

THE CASKET.

A Catholic Journal Non-Partisan in Politics.

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Fifty-eighth Year

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THE CASKET.

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8.

The editors of some of the "representative Canadian papers" must have

chills chasing up and down their spinal columns this week. The Pope is

getting very close to them, when so many of his foreign minions are walking

the streets of Montreal.

The *Christian Register* says that

"it is a sign of progress that Protestant

England has so far recovered from its

abject fear of the Roman Catholic Church as to be willing to

assert itself in the accession oath without

fear of its old enemy. Perhaps the *Register*

could do something to remove from certain

newspaper offices in St. John and Halifax that

dreary, depressing, haunting fear that the

Pope may be taking a hand in the municipal

elections.

Our friend the *Westleyan*, speaking of

the Methodist General Conference at Victoria,

refers to some of the great councils of the church

in past ages. The Methodists are not the

only Protestants who show a disposition

to find some things that were good in the

administration and management of church

work before there were any Protestants. But

whenever our contemporary can make up its

mind to refer to the Council of Trent as a

precedent we shall be ready to congratulate

it on coming to a true estimate of the value

of church councils.

A contemporary publishes a letter from

Father Noronha who has been, since 1906,

in charge of a Catholic mission in Killianpur,

South Canara, India. He reports that there

are three priests; 3029 parishioners; 3 schools;

181 boys and 91 girls in school; 4 Catechists;

61 children of pagan parentage and 3 pagan

adults baptized; 370 children learning catechism;

11039 confessions in 1909; 12850 communions;

51 marriages. The reverend father speaks of

the difficulties and trials of his mission, with

a lightness of heart and a joy in his work,

which are characteristic of the Catholic missionary

in pagan lands, at all times.

When we complain, from time to time,

of the unfairness of the news agencies to the

church, some of our readers may imagine that

we exaggerate the matter. Here is an instance

which shows that we rather understate it. Our

readers are now familiar with the Emancipation

Lodge affair in Montreal. Our St. Louis contemporary,

Church Progress, tells us, on August 18th,

that up to that date, not a line had been published

in the news columns of the daily papers of the

United States concerning this disgraceful affair. But,

not the slightest item that is discredit to a Catholic

priest, or that can in any way be tortured or

twisted to seem so, ever fails to go forth to

every daily paper on the continent. Why was the

news of the French-Masonic scandal suppressed?

The Catholic religious orders have borne

the brunt of every political and religious persecution

ever directed against the Church. Yet, they still

command the admiration of the world. The *Detroit*

Christian Advocate, a Methodist journal, says:

"One feature of strength in the Roman Catholic

Church is the giving of services by the members of

orders without wages, save nominal ones, which

equal the bare cost of plain living. For example,

it is calculated by a good authority in that Church

that 40,000 members are teachers and educators

receiving the mere cost of board, clothes and

lodging at an average of \$200 a year each. This

man puts upon their services a value of \$700 a

year each, and so draws the conclusion that they

are giving gratis to the Church \$20,000,000

annually. If we judge people by their fruits,"

shall we not be compelled to give a tribute of

praise to these men and women?"

The poor Indian has been neglected and

forgotten by most men; but the Catholic Church

has never forgotten

him. She is as anxious for his salvation to-day as when Father Jiques and his heroic companions suffered torture and inhuman brutality from the American savages in their zeal for the salvation of souls. At an Indian Congress held at Cheyenne River the other day, Bishop Busch of Lead, South Dakota, presided. Two thousand Indians were present, representing every Indian reservation in the State. The report showed seventy-two St. Joseph and St. Mary Societies among the Indians. Nineteen persons were baptized at the Congress and seventy-seven confirmed. Committees were appointed, and a delegate selected to represent them at the general meeting of the Federation of Catholic Societies of America, which is to be held at New Orleans this fall.

The plan for restoring the statue of George III. in Boston, seems to us to be rather a joke than a serious proposal, if the *Pilot's* account of it be correct. An inscription is to be placed upon it as follows:

"In memory of the American patriots who destroyed the original and moulded it into bullets that were used in battling for American liberty."

This is about as sensible a proceeding as would be restoring the statue of Louis XIV. in Paris, "in memory of the revolutionists who pulled it down." American humor is keen in some respects, but not in any matter which affords an opportunity for a national boast. We do not see much sense, or much propriety, in setting up a statue to an English King, in Boston. Goldwin Smith, had he lived, might have made something of such a plan; but even he would hardly have cared for it with the proposed inscription.

