. Perfume.

Show this formula to your doctor. Ask him if there is a single injurious ingredient. Ask him if he thinks Ayer's Hair Vigor, as made from this formula, is the best preparation you could use for falling hair, or for dandruff. Let him decide. He knows.
J. C. AYER & COMPANY, Lowell, Mass.

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No bottles—liquids—mops—or hard work. "2 in 1" shines instantly and gives a hard, brilliant, lasting, waterproof polish. Contains no Turpentine, Acids or other injurious ingredients.
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in the flour means quality in the bread and the pastry you bake. Without quality behind your efforts, no knowledge or skill can bring good results. Better be without the skill than without the quality.

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is the highest development of blended wheats, embracing the rich health-giving properties of Manitoba Spring wheat and the carbohydrates of Ontario Fall wheat, which make delicate, white, light bread and pastry.

Remember, it is for bread and pastry, both. With BEAVER FLOUR in the house, you only need one kind to attain the best results in every form of baking.

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City and Town Bonds.

\$2,000	Town of Wolfville	4 1/2	Aug. 1, 1930,	1,000	101 1/2	4 1/2	
2,000	City of Halifax,	4	July 1, 1940,	1,000	99 1/2	4 05	
1,000	Do	4	July 1, 1914,	1,000	99	4 1/2	
500	City of Charlottetown,	3 1/2	July 1, 1939,	500	89 1/2	4 1/2	
1,000	City of Quebec,	5	July 1, 1914,	1,000	102	4 1/2	
15,125	Town of Truro,	5	July 1, 1939,	1,000	96	5 1/2	
1,000	Town of Amherst,	4 1/2	July 1, 1940,	1,000	104 1/2	4 1/2	
1,000	Do	4 1/2	April 1,	1917,	101 1/2	4 1/2	
2,000	Do	4 1/2	July 20, 1912,	1,000	100 1/2	4 1/2	
1,000	Do	4 1/2	Aug. 1,	1930,	1,000	101 1/2	4 1/2
1,000	Do	4 1/2	1913,	1,000	100 1/2	4 1/2	
2,000	Town of Wolfville	4 1/2	June 1,	1932,	1,000	101 1/2	4 1/2
1,000	Do	4 1/2	June 1,	1912,	500	100 1/2	4 1/2
500	Town of Lunenburg	4 1/2	July 1, 1930,	1,000	103 1/2	4 1/2	
3,000	Town of North Sydney	5	May 15,	1935,	1,000	92 1/2	5
1,000	Do	4 1/2	June 1,	1933,	1,000	93 1/2	5
1,000	Do	4 1/2	June 1,	1933,	500	92 1/2	5
1,500	Do	4	July 1, 1922,	500	91	5	

Interest Guaranteed by Province Nova Scotia.
\$1,000 Do " 4 July 1, 1919, 1,000 93 1/2 5
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find advancing years bring an increasing tendency to constipation. The corrective they need is

"NA-DRU-CO" Laxatives

Entirely different from common laxatives. Pleasant to take, mild and painless. A tablet (or less) at bed-time regulates the bowels perfectly. Increasing doses never needed. Compounded, like all the 125 NA-DRU-CO preparations, by expert chemists. Money back if not satisfactory. 25c. a box. If your druggist has not yet stocked them, send 25c. and we will mail them.

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

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Florence Nightingale.

Sixty-six years ago the ill-starred Crimean War was beginning. On September 14 the allied English and French landed in the Crimea, the battle of the Alma was fought six days later. Balaklava followed on October 25, and November 5 saw Inkermann. The war had been forced upon England by Palmerston to further the schemes of continental revolution in which, with Napoleon III, he was involved so deeply, and which resulted in the admission of Sardegnia into the Anglo-French alliance and its representative to the Congress of Paris, in which the way was paved to the greater war in Italy. It was used to believe in Palmerston's wisdom. They used to call him the upholder of England's honor, they know him better now.

The conduct of the war reflected credit on the allied nations. No soldier worthy of the name appeared in either army. That the Alma, Balaklava and Inkermann were not disasters was due to the personal courage of regimental officers and their men, and to an incapacity in the Russian commanders scarcely less than that of their opponents. St. Arnaud, Canrobert, Polissier are not immortal in the military honors of France. Still they stand head and shoulders above Napoleon, Simpson and Codrington, from the navy in which Nelson's name was yet fresh, the English people expected some achievement. They had to be content with Napier's successes, arrogant but barren, and the discretion which was the better part of the valor of Dundas. It looked as if the Russian fleet and Cronstadt; received only a few captured merchantmen and the bombardments of Sveaborg and Bomarsund.

Some blame all this on the inefficiency, not of the military and naval staffs, but of the instruments put into their hands. Certainly, as the parliamentary investigation showed, both army and fleet left the shores of England in 1854 singularly ill-equipped; and though they were in a better condition the following year, the Russians were better prepared to meet them.

