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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1913.

When are our farmers going to take serious throught concerning the raising of sheep in this Province?

The Schismatic Syrian Patriarch, Mgr. Abdulmessiah, and two of his archbishops have made submission to the Pope.

President Wilson has yet to convince a doubting world that the conditions in Mexico are such that it is necessary for all the Americans to leave it.

As a bit of "home news from abroad," we hear that work has been begun on Callooney Harbor, Blacksod Bay, Ireland, from which a line of steamers will run to Halifax, in three days and a half. We hope it is true.

We think the London police ought to have shields, whether the present story be true or not. They need them. The Suffragettes are free to hurl anything at them, and they cannot retaliate further than to arrest them. The fight is unequal. Give them shields.

Putting a good deal in a few words, Dr. Phelan says in the *Western Watchman*:

One word anent all this eugenic nonsense. Bodies alone are generated. Souls are immediately created. A father has no more to do with his son's soul than he has with the soul of his neighbor's son.

We have several times tried to give our readers an idea of the utter absurdity of the pretensions of secular cable correspondents at Rome to know business of the Pope or the Cardinals which they were certainly not posting up on bulletin boards. *The London Times* makes, now, a more ridiculous figure of the "fablegram" writers at Rome than we ever did.

The trade unions in England are having trouble from a cause which may be unavoidable, but which is a matter for serious consideration. The new insurance Act has caused a rush of new members into the trade unions, and the immediate result has been to upset the financial calculations of the unions, and to probably impair their reserves.

Some of the parsons in the West want only "the British born' as immigrants. One of them brings in the word "Saxon," which would exclude Irish, Scotch and most of the English. We suspect that even the phrase "British-born" is not always understood to include all the component parts of the United Kingdom. What a broad-minded view!

Father Plantier, S. J., an editor of *L'action Populaire* of Rheims, France, is to deliver lectures in Montreal under the auspices of Archbishop Bruchesi. As rector of the college at Marseilles he did excellent work; and he established a night school at St. Etienne, attended by thousands from 15 years to 60.

Mayor Harrison of Chicago has appointed women as policemen, and they are to be stationed at public bathing beaches and dance halls. That may be good for law and order, but it is likely to be bad for the women. Police duty is not easy. Policemen are particularly tempted; and many of them succumb. Is it a fit position for a woman?

Father M. Kearny, S. J., in an article in America, tells us that the "Christian Evidence League" sent out two questions to English and American scientists:

1. Is there any real conflict between the facts of science and the fundamentals of Christianity?"
2. Has it been your experience to find men of science irreligious and anti-Christian?

Several hundred replies were received from presidents, professors and scientific writers, and, with two exceptions, all were in the negative.

Suffragettes assaulted Premier Asquith, pulled him about, and shook him. Had he slapped their faces he would be an ex-premier three months hence. That is what these hussies are counting on—the unwillingness of the men of England to see women treated by men as one man would treat another. But it must come to that, if they keep on.

Have the Suffragettes already brought back the days of "the buckler, the lance and the bow"? The despatches say that the London police are going to carry shields. Perhaps it is a lie; but if so it has more humor in it than any lie sent over the cables for a long time past. The London police surely need something like a shield in the case of assailants whom they must not assail.

August Bebel, who died last month, had 20,000 people at his funeral, and there was no religious service, not even one prayer. He was the leader of the Socialist party in the German Parliament. People who care to know the drift of Socialism might reflect on the manner in which its most prominent advocate in Europe was buried,—but no, not buried in the ordinary way — his body was cremated.

The reports of the riots, crimes and disturbances in the course of the strike at Nanamio, B. C., are sad reading to all who wish to see labor get its just dues and laborers receive fair treatment In the great court of public opinion, as in other courts where equity is the rule, those who seek relief must come with clean hands. Else their appeal is likely to be disregarded.

The *Spectator* (London) makes what seems to us a keen criticism of President Wilson's warning to all Americans to leave Mexico, namely, that he wishes to secure the effects of compulsion while announcing that he never will apply compulsion. *The Saturday Review* (London) thinks the situation is dangerous; that "a frontier incident, a raid, some trampling on the stars and stripes, might set the people of the United States 'remembering the Maine.'"

The London Times says that all visitors to Rome know the great bronze door which gives entrance to the Vatican from the end of Bernini's colonnade and rather humorously describes the journalists lingering near it, *on the outside*:

"Give him the slightest excuse—a rumor that the Pope is indisposed or that the Cardinals are all going on strike—and he will spend long happy hours under shelter of the outside colonnade and fill the pages of his newspaper afterwards *with wonders of romance.*"

Anyone can have, as "Mr. Dooley" says, "his pitcher n the papers," nowadays. The *Montreal Star* even finds room for a large picture of a woman, unknown to fame, who says she went through the wedding ceremony because of what she calls "the old-fashioned ideas" of her family, and says she feels quite free to leave her husband whenever she wants to. She has written a book with a title which suggests she is interested in Socialism. It seems that she herself is heiress to millions. Will she put them out on the "share and share alike" plan? Or will her Socialism be confined to Socialistic theories about family life? Why do the papers advertise such creatures? For money, of course.

Right Hon. Mr. Samuel, Postmaster General of England, landed the other day at Rimouski. The people presented him with an address. Being accustomed to our English-speaking ignorance in Canada, they took the trouble, though French would have come easier to them, to have the address in English. To their surprise, Mr. Samuel asked someone, "Are they mostly French-speaking here"? And being told that they were, he replied in French to their English address. The fact is, that university men in England have not the same deep contentment in knowing one language only that we English-speakers have in Canada.

We have frequently expressed our feelings with regard to mad scenes in American courts; and we shall not be backward in condemning similar scenes in Canadian courts. The scene last week when a mob of Canadians cheered for the notorious murderer, Thaw, in a Canadian courtroom, will go a long way to end a boast, once a just one, but getting less and less so as time goes on, that Canada is superior to the United States in respect for law and in condemnation and punishment of crime. What were the people of Sherbrooke congratulating this fellow upon? He is either a murderer or an escaped lunatic. Are they glad because he has cheated the gallows, or because he is a rich lunatic at large whilst poor ones remain shut up.

The very interesting account in the London *Times*, of the life of the "fablegram" writers in Rome, shows that, if they are obliged to guess what is going on in the Vatican, their situation is not without its advantages. If they lie for a living, at least the people in the Vatican leave them to do it in peace. The *Times* correspondent says that their advantages are that they are "secure against competition, since one story is as good as another in the certain absence of truth," and that they are "secure against authoritative contradiction, which, being the monopoly of the *Osservatore Romano*, rarely is heard before half a dozen newer and more startling inventions have surpassed the first."

At the third annual convention of the Catholic Press Association, at Milwaukee, last month, Rev. Joseph Koesters, missionary apostolic to China, made an appeal to the Catholic press for a more particular recognition of the work in the foreign mission field. We beg to say that we are willing, and anxious, to do this; and our columns bear witness that we are; but we must say that the foreign mission work of the Catholic Church is insufficiently reported, or the reports are insufficiently circulated. The information at our disposal is fragmentary and occasional. We regret this; for we believe our readers would find satisfaction and interest in reading a more particular account of the great work of our foreign missions. We shall be obliged to anyone who will put us in possession of more complete information on the subject.

A "loyal" Orange Lodge in Montreal has protested against the action of the police in breaking up open air Socialistic and religious meetings. The use of the streets and squares in Montreal for such purposes is, we understand, subject to license, and that is a reasonable by-law. But the lodge is consistent enough. Orangeism is against the police, even when Socialism is the matter dealt with. Orangeism and Socialism have a good deal in common. The policeman is the authorized representative of the majority of the people; he seldom oversteps his authority, but often falls short of enforcing it; he is on duty to carry out laws. All these facts make him an obnoxious person to Orangeism, and to Socialism, for both Orangeism and Socialism are a law unto themselves and both are convinced that there ought to be no law but their own crazy notions. Why should Orangeism approve of the police? An Orange lodge and a police force are established for opposite and contradictory purposes.

We have received, and have read with much pleasure, a copy of a speech delivered by Sir Lomer Gouin, Premier of Quebec, in the Legislative Assembly of that Province, last fall, on the subject of compulsory attendance at school, and on the subject of education in Quebec. We hope this speech, which is a complete answer to the misrepresentations so often made with respect to education in that Province, will be widely circulated and read with the attention it deserves. Sir Lomer's statements are conclusive, because they are supported by the official figures; and his comparisons between Quebec and the other provinces in the matter of education are made, not as guesses or estimates, but made upon the official reports and returns of the other provinces. If the misrepresentations were made merely through lack of knowledge, this admirable speech would end them when once it was read. But those misrepresentations are made not only through lack of knowledge, but because of prejudice and recklessness.

The London *Times* is in favor of Great Britain's taking part in the Exposition at San Francisco in 1915. It is pitiful to see the abjectness of many of the English journalists, of late years, in everything in which the United States is concerned. The *Times* says:

Does any Englishman seriously consider that our relations to the United States are the same as those of any other Power? Of course they are not. We are never tired of saying that they are not, or of welcoming American assurances that they are not. They never can be the same. Race and history, institutions and language forbid that they should be. We have had many differences and a few quarrels with the Americans. We may not impossibly have more. But in our hearts we have felt, and they have felt, that these have been family squabbles, and that to repeat once more the words of an illustrious American, which no time can stale and no iteration can hackney, "blood is thicker than water."

Very nice, for after-dinner speech purposes; but we think "Mr. Dooley" was nearer to the truth of the international situation when he referred to the "twenty-five thousand Russian Finns in the tenth ward, Hennessy, who take mighty little intherest in the Anglo-Saxon Alliance." We do not put much confidence in "after-dinner-speech" alliances. The *Times* may think of the past quarrels as "family squabbles"; but those "squabbles" have been very substantial differences. Surely it is not the smallness of their results that marks them as "squabbles."

The administration of the liquor laws by local officials, in the principal towns and municipalities, continues to be an absolute farce. The imprisonment provisions of the law are wholly ignored. In spite of direct legislation to the contrary the Prohibition Act continues to be used merely for the purpose of collecting a tax on the liquor business. Many of the Inspectors are incapable; some of them live in continuous perjury from the time they take the oath of office till they are out of office. Whether total probibition is, or is not, possible, is not the question. While it is the law, it is the duty of all municipal and town councillors to enforce it, and to appoint inspectors who will do their duty as far as it can be done. But in many of the towns and municipal districts in Nova Scotia there is not the slightest intention, at the present time, on the part of council or inspectors of doing their duty, sworn or unsworn. And these are precisely the districts which are the most populous and in which the liquor sellers are the most brazen, unscrupulous, defiant *and prosperous*. When will the forces of right and decency assert themselves?

Robert Lynd, writing in *The Nation*, gives us a glimpse of ignorance and prejudice in Belfast. "Some of the less responsible," he says, "still cling to the idea that King George will refuse to sign the Home Rule Bill. 'We have just thaled wi' him ever since he signed the Parliament Act,' said an Orangeman the other day, 'but the day he puts his name to the Home Rule Bill off the throne he goes.' A street-corner agitator wound up a speech in Belfast recently with protestations of loyalty to the King. "But," said he, "if he puts his name to the Home Rule Bill, then I tell him straight, it's 'good-bye Geordie.'" Mr. Lynd says that "these things belong to the romance and humor rather than to the serious side of a genuinely important movement." We should prefer to think so; but history is to the contrary. What Mr. Lynd regards as "romance and humor" is the expression of a spirit and sentiment which have never changed since 1784, when the progenitors of the Orangemen first appeared as "Peep-O-Day-Boys." The street-corner speaker here referred to used exactly the same language that was used by the leaders, as well as the rank and file of the Orange Lodges in 1825 to 1829, when Catholic Emancipation was under debate; from 1865 to 1869, when the Church Disestablishment Question was up; in 1886, when Gladstone brought in his first Home Rule Bill; and in 1892 when he brought in his last Home Rule Bill. The special correspondent of the London *Times* tells us that the words "Home Rule and a Fenian King" were hung across a thoroughfare in a Nationalist section. The Orangemen have always been good at that sort of thing. In King Edward's time, he was so unfortunate as to incur their dislike, and he was posted in chalk as "Papist Nel"; and King George has been insulted by being posted in the same manner on the walls in Belfast as "Fenian Geordie."

Earl Grey, late Governor-General of Canada, speaking in Glasgow last week, declared that in European countries the industrial position of both consumers and producers has been bettered by co-operation. His speech was made at the meeting of the International Co-operative Alliance. Co-operation is not new in Great Britain and Ireland. From an editorial in the *Star* we learn the following facts, which are food for thought for Canadians:

Distributive co-operation has for many years prospered in Scotland and the North of England, and recently the farmers have in many places become converted to productive societies organized by the Agriculture Organization Society. It is interesting to note that in Ireland co-operation has progressed along converse lines. There productive co-operation was the first to become popular.

Of course, co-operation, in order to succeed, requires that those who go into it shall be loyal and faithful to the enterprise and to each other. These enterprises require building up and strengthening; and, in their early days, some members prove lukewarm and are drawn off by the appearance of a momentary advantage to themselves, and so play into the hands of competitors whose interest it is to weaken the co-operative societies.

The large societies in England do all the business of a departmental store. All the purchasers are members of the society and the profits of the undertaking are distributed according to the amount of goods purchased during the year. A few years ago the total turn over of these societies reached $500,000,000 a year, and it is now considerably more. That year some $50,000,000 was distributed amongst the members as bonus on their purchases.

Is there any reason why this system, honestly and efficiently administered, could not succeed in Canada? It seems to us that there are great possibilities in this system for keeping the cost of living within reasonable bounds.

The agricultural societies in Ireland are rapidly transforming that country. . . . . Now the farmers have creameries, poultry societies, and several other types of ce-operative organization, which not only lessen the cost of production, but ensure them a direct markets where their goods, now more neatly delivered, command a higher price. Not only does the individual farmer become more scientific and prosperous, but he has a greater interest in seeing that his neighbors also improve.

If Earl Grey is right, and the co-operative system benefits both the consumer and the producer, then here is matter for thoughtful Canadians to reflect on. We should be glad if we could even arouse discussion of this subject in this country. Of course we are aware that there have already been some small projects of co-operative shopkeeping; but we could wish to see something larger in the way of co-operative plans, or a more general adoption of them. Needless to repeat, loyalty to the enterprise and honesty in its administration are essential to success.

An important and useful work is being done by the Association of "l'Œuvre des Catechismes" of Paris. It has been holding its annual meeting under the presidency of Cardinal Amette. Most of the children who attended the lay schools where religious teaching is prohibited have parents who are too busy or too ignorant to supply this deficiency. Hence these children grow up absolutely ignorant of the elementary truths of religion. This state of things often comes from carelessness and press of work rather than from downright hostility to religion, but in consequence when these children ask to attend the parochial catechism classes, it is hopeless to expect the overworked priests to be able to supply past deficiencies in the short time allotted to them. Hence the urgent need of voluntary teachers to explain the leading truths of religion to these little savages and prepare them to understand and to profit by the instruction given to them by the clergy. In general the men and women of the world who devote themselves to this task are deservedly popular with their pupils, and their kindness and patience go far to throw down the barriers of prejudice and misconception that divide the classes of society in republican France. The voluntary "catechistes" of the Diocese of Paris are now over five thousand strong, and the statistics brought forward at the meeting tell us that these 5,023 "catechistes" instruct 48,324 children. Their services are especially needed in the outlying suburbs, where there are a few resident Catholics who have time and capacity to accept the task. Their work is no sinecure. It means regularity, self-sacrifice, and a real effort; it is faithfully carried out year after year, twice a week, in the "faubourgs," where the working people congregate, by men, women and young girls, whose names are well known in the world of fashion. Many pretty and wealthy women, whose grace and charm are the delight of the circle in which they move, devote their mornings to catechising the wafs and strays of some distant suburb, where their names are unknown, but where their sweetness and devotedness earn for them the gratitude of their rough pupils. As a rule, these are receptive and intelligent, very different from the stolid peasant children, who, if more easily cowed, are more difficult to touch than the emotional Parisian. "L'Œuvre des Catechismes" was founded in Paris, but it has branches in the provinces and in the colonies. It now possesses in France and in Algeria over 50,000 voluntary teachers whose happy influence extends over 200,000 children; if the seeds planted by them do not always produce immediate results, they are never barren, and the influence of "la dame du Catechisme" has, in many cases, brought precious, if tardy, blessings upon the children and their families. If the development of Catholic activities is on the increase and the spirit of enterprise and discipline of the Faithful greatly to be commended, it would be unwise to ignore the fact that the partisans of lay education are resolved to continue to defend their cause by all the means in their power. The official report of M. E. Petit, one of the most zealous promoters of the godless school, is significant in this respect. It show that from every point of view, the lay teachers are copying the methods of the Catholics. The latter's "Patronages," to which children, who frequent the lay schools come on Sundays and Thursdays, to be catchised, amused, kept from harm and influenced for good, have a powerful influence over both the children and their families. In many cases, the action of the "Patronage" stretches far beyond the small boys and girls, for whose special benefit it has been founded. We know of one "Patronage," in particular, in a Paris suburb, to which have been annexed a savings bank, a mothers' meeting, "fetes" to which parents and children come together, and even "retreats" which the workmen and their wives gladly attend. A "Patronage" directed on these lines has a farreaching influence, and M. Petit is fired by the desire to do something of this kind. In his report, he draws attention to the necessity of founding lay "Patronages," but it is easy to read between the lines that the undertaking is fraught with difficulty. A work of this sort demands close attention and untiring self-sacrifice on the part of its promoters. Only motives of faith can inspire men and women of the world with the necessary devotedness and perseverance to make the undertaking a success.

ORANGEISM AND MURDER.

For a hundred years past, it has been the constant practice of the Orange Society to make deliberate and planned excursions, in force and with arms, into Catholic districts in Ulster, frequently going a long distance, and far out of their way to get there; shouting insulting words, singing songs such as we have quoted recently, and which are still to be found in their popular songbooks, with bands playing such tunes as "*Croppies Lie Down*"; "*We'll kick the Pope Before Us*"; *The Boyne Water*"; "*The Protestant Boys*"; "*More Holy Water*," etc., etc.

* * *

THE MURDERS AT DOLLY'S BRAE.

Nearly every year for the last century has been crimsoned with Orange murders. Let us take one case from the crime-stained record. The years immediately succeeding Catholic Emancipation were particularly fruitful in Orange crimes. The mere thought of Catholic Emancipation drove the Orangemen crazy. Indeed, every step in the slow and painful course of relief from unfair and discriminating laws, every proposal to recognize Catholics as fellow-citizens and human beings, has produced a horrible outburst of criminal lawlessness by way of Orange protest. We take the massacre of Dolly's Brae, for the following reasons:

(1) It was deliberately planned and executed.