The news of Father Lambert's illness, from which he is not expected to recover, announced by the *New York Freeman's Journal*, of which he has been editor-in-chief for sixteen years, is bad news for the Catholic Church and for the Catholic press. Father Lambert is one of our big men. Last year when he celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination, Bishop McFaul said:

"No man whether ecclesiastic or layman has done a greater work for the Catholic Church in this country. He has been an inspiration to bishops, priests and laymen."

His last work was the preparation of a paper to be read at the Eucharistic Congress in Montreal, entitled, "Popular Objections to Belief in the Real Presence." His heart, they say, is giving out. At his age, if this be true, we cannot look confidently for his recovery. But, for him, death has no terrors. To him, indeed, the poet's words apply:

"Thy treasures wait thee, in the far-off skies,
And death, thy friend, will give them all to thee."

The *Eastern Chronicle* published on the 26th ult. a much milder and more judicious article on Spanish affairs, and one which is more in line with its usual fairness. It modifies its prior statement as to the importance of the question of concessions to Protestants, but it says they have a grievance, in that they are taxed for the support of the religion of the State, which is the Catholic religion. If this is so, we admit that it is a grievance; but we are not sure that the *Chronicle* is correct. It is, of course, a fact that the government votes money for the support of religion; and, as the Protestants' taxes go into the public chest with the rest, in some sense they are taxed for the support of the Catholic religion, much in the same way as the *Eastern Chronicle* would be taxed for the support of a Catholic College if the government of this country should grant money to such a college. But we consider it most unlikely that a separate and distinct assessment is made for religious purposes. If the *Chronicle* knows that it is, we should be pleased to have the facts in detail. And we once more point out that there are only 10,000 Protestants, scattered amongst nineteen millions, and that most of those are foreigners whose residence in the country is more or less of a temporary character, for the purposes of trade and other like purposes. This fact does not disentitle them to fair play, nor justify any hardships being imposed upon them; but they can hardly, reasonably, expect to have laws of finance or taxation changed very much in their favor until they attain more importance in the country. And what in the name of common sense, has the Catholic Church to do with the financial or taxation laws of Spain?

The *Catholic Messenger* calls attention to an editorial published by one

of the most widely circulated New York "yellow" journals, advocating race suicide. It is based on the old Malthusian theory. The world, it would seem, is on the eve of over-population, and births must be stopped, or we shall all starve. Sensible men who know the world will not find this very convincing as a statement of fact. The French Canadians are in no danger of starvation, with their families of twelve to twenty children. If people are "hard up" the causes lie elsewhere. "Race Suicide" is the outcome of selfishness; and for selfish reasons, and not through fear of over-population, is it practiced. The selfish desire for more money, more spare time, more pleasure; the formation of great combinations of traders whose object is to raise prices; the neglect of the old-fashioned habit of saving, by which alone our forefathers made ends meet; these are the causes of most of the financial worries of the people. They will not be removed by a slackening of the birth rate. There is not the slightest reason to suppose that this great, wide, beautiful world, which God has given to His creatures is becoming insufficient for their support. Our own mismanagement can be no excuse for regarding His provision as insufficient. But such writers leave God altogether out of the question. That is their fundamental error. They recognize no power but that of man; no remedies save those the poor, weak human brain can devise.

We are told that, in the city of Cleveland, many houses are mortgaged to manufacturers of automobiles. Business reports state that the money that is being expended in the purchase of these cars, which earn nothing, is being much missed in business, and that its absence is having a distinct effect upon business conditions. And this is probably true. The more money that is locked up in property which produces no returns, the less there must be to circulate amongst the people in business and manufacture. We mention automobiles, but we might mention other things on which money is spent recklessly at the present day, and by men who can ill afford it. We are not wholly of the opinion of Jas. J. Hill, who said that "the cause of the high cost of living is the cost of high living," but there is a substantial portion of truth in what he says. We have been for some time past collecting information upon this important subject of the increased cost of living; and, though we do not hope to add anything of great value to the discussion of the question, which is very difficult and complicated, we hope soon to give our readers at least some information upon it. While we are upon this subject, we wish to quote some recent remarks of Cardinal Gibbons, as reported in the *The Church Progress*. Everything said by that eminent and wise man is worthy of the deepest consideration:

Cardinal Gibbons sat on the spacious verandah of a Long Island house one afternoon lately, and watching the automobiles hit down the road before him in one unending stream, moralized on the dangers of self-indulgence that have beset all republics.