When the allies reached the East, the invasion of the Crimea was little more than a possibility. They established their base at Varna on the Black Sea, and everything seemed to point to a campaign along the Danube. The failure of a French reconnaissance into the Dobrujscha, in which the troops were literally overwhelmed by cholera, and the breaking out of the same disease at Varna settled the matter. The army was embarked and landed at Eupatoria, a few miles to the west of Sebastopol.

The chief hospitals, nevertheless, remained at Skutari on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus. Thither came from the front a never intermitted stream of sick and wounded. The cholera was with the army, it was in the country round; and many a soldier was carried into a bare ward without ever having heard the sound of battle. The French had the Sisters of Charity to nurse their sick and to do all that skill and devotion could to restore those to health. But the English were found only in capital orderlies, inexperienced, inefficient in number and drowning in the fumes of contagion in drink. The medical staff, too, was unequal to its task. Its members were few and had no practical knowledge of field medicine. The sick and wounded were piled in a double row round the immense barracks which was used as a hospital. The mortality, frightful as it was, was insufficient to provide for the accommodation of sufferers daily arriving, who were thankful to be sent into beds from which the hopes of the last occupants had just been carried. Having compared the miserable state of the English with the happier lot of the French, and having seen that this was due almost entirely to the Sisters of Charity, Wm. Russell, the *Times* war correspondent, sent out an appeal that thrilled the nation: "Are there, then, no women in England to minister to England's soldiers in the hospital of Skutari?"

There were such women in England and Ireland, too, nuns, equals of the French sisters in skill and devotion who would gladly give themselves to the work. But a Protestant Government could let its soldiers die could not turn to the charity of the Catholic Church to save them. An Englishwoman not of the name heard the cry from the Bosphorus and responded to offer herself. But her knowledge and skill and experience what could she do? Could she find a leader who gladly would follow? Fortunately for the suffering army one such leader was found in all Protestant England.

Florence Nightingale, of an honorable and wealthy family, had from her childhood been deeply interested in the question of hospital nursing, and had sought instruction in it not only from the Lutheran deaconesses of

Germany, but also from the Catholic sisters of France. Could she have her way, she would have studied medicine, in order to have the physician's authority in putting her knowledge to practical use. This the times would not allow. Nevertheless she continued her studies, and when the war broke out she was a woman of thirty-four fully capable of the service required. In her high social station she was a friend of Sidney Herbert, the Secretary of State for War, and to her he turned for help. She had been beforehand with him, and had written volunteering her services, while he was making up his mind to apply for them. She therefore set out immediately at the head of a nursing staff of forty persons which included ten Catholic nuns from England, and landed at Skutari early in November. A few weeks later she was followed by Miss Stanley, sister of the future Dean of Westminster, with another party of volunteers, amongst whom were fifteen Irish Sisters of Mercy.

Florence Nightingale was an organizer. In an incredibly short time she wrought a complete change in the hospital. As for the red tape of the administrative branch of the army, she simply cut through it, her official position as head of the nursing staff and her great power with the government forbidding any remonstrance. Patients were well cared for and properly nursed, and the mortality dropped to figures so low that they would be noteworthy even in these days of systematic sterilization. From Skutari she went to the front and reformed the hospitals in Balaklava; but wherever she went the Sisters followed her, giving her with self-effacement those services without which she could have done but little, which she was always ready to praise.

No wonder Florence Nightingale became the idol of the army, of her countrymen, of both English-speaking nations. She was the inspiration of the Sanitary Commission of our own civil war and of the Red Cross Society which had done so much to alleviate the sufferings of the soldiers. The British people in their gratitude gave her fifty thousand pounds; she devoted the sum to the foundation of a school for nurses, which has been the seed of many similar institutions. But man is prone to forget. It is not strange, then, that the name with which the English-speaking world was ringing in the middle of the nineteenth century, should, as the century hastened on its course, have fallen into partial oblivion. But the bearer of that name still lived, and the close of the nineteenth and the opening of the twentieth saw that it was not altogether forgotten. Florence Nightingale was one of the twenty-four chosen by the late king to bear the insignia of his order of merit; and only two years ago she received a kindred distinction, the highest London can bestow, the freedom of the city.

Of those who shared in Florence Nightingale's Crimean work, the two most closely associated with her, Miss Stanley, her lieutenant, and Lady Herbert of Lea, wife of the War Minister, came with others of less note into the Catholic Church. We would gladly have seen Florence Nightingale so ending her career; but this was denied us. She passed away on the nineteenth of this month at the ripe age of ninety into the hands of Him Who said: "Inasmuch as you did it to one of the least of these my brethren, you did it unto me." May He have mercy on her soul!—W. H. in America.