(2) It took place at a time when the Catholics of Ireland were crushed by the awful affliction of the Great Famine.

(3) It was reported on by a Protestant Royal Commissioner, from whose report we shall quote.

(Continued on page 4)

Dunmore.

(By Drummer on Foot.)

GILLIS (OBAN).

I will now try to trace the grandchildren of Donald (Oban), and their descendants in Antigonish County.

John (Hugh's son), who lived at Pinedale, was married to Mary McIsaac, daughter of Donald McIsaac, of Glen Road. He had a family of two sons and five daughters,—Hugh, Alexander, Flora, Christy, Margaret, Mary Ann and Janet.

Andrew (Hugh's son) also at Pinedale, is married to Sarah Cameron, daughter of Dougald Cameron of Salt Springs (*Dughall Mac Iain Ruaidh*), a brother of the late Bishop Cameron. His sons were Dougald, John, Dan and Angus. The first is Rev. Dr. D. C. Gillis, St. F. X. College; the second was J. Cameron Gillis, M. D., who died in Antigonish about two years ago. There were also several daughters, whose names I am, at this writing, unable to give. One is married to W. Garvie, near home, another to John J. Gillis, Pinevale; and one to Mr. John Mahoney, I think, of Antigonish Harbor.

Hugh (Hugh's son), is married to Catherine daughter of William Chisholm, Glen Road, where they reside. Their family consist of Hugh, William, Mary, Catherine, Eliza, Margaret and Janet.

Angus (Hugh's son, the only one of this family now under eighty years, is married to M. E. Lochard, of Linwood, Ant. Co., where they reside. The family consisted of two sons and six daughters. The sons are Hugh P. and Angus F. at Linwood. The daughters:—C. A., married to S. J. O'Neil, Port Mulgrave; Melinda M. married to Wm. F. Welsh, of S. Boston, Mass.; Emily M., married to A. J. Stuart of Frankville, Ant. Co., (died); S. Bella, married to E. M. Corbett, of Harbor au Bouche, Ant. Co., Augusta J., married to James McLean of Port Mulgrave, and Elizabeth J., now residing in Boston. Four of the sisters taught school. As Andrew was the youngest of old Donald (Oban's) sons, the most of his children were much younger than the grandsons mentioned above. His son John died at Wine Harbor, Guysborough County, where he resided and was married to Mary Cooper of that place. Christy and Angus died at home, (Glen Alpine).

Mary was married to Hugh MacPherson (Uistean), of Upper Pinevale, who are both dead.

Donald (Andrew's son) is married to Margaret McIsaac (Donald's daughter) of Dunmore. They reside on the old home at Glen Alpine. They have an interesting family of two sons and six daughters; Angus Dan, Hugh, Christy, Margaret, Mary, Sarah, Katherine and Annie. Christy is married to Colin W. Chisholm, formerly of Glassburn, Ant. Co., but now of Fall River, Mass. Sarah and Angus Dan are school teachers. The names of the family of Angus Gillis (Big Duncan) I am just now unable to give, but hope to refer to when I get to that locality, also the family of Angus McGillivray, William's Point. This will complete my sketch of the "Oban family in Antigonish County so far as I could ascertain.

The descendants on the Island of Cape Breton and Newfoundland must be very numerous. The family of Archibald McFarlane and Margaret Gillis (Oban), consisted of five sons and seven daughters, — John, Angus, Malcolm, James, Dougald, Catherine, Margaret, Christy, Mary, Ann, Ishabel and Christy. All of these were married except the first Christy, who died young. Their descendants by marriage include such names as, — Gilliss, McDonnells, McLellans, Coadys, McDougalls, McNeils, and doubtless, many others, to say nothing of the "Obans" in Codroy, Newfoundland.

It would be an interesting and imposing meeting did a family reunion of the descendants of the "Oban" pioneers of 1801 take place. A religious service conducted by the venerable Father Hugh Gillis, a sermon or lecture by the scholarly Dr. D. C. Gillis, and an entertainment, (natural enough) contributed to by the gifted poetic genius, "Malcolm H," ably assisted, I am sure, by many others in the assemblage.

There are other Gillis's and some more families in this district that I hope to be able to refer to shortly.

Once more, I wish to impress upon my readers that, the character and completeness of my sketches must depend upon the nature and fullness of the information I obtain. Remember, I did not undertake this, with the silly pretence that I know it all. There is no person in Antigonish County who can give the history of its people without assistance. I am merely conducting a research for the purpose of compiling some sort of historical record of ourselves and the people from whom we are descended. If I succeed, even fairly well, in this research, I will consider it, at least work not wholly useless. I make my investigations, both by means of personal interviews and correspondence. I am gratified and very thankful, that nearly all to whom I have written have been quite responsive and most helpful, and still have confidence that a few, who have not yet responded to my enquiries by mail, will be kind enough to favor me at their earliest convenience with their answers. Some, I am sorry to say, seem to be quit indifferent about this. A few,—I hope very few,—are more interested in knowing the pedigree of horses and other animals, than family genealogy. One says, "What is the good of it? Relations are no better than others." Perhaps not, but that is no reason why you should not know who they are.

Contrast this with the attitude of a highly educated clergyman in this County who, in order to supply certain information sought by "Drummer on Foot," walked on a very hot day lately, a distance of seven or eight miles to interview an aged lady, and thus obtained the information for him, which is now on record. Did he consider it useless? A record of this kind would be not only instructive to all, but of much practical use to Pastors of parishes.

Let me quote extracts from letters of a few pastors who have written me.

"I am very much interested in your contributions to THE CASKET. . . . Your efforts are most praiseworthy, and I hope you will succeed in bringing to light some of the fast fading facts of bygone generations in the County of Antigonish."

"Your letters in THE CASKET regarding the history of Antigonish County are most interesting. I sincerely congratulate you on your success so far, and I hope you will have patience enough to continue to the end."

I thank you for the pains you have taken with the history of. . . . Hoping providence will bless you,"

I remain, yours in the S.S. Hearts.

These letters were all from clergymen of the highest standing in the diocese, and natives of Antigonish County, and some of them, indeed, did not forget the little expense entailed, though such kindness was and is not looked for.

Information is asked though. Some do not possess it, for no fault of their own, but they may help to obtain it. They may, if sufficiently interested, seek one or more aged persons in their vicinity who can enlighten them, at least, to some extent. The names of their family pioneers, parts of the Old Country whence they came, and the approximate, if not exact date, of immigration, would be most desirable to begin with. This is the most difficult to get at this date. Having this to begin with, there is a chance, by travel and otherwise, to trace succeeding generations. D. O. F.

Note.—I shall be always pleased to receive communications of this kind, from any part of the County. Such, addressed to D. O. F., McPherson's P. O., Ant. Co., will reach me.

The Dawn of a New Era in France.

Many diverse views have been expressed, it is known, as to the effect produced by anti-clerical legislation upon the social life of the Catholics of France, some holding that the despoiling and disestablishment of the Church had reduced the Catholics of France to almost the same condition as the Catholics of penal times in the British Isles; while others have maintained that the separation of the Church from the State has had the effect of causing a general revival of all Catholic activities, ecclesiastical and social, throughout the French nation. Among the strongest witnesses to the latter view is Mr. Henry V. Arkell, for the past twenty years a prominent journalist in Paris, who among many other things to say, has the following remarks to make about what he terms in effect the undoubtedly providential revival of Catholicity in France.

PROGRESS FOLLOWS PERSECUTION.

There are, he says, unmistakable signs that the powerful Radical Party, which for twelve years has dominated the political life of France, is losing its hold over the country, and that its work is done. What that work was, is now manifest. As long as it was a question of attacking the Church, it was united and strong; elsewhere, however, it showed incoherence and incapacity. Indeed, says Arkell, even in considering its great and avowed object — Separation of Church and State, and the despoiling of the former —it must be conceded that Radicalism has proved a big failure, since one of the most phenomenal signs of the times is the progress made by the Catholic Church in France since its disestablishment. Mr. Arkell throws new and interesting light upon this subject, and here his journalistic experience becomes valuable.

It was the avowed intention of Waldeck-Rousseau, he says, on coming into power to punish the Assumptionists and the Jesuits for the part they had played in the Dreyfus affair. As a result of his policy and that of M. Combes, some 20,000 Catholic schools were summarily closed by the Act, which abolished all Catholic institutions, whether authorized or unauthorized. The rupture of diplomatic relations as well as the scandalous dismissal of Mgr. Montagnini from France as an "undesirable," with the abrogation of the Napoleonic Concordat—all these facts are fresh in our memory.

REAL LIBERTY AT LAST.

Briand's Separation Bill, when passed in 1905, had the effect of leading to the confiscation of property worth over a hundred millions of dollars, this sum being divided (says Arkell, among the 36,000 parishes in which that amount of church property stood. Not even the most trifling possession was left to the clergy. To shut up the churches was, says Arkell, found to be impossible, so the clergy were allowed to have the use of them, the Clemenceau police eventually growing tired of issuing warrants against priests who had dared to celebrate Mass. However, by 1906, the Catholic Church in France found itself deprived and denuded of everything. It was, however, given Liberty.

The importance of this concession cannot be overrated, says Arkell. Under the Concordat the Church was practically in bondage. By virtue of the Organic Articles, the State absolutely controlled and, worse still, limited the action of the French bishops and clergy. They could not meet in synod, nor gather whether in council or otherwise. But Disestablishment created a completely different situation: to the wonder of Parisians, a council of eighty-six French Archbishops and bishops met in a chateau in the capital. For the first time for several generations, the voice of Catholic France was heard in tones of energy and independence.

NO LONGER GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS.

Since 1906 the Bishops have been appointed by the Holy See, and the Episcopate has been revitalized in many ways. The Bishops are free to appoint the most suitable men as parish priests; they themselves are no longer government officials ("prefects in purple" they were formerly called), arrayed in semi-official garb, nor housed in splendid palaces. They pay the rent of their modest houses, says Arkell, like ordinary citizens and their general order is—to keep in touch with the people.

DINING WITH HIS FLOCK.

The custom of holding a diocesan congress every year is gaining ground; the Bishop fills the chair, supported by the most notable laymen distinguished in literature, arts, commerce, industry and agriculture. "Popular banquets," inaugurated by the Bishop of Orleans, are held once a month in the parishes of his diocese, where at forty cents a head the farmers and the countrymen may take pot-luck with their Bishop and greet him as "one of ourselves."

On the school question, Mr. Arkell is illuminating. Combes thought, he says, that by closing the congregations, the children of France would be forced into the "lay" or Godless schools. At first matters seemed critical, but since by the law of 1883, "free" schools were permitted, Catholic private schools began to grow up in every district. Some children were certainly forced to atted the lay schools, where it was the custom to teach that belief in God and a future life were superstitious and that religion and reason are contradictory terms.

FAMILY-MEN ON GUARD.

In 1910, however, the Bishops published a collective letter condemning certain lay school text books, and calling upon parents to protect their children's faith. The answer to that appeal was the inspired idea of creating the association of family men or peres de famille, pledged to watch over the nature of the instruction give in the lay schools, and at present there are nearly half a million fathers of families who belong to the movement. Last year the number of candidates for Holy Orders was double that which was registered in the last days of the Concordat regime (i. e. 1902-3-4 5), and not only are the candidates youthful, but among them are many grown men of culture and ability who have evinced a desire to devote themselves to the Church.

The Bishops are not at all anxious as to the future of their parishes, says Arkell. He adds the somewhat startling fact that within the past few years some half a million French persons, who formerly lived without religion of any kind, have been won over to the Church. Within these years, says the journalist, some sixty Catholic churches have been built in and around Paris, of which not fewer than twenty-four form new parishes. Arkell tells how one of the new districts—Pavillon-sous-Bois—swore some years ago that it would have neither priest nor policeman within its precincts.

A MIGHTY TRANSFORMATION.

The Archbishop of Paris sent thither a young Corsican priest, Fr. Alfonsi, to evangelize this municipal wilderness. His landlord drove him out after his first Sunday's Mass; the local "Apaches" threatened to murder him. The local elders changed the names of the streets surrounding his temporary chapel to names odious to Catholics. The young priest now has a practical congregation of over five thousand parishioners. Among his parochial good works is a school for apprentices, free registry offices for working people out of employment, a dispensary, free lecture rooms, bureaux for assisting the poor and destitute and a corps of young men whose duty it is to escort and protect young girls from outrage and insult.

And as in this district, so also in equally bad neighborhoods like Chicby, Bellevile and others. The Church, says Mr. Arkell, is everywhere inspiring the growth of the new spirit in France, and the process of antipatriotism, anti-militarism, and neo-Malthusianism is stopped and Catholic workmen belonging to anti-socialist syndicates form so strong a body that general strikes have become next to impossible.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal.*

How to Buy Meat.

The Butcher's Convention, held in Boston, recently, brought out some practical suggestions as to the value of meats, what to buy, etc.

President John T. Russell, head of the butcher's national organization, in speaking of the way meats are bought nowadays, said:

"Most women have no idea of what to buy in a meat market. They know there is such a thing as steak, rib roast, chops, etc. They also know that there are such things as soup bones and stew pieces. Now, years ago when I was a boy the value of soup as a nourishing item on the family bill of fare was thoroughly realized and we had plenty of it. Nowadays there is little time for soup, which takes so long to cook.

"The advent of the gas stove has done much to work a change in man's diet. Years ago, in the days of the great wood fires, it was necessary to keep the fire going about all day. There was plenty of time then to put down a soup bone and such wholesome meats as those of corned beef and cabbage or boiled beef appeared more often than they do now.

"Why, my wife insists on soups very often. We operate several meat markets in Chicago, and could have tenderloin steaks if we wanted them, but as a matter of fact which is realized by few—the meat in the forequarters is much more nutritious than the meat cut from other parts of a bullock.

"The housewife—the good housewife—should watch the prices closely. When beef gets high, leave it alone and buy lamp and mutton. When that gets high go to pork and beef. The whole thing is this in a nutshell: Avoid creating too strong a demand for one kind of meat. Why, take for example the boost a while ago in the price of veal. It got up to eighteen cents per pound at wholesale. But the demand was there. People wanted it Pork was up to twenty cents at wholesale and people were buying it when they could get lamp at fourteen cents.

"Housewives should buy more soup bones. It is easy for a good cook to serve an excellent soup at dinner and a meat pie for supper time, and on figuring up the expenses find that she has spent but very little. No idea of "keeping up appearances" should induce a housewife or a man of the family, for that matter, to spend more than his means will permit him to expend upon his food. Especially is this true when he can get just as much nourishment out of low-priced cuts of meat."

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SYNOPSIS OF DOMINION LAND REGULATIONS

Any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter brother or sister of intending home-steader.

Duties — Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least eighty acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties — Must reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price $3 per acre. Duties — Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.

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

THE SHORTCOMINGS OF JIMMY.

The telegraph editor of the New Orleans *Morning Call* withdrew a huge cigar from his mouth and expelled the smoke through his nostrils.

"Who's that looking at the assignment book?" he demanded of his assistant.

"That," he replied, "is no less a personage than the newest reporter. Nice-looking boy isn't he?"

"He is that," Kelly Evans replied with what was, considering the source, remarkable enthusiasm. "But he must be new to the profesh, or he wouldn't have those eyes and that skin. Say, where's he from—do you happen to know?"

"I do," his assistant answered. "He's from Baltimore."

Kelly Evans brought his hand down whack!

"I knew it!" he exclaimed. "I can tell one wherever I see one! That's my own town, you know. I'm going over and speak to him."

He lounged toward the assignment book and reached it just as the newcomer, having completed the copying of his assignments, looked up. Then Evans encountered a phenomenon in that world of nerve and strain, late hours, irregular habits, and temptation—a pair of steady eyes, frank as a child's, clear as a woodland brook.

"A cub!" Evans said to himself in comment on those eyes. But to their possessor he said with extended hand: "Welcome to our city, my son! I understand you're from Baltimore. So am I, what do you call yourself?"

The boy smiled radiantly and gripped the friendly hand hard.

"James Leroy," he replied.

"Glad to know you Jimmy," Kelly said; and his tone left no room for doubt as to his sincerity. You are just learning the business I take it."

Jimmy laughed.

"I've been in the business since I was fifteen and a copy boy, and I'm twenty now," he said. "And one learns fast on a newspaper or he doesn't learn at all."

Kelly Evans looked thunderstruck.

"Well," he commented, "I've been in this business fifteen years and I've been looking for fourteen out of the fifteen like a subject for a sanitarium. How long have you been in New Orleans?"

"Just a week," Leroy replied.

"Of course, then," Evans remarked, you've been introduced to gin fizz?"

"No," Jimmy answered and there was an odd undercurrent in his tone; for Jimmy knew what was coming. It came. "What," Evans exploded. "Been in New Orleans a whole week and haven't tasted gin fizz? Maybe you've never heard of it?"

"Oh yes I have," Jimmy replied, cheerfully ignoring the sarcasm in the last remark. "It's the famous drink that New Orleans offered as her piece de resistance in her contest with San Francisco for the Panama Exposition.

"Right, my son," said Evans. Come out with me, and it will give me great pleasure to make up for the inhospitality you have evidently suffered."

"Thank you, Mr. Evans," Leroy replied, "but I don't drink."

"You don't drink?" Evans repeated, as if doubting the reliability of his ears. "Been in this nerve-racking, heart-breaking, exciting profession five years and don't take anything to brace you up or make you forget?"

"Nothing except fresh air," Jimmy answered quietly.

"Well I must admit that you look the part—I noticed it the first thing," Kelly Evans said slowly, but with a generous admiration in his tone. "But I'm mightily afraid, son, that you won't be able to keep that up here. By the time you've spent a summer doing newspaper work in New Orleans you'll be drinking with the rest of us. The *Call* is an old, run-down paper under a new management, and the hours are longer than any you've ever expexienced, I'll warrant. You come to feel that you just have to have something to put life into you, and there's no harm in gin fizz—if you stod at the gin fizz. Besides ——" he hesitated, apparently came to a conclusion, and then went on, "the boss won't put up with any superior beings. He goes the limit himself, and he'll think you disapprove of him. You're going to have a hard road to travel here, Leroy, if you stick to that principle. Most of the boys will accept the situation and like you just as well. They're a good lot; but the boss—well—!"

"Leroy!"

The city editor's far from amiable tones rang through the reportorial room, and Jimmy Leroy turned back from the door through which he was wearily about to make his final exit for the night. He anticipated what was coming, and an angry gleam came into his eye. And the gleam was still there when, a moment later, he stood beside his chief's desk.

