





Grandpa and Me.

My grandpa says that he was once a little boy like me. I's'pose he was, and yet it does seem queer so that that he could ever get my jacket on.

So, though my grandpa knows so much, I thought that maybe boys were things he hadn't studied. They make such awful noise.

France is celebrating this year the centenary of the birth of Louis Veillot, the great French Catholic Journalist. None better than he deserves to be recalled to the memory of Catholics not merely of his native land, but of the whole world.

Louis Veillot was born at Boynes in Burgundy in 1813. He came from the humbler classes, his father being a journeyman cooper and his mother a simple peasant.

At thirteen the boy had to start out to earn his living, a poor beginning for his future greatness; but there was in this urchin marvellous talent lying latent and awaiting only the moment of evolution.

From the moment of his conversion, Louis Veillot devoted himself entirely to the interests of God and His Church. The first exercise of his zeal was on his brother Eugene, whom he brought back to God.

When Veillot returned from Rome, he was for a time in the employ of the Gniroz government, then secretary to General Beauregard in Algiers. An offer of a splendid post in the ministerial press was refused by him, for he wished to have a free hand before God and his conscience.

The mark that characterized the work of Veillot above everything was his absolute fearlessness before the enemy, and the most precious

result of this labor was the new tone he gave to Catholics and Catholicism in his own country. Up to his time French Catholics covered under the sneers of Voltaire, and his satellites.

Veillot took up the cudgels in their behalf. With an unparalleled fearlessness that longed to cross swords with the wittiest and most rabid amongst them, he sized up the situation; then with biting sarcasm he attacked the Voluntary upstarts, their principles and their methods.

Veillot's literary style is unique. He would appear to have assimilated all the best traditions of the greatest geniuses of his country; his lyricism approaches that of Bossuet; he sketched characters and fixed them on paper like LaBruyere; he rivalled Moliere in seizing the ridiculous, and Pascal in depth of penetration.

My Greatest Mistake. (The following article reprinted from the Easter Extension Magazine, was awarded first prize in a large number of contributions to the Extension Magazine on the proposition, "What was My Greatest Mistake.")

My greatest mistake in life was in attending a non-Catholic College. There, almost without my knowing it, I drifted slowly away from the teachings of my Church. I lost, little by little, the faith that had been the greatest treasure of my life, and I imbibed a spirit of indifference and irreligion that many times since has been fatal to my peace of mind.

I was nineteen years old when I entered this college. I had been carefully reared in a good Catholic home. My father, a man of deep and sincere faith in God, had taken unusual precautions to see that I had good companions, that I formed the right kind of habits and had the best books obtainable for reading and study.

Plans had been made for me to enter Georgetown University when I had completed my course in the high school. But it happened that some of my high school classmates who were not Catholics were given the privilege of entering examinations for scholarships in a non-Catholic university.

From my own experience I can say that outwardly there is not a single thing antagonistic to the Catholic religion in the ordinary non-Catholic college. If there were more antagonism, the average Catholic youth would be better safeguarded, for his fighting spirit would be aroused and he would stand up in a manly way for his faith.

but I know it now, that the indifference for these Protestant young men to their church services was something that wore away the sharp corners of my own faith. When they remained in bed Sunday mornings, it was a temptation for me to remain too. When they ridiculed their preachers, it gradually led me into thinking lightly of my priests and of magnifying any weaknesses they may have shown.

I fought back this spirit of indifference pretty well the first year of my course at the college. But in my second year there I caught myself growing careless in regard to my monthly confession and communion. If there happened to be some class meeting, some college celebration, debate or other event on the night, I was accustomed to go to confession, it seemed an easy and proper thing for me to stick to the college event and postpone confession. Other Catholic boys there did it in the higher classes. I argued, and they were good living young men and popular with their mates. So I imitated them occasionally, and then I did it quite often.

During the third year of my course I commenced to take part in the "higher criticism" discussions in which my room mates frequently participated. By this time we were wonderful logicians. Our education was becoming a strong factor in our lives. We picked flaws in political arguments, in economical writings, in books on weightsy subjects and then in the talks given by various celebrated preachers who visited the college every little while.

Even then I did not feel that I was losing my faith. I prided myself that I was growing more enlightened, that I was simply understanding it better, and that I still believed in God just as reverently and just as faithfully as ever. I did not know that my heart had grown cold, and that my mind had become critical. I did not know that in my soul was that spirit of rebellion and of arrogance that often said indirectly to God, "Stand forth in the teachings of Thy Church O Lord, and I will look Thee over and see if I will accept Thee and Thy teachings."