"I think," he said, "we are closely approaching the age of extravagance and inordinate pleasure enjoyed by Rome just before her fall. The cry of to-day is for more and more riches. The rich man is greedy for more. It is the same with the well-to-do. It is the same everywhere."

Truly, we have many generous ones among the rich, but I could wish that more of them were considerate of the unfortunate. This great desire for riches is making people very selfish. Then there is the desire for inordinate pleasures.

"An automobile whirled by in a cloud of dust. The Cardinal pointed after it and asked: 'You see we have many more channels of pleasure than were known to the patricians of Augustus Caesar's time, yet there is desire for new pleasures and more pleasures.' I believe the gospel of Christ will save the present situation. There was no Christ, you remember, to save Rome."

CONSPIRACIES AGAINST RELIGION.

The story of the last ten years in the politics of France is familiar to the readers of this paper; and we do not wish to review it in detail, but merely to make such few references to it as are necessary to a correct understanding of the argument we are making, which is that the oppressive measures taken against the Church and the religious orders in France and Italy, measures which are now threatened in Spain, are, in reality, aimed and directed at and against all religion and Christianity.

(1) One of the earliest of the persecuting measures was the application of the conscription to Seminarians. In

France, all men must serve some years in the army. Young men who were engaged in study in the seminaries had previously been exempted; but now they were compelled to attend. The men who ordered it knew, as all men who know the world are aware, that the barracks is no place in which to prepare for the ministry of religion; but the men who ordered it would have been only too well pleased if vocations to the religious life could have been strangled in the license of a camp of idle soldiers. But the same fate attended this measure that has attended most measures conceived in hatred of religion. The Seminarians raised the tone of morals in the barracks. Did this please the government? Not at all. They removed the Seminarians to hospital duty. Had the barracks corrupted them, they would have been left where they were.

(2) The Law of Associations. This was put forward as being purely a measure of good government, and as being in no way aimed at religion. At first, it was merely to be a law for requisition and general government supervision. Soon it took on another phase. The property of religious associations was declared to be forfeited to the government. The valuable and extensive properties of the orders, which were the accumulations of a century of pious subscriptions, of charitable bequests, of frugal saving, were swept in a day, out of the hands of their lawful owners; and without arbitration, valuation or compensation.

(3) The next step was the general confiscation of Church property, the dissolution of the Concordat, and the summary stopping of the salaries of the priests. We believe it is well that the Concordat has been abolished; but the manner of its abolition is one of the greatest national outrages ever perpetrated. At the French Revolution, all the Church property then existing was confiscated. Napoleon, as an act of justice and an act of prudent statesmanship, while he held on to that property, made a bargain by which France was bound to support the clergy. In the century that has since elapsed, much and valuable property has come to the Church by the bequests and benefactions of the people. The coterie of rascals who rule France to-day have appropriated all of this new property, still hold all the property robbed by the revolutionary government, and have turned the clergy out upon the charity of the people. Such are the people who have been held up to the admiration of the world, as leading a priest-ridden nation out of bondage. Now, may God save us from such deliverers!

(4) At first the schools were merely to be improved by separating secular education from religious education. Now, they are so effectually separated, that no religious idea, not the name of God Himself, dare be mentioned in any school which the power of the government can control. The very name of God has been expurgated from the school books. A school book contained these lines:

"The little fish will larger grow
Provided God still gives him life."

The last line was struck out, and these words put in its place:

"Provided someone give him life."

What a bright light this throws on the methods and ideas of the new teachers of the youth of France! When Ferdinand Brissou, to whom we referred last week, became director of the department of primary instruction, he advised all teachers to tell their pupils: "You are free to confess or to deny the existence of God."

(5) The rulers of France would gladly close every church in France to-morrow; but, though the people of France are of the easiest disposition and the happiest temper, and are badly governed with greater impunity than any other people in the world, the politicians are wise enough to know that they dare not go so far. But they have gone very far. If it were not wrong to wish for evil that good might come, we should wish them to go just a little further. It would bring them their just retribution that much sooner. But let us see how far they have gone.