"Do you know how to 'make up' the paper, Leroy?" he was asked.

Jimmy hesitated. For a moment he was tempted to a flat untruth, but the moment passed. "Yes," he answered.

The city editor looked relieved.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "Then you can stay on to-night and 'make up.' I'm short of men, as usual—too much gin fizz taken for the heat. By the way, you'd better go out and get a couple yourself."

"I don't drink," Jimmy said. And because of his sheer weariness his tone was unmistakably definate.

His chief looked at him quite calmly; and there was something in his grim expression that Jimmy did not understand.

"I knew there was a tradition around here to that effect," he said, and turned to the copy upon the desk.

Stay and "make up!" The city editor had spoken as if he were conferring a favor. And it was then half an hour after midnight and Jimmy felt that he was past further effort.

Jimmy saw in the occasion a plot for his final downfall. The city editor disliked him, but could get rid of him in no legitimate way. For Jimmy loved "the profesh" with all his soul, and his qualifications were of a superior order.

As this view of the situation presented itself to the young reporter, he suddenly became aware of a queer feeling of "goneness" in the pit of his stomach. He had had that sensation often of late. Once he had mentioned it to Kelly Evans, whereupon Kelly had looked anxious and wise at one and the same time.

"It's coming!" he had exclaimed. "That's the way it gets even the best of us. It's nerves and the climate. There's the only answer to that call," and he had pointed to a sign on which was inscribed "Ramon's Gin Fizz" "That's the first step, and the last leads to the old absinthe shop. And in due time you are carted out to the Arizona Desert or the St. Louis Cemetery. But you've got to do it and keep on doing it or lose your job."

But Jimmy, knowing himself, knew better. It was not nerves and it was not the climate. It was overwork and worry and a sore, hurt spirit. For he was being imposed upon. He knew it, and worse than all else, every man on the staff knew it. As they put it, he was "in bad with the city editor."

His desk was by an open window. And now he folded his arms upon the sill, leaned far out into the night, and let the wonderful Gulf breeze blow upon his face. And now it worked a miracle with Jimmy. It seemed to him in a little while that it had blown upon his seething mind and quieted it. Jimmy became himself again; he knew what he was going to do—knew exactly.

"You've nobody to blame but yourself, son—just little Jimmy Leroy," drawled a voice behind him.

He turned and faced Kelly Evans, who had drawn a chair up, and, with his feet upon Jimmy's desk, was making himself at home.

Evidently the face that Leroy turned toward him did not wear the expression he had expected to see, for he looked surprised. Certainly it was not the expression he had seen when Jimmy had turned from the city desk.

"Jimmy," he said, "you'll have to drop it."

"Drop what?" Jimmy asked.

"Why, this white ribbon, anti-profanity, anti-everything business. Nobody expects you to act down here as you would anywhere else."

"Nobody anywhere expects me to act any particular way. I act as I expect myself to act," said Jimmy shortly.

"But, Leroy, you can be sociable, can't you? Don't you know that's what is the matter with the boss? You've got to do like the rest of us, or he'll think you don't care whether he likes you or not."

"I am sociable," Jimmy replied, grimly. "There isn't on the face of this earth a more sociable person than I am."

"I know—I know!" Evans assured him, soothingly. "But you don't understand. You've got to ask the boss out to dinner once in a while, and dinner means wines, of course; you've got to "treat' him. Several of the boys had to win him over in that way. Oh, we've all noticed what has been happening to you!"

"I came down here at 7 this morning—or yesterday morning, as it is now—and I'll not get away until 3 A. M.," Jimmy said.

"And you're going to have your hands full upstairs, I'm afraid," Evans went on. "Take my advice and handle those men as the others do. Treat them."

"No," Jimmy replied. "But I can give up my job—I'll probably be asked to do so tomorrow. I've been making the fight because I support my mother, and she had to come to a warm climate. I'm going upstairs now."

Kelly Evans removed his cigar from his mouth and looked carefully at it.

"I reckon that inside myself I knew the boy wouldn't do it, or I wouldn't have tried to persuade him," he said, with much satisfaction. "I reckon that I just wanted to prove to myself that there are boys like that left.

The first man and the last to arrive at the "Morning Call" the next day at noon found Jimmy Leroy in the city editor's "cage." The city editor was discoursing in very low, but very emphatic tones; and Jimmy was listening and saying very little, but his face seemed to be growing whiter every mintue. And presently the city editor arose and extended his hand to Jimmy. And Jimmy shook the hand quickly and then took himself and a white face and a pair of dazed-looking eyes out of the door and disappeared. It was quite apparent that Jimmy had been "fired."

A murmur that was evidently not one of approbation ran around the room; for Jimmy, although "different," was liked exceedingly well. The city editor heard it, listened a moment, and then arose.

"Gentlemen," he said, with a whimsical smile, "you are about to have an unusual pleasure. I am about to make a speech. You will henceforth be relieved of the society of Mr. James Leroy. His shortcomings along some lines were so obvious that your agitation is a surprise to me. Besides, he seemed to be so much alone around here that he made me nervous. What's the matter, Evans? That's all true, isn't it?"

He stopped long enough to smile mischievously at Kelly Evans, who had arisen. A scowl appeared upon Evans' crimsoned face, but before he could reply his chief continued: "Two months ago a friend of mine started a paper in San Antonio. It is a paper with unlimited money behind it and a future before it. The paper will have to be a fair one, with all details open to inspection. And the man who manages it will have to be open to inspection, too; he will have to have clean principles and stand by his guns in spite of everything. He will have to be a man whom the whole community will respect, because he's going to be in the public eye. He must be a credit to his paper, must stand for it, in fact. But the salary and the opportunity will more than compensate him for everything. It is a chance in a lifetime.

"My friend offered me the job, and I wanted it; but I couldn't take it, boys, because he is my friend, and I am what I am. And I couldn't give it to any of you for the same reason that I couldn't give to myself. So I decided to offer it to the only different one among us, knowing that my friend would abide by my choice. And I tried Jimmy out. I found out what I wanted to know—that he can get out a paper from beginning to end; that he fights fair and stands by his guns and is always a gentlemen, no matter what the pressure; and that he is to be relied upon always, because he's never incapacitated,' as the rest of us are. When he thought that I had turned against him, he didn't try to disarm me with drinks. He fought me with his best weapon—his ability and the courage of his convictions. And he stood by his guns upstairs last night—no drinks, no profanity from him. And the result was one of the best papers we've ever gotten out, and a request from the printers that the make-up job be permanently donated to Jimmy. That's the way that San Anton' paper is going to be run. I was never before quite sure that it could be done.

So I'm sending Leroy to San Anton' after he's had a week's rest. I know you'll forgive me my choice, because the rest of us are all so congenial that we really couldn't spare each other. But Jimmy's shortcomings from our point of view were what first attracted my attention; and afterwards I decided that, on the strength of those shortcomings, he could be spared from our midst. He was lonesome, anyhow. He will be back, of course, to tell us all good-bye; I think he was somewhat tired and wrought up this morning.

"As for me, in a couple of weeks I'm off to the Arizona Desert to get out of my system the results of the insults I've been offering it for twenty-five years. And if I ever come back. I'm going to acquire shortcomings just like Jimmy Leroy's.'"—Abridged and adepted for the *Catholic Abstainer* from the Epworth Herald; original written by Effie Ravenscraft.

Marbhrann.

Marbhrann, or Elegy, by James McKinnon, who left Coxheath, Cape Breton, for Berkeley, California, in 1903, to his wife, Christina, (nee McLean) who died in the latter place on April 13th, 1913.

'Se mo chridhe bha trom,
'S cha'n eireadh e leam,
O nach robh thu san am nar coir,
O nach robh thu san am nar coir.

Ach beannachd is buaidh,
Dha na dh'fhuirich mu'n cuairt,
Gus na chuireadh thu 'luaidh fo'n fhoid.

Refrain.

Ach moladh is cliu,
A dh'Ard-Righ nan dul,
Ged tha mise ri cuidh —
Ri cuidh 's ri bron.

Refrain.

Bean-tighe mo ruin,
Na laighe san uir,
Far nach fhaic mi do gnuis ri m' bheo.

Refrain.

Tha mo dochas an Dia,
O rinn thu bhuam triall,
Gun deach t-anam fo dhian a chleoc.

Refrain.

Ach a Chursti a ruinn
Fuair mi cuimhneachan ur,
Mo chairdean ri m' chul, gu leoir.

Refrain.

Ach a Mhicheil[1] a luaidh,
Leam 's duilich is cruaidh,
Thu bhi air a chuan air voig.

Refrain.

Thig teachdair' 'on bhas,
'Gam iarriadh gun dail,
Gus a ruig mi mo gradh 's a ghloir.

Refrain.

'S ann leamsa bu chruaidh,
Bhi gad fhagail san uaigh,
Far na shil mi gu cruaidh mo dheoir.

Refrain.

Ach 's goirid an dail,
Go'n tig teachdair' on bhas,
Far an ruig mi mo gradh 's a ghloir.

Refrain.

'Se mo chridh bha trom,
'S cha 'n eireadh e leam,
O' nach robh thu san am nar coir.

Refrain.

Ach a Sheumais, a ruin,
Rinn i t-arach o thus,
Ged a dh'fhag thu i cuidh 's a bron.

Refrain.

Ach beannachd is buaidh,
Dha na dh'fhuirich mu'n cuairt,
Gus na chuireadh thu luadh fo'n fhoid.

Refrain.

Ach moladh is cliu,
A dh' Ard-Righ nan dul,
Ged tha mise ri cuidh —
Ri cuidh 's ri bron.

1. His son Michael was at sea at the time of the death.

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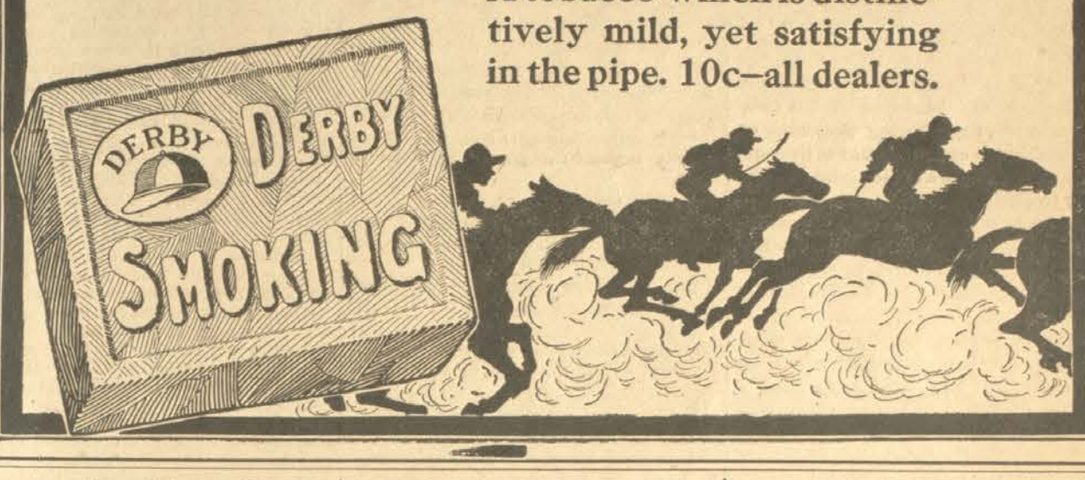

Charity Has Changed the Lot of Lepers.

TOUCHING ACCOUNT OF APOSTLES OF ISLAND OF MADAGASCAR.

The heroic devotion of Father Damien, the apostle of the lepers, is well known to English readers; Protestants and Catholic alike duly recognized the example of self-sacrifice that was given to the world by one who cheerfully faced a lingering and horrible death in the service of his afflicted flock, writes a special correspondent of *The Catholic Times.* But Father Damien has had many disciples. Although during their lifetime they avoided notice and sought to be forgotten, two Jesuits have hardly attracted the attention of the French press by their generous devotion to the lepers of Madagascar. Both, after years of patient suffering, died of the hideous disease six months ago.

The first was a Pole, Father Beyzim, who arrived at Tananarive in 1898. He was then 48 years of age, a gentleman by birth, and in appearance tall and strong, who had obtained his superior's permission to devote himself completely to the worst cases among the lepers to those whose condition was such that they were separated from their companions. In the leper's hospital of Ambahivoraka he was at once the sick nurse, the cook, and the general servant of his charges. His dream was to build a new hospital for the lepers, where, if they could not be cured they might, at any rate, be relieved and cared for soul and body, till death released them from their sufferings.

He found a suitable spot in the country of the Betsileos, and with the alms sent to him by the friends and relatives in Poland, he began to build a hospital large enough to receive two-hundred lepers—one hundred men and one hundred women. The chapel was to be in the centre; and so keenly did Father Beyzim long to see the work finished that he helped the workmen with his own hands to raise the walls of his lepers' future home. But, in the meantime, the disease insidiously laid hold of the big strong active Northerner. At first no visible signs appeared, but to a visitor who congratulated him on his escape, Father Beyzim replied by pulling up his sleeve and pointing to some dark stains on his arm. 'No one knows it yet' he said, 'but look here.' Day and night he continued to live among his lepers, caring for them, encouraging them, tending their wounds. A photograph represents him surrounded by miserable wrecks of humanity whose hideous deformities Pere Beyzim looked upon with infinite love and pity. When his own condition became more serious he was obliged to sacrifice the society of his fellow-religious and, except in cases of urgent necessity, he could no longer communicate with the Fathers of the mission.

CONSTANT COMPANIONS.

The lepers to whom he had given his life became more than ever his constant companions; a bond of physical suffering now united them more closely to one who had become a leper for their sakes. Father Beyzim died among them on Oct. 1, 1912, and it was a touching sight to see with what reverent love his leper children honored him to the last. They laid him out in the choir of the church that he had built, and at his head they placed a crucifix and a picture of the famous Polish Madonna of Czestochowa; around him they laid sheafs of fragrant lilies. They insisted that he should be buried among them; with their own hands; they dug his grave and laid him to rest in the shadow of the big hospital built by him, with which his memory will for ever be connected.

Eight days after Father Beyzim, another Jesuit died, a Frenchman, Father Isidore Dupuy. During the campaign of Madagascar Father Dupuy acted as military chaplain to Gen. Voyron's troops, and his valuable services earned for him the Cross of the Legion of Honor. But his mind was set on a service less brilliant in the eyes of men than that of military chaplain, and, as soon as peace was signed, he devoted himself to the lepers of Ambohimohazo where he soon caught the malady. He knew he would die a leper and he cheerfully retired to a little cabin, where he was visited only by those who, being already touched by the disease, had nothing to fear from him. Instead of complaining of his lot, he considered himself singularly fortunate.

In one of his letters he writes: "In former days the lepers were driven into the woods; they carried a little basket of food and a bell that warned travellers to keep aloof. Charity has changed all this. Instead of wandering in the woods, I live in a comfortable room; I do not need a basket, for my provisions are renewed three times a day. A little bell is at hand, but when I ring it, instead of anyone running away from me, my wants are immediately attended to. It is humiliating to be so kindly treated and to be able to give in return only a little gratitude." Like Father Beyzim, Father Dupuy accepted the solitude and humiliation of his terrible malady with joyful equanimity; he was not only resigned, but content to lay down his life in so good a cause. Alluding to the honor bestowed upon him as a reward for his devotion during the campaign he signed his last letter "Isidore Dupuy, Knight of Leprosy."—C. M., May 13.

Spray the Horse.

Many are unaware that there are several sprays on the market which can be applied to the horse to relieve him temporarily from the tormenting flies. In some cases livery-stable keepers give their horses this treatment just before sending them out on the road. The spray can be used in the stable, also on days when the flies are bad. Dairymen use it for their cows as well. If one is too far away from a city or town where any of these preparations are for sale he may steep walnut leaves, and two or three times a day go lightly over the horse with a sponge wet with this. One ounce of oil of pennyroyal to fifteen ounces of olive, or cottonseed oil makes a good fly repellent. This can be poured into the palm of the hand and passed quickly over the coat of the animal. Through August and September the pleasure of driving is largely spoiled unless in some way the horse is protected from the cruel attacks of the flies.

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1913.

ORANGEISM AND MURDER.

(Continued from page 1)

(4) It is still celebrated in Orange song and story:

"Oh, Dolly's Brae,
Oh, Dolly's Brae,
Oh, Dolly's Brae no more.
And the tune we sang
Was kick the Pope
Right over Dolly's Brae."

Dolly's Brae is a village in the County of Down, in Ulster, and there took place the event which has been thought worthy of being preserved in the literature and the songs of Orangeism. The time was 1849; and one has only to think of the terrible condition of the country after the famine years of 1847 and 1848, to realize the brutality which impelled, not savages from Africa, but white men, to select 1849 for this piece of hellishness. Let the reader remember that, in less than three years, including 1849, a million persons had died of famine, and a million more had fled from the land of their fathers.

***

A DELIBERATE PLAN.

On the 12th of July, 1849, 2000 Orangemen were on their way from Ballyward to Castlewellan, in procession, 500 of them armed. *The Edinburgh Review* (Protestant) for January 1850, says that had their choice of two roads, one of which, *the one they did not take*, was *the natural one*." Royal Commissioner Berwick, (Protestant), in his report on the affair, says that the road they took was "bad and hilly," while the other was "a comparatively good and level road." Grand Master Beers himself admitted that in their procession the previous year they had taken this other road. But in 1849 they were determined to provoke a fight. *The Edinburgh Review* says that the road they took was "rarely used," and "a procession going from Ballyward to Castlewellan would avoid Dolly's Brae, *unless indeed they went out of their way on purpose.*"

The Catholics of Dolly's Brae were not looking for trouble. They were, however, human. Such excursions had been common for many years. Many murders had been committed by the processionists; the processions were always accompanied with gross insults to the Catholic religion. The open and notorious object of these excursions from a distance, with arms, and party cries, into Catholic districts, was to insult and provoke the Catholics. Under these circumstances, the Catholics of Dolly's Brae decided to resist the passage of the procession.

***

PEACE AT THE DEMAND OF THE PRIESTS.

800 to 1200 Catholics assembled, many of them armed; *but, at the demand of two priests, they stood back, and the procession passed through the village, without any interference. That did not suit the Orangemen. They wanted interference*, and were bound to provoke it. *They turned and marched back through the village again*, in spite of the remonstrances of Captain Fitzmaurice, the Stipendiary Magistrate. A shot or squib was fired. Witnesses disagreed as to whether it came from the procession or the Catholics; but the *Edinburgh Review*, (Protestant), says the evidence of the three commanding officers of the police, Major White, Capt. Fitzmaurice and Mr. Hill "is to our judgment conclusive." And they said it came from the head of the procession.