Pulpit, Press and Platform.

Father Bernard Vaughan, London's famous pulpit orator, sees in England's future a danger that cannot be warded off by military and naval expenditure. He says:

"More words are powerless to express the thrill of horror which I feel, as a patriotic British subject, when I reflect upon the consequences to England of the ideas now in vogue among fast married people concerning married life.

"The very existence of love between husband and wife has become 'bad form,' while the 'great sacrament,' instituted by God Himself, has become a mere question of convenience and personal expediency, and young persons about to enter upon the holy state of matrimony actually determine the number of children they will permit themselves to have in much the same businesslike fashion as they settle how many servants they propose to keep.

"The future of England, the unborn generations that should populate this fair land of ours, are dependant upon such petty trifles as a new ball dress or a new motor.

"With a sigh I look back to the days of my early boyhood, when the birth rate, instead of being what it is now, (twenty-four and twenty-five per thousand) was thirty-seven and thirty-eight per thousand. For my experience goes to show that quite apart from the

other questions involved the larger the family the healthier and merrier the children.

"But the parents of to-day ridicule the notion of having big families. Instead of being proud, society is becoming ashamed to own a nursery full of children. And motherhood, instead of being looked upon as a blessing, is regarded as a curse and disregarded as a duty.

"In one sense—the sense of the child's well being—I am sometimes tempted to think this almost a good thing, rather than evil thing it really is. For what with club life and club habits and club morality there is little or no time for a modern society mother to look to her one and only child. Fashion has decreed she shall neither feed nor even see it saving perhaps at tea time, when it is brought down to show off its fine clothing, and it grows up almost a stranger to its own parents, knowing nothing of a mother's love. None the less it is a bad day for our island home when women forget their calling to be the joyful mothers of children.

"There is no wealth like human life, no health like that of an increasing population, and the outlook for any country whose birth rate is on a decreasing scale is black indeed. I wish I did not find in the story of our own times so many chapters that recall Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' but the points of resemblance are so striking that no student of history can avoid comparing them.

"We seem to be returning with insensate speed to the days of Roman decadence, when so-called civilization had reached its highest point of paganism—a period which historians wrongly call the 'palmy days of civilization.' It was an age when the inviolable character of wedded life was utterly ignored, when its duty to the race was regarded as an intolerable burden, to be cast aside like the chains of slavery for the license of free men.

"And its end was this—that in the reign of Augustus the very highest and noblest families were dying out for want of heirs, while the lower orders were desolating whole provinces and Rome itself by their practice of self-inflicted extinction.

"To such a fate as this is society blindly rushing in our own day. England, once known among nations as the 'land of beautiful homes,' is fast becoming the land of empty cradles; and, as was the case in the days of decadent Rome, so now in decadent England, the unfit are the most fertile.

"A considerable amount of the current literature read by idle persons tends to encourage and foster this dread state of affairs, but it is impossible for Christians, in any walk of life, to pretend they can persuade themselves that when once they are married they may, with perfect impunity, thwart God's designs in them. "Outside the pale of the Church, however, the laws regulating married life are becoming more and more widely ignored, and the evil practices of which I speak are part and parcel of everyday existence, all manner of specious excuses being put forward for shirking the sacred purposes of marriage.

"To be the means, under God, of bringing a larger family into the world than they can conveniently provide for, society people will calmly tell you, is not cruel but wicked. Should their means be too ample to admit of this excuse, they will explain, instead, that there are personal considerations altogether independent of mere fortune that go to regulate what the world calls a well ordered married life.

"The claims of personal health, the claims of personal convenience, the claims of society, even the claims of Dame Fashion—all these things are put forward as sufficient to prove that it is the business of husband and wife, or both, or of either, and not of their Creator, to settle the momentous question of the nursery and the number of children to be allowed in it.

"And what does this destructive philosophy of life really mean? We all know well enough that the empty cradle must eventually mean the empty home; but it means infinitely more than that. It means a demoralized and depopulated country ripe for the hand of the invader. It means the fate of ancient Rome."

An Echo of Messina.

AND A BRITISH SAILOR'S IMPRESSIONS OF PIUS X AND CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL.

We have most of us forgotten the Messina earthquake of December, 1908, by now. So many things happen in nineteen months. But the Vatican, when it hears of a brave action, does not forget, and it delights to honor an action such as that of Captain Carter and his men of the General Steam Navigation Company's steamship "Drake" at the awful time.

WHEN THE SHOCK CAME.