(6) Having established state schools in which God is laughed at by blasphemous and ignorant savages who pose as teachers; having shut up the schools where religion was taught; having struck at the very source of the Christian ministry by drafting the students for the priesthood into the army; having appropriated to the State all the property of the Church and religious orders acquired during a century, what was left to the Church?

There were left her, the Mass, the Sacraments, and the Sunday School, or Catechism class. In the Godless school, in the colleges of blasphemers, the Mass, the Sacraments, and the Catechism are ridiculed every day; but the Church took up patiently the work of counteracting the poison sown in the minds of the young by the government's planters.

Were the politicians of the Grand Orient satisfied then? By no means.

See this poor priest dragged into court. What has he done? He catechism class; and his text book refers to St. Louis, who was a King of France, and to Joan of Arc, who led France's armies against invaders. They were of great holiness and sanctity, and therefore are they venerated by the Church. "Sir," says the magistrate, "do you not know that you are not permitted to teach history?" He is fined. The Godless state has invaded the Sunday School. It endeavored to make such arrangements as would enable it to regulate the pulpit. All the churches of France were to be handed over to the control of lay associations, creatures of the government. But, up to the present, this scheme has not been effectually carried out.

No man who is capable of reasoning to correct conclusions from simple and unmistakable facts which can bear but one construction, can doubt that the infidel politicians would put their creatures in the pulpits, as they have put them in the schools, if they dared. And who can say that they may not yet dare to do so? The men from whom they are intellectually descended put a woman of the streets upon the high altar of Notre Dame, and hailed her as the goddess of reason. Nor was their conception of reason and its functions so much more erroneous than that of the present-day rulers of France.

(7) A few years ago, the civil and military servants of France found that, if they wished to retain their positions, they must give up going to Church. No law was passed to that effect; but it became the unwritten law of the civil service and the army and navy of France. An employee of the State, an officer of the army or of the navy, found that the way to promotion was open only to those who were willing to give up the open practice of religion.

And the persecution was not confined to active life; it was carried up to the bedside of the dying. In 1902, priests were refused admission to the dying sailors of the "Jena." Two of them were taken to Brest to be buried; and there the clergy of the city accompanied their bodies to the grave. The police, faithful enforcers of the law and will of Godless rulers, served these priests with summonses, to answer to the charge of "illegal practice of religious worship upon the public highway." This last statement we make upon the authority of Mr. Ernest L. Aroni, special staff correspondent of the *New York Evening Mail*.

About the same time, the public celebration of religious feasts, was forbidden.

The yacht of a British peer lay in a French port; and on the day which the fishermen were accustomed to keep as a feast, they decorated their boats, and, for the sake of being civil, this British nobleman hoisted flags on his yacht. The authorities managed to suppress the bunting of the poor fishermen; but they made a mistake when they ordered the Englishman to haul down his flags. The English yacht remained the sole scene of rejoicing on a French and Catholic festival.

Rev. Arthur P. Loxley, of St. Ninian's, Whitney, England, a Church of England clergyman, wrote to *Church Times*, an English and Church of England paper, in 1905:

"What is going on in France is all one gigantic scheme for the de-Christianizing of the country; we may, if we choose, look on in listless indifference, but our turn may come next. The triumph of Atheism in France will give an immense impetus to the foes of the Faith everywhere, and if we refuse our active sympathy to our fellow-Christians and fellow-Catholics at a time like this, we shall deserve to suffer heavily when the persecution reaches our own doors?"

While the recollection of the acts of the rulers of France is fresh in our minds, let us say a word about the premier of Spain, Senor Canalejas. A few years ago, when we had occasion to refer to him for the first time, he was just coming forward in Spain as a possible premier, which he has since come to be. He was then known as a millionaire and a Socialist. We presume he is still a millionaire, and his present proposals are some evidence that he is still a Socialist. At

that time he had two things to propose:

1. That the large estates of the Spanish nobles should be bought up and resold to the people; (2) That the friars should be expelled, and their property confiscated. Of course, it would only be just to buy from the nobles, if the people needed the land; but of course nothing better than robbery and exile ought to be mentioned, when he came to the property of the religious orders.

All of which shows that the professional politicians of France and of Spain are brothers under their skins. And, scratch either, and you find a Freemason.