***

THE REPORT OF THE ROYAL COMMISSIONER.

The firing then became general. The police charged, and of course charged on the Catholic party, which was engaged with the rear of the procession. But it was not here that the deviltry of the day was done. Meantime the head of the procession had reached the neighboring village of Magheramayo. Mr. Berwick, a Protestant, the Royal Commissioner, who was sent to investigate, says in his report:

Whilst this was going on above, I lament to say that the work of retaliation, both on life and property, by the Orange party, was proceeding lower down the hill and along the side of the road in a most brutal and wanton manner, reflecting the deepest disgrace on all by whom it was perpetrated or encouraged. *One little boy, ten years old, was deliberately fired at and shot* while running across a field. Mr. Fitzmaurice (Stipendiary Magistrate), *stopped a man in the act of firing at a girl* who was rushing from her father's house. *An old woman of seventy was murdered, and the skull of an idiot was beaten in with the butts of their muskets.* Another old woman was severely beaten in her house, while another, who was subsequently saved by the police, *was much injured and left in her house which had been set on fire. An inoffensive man* was taken out of his house, dragged to his garden and *stabbed to death by three men with bayonets, in the sight of some of his family.* The Roman Catholic chapel, the house of the Roman Catholic curate, and the National school house, were fired into and the windows broken and a number of the surrounding houses of the Roman Catholic inhabitants were set on fire and burnt, every article of furniture having first been wantonly destroyed therein: and had it not been for the active interference of magistrates and the troops, much more loss of life and property would undoubtedly have taken place."—*Blue Book, House of Lords, Feb. 18, 1850.*

The Orangemen had received no opposition in Magheramayo.

Police Sub-Inspector Hill (Protestant), describes the Orangemen's acts as "disgraceful outrages." Sub-Inspector Jann wrote in his report:

"The gross outrages committed are *nearly beyond the power of description.*"

And he says further:

"No language can describe the scene of horror that has been enacted in this neighborhood."

Orange Grand Master Beers himself, summoned as a witness, said:

"I call it a very serious blot, and deplore it deeply, as a man of humanity, and as a gentleman, or any man."

***

A DINNER IN HONOR OF THE RUFFIANS.

This same Mr. Beers was banquetted in honor of the "victory of Dolly's Brae." This dinner was presided over by the Sheriff, and the Royal Commissioner denounces it in his report as follows:

"Considering the recent calamity, the occurrence of the dinner at such a time, presided over by the High Sheriff, who is the officer by law *appointed to select the panel of jurors before whom all parties charged* with offences in that country *must be tried*, and accompanied by the utterance of such sentiments in his presence, must be lamented as highly tending to shake public confidence in the administration of justice."

In consequence of Mr. Berwick's report, Grand Master Beers and Lord Roden were deprived of their commissions as Justices of the Peace.

That is the story of Dolly's Brae, one of scores of similar carefully planned murders by wholesale, which have made the very name of Orangeism an offence to decent men. This particular case illustrates the several features of Orangeism which, singly or in combination, have ever been found in its acts, namely:

(1) Deliberate insult and provocation to Catholics.

(2) Refusal to listen to officials of the law.

(3) Cruelty and barbarity such as are to be looked for from men who are insane with hatred.

(4) Approval and triumph openly expressed of the greatest crimes known to the law.

(5) Orange officials Orangemen first and legal officers afterwards.

(6) The disgraceful affair listed as a triumph for Protestantism, and sung of even to-day as a victory over the Pope.

Orangeism was the same in 1849 as it was when it was started. It is the same to-day as it was in 1849. It has neither learned nor forgotten anything.

Orangemen still organize excursions far out of their way, in order to insult their Catholic fellow-citizens with ribald and filthy songs and cries. Orangeism is as ready to hatch treason against George V. as it was to hatch it against William IV. and Victoria.

Reviews.

(W. P. M. K.)

THE EXTINCTION OF THE ANCIENT HIERARCHY, by Rev. G. E. Phillips, Professor at St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw. (*Sands & Co., London, pp. xv.; 440*).

It is a deplorable fact that Catholics do not, at the present time, study history as they ought to do. In the past, when the Penal Laws were in force, there was a much wider acquaintance with history, memoirs and biography on the part of the Catholic public generally than is now the case. Freedom from active persecution has produced a sort of apathy, and it is exceptional now-a-days to meet men and women who take an interest in history, or who could hold their own in historical controversy. Catholics have too long left it to experts to fight their battles, or else they seem to have little interest in defending the fair name of their ancestors, out of whose fortitude grew modern freedom. Such a spirit is unworthy of men and women who enjoy the hard won battles of those who have gone before. Modern unrest, and the modern spirit of taking things for granted has prominently invaded our outlook, and it seems to make little matter to us whether the history of the past is known, or is misrepresented, or written at all. There is no excuse for this state of affairs. We have plenty of time to waste over novels and pamphlets, and magazines and we swim gladly with the modern stream of superficiality which brings us only a widespread knowledge of ignorance. We want to know so much that our reading brings us nothing. We strive to embrace endless subjects, and as a result, our minds, like shallow rivers, only reflect the latest article over which they have skimmed. Our authorities are as ill-informed as ourselves, and we neglect learning for the sake of cheap information which will prove effective in some valueless conversation. This state of affairs discounts all efforts at education. Once the schools and colleges are shut, how many of our students attempt to give even an hour a day to solid reading, or how few of them bring even a modicum of acquaintance with serious thought, outside school books, to their higher studies? It also effects our influence in the world. An ignorant unreading people soon lose their power. We are not pleading for expert knowledge, nor for the production of "Macaulay school-boys"; but we claim that much time is wasted over pure trash which might be given to culture. And it is a significant fact that the person who skims many books, or who derives such knowledge as he may possess from synopses or reviews is as a rule the most confident in writing or conversation. The dogmatic power of ignorance stands in strange contrast to the quiet assurance of knowledge. Nor can the excuse be brought forward that there is little reliable history to read, or that it is dull and insipid. There has arisen of late years a school of Catholic historians which is one of the most remarkable features of modern thought. The members of this school bring to their work not only enthusiasm and zeal, but expert knowledge of documents and manuscripts—and no history is so fascinating as that which is written from contemporary evidence. One of the most distinguished members of this school is Father G. E. Phillips, and his survey of the Catholic Bishops under Queen Elizabeth is certainly a remarkable work for a first book. How few Catholics have the smallest conception of the treatment meted out to the Catholic Hierarchy after Elizabeth came to the throne, and yet their loyalty and glorious deaths are the solid foundation on which the Catholicism of the English-speaking races has been built—loyalty to the Pope as head of the Church, and readiness to die for the prerogatives of Peter. To them we owe far more than we ever can pay, and Father Phillips has drawn a picture, the realism of which is as fascinating as it is tragic. There is no "fancy" history here—Elizabeth and her government speak for themselves, and they tell a miserable tale of persecution. There are two errors usually found in all histories dealing with her reign. Firstly, we are led to believe that the deprived bishops were treated as the honoured guests of Protestant gentry and that they died in peace and comfort.

(Continued on page 7)

Our London Letter.

LONDON, Aug. 22nd, 1913.

AN ANCIENT PILGRIMAGE REVIVED.

Though, in the middle of August London is supposed to be an arid desert, in which the British tongue is never heard, a good many persons mustered for the Ransom Pilgrimage to Our Lady's ancient shrine in Hastings Castle which started from the Metropolis on Wednesday. The pilgrimage, which was led by the Master of Guild of Ransom, had splendid weather and on arrival at the pretty coast resort was met by the local Catholics and many Catholic holiday makers. A cortege was then formed with banners flying, and, reciting the rosary, made its way up to the steep ascent to the fine old ruin on the cliff, where, surrounded by some hundreds of interested spectators, prayers were said for the conversion of England. The pilgrims then returned to the Catholic Church in the town where Benediction was given, after which the local Catholics and the strangers fraternised till the train conveyed the pilgrims back to London.

CARDINAL BOURNE IN FRANCE.

Cardinal Bourne left Calais on Wednesday morning to be present at the solemn Triduum in honour of two British Priests martyred at that seaport in the days when it was part of the domains of Henry VIII. On arrival at Calais the Cardinal had a stirring reception from the inhabitants who lined the streets. In the station were the Bishops of Arras, Vannes, Troyes and Langres, who, with the Committees of the Festivities received his Eminence. The Cardinal and the Bishops then drove through delighted crowds to the three Churches of Notre Dame, St. Peter, and the Sacre Coeur at each of which a brief visit was paid. One of the martyrs, Ven. Edmund Brindholm, was Cure of Notre Dame, and the Ven. Clement Philpot was associated with the Church also. Yesterday the beautiful Church of Notre Dame was crowded to its utmost capacity for the solemn High Mass sung by the English Cardinal in presence of a great concourse of Bishops and clergy, at the close of which His Eminence imparted the Papal Blessing to all present. In the afternoon a splendid panegyric was preached by that great pulpit orator, Monsignor Touchet, Bishop of Orleans, and the devotions closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. To-day the Cardinal goes on to Boulogne for the great procession in honour of Our Lady which takes place next Sunday, and for which an English pilgrimage is arriving. His Eminence has a great devotion to the Virgin of Boulogne, to whose shrine he was taken as a little boy by his mother to be cured of a throat affliction.

A GREAT CATHOLIC GENERAL.

Despite the holiday season many people of the Army world came back to London on Wednesday to be present at the obsequies of a gallant Catholic soldier, a hero of the Mutiny and a Commander of no mean abilities, whose name stood for many years for all that was best and most approved in the Army, General Sir Martin Dillon. He passed away on Monday, in his 88th year, at Charlbury, fortified with the last rites of the Church. The son of an Irish soldier, Major Andrew Dillon, he received his commission without purchase in 1843, and only four years later obtained his first war medal in the Punjaub. Although he tried hard he did not see service in the Crimea, but went all through the Indian Mutiny and was dangerously wounded at Cawnpore. His worth was recognised by every chief he served under, Colin Campbell, Sir Charles Napier, Brigadier Gen. Holditch, Lord Clyde, and his ascent of the promotion ladder was very speedy, while he saw service in China and with the Abyssinian expedition. From 1870 to to 1902 he was occupied in administrative work at the War office and on the Headquarter staff in which he displayed as much ability as in leading his men in active service. He was devoted to the Army and always sunk all personal interests and feelings when the good of the service was concerned. The honour in which he was held was shown by the number of old comrades in arms and representative military men who attended the solemn Requiem Mass in the little Chaple of the old Bavarian Embassy which still stands at Warwick Street, behind the roar of Regent Street, where the body of the dead General was brought on Wednesday. The small and shabby Church, with its memories of the Penal days, could scarcely contain the crowds of officers in brilliant uniforms who filed in. The War Office and the various regiments with which the deceased had served, particularly the famous Rifle Brigade of which he was Col. Commandant, sent representatives. After the Requiem Mass and the absolutions the body was accompanied to the station by an escort where it was entrained for Ireland. At his old home full military honors are to be rendered to this high-minded soldier, and the King and Duke of Connaught will be represented at the burial in Glasnevin Cementery. R. I. P.

ANOTHER GREAT CHURCH.

On Monday the Bishop of Nottingham, Dr. Brindle, laid the foundation stone of a magnificent new Church which is being built at Ashby de la Zouche, at a cost of some £13,000. The Church is being raised by the proceeds of the sale of some jewels left for the purpose by the late Duchess of Norfolk, the first wife of the present Duke. The Duke and Duchess were present with a house party which included Lord Walter Kerr, Lord Loudoun, brother of the late Duchess, Lady Maud Hastings and Mr. Reginald Hastings, sister and nephew. There was a large congregation of local Catholics. The Church will be very handsome when completed, and is to be embellished with many rich gifts from the Norfolk family. It is an addition to the fine Catholic sanctuaries of the country, which so deeply impress our visitors with the progress of the Church.

MASSACRE WORK IN DERRY.

The condition of things in Derry is a scandal to a civilised country. The Orangers, who have attacked the city, swarming into it with bands and banners and yelling horrible threats against Catholics, and insults at their dearest and most sacred beliefs, are now endeavouring to shelter themselves from the consequences of the crimes which they have committed by accusing the Royal Irish Constabulary of treachery. As three men have been killed, and as the Orangers are the persons who used firearms, they are now accusing the police of doing the firing and yet at the same time of not properly protecting them,—the armed Orangers,—from the attacks of the Nationalists! They allege that, as the police are largely recruited from Catholics, their sympathies are on the other sids and this prevented them from doing their duty. What the Lord Lieutenant thinks of the matter is pretty plain from his refusal of the demand for an enquiry into the conduct of the police, but the British Government is meddling with the matter now. Every day brings news of expeditions of Orangers into Derry to excite the people and attack the Catholic quarters. Fourteen were charged at Rathfloud this week with rioting, attacking a Nationalist band and forcing it to retreat by weight of numbers. Another has been charged in Derry with shooting a policeman, indeed thirty-five constables have been treated at the infirmary for more or less serious revolver wounds. Even the commissioners of the English dailies are having to confess that up to now the Catholic populations of these Northern strongholds have restrained themselves wonderfully owing to the influence of their priests, but Irish blood will not stand being shot down like dogs and whatever happens in Ulster now will rest on the Orange faction and the men over here, who despite the serious turn of affairs, are still urging the bigots on to warfare.

HONOUR FOR SCOTTISH PRIEST.

The Bishop of Dunkeld received a Papal Brief on Saturday last appointing Provost Holden of Dundee Prothonotary Apostolic, an honour which has delighted the many friends and parishioners of this distinguished Scottish priest, who now enjoys the highest rank of a member of the Papal household. Congratulations also to the Franciscan nuns of Greenock who, after being established in the City for forty years, have just moved into a fine new Convent, which was inaugurated with solemn Mass celebrated by the local parish priest, Father Lawrence, last week.

IRELAND GOING ON PILGRIMAGE.

In another week London will be invaded for a day by the 3,500 Irish pilgrims who compose the National pilgrimage to Lourdes which is to be led by Cardinal Logue and the Irish Bishops and will be played into the great French sanctuary by the Artane Industrial school band. For special trains are needed to take the pilgrims from Paris to Lourdes and a special boat has been chartered for those who

Continued on page 5

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The Catholic Clergy of P E Island.

GENERAL NEWS.

In a train wreck on Monday on the Midland Railway, Eng., fifteen persons were killed and thirty injured.

The Militia in Canada stands at approximately 73,900 officers and men. As the permanent force is about 3,500, the whole of the militia thus somewhat exceeds 77,000.

Thaw on Monday sent the Protestant and Catholic booths at the Sherbrooke, Que., fair each a check for $50. On the whole he spent a very quiet day, receiving few visitors.

A rear-end collision on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railway, six miles north of New Haven, Conn., on Tuesday morning, caused the death of twenty-one passengers and the injury of fifty others, several being seriously injured.

Death claimed a heavy toll in the Labor Day automobile speed races at the state fair grounds, Nashville, Tenn., when four of the six high-powered cars entered in the twenty-five mile free-for-all were wrecked, and rendered a mass of twisted steel and splintered wood on the far side of the mile track opposite the big grand stand wherein were packed 5,000 people. Four of the dare-devil racers were killed, and two received minor injuries.

A French aviator named Pegoud caused a sensation at Juvisy, France, on Monday. When Pegoud had reached a height of about 3,000 feet he turned the nose of his machine straight towards the earth and darted downward with his motor working at full power. After plunging about 1,200 feet with frightful velocity, Pegoud changed the position of his rudder and caused the aeroplane to turn a complete vertical circle. The machine then glided down in a huge spiral volplane and alighted gently on the ground.

At the Barristers' Congress at Montreal on Monday ex-President Taft said: "What have we been talking about arbitration so long for if we are not going to use it when a question arises? Have we just been talking hot air? I shall be ashamed of the Senate if they do not consent to arbitration whenever a question arises, whatever the issue may be. If the issue is as to whether we have the right to charge tolls or omit them, let us arbitrate, failing an agreement between ourselves."

The citizens of Amherst were shocked Monday evening to learn of the sudden death of Rev. W. J. Mihan, who for the past quarter of a century has been the faithful priest and pastor of St. Charles Church of that town. The deceased was born in Halifax sixty-eight years ago and was a graduate of the Sulpician Seminary in Montreal and was ordained to the priesthood by the late Archbishop Connolly. After serving one year at Prospect he was appointed parish priest at Parrsboro with supervision over mission stations at Amherst, Pugwash, Minudie and other places in Cumberland and Colchester.

Our London Letter.

(Continued from page 4.)

cross via Rosslore and Fishguard. In addition to those who are actually going to Lourdes, 200,000 Associates of the pilgrimage have been enrolled and the offerings of these will assist the poor sick, many of whom are unable to afford of their own means to gratify this life's ambition. Also 100,000 children have been enrolled in this manner and will unite their innocent prayers with those of the pilgrims to Our Lady's shrine.

OUR IMITATORS.

It is a curious thing how the Anglicans imitate us in every particular. The Catholic missions to Hoppers in the fields of Kent, given by the Franciscan Fathers and assisted by Bishop Amigo who so often visits the camps in person, have been imitated by the Anglican Bishop of Southwark. Our Cardinal goes over to France to assist at a religious entente; the Bishop of London immediately arranges to go over to Knocke, a little seaside resort in Belgium, to consecrate there an Anglican Church. Now although Knocke is a great resort of English visitors to the Belgian seaboard,—principally on account of its sands and its golf links,—it has only a summer clientele, the winter being very wild along that coast and the place quite a tiny one. It seems scarcely necessary to elaborately build and consecrate a Church of an alien faith to that of the country in this out of the way spot, for a handful of summer visitors, yet the occasion is to be made a great one.

ST. PHILIPS BREAD.

An interesting ceremony will be witnessed in London on Sunday next which is seldom seen in this country where we have lost, by the blight of Protestantism, those tender wayside flowers of devotion and Catholic practice which brighten with spiritual colour and perfume all the way of life in Catholic lands. This is the blessing of the bread of St. Philip Benizi, a member of the Servite Order, who gave them their beautiful name as Servants of Mary and who has become famous for his miracles, many of which were connected with bread. At Arezzo he obtained food by prayer for his famished brethren, and while journeying through the forests of Germany he was fed by angels with bread from heaven. The little cubes of bread are blessed and distributed before the Mass, and the people take them to their homes, for use in sickness, when they have been said to cure severe cases of disease. The ceremony is a very beautiful and touching one.

A GREAT CATHOLIC LANDLORD AND AGRICULTURE.