The "Drake," of 3,800 tons, was alongside the quay at Messina when the first great shock, the noise of fall-

ing masonry, and the cries from shore woke all on board. Then the tidal wave came and lifted her bodily on to the quay. They tried to get to an anchor and the mate's answer came, "We can't sir, we're on shore." But the ebb of the returning wave followed and, in the pitch darkness and driving rain, as she heeled over and over and began to slide, the men sung out "Are we going, sir?" and Captain Carter replied, "Stand steady men; goodbye, if I don't see you again." So they stood steady, and she slid off, but came up again—knew she'd got some work to do perhaps—and with the dawn the work began.

Of how many times between dawn and dusk the boats left the ship empty, the men munching a biscuit or getting a sup of coffee as they rowed, and came back full of "all they could save alive," they kept no count. Officers and men, the company's agent, leaving the ruins beneath which were buried his own dear ones beyond hope, and wielding spade and pick with the rest, tore out over 300 living souls, and, as night fell, Captain Carter came back to the ship with the last prize—63 nuns and orphan children from the Hospice of the Good Shepherd.

Then, again in pitch darkness and driving rain, without a guiding light, Captain Carter crept with his load of living salvage out of Messina harbor and into the straits and south to safety.

ESCAPE TO SAFETY.

His Eminence the Cardinal Secretary of State heard of this. His Holiness was told of it. The Holy See delights to honor brave men who have saved its children. Captain Carter received the gold medal and diploma, "Pro Benemerente," and was proud of it; and prouder still when on Thursday morning last he was received by His Holiness in private audience.

It is said that the Holy Father has a special affection for sailors. . . . At any rate that is the light in which Captain Carter told me the Holy Father appeared to him:

"The medal of course is a great distinction, prized not from its greatness but from the source from which it comes, and all the world knows the giver's great holiness; but to realize his high position you have to come to Rome. Then to tell the truth, the magnificence of the Vatican is a bit awe-inspiring, conducive to nervousness perhaps. But nervousness passes before the fatherly loving-kindness of the man, and—well, he thanked me and my men for saving his children. He thanked us.

MEETS THE CARDINAL SECRETARY.

"And afterwards I was received by a great Prince of the Church, the Cardinal Secretary of State. I tried to thank him for myself and my owners for this great kindness. I found myself telling a noble English gentleman the story of the Sisters and orphans of the Hospice of the Good Shepherd and how their voices rising in chant from the No. 3 hold of my ship taught patience and discipline to the crowd of refugees, half maddened by terror and almost out of control."

Perhaps this picture of Pius X. and his Secretary of State, as they seemed to a British sailor and an honest man, may be more true than ravings about political plots and "Spanish cardinals."—Rome.

Energetic Catholics.

The need to-day of Catholic men and women who will courageously and intelligently, in public and in private, stand for the principles of the Catholic faith must be evident at once to any one who walks with his eyes open.

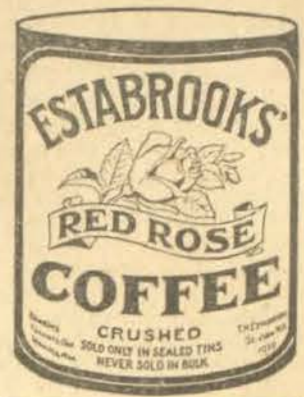
In private life there was never greater opportunity than now for the Catholic layman who can, without giving the slightest offense, show the worth of spirituality to a world that is rapidly growing more materialistic; the worth of a principle to a people that rushes after pleasure; the value of Christian dogma to souls that know no certain starting point, no place of rest; the strength of the man who knows whence he came, whither he aspires to go, whose universe has its sure terms of beginning and end, who reads that universe in the reasonable harmony of the revelation of God through Christ—to show all this to his acquaintances who may not understand, but who will certainly admire and inevitably be attracted. To live happily with others does not mean that we must never speak of those things which ought to be most important and sacred to all. We need not argue; we need not intrude where evidently we are not wanted; we need not seek to oppose. But there is a kinder and more effective way apparent when the opportunity comes to the Catholic layman whose faith is his very life. And the opportunity will inevitably present itself to every one. We are living under sorely artificial conventionalities. We speak of everything except that one thing which is everything. Let us not be deceived by the generally accepted agreement to relegate religion to the distant background and never to allow it to be exposed in any public way.—Catholic World.

Did you ever hear any one say they could not get good coffee except in the States?

I have heard it, scores of times, and it's one of the reasons that made me decide to go into the Coffee business.

Of the Americans who visit us in summer, hundreds take home a supply of Red Rose Tea because they have never tasted such good tea before. I determined to put up a coffee that would make for itself just as good a reputation. It has not been easy, but I am sure I have succeeded.