Next week, we intend to take up the means by which such vast injury has been inflicted upon religion in the face of a people professing that religion, and therein to deal with one of the greatest and worst political forces in Europe to-day,—Freemasonry, as known and practiced in the lodges of the Grand Orient, and to trace the work of this force in European politics.

Then we shall have something to say concerning the latest anti-religious movement—that in Spain; and, lastly, we shall deal with that vast and far-reaching conspiracy against religion, justice and truth, which has deliberately poisoned the sources from which the world draws its knowledge of the facts of European politics, the great system of fraud, by means of which the public events of several countries are studiously falsified, that the public opinion of the world may be turned in favor of the plunderers, despoilers, and blasphemers who have dared to raise voice and hand, not only against one denomination or creed, but against the very throne and majesty of God.

The Eucharistic Congress.

Owing to the fact that the Congress began so late in the week, it will be impossible for us to give our readers an account of much of the proceedings in detail this week. The only portions of the programme scheduled to take place before this paper goes to press, are a solemn reception to the Cardinal Legate, Cardinal Vanutelli, in St. James' Cathedral, and a grand civil reception to him, and some sectional meetings.

To-night, Thursday, Midnight Mass will be celebrated in Notre Dame Church, and Holy Communion given to men. The programme for the remainder of the week will be as follows:

Friday.—Pontifical Mass at Mance Park; Sermons by Bishops, in French and English; General Sectional meetings; Priests' meeting; Solemn devotions for priests; Solemn Benediction; Reception of the public by the Cardinal Legate, the Archbishop of Montreal, Bishops, and Clergy.

Saturday.—Pontifical Mass in St. Patrick's Church; General Sectional meetings; Special meeting for young men at Laval University; Children's meetings in Notre Dame and St. Patrick's Churches; General meeting in Notre Dame Church, speeches.

Sunday.—Pontifical Mass at the Cathedral; Low Mass, with music and a sermon by a Bishop, in every Catholic Church in the city; at 2 p. m., the Solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament. The Blessed Sacrament will be carried by the Cardinal Legate through the streets over a carpet of flowers which will be spread before him. Huge quantities of the choicest blossoms have been collected far and near for this occasion. It is impossible to say how many persons will walk in this procession; but the number will probably be fully 300,000. In addition to the programme above set out, there will be, in every church in the city, each day, the Congress Mass at 8 a. m., and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at 5.30 p. m. Also, programmes of sacred music will be rendered at St. Patrick's Church by trained choirs on every day during the Congress.

The following is a list of the papers to be read at the Congress:

- "Faith in the Eucharist and Modern Unbelief," Rt. Rev. Bishop MacDonnell, Victoria, B. C.
- "Adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament," Rev. John McCoy, Worcester, Mass.
- "Surplined Choirs," Rev. Wm. Finn, C. S. P., Chicago, Ill.
- "Frequent Communion"—Practical Means of Facilitating It; Rt. Rev. Mgr. J. S. M. Lynch, Syracuse, N. York.
- "Reasons for Our Belief in the Real Presence," Very Rev. A. Thompson, Glace Bay, N. S.
- "Assistance at the Sunday Mass," Rev. P. J. Hartigan, Deseronto, Ontario.
- "The Eucharist and the First Canadian Missionaries," Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J., New York.
- "Communion among the Working Classes," Rev. E. S. Fitzgerald, Holyoke, Mass.
- "Practical study of the Decree of Pius X. on Frequent Communion," Most Rev. Archbishop Howley, St. John's, Newfoundland.
- "Popular Objections to Belief in the Real Presence," Rev. L. A. Lambert, L. L. D., Scottsville, N. Y.
- "The Eucharist a Convert Maker," Very Rev. Alexander P. Doyle, C. S. P., Washington, D. C.
- "Holy Communion and Young Men in Large Cities," Rev. Richard Hughes, New York.

(Continued on page 4.)

The Nomads of the Sahara.

The terrible adventures of one who strove to penetrate the mystery of the desert.

Possessed of a mania for travel, or perhaps, in this day of germ theories, one should say afflicted with the germ of wandering, the writer found himself in Morocco during the celebration of the accomplishment of the project formed by Mouley-el-Hassan when he was merely the Calipha.

In those days he was accustomed to look with envious eyes from the southernmost post of Morocco, Agadir, upon the luxuriant fields that lay in the valley formed by the Atlas and Sagheeru mountains, and his dreams would see himself the conqueror of this fair land stretching away until its verdure was burned by the sun that seared the Sahara.