Lord and Lady Petre, who have just returned from their honeymoon, have been entertaining the tenantry, cottagers and tradespeople of the Thornden Hall Estate in the good old way. On Wednesday 200 tenant farmers were received by their young landlord at a garden party. Speaking of his future plans Lord Petre said he proposed to rebuild Thornden Hall at once, after which he and his wife would settle there and live amongst their tenantry. The position of a great landed proprietor was not so firm as it was 30 years ago, but he hoped to bring it back in their case to something like its former standing. Agriculture and land were passing through a very troublesome time owing to certain legislative efforts. He hoped Agriculture would survive and he proposed to do all in his power to maintain those cordial relations which had always existed between the landlords and tenants of that Estate. In thanking Lord Petre and congratulating him on his marriage and his decision, the oldest farmer on the Estate said that every farmer knew it was better in this country to be the tenant of a good landlord on a great estate than to own a small holding. If ministers had turned their energies to getting firmer tenure for farmers in place of small plots he would have done a great deal better.

Personals.

Mr. A. R. Campbell of West Bay Road, C. B., was in town this week.

Mr. C. Herman McNeil of River Bourgeois, C. B., was a passenger by yesterday's train for Winnipeg.

Miss Mary Chisholm, of Boston, Mass., is visiting her uncle, Mr. J. C. Chisholm, East End, Town.

Mrs. W. M. Grover of Malden, Mass., has returned to her home, after spending two months at Pinevale, Ant.

Mr. Daniel Stewart, head salesman at D. G. Kirk's hardware, Antigonish, started yesterday on a visit to several cities in the Prairie Provinces.

Judge MacGillivray held court at Guysboro this week. A couple of criminal cases of minor importance engaged his attention.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. McDonald, of Arlington, Mass., have returned home after spending a few weeks in the county.

Mr. G. A. Wootten of Halifax, his son and daughter, were here over Sunday. The son will return next week, to enter St. F. X. College.

J. S. Macdonald of Sydney, formerly of this Town, was operated on recently at St. Joseph's Hospital, Glace Bay. He expects to be out in a couple of weeks.

Miss Priscilla Monbourquette of L'Ardoise, passed through hete on Monday on her way to New York, where she is engaged at private nursing.

Miss Maud Chisholm, who has been visiting friends and relations here during the past six weeks, leaves tomorrow morning for her home in Boston.

Mrs. Catherine Lynch of Gloucester, Mass., who spent several weeks visiting relatives and friends at Fraser's Mills, Ant., Co., left for home on Monday last.

Mrs. James McLean and daughter, Jeanette, of Glace Bay, C. B., returned home Friday, after spending a few weeks visiting friends in Antigonish.

Alexander Kennedy of Cross Roads Ohio, Antigonish, left yesterday for New Westminister, B. C., to become one of the teaching staff at St. Louis College.

The many friends of Miss Del Monbourquette of L'Ardoise will be pleased to learn that she underwent a successful operation at St. Martha's Hospital, Antigonish, and is now well out of danger.

Amongst the visitors in Town are Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank McDonald and Mrs. D. J. Smith of Boston, who are visiting their aged mother, Mrs. McDonald, Water St. They are accompanied by Mrs. McDonald and their two children and Mr. R. G. Cromwell, also of Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Landry of Revere, Mass., left for home last Saturday, after spending several weeks of their honeymoon in Eastern Nova Scotia they having been married at Revere on August 2nd. Mr. Landry is a native of Tracadie, Antigonish, and Mrs. Landry is a daughter of Mr. James Landry of Pomquet, Ant. Mr. Landry is a leading citiz nof Revere and awell-known architect. He is also Vice-President of the McDonald & Joslin Co., builders and contractors, of Boston, Mass.

Among the Advertisers.

Don't forget the picnic at Beauly on the 9th inst. Biggest of the season.

Girl wanted, school girl preferred, to help at housework out of school hours. Apply at Casket Office.

Lost, in Mr. Foster's store, or on Main St., a sum of money. Finder kindly leave at Casket Office.

For sale, lady's gold watch, American movement, good timekeeper; and one Stainer violin, fine tone. Will be sold cheap. Apply to X, care Casket.

For sale, a horse, two and a half years old, weight 1000 lbs. Apply to Mrs. Valentine Chisholm, Briley Brook.

For sale, a three-year-old mare, (Israel) also a mare one and half years old, (Dearbourne). Apply at Casket Office.

Whycocomagh Indian Chapel.

August the 14th and 15th, the eve and feast of the Assumption of Our Blessed Lady, were the biggest days yet in the annals of our little church. His Lordship Bishop Morrison rode into Whycocomagh to the strains of pipe music galore, calling at the church to salute the Eucharistic Christ and to say *salve* to the congregated people. A fusillade from the braves spoke their welcome to the *Gtjipatlias* as he ascended *Oli Ngoti Nesesotici Nemamamigeg*, Holy Trinity Hill. It was an auspicious occasion, the first visit of a bishop to the place. Accompanying His Lordship were the Reverend Fathers J. A. M. Gillis and Cormier and the *Ilnoi Patlias* of the mission, who, with a bodyguard of natives, had met the train. Awaiting the Bishop's coming with the main body were Rev. Fathers McIntosh and J. J. McNeil, as well as the *Ilnoi Patlias* of the Micmac race, Father Pacific, O. M. C.

About 8 p. m., after an instruction by His Lordship on the sacrament, confirmation was conferred on about forty candidates, some of whom came from other reserves. The ceremony was most impressive.

On the feast of our dear Lady's Ascension into Heaven Solemn High Mass was celebrated in the open by Rev. Father MacIntosh, with Rev. Father McNeil as Deacon, and Rev. Father Gillis as sub-deacon, while Rev. Father Cormier acted as Master of ceremonies. After Mass His Lordship preached an appropriate and telling sermon for the occasion and then proceeded to consecrate to the service of God the 700 lbs. bell just received from the Meneely Company of Troy, New York. The impressive ceremony ended, the Bishop gave the bell the first twang, for which he afterwards paid handsomely, as the cheque discovered among the offerings later on indicated.

Next day, Saturday, at noon, the bell peeled forth the Angelus over the quiet waters and peaceful glens of beautiful Whycocomagh, and since then has continued thrice daily to announce to those within reach the "joyful tidings of their redemption." The tone of the bell is B flat, and it is most pleasing. The bell bears on it in Micmac this inscription:

Church of the Most Holy Trinity,
Whycocomagh, Cape Breton,
Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady,
1913.

Blessed be the Holy and Undivided Trinity, now and for evermore. Amen.

The Indian Mission preached by Father Pacific bore abundant fruit. Over 250 Communions were distributed and the poor people heard in their own language of the wonderful works of God.

The Angelus bell will remind them daily of the greatest event in history, the Incarnation of the Son of God, and of their promise to be true to Him, who ransomed them.

Father Pacific, in anticipation, as it were, of the intention of the Holy Father for the League of the Sacred Heart for September received two postulants into the Third Order of St. Francis. DONALD MACPHERSON, P.P.

Glendale, C. B., Sept. 1st, 1913.

Resolution of Condolence.

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, to remove from our midst the wife of our beloved brother, James Fitzgerald;

Resolved, that we, the members of Branch No. 356, C. M. B. A., tender to Brother Fitzgerald and his family, our heartfelt sympathy in his sad bereavement.

(Sgd.) D. J. MCDONALD, President.
A. MCISAAC, Rec. Secy.

DIED.

At Broad Cove Chapel, on the 22nd of August, ANN, daughter of the late RONALD MCLELLAN, (Angus), in the 64th year of her age. She bore a long illness with Christian resignation, and was consoled by the last rites of the Church before her death. The funeral services were held on Sunday, the 24th ult., Rev. Father McPherson officiating. May her soul rest in peace!

At College Grant, August 13th, CHRISTY MCNEIL, in the 84th year of her age, after a lingering illness of six months, borne with Christian patience. Fortified by the last rites of Holy Church, she passed to her eternal reward. She leaves to mourn her loss three sisters and one brother. After Requiem High Mass her remains were laid to rest at Lochaber cemetery. May her soul rest in peace!

At Port Arthur, Ontario, on August 21st, ANGUS HUGH, beloved son of DOUGALD and the late MARGARET MACDONALD, Antigonish Landing, in the 32nd year of his age. The deceased met with a serious accident, which resulted in his death two days later. Angus will be remembered by his many friends for his kind and happy disposition and his manly qualities. His interment took place August 26th in St. Andrew's cemetery at Port Arthur. Besides his father, he leaves three sisters and one brother to mourn his early death. May he rest in peace!

At the County Home, Antigonish, from paralytic stroke, on Tuesday evening, August 26th, 1913 ANGUS MCDONALD, son of the late Angus Ban, Fraser's Mills, South River, in the 62nd year of his age. A man of noble qualities, honest, sober and industrious when in health. Throughout his illness, borne with a gentle submission to to the Holy Will, he frequently received the strengthening consolation of the sacraments, and as the end drew near was duly prepared for a happy death. The funeral was largely attended. Interment was at the South River cemetery in the family plot. He is survived by two brotaers and two sisters, who mourn the loss of a good brother. May his soul rest in peace!

On July 2nd, 1913, at River Denys Centre, Cape Breton, a grand old man in the person of ALEXANDER CHISHOLM, commonly known as Squire Chisholm, a native of Muchrach, Strathglass. Born on June 11th, 1816, he had rounded out his 97th year, a long span surely. Frugal and industrious, Alex. Chisholm's name always stood for honesty. He abhorred debt and kept out of it, and wished to transmit this dislike to his children, of whom he left two sons and five daughters. He had 15 grand-children and 26 great-grand-children. When the parish of Glendale was to be formed in 1876, Squire Chisholm was one of its chief promoters, and he had to make several trips to Arichat and Antigonish to assist in furthering the scheme. It was he who deposited with the Registrar the deed of the Glebe. Squire Chisholm was a good man and true. His beads slipped over his fingers many times a day while he offered to Mary that crown of roses we call the rosary. He loved to read from his cherished Gaelic Manual. He died as he lived, fortified for death through the sacraments ordained by Jesus for those who love Him. Fois gu robh alg anam troimh tochd Dhe.

Farm For Sale

The farm at Pleasant Valley, the property of Alex. A. McDougall. This is an excellent farm with an abundance of wood, poles, water, etc. The buildings are in good repair and the farm is well fenced. For particulars apply to

ALLAN MACDONALD,
Agent for Sales,
tf Antigonish, N. S.

Colonial Granite Co. Ltd.
New Glasgow.

Monuments of all styles manufactured and erected.

Building Stone supplied rough or finished.

Carving:— A specialty.

Orders left with our Antigonish Agent, P. S. Floyd, will have prompt attention. tf

Acknowledgments.

(See additional acknowledgments on page 7)

A K Chisholm, Caledonia Mills	$1 00
Richard Chisholm, Lincoln	80
James Meagher, Canso	2 00
J A McIsaac, Sydney Mines	1 00
Allan Cameron, New York City	1 50
Rod McLean, Morvan	50
T J Burns, Ardness	1 00
Mrs J J McDonald, Winchester	1 50
George Cochrane, Port Hawkesbury	1 00
David C Landry, Revere	1 50
Rev A K McIntyre, Rossland	1 00
John J McNeil, Fairmont	1 00
Daniel D McInnis, Pinkietown	2 00
Chas R Smith, Amherst	5 00
Mrs Alex McKinnon, Lismore	2 00
D C McNeil, Lakevale	1 00
Mrs J H Hulbert, Glace Bay	1 00
C J McDonald, Antigonish	1 00
Chas Smith, Antigonish	1 00
Sisters of Charity, Middle West Pubnico	2 00
James Connell, North Sydney	1 00
William McLean, Bailey's Brook	1 00
Lucy Johnson, Bermuda	1 00
W B Lightburn, Bermuda	1 00
Hugh McNeil, Lakevale	50
John Brown, West Lochaber	1 00
Alfred Carrol, Antigonish	2 00
Rev R Rankin, South Bay	2 00
John Doyle, Sydney	1 00
Captain McDonald, Sydney	1 00
Mrs Catherine Lynch, Gloucester	1 50
John Rogers, Fraser's Grant	1 00
J D McKenzie, Roxbury	3 00
Edward A Grant, South Boston	1 50
Delina Duhan, Egypt, Mass	1 00

Up-to-date dancing platforms at the big Beauly Picnic on the 9th inst.

A POPULAR PLAN

Many letters are arriving from widely-scattered sections of the Dominion asking for copies of Partial Payment Plan booklet. These bear out our belief from the start that the new plan would prove popular.

It is the strong interest as manifested in those letters that is especially gratifying' containing, as they do, assurance that our Partial Payment Plan is something the public really wanted.

If you desire to know more about this unique method of "investing while saving" this coupon filled in and mailed will bring you a copy of the fully explanatory booklet.

J. C. Mackintosh & Co.
Halifax, N. S.
Please send me your Partial Payment Plan booklet.
Name.....
Address.....

J. C Mackintosh & Co.

Established 1873
Members Montreal Stock Exchange
Direct Private Wires
Y. M. C. A. Bldg., New Glasgow
Also at Halifax, St. John, Fredericton and Montreal

Mr. Wallace

Advises you to attend the Haifiax Exhibition.

I advise this vacation because I know Halifax to be a nice city to visit, with a good exhibition.

I advise it because it will give you a chance to get your eyes tested by one who is already favourably known to you.

I advise it because I shall be proud to show you the "Wallace Optical Parlours," the finest in Canada

Y. M. C. A. BUILDING
OPPOSITE THE INFRMARY

TENDERS

Tenders for the building of a parish hall will be received by the undersigned

Till the 10th prox.

Estimates for basement not to be included in tender. Plans and specifications may be seen at the CASKET Office and at the Glebe House, Mulgrave. The lowest or any tender may not necessarily be accepted.

J. A. M. GILLIS, P. P.,
Mulgrave, N. S.

FARM FOR SALE

The subscriber offers for sale, his one hundred acre farm situated at North Side Harbor. Is in good state of cultivation and is well wooded and watered. Convenient to fishing. Kelp on the shore. Hay and grain included in sale if desired. Sale positive. Good title given.

JAMES CHISHOLM, (More)
North Side Harbor,
7—17. tf. Antigonish Co.

FOR SALE

The valuable residential property known as "Ingleside," on Hawthorne Street, Antigonish, N. S., at present occupied by Mr. Adolph Bernasconi. For full particulars apply to

G. A. BERNASCONI,
8—21, tf North Sydney

West End Warehouse

A Truly Interesting Display of Season's

New Furs

We cordially invite every lady to attend this magnificent advance showing of the latest ideas in Ladies' Furs, comprising Mink, Mink Marmot, Persian Lamb in Muffs, Stoles and Throws. The display is a very large one, as we were fortunate in securing this sample lot of furs from a reliable fur house in Montreal. This is an opportunity not to be overlooked. The whole lot is priced at a very small advance on cost.

Ladies New Coats

In connection with our showing of furs, our new coats will also be on display. This season's styles are very attractive, all are made with becoming neatness. And right now is the time to make your selection.

Chisholm, Sweet & Co.

The Store That Satisfies.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., President
ALEXANDER LAIRD, General Manager — JOHN AIRD, Assistant General Manager

CAPITAL, $15,000,000 REST, $12,500,000

TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES

Issued by The Canadian Bank of Commerce enable the traveller to provide himself with funds without delay at each point of his journey in a convenient yet inexpensive manner. They are issued payable in every country in the world in denominations of

$10, $20, $50, $100, $200

with the exact equivalent in the moneys of the principal countries stated on the face of each cheque. They are economical, absolutely safe self-identifying and easily negotiated. 8.3

ANTIGONISH BRANCH

W. H. HARRISON, Manager

PEDIGREED BLACK FOXES

John R. Dinnis Pedigreed Black Foxes, Ltd.

(Incorporated July 22nd, 1913)

Authorized Capital, $300,000

SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL (present issue) $123,000
Shares Each $100 par value.

THE ASSETS On which the issue of $123,000 stock is made consists of

One pair of two-year-old Dalton proved breeders, now in the Dinnis ranch, that reared four young in 1912 and four in 1913.
Five pairs of young foxes of 1913 litters, all selected from litters of six, five or four.
The sole use of the name of John R. Dinnis.
The cost of flotation of the Company.

This is a Straight-Forward Business Proposition

If one estimates the expenses of organization, advertising, office and staff, sale of stock, and the good will and sole use of the name of John R. Dinnis, all at 10 p. c. on the subscribed stock, the price of the breeding animals is reduced to present market values (July 22nd, 1913).

DIRECTORATE

President—John R. Dinnis, Charlottetown, P. E. I., Stockman and Fox Rancher
Vice President—Dr. B. C. Borden, Sackville, N. B., President Mt. Allison University
Secretary Treasurer—J. Walter Jones, B. A., B. S. A. (Toronto), Charlottetown, P. E. Island, Farmer, Author of "Fur Farming in Canada," late of the United States Department of Agriculture.
Director—William E. Cameron, B. A., (Oxon.), first Rhodes Scholar from P. E. I., Professor of Economics and Commerce at St. Dunstan's College.
Director—Charles Lyons, Charlottetown, P. E. Island, Mayor of Charlottetown.

Mr. Dinnis is the most successful large rancher on Prince Edward Island. The Dinnis ranch has the best location. It is situated about two miles from the capital city, and is the chief point of interest for tourists. It has a thoroughly up-to-date equipment, and is under the direct supervision of Mr. Dinnis who lives close to his ranch and personally tends the animals. An efficient staff of men assist in managing and guarding the ranch.

TERMS OF CONTRACT

10 p. c. of par value to accompany the application for stock.
40 p. c. on Sept. 20th, 1913. 50 p. c. on Nov. 15th, 1913.

WRITE FOR PROSPECTUS BEFORE INVESTING ELSEWHERE

NO ALUM MAGIC BAKING POWDER READ THE LABEL

Lambs Wanted

HIGHEST PRICES

Haley's Market

Teamsters and Laborers Wanted

Wanted a few teamsters and one hundred men to work on Railroad at Centreville, Kings Co., Nova Scotia. Easy shovel work.

HIGHEST WAGES PAID

KIRK & COOKE
Contracters

Notice to Farmers and Dealers

We are open for one hundred tons of washed wool, for which we will pay the

Highest Cash Price

Also Calfskins, Hides, Pelts, Tallow and Furs. Get our prices before you sell elsewhere and you will be satisfied you are selling in the right place.

Colonial Hide Co.

George St., NEW GLASGOW, N. S.
Near Church's Livery

HALEY'S MARKET

GROCERIES
A complete and up-to-date line

MEATS
Fresh and cured, at all seasons

FISH
Fresh, smoked, pickled and dry

FRUIT
Everything in season

CONFECTIONERY
Large assortment, choicest and best.