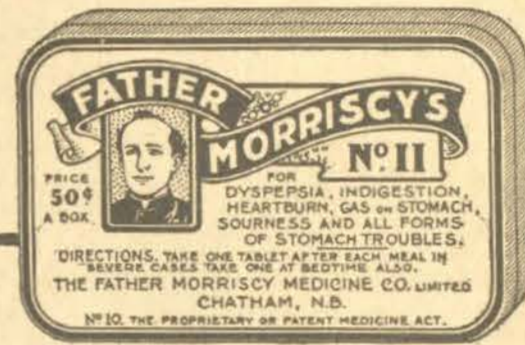
Estabrooks' Red Rose Coffee, put up in sealed tins is—well, it's good coffee. You and your American friends will say so.



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

Estabrooks' RED ROSE Coffee

Try it for Breakfast To-morrow



Each tablet of Father Morriscy's "No. 11" Prescription will digest 1 3/4 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.

WHERE AMHERST MAKE EXCELS



7 POINTS — THE PERFECT NUMBER —

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Doors, etc., for sale—John McGillivray, page 8.
Auction—Dan McDonald, page 8.
Notice—John McGillivray, page 8.
Provincial Exhibition—M. C. Hall, page 5.
Land Sale—A. J. O. McGuire, page 5.
Teacher Wanted—K. P. McKee, page 8.
Notice—Jas. D. Stewart, page 5.
Teachers Wanted—Rev. R. Rankin, page 8.
Blacksmith Wanted, page 8.
Notice—D. A. McInnis, page 8.
Farms for sale—Alan McDonald, page 8.

LOCAL ITEMS

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS, correspondence, etc., crowded out.

WALDREN'S Photo Studio will be open from Tuesday noon until Saturday noon of next week.

DR. COX will be at the Merrimac Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday morning, September 6th and 7th.

SCHOONER "Carl E. Richard" arrived at St. John's, Nfld., yesterday, and her cargo is being sold today.

TIME IS flying and the great prize contest is fast drawing to a close. Now is the time to subscribe to *The Herald, Mail or Homestead*. Harold B. Whidden.

REV. RONALD McDONALD, P. P., Reserve Mines, C. B., is now at Caledonia Springs, Ont., taking a rest for the benefit of his health. During his absence Rev. A. H. Cormier of the College is attending the parish.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Mr. John M. Gillis, formerly of South West Margaree, but a resident of Jamaica Plains, Mass., for some years, was accidentally killed by falling from a building on which he was working. He leaves a wife and several children.

THE PUPILS of the Havre Boucher Convent School are to be congratulated on their success at the recent Provincial examinations. The eight candidates were successful. Following are the names and aggregates:
Xavier P. Crispo, Grade C, 404.
Mary C. McDonald, C, 402.
Hubert Petipas, C, 379.
Sadie E. Crispo, C, 374.
Isabel Levandier, C, 357.
Agnes Macdougall, C, 354.
Ambrose Levandier, C, 320.
Alphonsus Webb, D, 338.

OUT OF A CLASS of twenty-one pupils taught by Miss K. McKay at the Academy at St. Peter's, C. B., eighteen were successful at the recent examinations. Below are the names of the successful candidates, in order of merit:

B—Margarey Bissett, Archie McFarlane, John H. McKinnon.
C—Muriel L. Kyte, Stanislaus Kyte, Gertrude Murphy, Beatrice Kyte, Dan A. McCuish, Claude McAskill, Harvey McKenzie, Mabel McLean, Neil E. McDonald.
D—Annie Ferguson, John Coffey, David McNeil, Owen McGlashen, Allan Morrison, Sadie McKenzie.

HYMENEAL.—At the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Winnipeg, Man., on August 22nd, Rev. Father Molloy united in the holy bonds of matrimony Miss Mary A. MacKey of South Boston and Mr. Malcolm MacDonald of the Electric Street Railway service. Miss Catherine O'Brien attended the bride and Ed. Monahan the groom. After a wedding breakfast at the home of Mr. P. O'Brien, 709 Logan Avenue, the happy couple left for their future residence, at 282 Boyd Avenue. The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Donald McDonald of Judique, C. B.

SO FAR as has yet been ascertained the following is the list of the successful D pupils who attended Mt. Saint Bernard during the past year:
Elizabeth Somers, Antigonish.
Harriet Purcell, Antigonish.
Annie Laurie McDonald, Antigonish.
Mary McPherson, Antigonish.
Eta McDonald, Antigonish.
Catherine McDonald, Baddeck.
Mary Catherine McGillivray, Antigonish.
Gertrude Chisholm, Antigonish.
Mary Fraser, St. Joseph's, Antigonish.

SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.—The following were successful candidates at the Teachers examinations: Kate McIsaac, Dunmore, C on B subjects; Mary Agnes Cameron, Dunmore, C, aggregate 360, and Third Rank M. P. Q.; Vincent McNeil, Tracadie, C, 419; Miss Teresa McGillivray, Antigonish, pupil of Whitney Pier Convent, C; Miss Stella Girroir, Tracadie, D, 423; Mary Florence McDonald, Heatherton, D, 399, and Third Rank M. P. Q.; Christina Ross, Arisaig, D, 398; Catherine C. Homer, Pleasant Valley, D, 390; Daniel Angus Boyd, Fraser's Mills, D, 310; Daniel A. McDonald, Fraser's Mills, D, 346; Mary Margaret McDonald, F. Mills, D, 374; Anna T. Purcell, Pleasant Valley, 307; Mary McDonald, Heatherton, D, 340.

THE MISSION.—On Saturday of this week, Rev. Fathers Mullaney and McCormick, priests of the Redemptorist Order, with headquarters at the Mission Church, Roxbury, Mass., will arrive in Town. On the following day, Sunday, September 4th, they will open a two-weeks mission at the Cathedral—the first week for the women of the parish, and the second week for the men. Father Mullaney, though not personally known in the Diocese of Antigonish, enjoys the reputation of being a distinguished member of a distinguished Order, while Fr. McCormick, besides being a native of these parts, has been several times in Eastern Nova Scotia, giving Retreats and Missions. Ladies in the country districts, who desire to attend the Mission, will be pleased to know that all the owners of automobiles in Town have agreed not to use their cars next week, thus removing the chief cause of fear from carriage accidents.

THE CONCERT at the Celtic Hall on Monday evening was notable for the high character of the programme presented, and the fine musical talent displayed in every number indicates that each performer is an artist. Miss Fleming's solos were altogether from the works of the most famous Italian and French composers, and their difficult compositions were treated in a manner that would be even creditable to some of the operatic stars in the large cities. With a voice of wonderful range, Miss Fleming is capable of

taking the highest notes. Her singing denotes that she is an earnest and faithful pupil of a capable teacher of voice culture in the operatic world. Mrs. Gastonguay-Afflick is a well-known Nova Scotia violinist. Her several numbers showed rare technique and, though all were classics, appealed by their sweetness, to the audience as a whole, being received with marked appreciation. Miss White has visited Antigonish before, and her reputation as a clever pianist is already known to Casket readers. On Monday evening her work was wholly that of an accompanist.

BOUNTFUL HARVEST.—During the past few weeks the weather has been exceedingly fine, and the country is blessed with an abundant harvest. Not for many years, if ever, have the farmers of this district been so well rewarded for their labors. In many sections of the country the grain crop is so heavy that it cannot be housed, as the barns are already overfilled with hay, and threshing has to be done outside. All kinds of farm produce sell at the highest prices in the history of the country. A vacant farm is now a source of loss to the owner and to the community. A few years of present conditions will completely reverse the exodus, for who would not prefer to live in Nova Scotia, with its extended shores, its noble rivers and crystal streams, its beautiful groves and the wonderful variety of its charming scenery, than in the crowded cities to the south or on the monotonous prairies of the west.

THE PUPILS of the Holy Angels' Convent, Sydney, were very successful at the recent Provincial Examination. Their records are as follows:—

Miss Alice Purcell, Sydney, Grade B, aggregate 391.
Miss Gertrude Cazzolino, Sydney, Grade B, 384.
Miss Mary J. Campbell, McKinnon's Harbour, Grade B, 320.
Miss Mary McIntyre, Sydney, Grade B, 308.
Miss Margaret Campbell, Whitney Pier, Grade C, 444.
Miss Philomena Smyth, Port Hood, Grade C, 436.
Miss Margaret E. Gillis, Grand Mira, Grade C, 372.
Miss Myrtle Levette, Louisbourg, Grade C, 355.
Miss Winnifred Power, C, Sydney, 355.
Miss Hilda Gillis, Sydney, Grade C, 332.
Miss Agnes Keith, Sydney, Grade C, 318.
Miss Ann Daley, Sydney, Grade C.
Miss Sally Cameron, Sydney, Grade D, 490.
Miss Stella McLellan, Mira Ferry, Grade D, 405.
Miss Naomi Kehl, Grade D, 378.
Miss Johan Johnstone, Dominion, Grade D.
Miss Florence McIsaac, East Bay, Grade D, 330.
Miss Mary L. Gillis, Grand Mira, Grade D.

In the M. P. Q. subjects the following were successful:—
Miss Alice Purcell, Sydney.
Miss Clare McNeil, River Bourgeois.
Miss Mary J. Campbell, McKinnon's Harbour.
Miss Margaret Campbell, Whitney Pier.
Miss Margaret Gillis, Grand Mira.

THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL Convention of the League of the Cross for the diocese of Antigonish was held in Port Hood on Monday and Tuesday last. The number of delegates from the various branches present was 65. On the arrival of the train at the station the visitors were met with carriages by Mayor D. F. McLean and a committee of the citizens. After Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and sermon in the Church that evening, a preliminary meeting of the delegates was held in the Hall. On Tuesday morning after Mass for the delegates an address of welcome was read them at the Hall by the Mayor, who referred in terms of the highest praise to the excellent work being done by the branch of the League there and to the very cordial relations existing between this branch and the Town Council. After suitable replies, in which the Mayor's large share in the good work was disclosed, the business of the convention was taken up and occupied the whole of that day. Besides the general work of the organization, the following special matters were considered, the establishment of Scholarships at St. F. X. College by the League and the formation of a temperance regiment and military cadet corps. On Tuesday evening a mass meeting of the citizens and visitors was held in the hall, which was crowded to the doors; there were temperance addresses and a choice musical entertainment. At this meeting, besides the clergymen of the town and speakers from among the delegates, were Rev. H. R. Grant of Pictou, and Robt. MacGregor, M. P. P., of New Glasgow. The former made a very short but earnest temperance rally. The feature of the early evening, however, was the clear and convincing address of the young member from Pictou County. After the meeting the visitors with the mayor repaired to the dining room down stairs in the hall, where the ladies spared no pains with refreshments, elaborate tables being set.

Several toasts were proposed and responded to. On Wednesday morning the visitors were driven to the station where the delegates lined up in a body and gave three cheers for the Mayor, who, on being called on for a speech, fittingly responded. Our delegates are loud in their praises of the hospitality they received at Port Hood, but above all they are pleased to see that the temperance problem is being successfully worked out in that town, where the utmost harmony prevails among the clergy of the different religious denominations, citizens and councillors on the question.

Persons indebted to owners of Burleigh horse, are requested to make payments at once to Alex. McDonald, Secretary, Church Street, Antigonish.

AUCTION.

To be sold at public auction on the premises of the undersigned, on TUESDAY, SEPT. 6, at 10 a. m., the following stock:

- 1 Mare, 16 years old, sound.
- 5 Milch Cows.
- 3 Heifers, 2½ years old, with calf.
- 1 Steer, 2½ years old.
- 4 Yearlings.
- 4 Calves.

Terms: Twelve months' credit with notes of approved security.

DAN. McDONALD,
Beaver, Lakevale.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the Estate of the late Dougal McGillivray, East End, will take notice that their accounts will be handed to an Attorney to be sued for, unless said accounts are paid, or settled by note, before 15th of October next.

JOHN MCGILLIVRAY,
Administrator of said Estate.

Doors and Windows.

John McGillivray, Carpenter, East End, has on hand a number of Doors and Windows with glass complete of all sizes, Storm Windows, Panel Doors and Mantels, which he will dispose of at reasonable cost for cash.

TEACHER WANTED.

Teacher wanted for Sugar Loaf, Victoria County School. Apply, stating salary wanted and experience, to

K. P. McRAE,
Secretary to Trustees,
Sugar Loaf, Vict. Co.

NOTICE.

All persons having legal demands against the Estate of the late Archibald McKinnon of Middleton, Ant. Co., farmer, deceased, are requested to present their claims duly attested to the undersigned within three months of this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to:

JAMES D. STEWART,
Executor.
Middleton, Ant., N. S., Aug. 29, 1910.

TEACHERS WANTED

Wanted, two Teachers, Grade C or D, for South Ingonish Chapel and South Bay, Ingonish. Salaries, exclusive of Government Grant, from \$170 to \$200, according to experience.

For Ingonish Chapel apply to M. C. WILLIAMS, Secretary to Trustees.

For South Bay apply to JAMES YOUNG, Secretary to Trustees, South Ingonish.

Or to the undersigned, R. RANKIN, P. P.

Blacksmith Wanted.

A sober, strong young man with two or three years' experience at blacksmithing and horse-shoeing, to go to Providence, R. I.
For further information apply at CASKET OFFICE.

NOTICE.

Take notice, that owing to a contemplated change in my business all accounts due me after the 1st day of December next will be placed for collection.

D. A. McINNIS,
Georgeville.

Hospital Building Fund.

Previously acknowledged, \$1306 00
Rev. Fr. McCormick, Lochaber, 20 00
Mrs. D. Macdonald, Bay street, Antigonish, 5 00
Miss K. Dulhanty, Halifax, 3 00

Personals.

Mrs. Hector McNeil of Beaver Cove, C. B., is spending a few weeks with friends at Clydesdale, Ant.

Mr. D. S. Gillis of Kansas City, Mo., is spending a few weeks at his former home at Arisaig, Ant.

Mrs. W. H. Doyle and family of Boston have been the guests of Mrs. George Bowie, Tracadie. Mrs. Bowie accompanies them on their return trip home for a few weeks' visit to Boston and vicinity.

Sheriff Doucette of Port Hood was in Town this week, visiting Mrs. Doucette, who is a patient at St. Martha's Hospital. On Tuesday Mrs. Doucette underwent an operation for appendicitis, which was successful though difficult, and her early recovery is now looked for.