Placed upon the throne, he had not waited long before accomplishing his object. Perhaps it was the fact that the Sultan, for some reason known only to himself, had chosen to continue the custom of the conquered people, permitting the arrest of all Europeans entering their domain; perhaps it was merely the instinctive thirst for adventure that impelled me, but at all events, I determined to traverse this El Dorado and learn how much was true, how much untrue of the stories I had heard.

I decided to go in the guise of a merchant, knowing that I need have no fear of my ability to act the part, for I had traveled much and was thoroughly familiar with the language and the customs; but at the outset, a serious difficulty presented itself. I was known in the southern part of Morocco, and dared not, even in disguise, attempt to cross the Atlas Mountains, in view of the Sultan's orders. Under the circumstances, I decided to land at some point on the coast of Africa and travel northward. To accomplish this I embarked for Palma, one of the Canary Islands, whose people, I knew, had dealings with the Moors.

Fortunate is the man whose eyes have been permitted to rest upon the beautiful gem of the ocean that takes its name from the trees abounding upon it. But even the attractions of Palma were not sufficient to turn me from my object. Neither did the objections and harrowing predictions of the friends I had made prevent me from continuing my efforts, until I embarked from the Island of Lanzarote for the coast of Africa. The little boat which bore me thither was anchored off Cape Garnet, a rock jutting out into the ocean, and, after considerable trouble, I was drawn to the top, my two boxes of merchandise followed, the sailors bade me adieu, the sails were spread, and the *Carmila*, ready to depart from that inhospitable coast, left me alone upon the rock, alone in the desert, ignorant of what fate awaited me—yet confident that my object would be accomplished, and that I would live to tell the tale.

The sun was low on the horizon, so, first hiding my boxes behind some rocks, I started forward, on the road at last to the land I sought. For about two hours I plodded along, meeting no signs of life, save here and there a drove of camels, when suddenly, as if they had risen from the sand, I was confronted by four of the most villainous-looking individuals I had ever met in my rather adventurous life. Their faces were ugly to the point of brutishness, their wiry hair hung below their necks, and they were garbed in skins heavy with dirt and sand. Betraying no fear, I advanced with extended hand to the leader, wishing him the peace of God. He did not return my greeting, and in his face I saw that he meant to rob me. However, I continued talking, asking about the encampment, which I now espied for the first time, the tents rising so slightly from the sand and so like it in color that they might easily have escaped notice in the dying light.

At last he spoke. "Who are you, and whence do you come?"

"I am a servant of God, a traveling merchant."

"D!" he shouted, springing upon me, thus giving the signal to the others, who quickly came to his aid; "only an infidel would come by the sea!"

I fought as best as I could, but, powerless in the hands of the ruffians, was quickly stripped. One of the robbers drew his poniard; I felt the sharp point upon my throat, when a fearful blow upon his wrist threw the knife from the murderer's hand, and he looked up—to face his chief, who had been a witness of the affair and arrived in time to save my life!

Ibrahim was a little better than his fellows, but, writhing at their attempt to enjoy the spoils alone, he commanded them to release me, saying that I would be his slave, so I was hurried to his tent, provided with a dirty covering, and thrown upon the floor.

The news of the capture spread quickly, but it seemed that none could dispute Ibrahim's right to me. Later the same night, however, the men who had first attacked me rushed into the tent, seized me, and, despite my efforts, were dragging me away when Ibrahim appeared, and after a terrible struggle succeeded in protecting his prize.

Throughout the rest of these wakeful hours I was tormented with doubts. You will remember that I had secreted my boxes at the coast. What if they should be found? I feared that if I were to tell Ibrahim he would seize the goods, slay me, and then keep them for himself. I determined, finally, to trust to his gratitude. Accordingly, when the morning prayer was over, I whispered the tale in his ear.

His only reply was a grunt; but soon afterwards a camel was led to the tent and Ibrahim with an escort of six men, appeared.

I was piled with questions, and though I stoutly maintained that I spoke the truth, it was evident that the men feared I was preparing a lure, and that at the coast I should be rescued. They decided in the end that I was to be borne on the camel to the place I named; for greater safety I was to be placed upon my feet. One of the number procured the shackles, and with the aid of a

primitive anvil they were securely riveted about my ankles, my hands were tied behind my back and the journey commenced.