Crockery and Agatewares

CASH! One Price to all, CASH

Produce at highest prices taken in exchange for goods at our one-price — the lowest

COAL AGENT

EDWARD HALEY

THE WORLD'S WORK DEPENDS ON THE WORLD'S DIGESTION

From the captain of industry to the hod carrier—from milady in the auto to the woman with the scrubbing brush—the accomplishments of every one of us depend absolutely on the accomplishments of our stomachs. Backed by a good digestion, a man can give the best that is in him. When his stomach fails, he becomes a weakling.

To this loss of power no one need submit. Right habits of eating, drinking, sleeping and exercise, aided by Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets, will restore and maintain the full efficiency of the human mind and body.

Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets contain the active principles needed for the digestion of every kind of food. They go to the assistance of the weakened stomach, and enable the sufferer, right from the start, to assimilate and get the benefit of the food eaten. With this assistance, the digestive organs regain their tone, and soon the use of the tablets is no longer necessary.

If your stomach is not working properly, try Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets. 50c. at your druggist's. National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal. 145

FOR SALE.

A wood lot of 100 acres, with heavy timber, both hard and soft. It is about two miles from James River Station and will be sold at a reasonable figure. For further particulars, apply to

MRS. CATHERINE McADAM,
Lochaber, Ant.

Property for Sale

The undersigned offers for sale his property at Malignant Cove, Antigonish Co., by the salt water. It has a good finished house, containing 13 rooms and excellent cellar, with hot air furnace, out-houses, a store, and large barn, all mineral rights and his whole interest in cold storage. For further particulars apply to

D. J. CHISHOLM,
31 3rd Ave.,
Viauville, Montreal.

4,-3tf

Hunting in the Tyrolean Highlands.

THE KEEN INTEREST SHOWN BY HUNTERS IN THE SPRIGHTLY LITTLE MARMONT — THE EXCITEMENT AND DANGER THAT ATTEND THE "STALKING" OF THE LORDLY CHAMOIS.

In the hall of a well-known hotel in southern Tyrol stand stuffed specimens of three kinds of game. In a nich on the right, resting on a weather-beaten rock, is an Alpine buck with strong, heavy horns. In a niche on the left is a domestic antelope, the chamois; and sitting upright on a little board above the foot of the stairs is a small male marmot, one of the most interesting of the rodents.

This droll little animal, scarcely a foot high, may have lost its life near the spot from which it now looks down through its staring glass eyes upon the guests of the hotel. In the neighboring Laaser valley his shy brothers and sisters may be seen at play, and the pleasure of watching them is so great that one is apt to linger until the right moment has gone by for getting a shot.

It is always difficult to approach these mountain creatures, for it is a long and hard climb up the mountain fastnesses where they dwell. Far above the tree-line, and even above the dwarf pines, one now and then comes across their dwellings, which are small holes in the hollows of the rocks, with flat stones stuck slantwise in the ground in front of them, that serve as doors for their winter homes, which are deserted when summer begins. In front of these holes—at a height of 8000 feet or more—there is always newly turned up earth and tufts of wool that have rubbed off, giving some idea of the watchful life they lead. If we dig down into one of these empty winter dwellings — which will not be a great task—until we reach some small tubes, we shall find a spacious chamber padded with hay. Here a whole family, fifteen in all, has slept, huddled close together, for about a third of the year. It is only when the sun melts the snow—which in this latitude is seldom before August—that the family awakens and comes out of the hole. The animals are plump and weigh as much as they did in autumn, but are somewhat benumbed. They nibble the tender blades of the bitter Alpine grass, and in a few days become lean, weak, and sickly, until their stomachs are again accustomed to food; then they grow fat, and lead a merry life in their summer homes on the highest mountains, near the eternal glaciers. They live in the pure air, with the sunlight shining on them; they eat heartily, and play and romp together. Life to them is pleasant, and yet they are never free from care or fear; they must always be on the lookout, for they are always in danger.

If we climb to a height of 9000 feet and, going along a slope, look over the edge, we shall see, about eighty feet below us, a few fresh holes in the ground. The sun is still hidden behind the high glaciers, and no animal is to be seen. But when the light of heaven shines on the ice-fields and the high mountain valleys, and its rays flood the slopes with warmth, things begin to grow lively. An old male sticks his nose out of a hole, and when he feels sure that there is no enemy in sight he raises himself up, looks around again, anxiously, and, as there is no sign of danger, he begins to nibble the grass. Then two more of the family appear, and after them a third, followed by two young ones. But none ventures far from a safe retreat, except for a short time, to nibble the short, aromatic grass with its sharp yellow teeth. Not one of them ventures to play for any length of time, and even then constantly stops to look about and listen. Suddenly the nailed shoe of a hunter displaces a stone, which rolls down. It is not a loud noise, but even this slight sound catches the attention of the restless little animals. A penetrating, shrill call is heard; it is repeated, and answered by all the animals grazing or resting in the sunlight in the little mountain valleys in the neighborhood, and then, like a flash, every one of the gay company disappears into holes in the ground. If a person unacquainted with their habits were to dig into one of these summer dwellings with the best pickaxe ever made he would only be laughed at by the inhabitants, and would never succeed. His axe would be dulled by contact with the hard flat rock, and he would dig up only empty paths running twelve feet and over in various directions underground, and after many days' work would come across other paths through which the hunted animal had sought refuge in a neighboring hole. No, there is nothing gained by that, and no one would ever attempt such a thankless task. But perhaps it might be well for us to persevere and keep very quiet, waiting at the edge of the cliff for three or four hours, or longer, until one of the shy creatures — this time more frightened than ever—sticks its head out of another hole, into which it has crept for safety, and finding no danger comes out. It oftens happens that a hunter, his patience tried to the utmost, will pass a whole day without seeing one reappear.

In the latter part of October the little brown, plump animals show themselves, but for a few hours only, on warm mild days. They eat nothing, but go to the banks of the small streams flowing from the glaciers and drink all they can. By this the hunter knows that before long they will leave their summer homes and go farther down the mountain to seek winter quarters. For many days they have eaten not only to excess, but they have also cut the grass and let it dry, and now are bringing the soft hay, not in the way told in the legend, which is—that they load it on another creature which its brothers draw into the holes as from a hay-cart—but carry it in their teeth into their holes. This is not for fodder, but for padding to make their beds nice and warm. When the first severe frost browns the Alpine grass they go down into the holes of stones and earth lined with hay, and covered over with snow, which serve them as winter quarters, and nothing is seen of these dear, peculiar little creatures until the warm weather of the following August.

As a result of this robbery, often practised, the sprightly little animals have been in many places almost exterminated. They are not captured for food, for their flesh is not very palatable, that of the older ones being hard and tough, and they are not killed for their fur, which is light brown, bristly, and uneven, and not very valuable; but merely for the high prices paid for marmot fat, which is to be found in every drug store in the Alps, and for which the people have a superstitious regard.

Superstition and stupidity are mostly to blame, too, for the destruction, almost the extermination, of the typical high-mountain animal—the proud and beautiful steinbock of the Alps.

In olden times the mountains abounded in these noble animals. And in the days of the Romans it frequently happened that hundreds of these splendid creatures were taken to the arena to fight. But as early as the fifteenth century the steinbock was rarely seen in the Swiss or Tyrolean mountains. In the seventeenth century it was generally believed that there was wonderful power in the odor and the bezoar of this beautiful wild creature and it was hunted by means of gun and sling; the result of this would have been its extermination throughout the entire Alps, were it not that at the last moment the survivors were protected by some influential nobles.

In Tyrol and Switzerland not a specimen was left. A few hundred had sought refuge in northern Italy, but even here they were ruthlessly pursued and wantonly destroyed, so that only a few years later the last proud buck would surely have fallen had not rigorous laws been made for the preservation of those remaining. Thanks to these laws there are at present in this region more than 2000 specimens. They have multiplied so fast that herds of twenty and thirty may now be seen. They even inhabit the neighboring valleys and mountains, and have wandered southeast as far as France, where they have begun to settle down. Later the steinbock also found a home in a small section of the Austrian Alps. So, the extermination of this noble animal, which pessimistic hunters were always prophesying, is no longer to be feared.

In December, when the weather becomes colder, the steinbocks move from the northern to the sunny southern side of the mountains, and descend from the heights from 10,000 to 13,000 feet. During very severe winters they even reach the feeding-troughs. This is the best opportunity for observing these shy animals, which are so difficult to approach, even from a short distance, and to ascertain the age of the buck, which, to judge by the number of rings on their horns, are twenty-five years old and over, and some even thirty to forty years old. In comparison with these imposing ornaments the horns of the most splendid specimens of a female goat make but a poor showing. Their curved horns, bent backward, are scarcely more than six inches long and resemble the horns of a domestic goat more than those of the male steinbock. Kids a year old have very short stumps in place of horns, and no one would imagine that they would develop into horns so heavy that they are often a burden to the animal. Kids are not the same color as their elders. After they are two years old, and arrive at the age of maturity, they change their color to that peculiar light gray. Occasionally, in some old book on hunting, we may see bucks represented with long beards, but that is purely imaginative. It is true only regarding the mountain bucks of the Himalayas. But the Alpine steinbock has only a small bunch of hair under his chin and never a beard.

Sometimes the cold weather lasts a long time, so that the steinbock lingers in the deep valleys. But as soon as a little green grass shows in the valleys above, the herds return to the mountain fastnesses, where only the hunter dares follow them.

In hunting steinbocks—but let the writer first say a word about the animal, of which some are afraid, though without reason. And as he is writing of this animal from memories that are dear to him, and remain so vividly impressed upon his mind that nothing can obliterate them, let the reader imagine that he is at a height of from 6500 to 10,000 feet, in the Tyrolean mountains, or in the Doloaomites or in the Valley of the Valley of Aosta. Every hunter will admit that the manner of hunting is the same, whether chasing the Alpine steinbock, the Alpine antelope, or the chamois.

The protection given to the beautiful chamois during the past few decades is gradually filling up its numbers, which senseless, reckless shooting had thinned down. In the Austrian and Bavarian Alps there are —thank God!— none but sportsmen worthy of the name, who own the chamois districts, the most beautiful of which belongs to the Emperor of Austria. In Switzerland the state provides for the preservation and the multiplying of this most noble animal, by the setting aside of certain districts, where no one is allowed to kill a chamois. Fifty or sixty years ago the chamois in many mountain chains were exterminated by shooting, but now nearly everywhere there is an increase in their numbers. An old hunter stated in 1865 that herds of from only ten to twenty could be seen in the imperial preserves, while old people told of seeing in their youth from eighty to a hundred specimens in one herd. Conditions have greatly improved. In southern Tyrol, in places where there were relatively few chamois, the writer himself has seen herds of from twenty to forty, and the hunters who are permitted to hunt in the preserves of royalty, princes, and millionaires, in lower Austria, Salzburg, or Styria may admire herds of a hundred or more animals.

The writer once had the privilege of visiting the elderly owner of such a preserve in his hunting castle and of seeing his fine collection of chamois horns. There were 645 chamois horns in one room. The happy hunter, who showed with pride some very remarkable specimens, was frail and delicately built, and had been lame from his youth, so that he had difficulty in walking. Besides he suffered greatly from asthma. He wheezed a little as he explained: "These twenty-two specimens on the right of the brown molding, I shot in one morning, last year." Can it be possible that this sickly old gentleman was really a chamois hunter? No, no need only look at him to know exactly how he had obtained his trophies. His carriage took him from his hunting castle to his hunting lodge, in a valley full of chamois, where he slept in a feather-bed, as at home. In the morning a small mountain hunting horse, led by a game-keeper, took him comfortably up a steep path to a height of perhaps 6000 feet. The gamekeeper helped him dismount from his horse, the hunter led him along a good path for not more than a quarter of an hour, and then spread a blanket over a stone and sat down near his master with a reserve repeating gun on his knee. At the foot of the high valleys in which the chamois were enclosed all the year a number of game-beaters await the the moment when their master shall take his post high up on the narrow chamois path. The sign being given, the game-beaters advance, making a great noise, and the herds spring out of their ravines so frightened that they all make a dash for the passage, where they receive their first shot. One buck is killed, another shot is fired and a second falls, then the herds turn back in deadly fright, run in wild confusion under the cliffs to the right, and try in vain to climb the rocks; they make a dash farther on, are chased back by the game-beaters heading them off, and are forced back again into the narrow passage, where, once more, several shots bring down the nearest and strongest animals. Six bucks have fallen. This has taken only a quarter of an hour. Then, from the left there comes another herd, and three of its best animals drop. This gentleman hunter has killed ten animals in this passage and seven from the other side. Seventeen animals were not an unusual number to shoot. At one o'clock breakfast is served in the hunting castle. This was chamois shooting, not chamois hunting.

The only way of hunting the chamois or the steinbock, suited to the beauty and dignity of the animal, is by stalking it. It is toward the end of November, just before the closed season. The coats of the chamois, which in summer were of a reddish brown, now have changed their color, and are now dark brown, almost black. The herds have already left their heavy snow-encrusted slopes and settled down on the warm sunny side of the mountains. The writer and a guide—it would be foolish to attempt hunting chamois at this time of year without one guide—take a two hours' railroad trip, a three hours' walk in the valley, spend a short night in a cold uncomfortable hut, and walk for two hours the following morning. Day had scarcely dawned when we found ourselves under a steep and much cracked rock on whose heights we suspect chamois to be. Our outfit consisted of thick woolen clothing, nailed shoes, leggings, snowshoes, climbing irons, iron-tipped mountain sticks, two knapsacks containing overcoats and some provisions, and besides these — the most important thing after the rifle—two good field-glasses, which we focus on the meadows, field, ravines, cliffs, gorges, and the small valleys well up on the mountain in search of chamois. After searching for some time, my guide discovers three fine animals half hidden under the edge of a rock; we watch them, notice how they disappear, climbing farther up the mountain, and are then seen walking about unmolested — but they are only two goats and a kid, and while the guide follows these constantly with his field-glass, hoping that a buck will join them, I search in other places. Suddenly I see a chamois 2500 paces away. It is so far away that I can not tell whether it is a buck or a female goat. But as the animal seems to be strong and almost black, and remains alone we both believe it must be a buck. Now we lay our plans, on account of the state of the snow we find that it will take a good three hours to reach the rocks over the place where they are grazing. Will this solitary animal be there at twelve o'clock? Perhaps not, for it is the time of year when the bucks wander far away, so in a few hours may he not be quite a distance away? Now shall we come from under cover of this ridge which we must cross, and so give him an opportunity of seeing us, or shall we take a circuitous route, which is two hours longer? Is the ravine through which the guide—who is familiar with the locality—says we must pass, covered with ice? Can we climb it? Will the weather prevent us? Yesterday and during the night it was foggy, and if the fog were to come upon us again unawares, all sight of the animal would be lost, even though very near it; and besides, might we not, in our arduous climb, see under a projecting rock other goats grazing, which on seeing us might suddenly rise up, utter a piercing cry of warning, and flee, taking the solitary buck along with them? A half dozen more fears present themselves to each of us, but we do not mention them, for, being in a hurry, we are by this time plodding our way up the snowy mountain.

As we thought, the snow has become deeper and the passage more icy, so we had to climb for five hours before reaching the top. Plowing through snow-drifts up to the hips we would stop for breath, and then clamber up over the cold level rocks. It is now that the guide gets the first sight of the hollow where the buck is. I follow trembling with excitement. The hollow is empty. Has the buck gone, or is he lying down in a crevice where he can not be seen? We lie down, look around, climb the slippery rocks, look around once more, but can find no trace of him; then we cross the hollow and climb the nearest ridge, and there find fresh footprints in the fresh snow—he is certainly a very old buck. Following these tracks for over two hours, going along stealthily, and always keeping on the

Continued on page 7

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Reviews.

(Continued from page 4.)

Secondly, it is stated that the Queen merely imprisoned and murdered Catholics because they became traitors to the throne. We believe Father Phillips' book will help to kill these gross falsifications of history. The "honoured guests" were prisoners in lonely cells, outcast and unbefriended; their "treason to the throne" was their refusal to accept a theory of headship of the Church unknown to fifteen centuries of Christianity, unknown to the Apostles themselves; and their inability to take part in a worship which carried with it only man-made novelty and not an element of divine authority. This is no idle tale of a Froude or a Macaulay. Father Phillips gives us the very words of the Queen, and Cecil and Parker, and all the rest who enforced the new system. The records of the Privy Council lie open before us. The State Papers formulate the charges. The private letters provide vivid commentaries on the history. If it be treason to be loyal to God and to decline with dignity and grace to dishonour Him in alien worship then it is the treason which gilds the Apostolic age with rays of glory, which lights up the days of Domitian and Nero, and has called even boys and girls into the glowing panegyrics of pagan historians. It is a "treason" which, please God, will never die in Catholics. It drew Peter and Paul to the martyrs' crowns. It hallowed the Coliseum. From crag to crag and peak to peak of human history, saint after saint has handed on the "treasonable" torch. Kings and governments pass away, but the Chair of Peter stands as secure above the tide of human change as in that elder day of Apostolic Catholicism — and the Catholic Bishops under Queen Elizabeth "witnessed a good confession" and died for the Pope of Rome. Such a death is the most glorious immortality, because it is an offering made to God in loyalty to His divine foundation. We believe this book will be a revelation to many Catholics. Father Phillips has taken the colours which he found ready-mixed and has made them up into a picture at once pathetic and glorious. We thank him for a volume which we have found fascinating in the intensity of its realism. Were we captious critics we might point out many signs of immaturity in style and judgment; much weakness in historical perspective; not a few mannerisms, and a certain irritating over anxiety to pile up the evidence. Frequently, too, we have been pulled up, as it were, by some journalistic use of adjectives, or by some strange type of punctuation. But a faultless book is impossible, and Father Phillips' faults are not serious and as a rule are the outcome of inexperience in handling a great mass of evidence. On the other hand we have diligently compared page after page with our own notes of the original documents, and we are convinced that this book is a permanent contribution of great value to sixteenth century history. Doubtles the author may be forced to make changes and to elaborate or curtail in view of the work done by another historian of the period—Dom Birt,—but that he has written a valuable book is beyond question. This is a book to buy, to read and to study. More insight into Elizabethan history can be gained from it than from many volumes of handbooks and College text books. There is no excuse for ignorance on the part of Catholics in the future concerning Elizabeth's glorious reign, of which another historian—Mr. H. Hall—recognized as an expert on the period, has written "the state of society was the worst that had ever been before in the land."

Hunting in the Tyrolean Highlands.