Mr. James Kirkland Moore, of Rogers Peet & Co., New York, went through by last Thursday's train to Newfoundland, where he was born and where he will spend a few weeks. Mr. Moore is the grandson of James Kirkland Moore, who was the High Sheriff of this County in 1812, when it was known as the County of Sydney. Mr. Moore has been away from Newfoundland for forty-three years.

Mr. and Mrs. Colin McLean and son Colin, of Baltimore, Md., are visiting friends and relatives in the County. Forty-five years ago Mr. McLean left his home at the West River, Antigonish, for the United States. Since he has resided in that country, and is known throughout the Atlantic States as one of the largest contractors in the country, having erected many large public and private works.

Farms for Sale.

I am agent for the sale of a number of good farms. Write for particulars.

ALLAN MACDONALD,
Barrister, etc.,
Antigonish.

Teacher Wanted

A grade C or D teacher for Fairmont school, No. 65. Apply to

W. J. WALSH, Sec. to Trustees,
Fairmont, Ant.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that any one found trespassing on the farm at the Rear of Arisaig, owned by the undersigned, will be prosecuted.

MRS. EDWARD J. COBY,
Kaslo, B. C.

FARM FOR SALE.

The farm situated at Rear Arisaig, owned by the undersigned is offered for sale. It consists of 36½ acres of excellent land, on which there is abundance of hard and soft wood. For further particulars apply to

MRS. EDWARD J. COBY,
Kaslo, B. C.

PIC - NIC.

The people of Cross Roads Ohio School Section intend having a Picnic on

WEDNESDAY, 31ST INST.,

For the benefit of the School. A pleasant time is anticipated.



KODAK

Kodaks and Brownies

Velox Paper, Developing Powders.
Mail orders receive prompt attention.

J. D. COPELAND
DRUGGIST
ANTIGONISH - N. S.

Teacher Wanted

For French Road School Section, No. 79, third class male or female. Apply, stating salary, to

ANDREW McMILLAN, Sec'y,
French Road, C. B.

TEACHER WANTED

A Grade C or D Teacher wanted, for Morristown School. Apply to

CHRISTOPHER McDONALD,
Secretary to Trustees,
Morristown.

Teacher Wanted

A Grade C or D Teacher for MacAra's Brook School. Apply, stating salary, to

D. J. McDONALD,
Sec. to Trustees,
Knoydart P. C.

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.

Bankrupt Sale Prices ON Used Pianos and Organs

They are from the W. H. Johnson Co. Ltd. Stock

We have had all used Pianos and Organs put in first-class repair by our own workmen. Here is an idea of the real bargains we are offering:

- Fine Parlor Organ was \$100 now \$15
- Fine Parlor Organ was 120, now 25
- Fine Parlor Organ was 145, now 40
- Fine Parlor Organ was 160, now 75
- Others \$for 20, 35 and 40.

A number of used Upright Pianos that were \$300, \$350 and \$400, now selling for \$40, \$50, \$60 to \$75

Write for complete list of Bankrupt Sale prices.

J. A. McDonald Piano and Music Co.
46 Barrington St., Halifax, N. S.
Also Moncton, Amherst, New Glasgow, Sydney, Glace Bay

HARDWARE

Now in stock at

D. G. KIRK Hardware Emporium

- SHERWIN WILLIAM'S READY - MIXED PAINT.
- BRANDRAM BROS. WHITE LEAD,
- LINSEED OIL and TURPENTINE,
- TARRED and DRY SHEATHING PAPER,
- WHITE'S PORTLAND CEMENT
- RODGER'S WHITE LIME and PLASTER,
- WIRE and CUT STEEL NAILS,
- CARRIAGE SPRINGS, AXLES and WOODWORK.
- HORSE SHOES, NAILS and CAULKS, STOVES.
- TINWARE and ENAMELWARE. Also a large stock of SHELF HARDWARE at lowest prices.

Still on hand a few HAMMOCKS, SCREEN DOORS, and WINDOW SCREENS, which we offer for cash at bargain prices.

All kinds of FURNACE and PLUMBING WORK done by competent workmen.

D. G. KIRK, Antigonish, N.

Mount Saint Bernard College
Antigonish, N. S.,
(Affiliated with St. Francis Xavier University)
Reopens Thursday, Sept. 1

The following Courses are offered:
English Course, Bachelor of Literature Course,
Bachelor of Arts Course,
Courses in Stenography, Bookkeeping,
Elocution, Music and the Fine Arts.

Exceptional facilities afforded for acquiring a knowledge of the modern languages—English, French, Italian and German.
For Calendar and terms apply to
THE REVEREND MOTHER SUPERIOR.