What a fearful trip that was! My mind was filled with terrible forebodings! If the coast guards had secured my boxes all was lost—I was starting on a journey from which I would never return! When we had traveled for about two hours Ibrahim spoke: "Abd el Malek (the name I had assumed), you have lied. We would, you said, reach the place of hiding in a short journey; already a long time has passed, and we see no boxes!"

"Ibrahim," I replied, "I am a servant of God and I have not lied. Give me but a little time and your search will be rewarded."

In truth I had little hope, but God heard my prayers. Even as I spoke there arose a shout—in the distance the boxes had been seen! The band rushed forward and I was left alone. Before I could utter a prayer of thanksgiving I was hurled violently to the ground! The four men who had already been foiled in their attempts had me at their mercy at last! They had seen us leave the camp, and intent on revenge, had followed us awaiting just such an opportunity! I attempted to cry out, but they quickly gagged me, rendering me powerless. I gazed at them in horror! With fiendish haste they dug in the sand. What were they about? Too soon I knew! Seizing me roughly, they dragged me to the pit. I was to be buried alive!

Thrown into the hole, I was held erect while the fiends threw back the sand they had removed. My body became numb, the blood rushed to my head, the veins in my forehead strained and were about to burst, when the demons tore the bandage from my mouth lest I die too quickly. As they did so my head fell forward and all became dark.

The sun was sinking below the horizon when I awoke, lying upon the rocks—alone!

The newly raised mounds about me told the story. At that very moment I became unconscious that terror of the desert, the sand-storm, had swept over the Sahara—to bury my torturers and to cast me upon these rocks, bruised and battered, but saved! Nay, more; the ropes that bound my hands were broken, and the rivets, poorly fastened, had been loosened, so that with the aid of rocks I was able to entirely free myself.

However, I was but a shadow of myself when a passing fishing-vessel, attracted by the waving of my last garment, bore me away—to postpone, but not to abandon, my visit to Mouley-el-Hassan's new domains. —Benziger's Magazine.

Some Good Hints on Farm Butter-making.

(By P. A. E. Cherry, New Dundee, Ont., in Canadian Farm.)

In order to produce high-class butter the first essential is to have pure milk. And in order to produce pure milk great care must be exercised to keep it as free as possible from bacteria and all foreign matter. "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," and it is only by observing this maxim that a farmer can produce good milk. It is impossible to produce sterile milk, but it is quite possible to exclude a great number of noxious bacteria which enter with dust and dirt of all descriptions. The stables should be sanitary and easily cleaned and should be thoroughly white washed twice a year; and they should always be cleaned out not before, but after, milking. Neither should any feeding be done just before or during milking as this will raise the dust, and the air will consequently swarm with microbes.

Many farmers scoff at the idea of having a special milking suit of clothes, but such a suit is necessary and should always be donned for milking. The milkers, too, must be clean and make it a rule to wash at least their hands and arms before milking. It is an excellent practice to wipe down the flank and udder of the cow just before milking as this less dust and dirt will be displaced by the milker.

It has been proven that after the first few strippings have been taken from the cow the rest of the milk is practically sterile before it comes in contact with the air, so this points to the advisability of milking the first few drops of milk into a different receptacle and disposing of it by some such method as giving to the cat.

CARE OF MILK.

As soon as one cow has been milked, the milk should be taken away from the stable and emptied into another can and covered up with a clean muslin cloth. And as soon as all the cows are milked the milk should be conveyed to the dairy and at once strained through three thicknesses of clean muslin. No matter for what purpose milk is required it is essential to remove, by means of filtration, as much foreign matter as possible. It is impossible to manufacture any good dairy produce from contaminated milk.

It is advisable to separate the milk as soon as possible after milking as then it will not need heating up artificially. The temperature for separating is from 85 deg. to 90 deg. Fahr., and in the winter it is often necessary to heat up the milk to this temperature by standing it in a can of hot water and stir thoroughly. Set the separator to skim a 25 per cent. cream. As soon as separated the cream should be placed in a glazed earthenware crock and from half a pint to a pint of butter flavored butter, added to every gallon of cream. And it should be kept at a constant temperature of 65 deg. Fahr. until at least 2 hours before churning when it should be cooled down to the necessary churning temperature 60 deg. in winter and 55 deg. Fahr. in summer.