(Continued from page 6)

lookout, taking observations from very ledge of rock in order to get a new point of view, and lying face downward, at last, at last—it is nearly four o'clock—there some 250 paces beneath us in a small valley, into which we can look without being perceived, is the long sought picture. A herd of chamois, two goats with their kids (born the latter part of May), a one-year-old buck, an old goat, and a weak-looking buck, perheps three years old. But where is the old buck? No tracks can be seen on the opposite snowfield: therefore he must be between us and the herd. All our endeavors have been in vain. We must lie down and watch and wait. On a little rock protruding from the snow the old goat stands and looks around, the others graze and scratch the snow, hunting for grass and herbs. Two of them suddenly make a spring and run up the rocks. No—they are not running away, only playing. The next moment the three-year-old buck makes a leap—this time he is not playing, for he has caught sight of the old buck, which has stepped off the rock beneath us and is coming toward the herd. The guide, who is lying above me, sees him, and touches my foot, for the animal is hidden from my view. There—two hundred paces away! My hands are stiff from cold, but at the prospect of seeing him they become more limber, so that I can use them with steadiness of aim, I take aim — and, crack! the buck makes a leap, stands still bewildered, and then takes to flight; he tries to climb higher on the mountain, but turns back with a bound, falls down in a heap, and rolls over.

One hour later, after a hard and tedious climb, we reach the snow-water in which he lies. He is an old buck, weighing fully seventy - five pounds, with strong, long horns, and black hair on his back, which will make a fine "chamois beard."

By eight o'clock we are back in our hut.

We were lucky, and will be lucky another time. It was not very difficult hunting that day, and still there were many dangers to surmount. But we might have come across a rock protruding over a precipice without sufficient support, or a step might have slid from under us. A stream of water under us might have caused an avalanche, and the ground on which we had trusted ourselves might have been buried under a mass of snow, stones and pebbles. Had we taken a false step all would have been lost. A fog might have overtaken us and we would have had to pass a night in the mountains — and then — oh, heavens! Enough! Enough! And still we go hunting again. No, we do not underrate the danger; we remember it very well; and yet we pursue the chase with all the foresight, energy, and skill that we possess.—*Benziger's Magazine.*

The Unbelieving Aviators.

Long ago the old Roman poet expressed his wonderment at the heroism of the man who first launched his frail little craft on the watery deep. But the hardihood of that ancient mariner is outclassed to-day and the world is appalled by the tragedies that ensue when the pilots of the skies drop into air pockets, or capsize in uncharted currents, or die in the fire that propels them high up above the clouds. Land and sea are strewn with battered wrecks and mangled bodies, but still the flyers fly and fall.

Even if one shoudders at this sad waste of human life it is impossible not to wonder at the daring displayed by these air explorers. But a writer in a French paper called *l'Aurore* discounts it all, and informs us that there is nothing surprising in it, because the decrease of religious sentiment, the disbelief in the old legends about hell which had such a depressing effect on men of other days enable our aviators to face death calmly and to regard it as a *banal accident.* It is true that he prefaces his statement with "perhaps," but that dubitative word does not diminish the malice which the whole passage conveys.

Now, in the first place, it is the primary duty of a newspaper to avoid stating things that have no foundation in fact, and the failure of *l'Aurore* in that respect suggests that it ought to change its name to *le Soir* or *la Nuit.* It is evidently very much in the dark about what is going on in the world above it; for it is a matter of common knowledge that the aviators as a class are *not* "free from the depressing religious sentiment of other days; they are *not* "divested of all belief in the doctrine of hell," and do *not* consider "death as a *banal accident.*" Indeed, if this inveracious paper-man himself were hoisted from his safe stool in the office of *l'Aurore* to a perch on a monoplane, he too might have the fear of God injected into him. He is, moreover, an unwise journalist, for besides mistating facts, he is defaming his fellow-countrymen, who are at present popular idols. Indeed, if we glance at the list of the French flyers whom *l'Aurore* had especially in view, we discover that Santos-Dumont, for instance, who was one of the pioneers of aviation, is a fervent Catholic; Latham ardently loved his faith; Bleriot, who was the first to cross the English Channel, goes to Confession and Communion frequently, and always fastens a medal of Our Lady on his machine. Lieutenant de Caumont, who met with such a terrible disaster when trying his hundred horse-power engine, was a man of deep faith. He once told a fellow officer: "If ever I fall, get me a priest first, and as fast as you can." When Lieutenant Bagne, who was lost at sea, was about to start on his flight at Manleon, on February, 1912, the vast multitude that gathered around him on the field was delighted to see him make a great sign of the cross as he started aloft. On June 18, when the European circuit was inaugurated, there was a *Mass of Aviation* ordered by the Archbishop of Paris, and several of the flyers went to Holy Communion. It was in that flight that Lieutenant Princeteau, who used to be regarded as one whom nothing could daunt, was horribly mangled and burned to death. He, too, was an out and out Clerical, and his earnest piety was the principal theme of the discourse pronounced at his grave by a member of the Parliamentary Commission of Aviation. Not to make the list too long there is Paul Echeman, who perished in the air on May 14 of last year. He wrote to his sister, a nun, as follows: "You know when one is high above the clouds where nothing moves, where all is still, and there is an overwhelming feeling of loneliness I love to shout into the whirr of my propeller the invocation to St. George, which the Knights of St. Cyr used to sing."

Not only are the air-men religious, but the airship itself, it is suggested by a great Church dignitary, may become eventually an ecclesiastical instrumentality. For when the Bishop of Versailles, Mgr. Gibier, was blessing the flyer of the daring aviator, Brindejonc des Molinais, he reminded a group of young clerics standing by, that the day might soon come when they would be carrying the Gospel by aeroplane to hitherto unknown and inaccessible savage tribes.

To sum up, the enemies of God have not the monopoly of progress and enterprise in the world, though they keep claiming all such things as their exclusive possession, even if they often come to grief like the aviators in air pockets, contrary currents and explosions.—*America.*

Italian Freemasonry.

The *Idae Nazionale*, which is the organ of the Italian Nationalists, has set on foot an enquiry about Freemasonry. It has interviewed the most conspicuous personages in Italy and requested a reply to the three following questions:

1—Do you think that the existence of Freemasonry is compatible with the conditions of modern life?

2—Do you think that the materialistic rationalism and the humanitarian and international ideology of which France is declaring itself the mouthpiece is in keeping with the trend of modern thought?

3—Do you think that the public and secret action of Freemasonry on Italian life and particularly on that of the army, the public administration makes for magistracy, the schools and the good of the country?

The answers were numerous and illuminative. Very many senators, deputies, professors, writers replied in the negative all declaring that Lodges were a source of dangsr for the nation. The venerable Senator Luigi Pastro, for instance, sent the following reply:

(1) In a free country the fact that a society is secret is a confession that it is ashamed to manifest its purpose.

(2) As long as their exist different languages, religious customs, and peoples, Internationalism will remain a Utopia.

(3) The necessity of entrenching itself behind a secret reveals Freemasonry's perverse purpose of injecting into the army, the magistracy and the school the poison of its aims and aspirations. Hence it constitutes a danger for every institution of the land.

There are other letters from generals, admirals and judges giving expression to similar sentiments. It may be urged that these views are applicable only to Italian Masonry. But such a restriction cannot be admitted for has it not been lately declared in England that the Grand Orient which rules on the Continent is the genuine and true type of the Craft? And have we not seen Oyster Bay falling into the arms of Masonic Rome and exulting in the honor betowed on it?

Acknowledgments.

(See additional acknowledgments on page 5)

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The Turning Tide.

The annual report of the Registrar General of Ireland, just published, deals with certain facts which are hopeful signs of the beginning of a new and prosperous era. Ireland's population has shown an increase for the first time since official records of deaths, births, and emigration have been kept. In 1841 the population was 8,200,000. Ten years later the census returns showed that about two millions of our race had either fallen victims of famine, or had fled from the land of their love. A landlord-made famine had done its deadly work. Death from actual starvation and from diseases engendered from lack of food had decimated the population. Hundreds of thousands of the survivors were crowding the holds of immigrant ships. The great Irish exodus had set in. Our motherland was bleeding from every pore. Gavan Duffy graphically described her state when he declared: "There was no more hope for Ireland than for a corpse on the dissecting table."

For sixty odd years our Mother saw her sons and daughters abandoning her to seek in distant lands the livelihood which she could so well furnish them, were it not that the twin evils of alien rule and rapacious landlordism rendered her powerless to nourish her own children. And so year after year the drain of emigration went steadily on. Each decade witnessed a further shrinkage in the figures representing the total population of Ireland. In 1841 they were 8,200,000; at present they are 4,384,710.

From 1851, when the first census was taken after the ravages of the landlord-made famine of 1847, Ireland's loss in population has steadily gone on. The latest report of the Registrar General shows that at last the birth rate exceeds the loss by deaths and emigration. In the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1912, the population of Ireland increased 1,102. In other words, there were 1,102 more births than deaths and emigrants during the twelve months covered by the report of the Registrar General. During the same period the death rate from all causes was the lowest for Ireland since 1871. The infant mortality rate for 1912 was 86 per 1,000, the lowest infant mortality ever recorded for Ireland.

What may be designated as the beginning of the repopulation of Ireland is not the only cheering sign of the times. The financial conditions are also encouraging. Deposits and cash balances in joint stock banks increased $2,780,000 in 1912 over 1911; savings banks deposits increased $1,923,000 in the same year. These evidences of financial prosperity, taken in connection with the fact that at last Ireland's population is no longer decreasing, may be regarded as the shadow that coming events cast before them. The long night of travail is over. The dawn of the day of deliverance is breaking.

An Irish Parliament sitting in Dublin will in the near future impart an added impetus to the prosperity to which the report of the Registrar General bears witness. A nation possessed of such staying qualities as our Motherland displayed under circumstances which would have crushed the life out of her if she had been made of weaker stuff, cannot but have a glorious future before it. On the eve of the realization of her long cherished hopes, it is the high privilege, as well as the filial duty, of her children in every part of the world to extend to her all the assistance within the scope of their ability. Right loyally and lovingly they have stood by her in her darkest hour.

It is inconceivable that they should now grow lukewarm in her service, when their aid is needed to assure her final triumph in the long struggle in which she has borne herself in a manner so heroic as to make us all feel proud of being her children. Gavan Duffy's description of her is in striking contr st with the vigorous life that is now coursing theough her veins. Freed from the trammels of landlordism, and on the eve of regaining the right to manage her own affairs, she faces with renewed hope a future in which she will be able to keep her sons and daughters at home, who will enrich her with services which a cruel fate in the past forced millions of her children to place at the disposal of alien lands.

The announcement that Ireland's population for the first time in sixty odd years has increased, is the most welcome news that has come from our Motherland in many a day. It is an earnest of greater things to come. Let each of us do our part in hastening their advent by generously supplying with the sinews of war our Mother's champions on the fighting line who have driven the enemy from one stronghold after another till now heis ready to run up the white flag.—*Irish World.*

How Animals Bear Pain.

One of the most pathetic things is the manner in which the animal kingdom endures suffering, says a writer in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat.* Take horses, for instance, in battle. After the first shock of a wound they make no sound. They bear the pain with a mute, wondering endurance, and if at night you hear a wild groan from the battlefield it comes from their loneliness, their loss of that human companionship which seems absolutely indispensable to the comfort of domesticated animals.

The dog will carry a broken leg for days wistfully, but uncomplainingly.

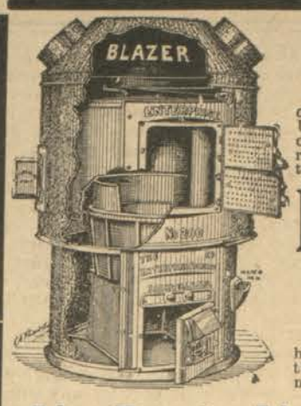
The cat, stricken with a stick or stone, or caught in some trap, from which it gnaws its way to freedom, crawls to some secret place and bears in silence pain which we could not endure.

Sheep and cattle meet the thrust of the butcher's knife without a sound, and even common poultry endure intense agony without complaint.

The dove, shot unto death, flies to some far off bough, and as it dies the silence is unbroken save the patter on the leaves of its own lifeblood.

The wounded deer speeds to some thick brake, and in pitiful submission waits for death.

The eagle, struck in midair, fights to the last against the fatal summons. There is no moan or sound of pain, and the defiant look never fades from his eyes until the lids close over them never to uncover again.



Saving and Satisfaction

When you buy a furnace, you buy for many years of saving and satisfaction. If you get the right one. Unreliable, cheaply installed furnaces get out of order readily, are veritable fuel eaters, give uncertain results in the way of heating, and sooner or later have to be repaired or replaced at still greatar expense.

Enterprise Blazer

FURNACE FOR COAL and WOOD

When properly installed it constitues a perfect heating and ventilating system, bathing each room in the summery warmth of pure, healthful, constantly renewed air, heated to the temperature required.

No Dust No Gas No Smoke

Save over 30% of your fuel bill and never gets out of order. The first cost is the final cost.

Get in touch with the nearest ENTERPRISE agency, or

Write For Information And Circulars.

Manufactured by the **Enterprise** FOUNDRY CO. SACKVILLE, N.B. Sold by all Enterprise Dealers.

Teacher Wanted

A teacher wanted for Eskasoni Consolidated School, Section No. 108. Apply stating salary to.

SECRETARY OF TRUSTEES,
8–14, 3t Eskasoni, C. B.

Homeseeker's Excursions to Western Canada.

Every Wednesday until October 9th the Intercolonial Railway will sell second class round trip tickets to Winnipeg, Brandon, Edmonton, Saskatoon and Calgary. These are good for return two months from date of issue and are a special inducement for those wishing a cheap trip to the West. The nearest ticket agent will furnish full particulars.

FARM FOR SALE

The farm of the late John Malone at South Side Cape George, formerly owned by Alexander McIsaac, is offered for sale. It contains 100 acres more or less, is well wooded and watered. For particulars apply to the widow of said John Malone, or to

WILLIAM CHISHOLM,
Barrister
Antigonish, N. S., August 13, 1913.

For Diarrhoea, Dysentary, Cholera, Cholera Morbus and all pains and cramps, children or adults there is nothing just as good as

GATES' CERTAIN CHECK

MESSRS. C. GATES, SON & Co:
DEAR SIRS,—I have been thinking for some time that I should write and let you know what your

CERTAIN CHECK

has done for my son. He had such a bad case of cholera that he was reduced to a skeleton. We tried doctors, drugs and many other remedies, but without avail. Finally we tried your certain check, and we believe it saved our boy's life, as it cured after everything else had failed

Your Life of Man Bitters and Invigorating Syrup also cured me of lung trouble. I consider your medicines superior.

W. I. CURTIS, Newcastle, N. B.

CERTAIN CHECK never fails and is sold everywhere at only 25c. per bottle.

Graham's Grocery

Has now in stock

LIME JUICE, FRUIT SYRUPS, ROUE'S GINGER ALE, GRAPE JUICE HAMS and BACON, BREAKFAST BACON, CODFISH, BONELESS CODFISH, JAMS and MARMALADES, PICKLES and SAUCES,

and everything to be found in a first-class general store.

We want

GOOD BUTTER, EGGS and WOOL

and will pay the highest market price in exchange for groceries.

Best Flour and Meal for Sale

D. R. GRAHAM
ANTIGONISH, N. S.

The Best Brains

in Canada have participated in the preparation of our splendid Home Study Courses in Banking Economics, Higher Accounting Commercial Art, Show Card Writing, Shorthand and Bookkeeping. Select the work which most interests you and write us for particulars. Address The Shaw Corespondence School, 391-7 Yonge St., Toronto.

WANTED County Maps.

Persons who may have for sale copies of any of the MAPS of the COUNTIES in NOVA SCOTIA published in book form about 30 years ago, are requested to write the subscriber stating the name of the Publisher, condition of book, and price asked

JOHN S. CHRISTIE,
21 Shirley Street, HALIFAX, N. S.

SHERIFF'S SALE

1909, C. No. 709.

In the County Court of District No. 6.
Between

S. SWEET & CO., Plaintiffs
—AND—
GORDON MALLOY, Defendant

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

Saturday, the 13th day of September A. D. 1913

At the hour of 11 o'clock in the forenoon, all, the estate, right, title, interest, property and demand of the afore-said defendant at the time of the recording of the judgment herein, or at any time since, of, in, to or out of that certain lot, piece, or parcel of LAND and premises situate lying and being at Isaac's Harbour, in the County of Guysborough, and bounded and described as follows, that is to say:—Beginning at a stake standing on the South East corner of the mining area numbered Four in Block number Two in the East Division of Stormont Gold District, thence South one degree 17½ chains, or until it comes to the Northern line of Lot No. 44 on the original plan of allotments of Country Harbour lands, thence on and by said line North 61° East 17 chains or until it comes to the Southern line of Block No. 2, aforesaid, thence along said line North 62° West 19 chains and 85 links to the place of beginning, containing 15 acres more or less

The said lot of land having been levied upon under execution issued upon the judgment herein, which judgment has been duly recorded in the Registry of Deeds office for the said County for upwards of one year before the issuing of execution.

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

Dated Sheriff's office, Guysborough, August 14th, 1913.

A. J. O. MAGUIRE,
Sheriff of Guysborough County.
R. R. GRIFFIN,
Plaintiff's Solicitor.

Tenders for Dredging

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Dredging, Yarmouth, N. S.," will be received until 4 p. m. Thursday, September 4, 1913, for dredging required at Yarmouth, N. S.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the forms supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

Combined specification and form of tender can be obtained on application to the Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa. Tenders must include the towing of the plant to and from the work. Dredges and tugs not owned and registered in Canada shall not be employed in the performance of the work contracted for. Contractors must be ready to begin work within thirty days after the date they have been notified of the acceptance of their tender.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, for five per cent. (5 per cent.) of the contract price, but no cheque to be for less than fifteen hundred dollars, which will be forfeited if the person tendering decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
R. C. DESROCHERS,
Secretary
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, Aug. 14th, 1913.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS
Information Wanted—T J Grant
Entertainment—Celtic Hall
P E I Exhibition—C R Smallwood
Teacher Wanted—Patrick Hollaran
Roofing—Sears & McDonald

LOCAL ITEMS.

WALDREN'S STUDIO will be open open till Friday afternoon.

THE FIRE WHISTLE will be tested at 7:30 to-morrow (Friday) evening.

LIGHTNING struck the home of Mr. John Bennoit, Pomquet, on last Thursday, bursting the flue, tearing a hole in the roof and injuring several pictures hanging on the walls. Fortunately none of the family, all of whom were in the house at the time, were injured.

SEMINARIANS FOR QUEBEC. — The following young men leave to-day for the Grand Seminary, Quebec: John R. McDonald, Ronald McDonald and Lauchlin McDonald of Antigonish; M. LeBlance of Friar's Head; Peter McMillan, Dominion, C. B.; Leo J. Keats, Reserve, C. B.; Dan Doyle, Margaree, and Albert Lynch of Sydney.