But that was the spirit with which I entered upon my fourth and final year in college. The "higher education" came that year. We wrestled in our class rooms with all the great problems of life. We talked them over in our debating societies. We set the mind of man up beside the infinite glory and power of God, and presumed to question and criticize, to doubt or to believe. In that year I went only twice to confession and communion, once at Christmas and again at the Easter time. I was fairly in the class of those who keep just inside the fence and no more.

The watchful eye of my mother ferreted out and saw the truth of my condition. But I denied it vehemently when she accused me of having grown cold and irreligious. I insisted that I had more real faith than ever before, that the change was only in my years, and that I had grown into manhood and so appeared differently to her in some ways. But I never quite convinced her that she was wrong, for when death unexpectedly called her away, her last words were an appeal to me to love God and not shut Him out of my heart and my life. It was only when I knelt in prayer at her funeral that I realized what a terrible change had come into my life in regard to my religion. The old sweet prayers didn't have the same meaning to me. They came in a routine way to my lips, but not from the heart.

It was no easy struggle for me to recover that faith. The four years in the college where religion was but an indifferent subject had done their work only too well. Many and many a time in my fight against infidelity I felt that I could cross the cause of an irreligious education. I am happy to say that I won in that fight. I won in a sense, at least, for I often feel that I have never since enjoyed the perfect trust and the surpassing confidence of the faith I took with me from my home to the college where I imperilled its very existence. But I have fought out of my soul—and it was a vicious, lingering fight—all doubt of God's existence, power, omnipotence and mercy. For this I am exceedingly thankful, and happy. I tell these things just as they come to me now, years after I experienced them. I have hope that the telling of them will help many a young Catholic man to avoid my mistake and to keep treasured in his soul that which is su-

perior to all the education the world can offer—an abiding faith in God and in the Church He established on earth for our guidance and our help in attaining heaven.

Notes from the Nova Scotia Agricultural College.

In accordance with the legislation for the encouragement of horse breeding, passed by the Nova Scotia House of Assembly in 1912, all stallions offered for public service in Nova Scotia are required to be enrolled with the Nova Scotia Department of Agriculture. Up to the present time the enrolment, including applications for enrolment, is 220, but the number should be considerably larger than that. Of this two hundred and twenty, 70 horses are pure bred, 70 are grades and 80 are either cross bred or mongrel.

Soon there'll be nothing left of Turkey but the wishbone.

Never Lose a Horse. Pratt's Colic Cure (Veterinary). It effects a speedy cure. Don't take a chance. Secure a supply at once. You may need it at any moment. 50c. \$1. "Your money back if it fails." Pratt's Distemper Cure. 50c per bottle. Cures distemper and pink eye, without troublesome after-effects. 1913 Almanac FREE. Sold by C. B. Whidden & Son. And Dealers Everywhere.

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WANTED 500 FARMERS and others interested in Sheep Raising to visit the Dominion Government Department of Agriculture Sheep Extension Car Antigonish, N. S. MAY 29th 1:09 p. m. to May 30th, 1:09 p. m. Mr. Jas. A. Telfer in charge of car will give talks and demonstrations along lines of sheep husbandry during the whole day. Remember the Date, May 29 and 30

How Concrete Work Was Made Easy For You UNTIL a few years ago farmers considered concrete a rather mysterious material, that could be used successfully only by experts. They knew that upon the quality of the cement depended much of the success of concrete work. They had no means of testing cement, such as big contractors employ, and so could not be sure of its quality. Yet the farmer needed concrete. He was kept from using this best and most economical of materials by 1. Lack of knowledge of how to mix and place concrete. 2. Lack of a brand of cement upon the quality of which he could absolutely rely. Canada Cement has supplied both these requirements. We employed men to make a thorough investigation of the farmer's requirements; to find out where and how he could use concrete with profit to himself; to discover all problems he might come across and to solve them. This investigation was expensive. But when it was completed we had the material for our campaign to show the farmer how and where to use concrete, and we printed a book, "What the Farmer Can do With Concrete," for free distribution. That book makes every farmer who reads it a concrete expert, as far as his needs are concerned. He finds that there is nothing mysterious about concrete—that a few simple rules supply all the knowledge required. At the same time we met the farmers' second objection—inability to test the quality of cement—by producing cement of a quality that does not need to be tested. The Canada Cement that you buy by the bag is the same Canada Cement that is sold by the train-load for great elevators, buildings and bridges. There is a Canada Cement Dealer in Your Neighborhood. If you have not already done so, write for the book "What the Farmer can do with Concrete." It is Free. Canada Cement Company Limited Montreal