AT THE CONFIRMATION Ceremonies in the County of Guysboro last week the candidates from the several parishes and missions visited numbered as follows:

Guysboro (four missions), 231.
Larry's River, (two missions), 150.
Port Felix, 85.
Canso (three missions), 320.

THE CHARLOTTETOWN, Prince Edward Island, Exhibition advertised in another column, promises to be better than ever. The Exhibition prize list has been increased. The largest amount of race money ever offered by the Island Exhibition is offered this year. The attractions are more numerous than ever before. A visit to the Charlottetown Exhibition—when the "Garden of the Gulf" is at its best—is worth making.

THE C. M. B. A. Convention held at Hamilton, Ont., last week, was the most successful in the history of the Association. An important resolution passed was one making all engaged in the liquor traffic in any way ineligible for membership. Rev. J. A. M. Gillis, P. P., was the delegate from Mulgrave, not Rev. J. J. McNeil, as incorrectly reported in our last issue. Fr. McNeil represented the Hawkesbury Branch.

A GENTLEMAN from St. Pierre, Miq., who was here last Thursday buying butter from our merchants, had a bad hour during his visit. After returning from a drive he discovered that his purse was lost. In his hasty search for it he was noticeably flustered. During his search in one of the stores, a telephone message conveyed the comforting information that he had left the purse in his room in the Merrimac House. We understand it contained about seven hundred dollars.

THE FOLLOWING candidates for Grade D were successful at the recent examinations: Anne Teresa Stuart, Mulgrave, aggregate 385; Theresa Jane Broussard, Monk's Head, 310; James Leo Chisholm, Port Hastings, son of J. B. Chisholm; Joseph Webb, Havre Bouche, and Willie De Coste, Cape Jack, pupils at Havre au Bouche Convent; Alex. F. McDonald, Beaver Meadow, 361; Adelaide Rogers, Fraser's Grant, 367; James W. Chisholm, and Mary Agnes Chisholm, Heatherton, 391 and 309 respectively; Courtney Foster, Antigonish, College pupil, 511.

REV. FR. CORMIER of St. F. X. College was taken seriously ill on Thursday with appendicitis while at Guysboro, where he was with His Lordship, who was administering Confirmation in various parts of Guysboro County. On Monday Father Cormier was conveyed to Antigonish and placed in St. Martha's Hospital. We learn that since his arrival here his condition has improved. It is expected he will undergo an operation to-day. His numerous friends throughout the diocese earnestly hope for an early return of Fr. Cormier's health.

FOLLOWING is a list of the successful D candidates at the Provincial Examinations from Mt. St. Bernard Convent:

Mary M. McDonald, Maryvale, 448.
Cecilia Donovan, Antigonish, 415.
Sadie McGillivray, Antigonish, 409.
Margaret McDaniel, Hr. Road, 402
Mary Ann McNeil, Antigonish, 397.
Norma Millidge, " 388.
Annie B. McDonald, " 378.
Mary Hanrahan, " 371.
Mary McNeil, Lenark, 360.
Josephine McDaniel, Hr. Road, 365.
Catherine McDonald, James River, 352
Rosalia Carter, Antigonish, 346.
Mary Anderson, Sherbrooke, 303.

THE COLONIAL STOCK COMPANY will play in Antigonish on Sept. 15th for two nights. The opening play will be Carolina, a beautiful southern play. This is the strongest acting play seen here for some time, and in the hands of such capable artistes as Mr. Louis Neville, and Miss Ada Bolan—the new leading man and woman — an excellent performance is guaranteed. On Tuesday night Dan Sully's masterpiece, The Golden Rule, will be offered. This is the last play Mr. Sully starred in with great success, and appeals strongly to all denominations of religion. The principal character is Father John O'Neal, a lovable Irish priest. It was this line of parts that made Mr. Sully famous, but he has a close competitor in Mr. Neville, one of the cleverest leading men that has visited the Provinces for some years. The Colonial Stock Company this season, has undoubtly one of the cleverest organizations that has ever visited Antigonish. Don't forget the date, Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 15 and 16.

THE PEST, RAGWORT, so troublesome in sections of this county for a number of years, is again causing trouble. It is now making its appearance in the Eastern part of the county, and if efforts are not put forth at once to get rid of it, there will be serious loss of stock in these districts. In Halifax at the present time the plant is giving trouble, and we see by the following, taken from the Halifax Herald, that the community realises its responsibility in the matter: Men have been employed during the past fortnight to cut, pull and destroy the ragwort while in bloom throughout the district above named. From a small patch at Bedford a few years ago ragwort has spread until it has become general along the western side of the Basin to Dutch Village; and unless systematic and continuous efforts are made to destroy the blooms the country will soon be overspread with this noxious plant from Hubbards to Ecum Secum. Ragwort is a biennial, coming up one year and flowering the next, and in consequence, it will take about three years to thoroly subdue it in any infested district. . . . . The Halifax county municipal council has recently placed posters and colored plates of senecio in many public places throughout the county, so that everyone may be able to recognize the plant.

HYMENEAL.—Miss Annie McPhee, formerly of Antigonish, N. S., but recently a resident of Vancouver, B. C., and Mr. Chris. Homewood of Vancouver were united in marriage on Sunday evening, July 13, at St. Patrick's Church, Mount Pleasant, Rev. A. B. Mostyn, officiating. The bride was attended by Miss Rebecca McNeil, and the groom by Mr. Dan Gillis. Mr. and Mrs. Homewood will make their home in Vancouver.

Roderick A. MacIntosh, of Highland Avenue, Fitchburg, and Miss Mary A. Burns of Rollstone Street, also of Fitchburg, were married at St. Bernard's Church, Fitchburg, Mass., on August 12 h, 1913, by Rev. James J. Donnelly. The Nuptial Mass was celebrated by Rev. George O'Connor. The bride was attended by Miss Anastasia Burke, while Nicholas Burns did the honors for the groom After the Mass a wedding reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, many guests being present from Boston, Plymouth and Providence. Mr. and Mrs. MacIntosh received many beautiful and costly presents. They left on the 1:12 train for Providence, and on their return will reside at 38 Myrtle Ave.—*Fitchburg, Mass., Sentinel.* The groom is a former resident of L. S. River, Ant.

On June 24th, at the Church of Our Lady, in Newton, Mass., Rev. James Kelly united in marriage Miss Catherine MacLean and John E Tucker. Both have been highly respected residents of Newton for some time, but now reside at Everett Mass. Miss McLean is the daughter of John McLean Dunmore, Ant.

PROFESSOR J. P. LANDRY, an old Antigonish boy, now of the poultry department at the Agricultural College, Truro, N. S., delivered an up-to-date lecture on poultry in the Celtic Hall, Wednesday evening, 27th ult., before a fair sized audience, including a number of young poultry fanciers. Mr. Landry also showed on the curtain a large and valuable collection of lantern slides, illustrating poultry keeping in the United States and Canada. Rev. Fr. Gillis, Vice-Rector of the Cathedral, was Chairman of the meeting. Directly at the close of the lecture, a number of the local poultry men got together, and, with the assistance of Mr. Landry, formed the Antigonish County Poultry Association, with the following officers: President—Rev. Miles Tompkins, Mount Cameron. Directors—George Taylor, Willowdale Farm; George Sutton, Clynesdale; Dan R. Chisholm, St. Andrews; Duncan Fraser, Lower South River; Arthur Dexter, East End, Town, Malcolm Fraser, Court Street, Town; Joe Grant, West Street, Town. Secretary-Treasurer — James McConnell, St. Andrew's Street, Town. The Association members intend to hold a poultry show (to be an annual event), some time during the fall. The membership fee is quite reasonable, namely, twenty-five cents. Many of the young people in the Town and County are taking an interest in poultry raising. Business men and others are asked to encourage this interest, by becoming members. The Provincial Government gives a yearly grant of one hundred dollars to every County Association to help pay the expenses and poultry show prize money. The poultry show will likely be held during a couple of days in November, 1913, for a start.

THE MISSION AT MABOU.—A most successful Mission of one week, conducted by the Rev. J. C. Gillis, Ph. D., Antigonish, closed at Mabou on Thursday afternoon last. Throughout Father Gillis sustained his high position in this diocese as a vigorous thinker, an accurate theologian, and a forceful public instructor whose very presence in the pulpit is inspiring. His incisive arguments and apt historical illustrations carry conviction. They, futhermore, render important doctrinal points thoroughly intelligible, and leave an abiding impression on all: a circumstance which afterwards greatly facilitates the teaching of these doctrines to children by their parents and guardians. One would imagine that the Rev. Father Gillis could not be said now to distinguish himself as a pulpit orator, his reputation being already so unquestionably established, in this diocese at least. But this he emphatically did last week. He sprang quite a surprise on his delighted listeners and astonished them on Friday by delivering with great facility a beautiful instruction, on the duties of parents and children respectively, spendidly executed in elegant, grammatically correct, idiomatic Gaelic. From that moment, as I can easily understand, he had the situation absolutely in hand—in Mabou. The people who were well pleased before were now in ecstacies. On Saturday and Sunday, forenoons also he gave two instructive discourses in the same language. The attendance at all the exercises was very large. In addition to the parishioners, who all attended, hundreds came regularly from the surrounding parishes. The beautiful large parish Church, built some years ago by the peaceful, genial, hospitable, zealous Pastor, the Rev. J. T. MacMaster, was literally packed every forenoon and evening. Several neighboring priests likewise kindly attended every day for the purpose of assisting in the hearing of Confessions. It is my opinion, amounting to a moral certainty, that the mission at Mabou, which on last Sunday closed in so edifying a manner by hundreds taking the total abstinence pledge, has been, spiritually, the most fruitful mission at which I have ever had the happiness to assist.—COM.

The store of Abraham Myette, Tracadie, will be closed on Friday and Saturday. Mr. Myette will be at Halifax.

Lost, between Maryvale and Town, a Camera. Finder please leave at Casket Office.

Information Wanted

Information wanted by T. J. Grant, Superintendent of the County Home, as to the whereabouts of Dougall Gillis, who escaped Saturday from the County Home. Whoever locates him will please communicate with

T. J. GRANT, Supt.

Teacher Wanted

Wanted, at once, a grade D teacher for Merland School Section. Apply, stating salary, to
PATRICK HOLLARAN,
Sec. to Trustees,
South Merland, Guy. Co.

Annual Tour
Colonial Stock Co.'y

2 NIGHTS 2
BEGINNING
September 15
PESENTING
CAROLINA
The greatest of all Southern Plays,
..and...
THE GOLDEN RULE
By the Author of The Parish Priest

Prices, 25c, 35c, and 50c.

The Prince Edward Island Exhibition and Horse Races

CHARLOTTETOWN
September 23 to 26, '13

Open to the Maritime Provinces.
$7,000 in exhibition prizes.
2 days horse racing. 7 classes.
$2 400 in race purses.
Live Stock entries, except poultry, close 12th September. All other entries close 16th September.
Special attractions, including aeroplane flights in front of the Grand Stand.
Low rates by steamers and railways. Nearest agent will give particulars of rates. For prize lists and all information write the Secretary.
C. R. SMALLWOOD, Sec.-Treas.
FRANK R. HEARTZ, President,
9—4, 3t Charlottetown, P. E. I.

TROTTING HORSES FOR SALE

MAID'S KING, 37847, race record 2:22, bay trotting stallion, foaled 1903, 16 hands, weight 1150. Sired by May King, 2:20, the sire of Bingen, 2:06¼, sire of Uhlan, 1:58. This horse is in splendid condition, and is faster and handsomer than ever. Winner of first prize in Standard Bred Class at Nova Scotia Exhibition last year.

BUTTERCUP, beautiful trotting mare, bay, foaled 1907, 15.3 hands high, weight 1100. Sired by Achille, 2:15¼. This mare has had considerable track work, and owner believes she can trot better than 2:20 in the right hands. Both horses are ideal roadsters, kind, and are not sold for any fault. Owner retiring from game. These horses will be at the Exhibition, Halifax, Sept. 3cd to 11th. Can be seen in Antigonish any other time. Don't write unless you are prepared to buy a high-class horse. Suitable terms, if necessary, to responsible parties.
CAPTAIN A. McFARLANE,
P. O. Box 293, Antigonish, N. S.
8—28, tf

Information Wanted

Information is wanted by T. J. Grant, Superintendent of the County Home, as to the whereabouts of Walter Delorey who recently escaped from the County Home. He is about 26 years of age, smooth face, medium height, fair complexion, wore a gray suit. Whoever locates him will please communicate with

T. J. GRANT, Supt.

Tenders for Painting

Tenders will be received by the undersigned until

September 15th next

for painting the exterior of St. Margaret's Church, Arisaig. For particulars apply to

D. L. McDONALD, P. P.
Arisaig, Aug. 27th, 1913.

Save Money
By getting your Optical work done at
SAUNDERS
THE OPTICIAN
A trial will convince you that my prices are as cheap as can be expected for guaranteed goods and suitable work. Your Eyesight is worthy of your highest consideration. Don't trifle with yours eyes. I will replace or duplicate any broken lense, no matter where made, as quick as any optician anywhere and guarantee absolute satisfaction. Watches, Clocks, and Jewellry Promptly and carefully repaired. My customers are my best advertisement. If my work is satisfactory tell your friends if not tell me. I am here to make it right. Old gold bought or taken in exchange for goods.

P. R. SAUNDERS, D. O.
Optician and Jeweller
ANTIGONISH, N. S.

PUBLIC NOTICE

Citizens are notified to cease using hose, garden or wagon, as water in reservoir is lowering. The public generally are requested to economise in the use of water during the drouth.
JAMES DUNPHY,
Aug. 27, 1913. Water Superintendent,

Tenders For Farm

Tenders will be received up to September 25th next for the purchase of that valuable farm situate at Pomquet River, in the County of Antigonish, being the farm lately owned by John H. MacDonald, deceased. This farm contains of 150 acres, and is well wooded and watered, and cuts about 30 tons of hay, and is near Church, school and post office. Good buildings. Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.
ARCHIBALD CHISHOLM,
Sole Exector,
Estate John H. MacDonald.
Aug. 23, 1913.

Farm for Sale

The undersigned offers for sale her farm situated at Fairmont, Antigonish Co. It has good buildings, close to Post Office, School and Telephone.
Two brooks run through the farm and are never dry, affording very easy watering for stock during winter.
Hard and soft wood, including plenty of poles, and easy to reach. Nice orchard.
Excellent soil. Reasons for sale, no one to work farm.
For price, terms and all information, apply to
MRS. J. J. McDOUGALL,
On the place.
F. H. MACPHIE, Agent.

YOUNG CALVES WANTED
FOR FOX FEED

I will pay $1.00 each for young calves ALIVE
CHAS G. WHIDDEN
Antigonish, N. S.

Morrison Brothers
Monumental Works
PICTOU. N. S.
PARTIES wishing to obtain high grade monumental work should call or write
Morrison Bros.
an old established firm. All work guaranteed and strictly first class. Prices always consistent with the high order of work turned out.

GRAND PIC-NIC
To be held at
BEAULEY MILLS
On Tuesday, Sept. 9th
This is to be the largest and best Picnic held this season. All sports, music, dancing, etc., well provided for.
Refreshments of All Kinds
Meals served from 10 o'clock. Price 30c
Don't miss this picnic. Beautiful scenery. Elegant drive from all parts of Guysborough and Antigonish Cos.
A big day after haying.
If weather unfavourable, picnic will be held first fine day.

J. H. W. BLISS
Piano Tuner
Eureka, N. S.

FOR SALE

Car of Windsor Dairy Salt at wholesale prices.
D. C. MACNEIL,
6-12, tf. Antigonish,

BIG BARGAINS

This is no fairy story, for just please remember that it will soon be August and FALL GOODS will be coming in. Do you think we want to bring out our present stock to show you again next fall? Not much. We'll sell at a sacrifice. Don't think by this that we have any regrets at doing so. We have done a splendid business this year, because we have given everybody what they wanted at the right price. Now, looking forward to a great Autumn trade we want nothing to hamper us. Therefore, incredible as it seems, all of our remaining

Suits, Overcoats, Raincoats, Trousers, Boys' and Children's Clothing, Trunks, Valises, Caps, Felt, Straw and Panama Hats, Fancy Shirts, Underwear, Boots, Shoes, Etc., Etc.

Running into many thousands of dollars ($) worth are
READY AT CUT PRICES
Yes, and at prices cut deep enough to make buying an object while there is lots of season ahead. Remember, no trickery, no juggling, no scheming, but straight, honest business proposition. Act quickly while the picking is good.
HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR WOOL and BUTTER

The PALACE CLOTHING CO.
HOME OF GOOD GOODS AND LOW PRICES.

Don't Judge a Roofing By Its Looks

On the surface, most ready roofings look the same.

But the weather finds the hidden weakness.

The weather finds the vegetable fibers in the fabric and rots them.

The weather finds the volatile oils which are concealed below the surface. The sun draws these oils, in globules, to the top of the roofing, where they evaporate in the air.

Where there was a globule of air, there remains a hole. And behind each hole is a tiny channel which lets the weather and water into the very heart of the roofing.

When the sun and the wind and weather have sought out the hidden weaknesses, the roofing is porous, instead of solid; watersoaked, instead of waterproof.

You can't tell by looks, which roofing will last twenty years, and which will go to pieces in a single summer.

Seventeen Years of Service

But you *can* do this: You *can* tell the original Ruberoid roofing—the only roofing which *has* lasted seventeen years—from the 300 substitutes which have proven their unworthiness.

Ruberoid was the first ready roofing. Its basis is the best wool felt impregnated with Ruberoid gum.

It is this wonderful flexible gum which no other maker can duplicate.

It is this gum which gives Ruberoid all the flexibility of rubber without containing an iota of it. It is this gum which withstands wind, weather, sun, fire, acid, gases and fumes, where all other compounds fail.

It is this gum, in the Ruberine cement which accompanies each roll of Ruberoid roofing, which makes ours practically a *one-piece* roofing—sealed against leaks — sealed against the weather.

Ruberoid comes plain and in colors. The attractive Red, Brown and Green Ruberoid are fine enough for the finest home. And the color feature is exclusive—protected by patents.

In the past twenty years we have had experience not only with all ready roofings, but with other roofings—shingles, tar, tin, iron and other roofings.

We Test All Roofings

Each roofing we have exposed to the weather test, on our roof garden at our factory.

The result of these twenty years of tests we have written into a book which will be gladly sent you free.

This book is a gold mine of roofing information, telling about the advantages and disadvantages of each roofing for each purpose. To secure a copy, address Dept. The Standard Paint Company of Canada, Ltd., Montreal.

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