The crock should be kept in a clean, well-ventilated room, and in order to exclude foreign matter, a muslin cloth must be kept over the top. Keep the

cream stirred as often as possible. This will supply oxygen to the lactic acid organisms as they work best when plenty of air is present. Also it will keep the cream of uniform consistency, and will evenly distribute the bacteria and so avoid uneven ripening.

RIPENED CREAM PREFERABLE.

There are numerous reasons why ripened cream is preferable to sweet for making butter, one reason being that there is less loss of butter fat in the butter milk, because the viscosity of the serum is reduced and thus the mobility of the fat globules is increased. Besides this the butter will keep longer, be firmer in texture and have a more pleasant flavor. When adding fresh cream to the crock, see that they are both the same temperature or approximately so; also add the last lot of cream to the crock at least 12 hours before churning so that the whole may be evenly ripened.

About a half of one per cent. of acid is the correct amount for butter making, and this stage of ripeness is characterized by a pleasant acid taste.

The churn, preferably an end-over-end one, should be scalded, scrubbed with salt and cooled down with cold water to approximate the temperature of the cream. If the churn is not scrubbed with salt there is a tendency for the butter to stick to the sides and cause trouble and loss.

CHURNING.

When ready the cream should be poured through a muslin cloth into churn. And after rinsing out the crock with a little cold water place the lid on the churn and revolve several times and then open the valve to allow the gas to escape—repeat this three times if necessary.

Under ordinary conditions cream should not take longer than twenty minutes to half an hour to churn; but there are many instances when it is churned for hours, and sometimes even days and then, given up as bad job, sent to the creamery.

When "sleepy" cream is the cause of the trouble the temperature should be slightly raised by adding a little warm water, and after replacing the lid, ventilate and churn with a somewhat jerky motion, when the butter will usually "come" in a short time. Another frequent cause of the butter not "coming" quickly is the speed at which the churn is being revolved. If revolved too quickly the cream will stay at one end of the churn and consequently there will be no concussion, so that the cream would never churn. As soon as the butter commences to separate from the butter-milk, breaking water may be added. Generally about one quart of water to every gallon of cream is added at several degrees lower than the churning temperature. Stop churning as soon as the grains of butter resemble grains of wheat in size, and then wash it. Butter may easily be over washed which is detrimental both to flavor and color. Usually two washings will suffice—one being done by spraying the butter from a hose pipe or in some other way, and the second by half filling the churn with water and revolving briskly several times. The temperature of the wash water should always be regulated inversely to that of dairy atmosphere.

SALTING.

There are several different ways of salting butter and all of them require careful handling in order to get the salt thoroughly incorporated throughout the butter. Only the finest butter-salt should be used. The two commonest methods of salting are:—dry salting and brining.

When dry salting is practised the butter in the granula form is scooped out of the churn into a muslin cloth, tied up and weighed. It is then spread out on the worker and the weight of the muslin is deducted from the total weight of butter and muslin. After knowing the weight of butter, it is easy to calculate how much salt is required. In determining the amount of salt to put in, one must consider the demand of the particular market for which it is destined. Many customers, especially Old Country people, prefer light salted butter which contains from 1 to 3 per cent. salt, while others will prefer 4 to 5 per cent. of salt.

There can be no doubt that the flavor of the butter is shown off to better advantage, if good, in the lightly salted butter. Also, it is often found that in the heavily salted butter the flavor is bad, and so much salt has been added in order to drown the flavor.

The amount of salt used is from a quarter to three quarters of an ounce per pound. Very finely ground salt must be used and this should be dusted evenly over the butter when spread out on the worker and then left for a few minutes to allow the solution of the salt to diffuse throughout the mass. All that now remains to do is to work the butter in order to incorporate the salt evenly and to get rid of any excess moisture. The most satisfactory worker to use is the lever worker. Always make it a rule never to touch the butter with the hands if possible.

BRINING METHOD.

As regards the brining method, the butter must, of course, be in the same granular stage as before mentioned. The brine is made while the butter is not in the wash water that precedes it; about a 12 per cent. solution is usual, or 11 to 12 lb. of salt to the gallon of water. When the salt is thoroughly dissolved pour the brine on the butter through a muslin, then allow the butter to stand in it for twenty minutes. The advantages of this system are that the salt is bound to be perfectly dissolved and evenly distributed throughout the butter, both these points being essential of the first class article.

The greater amount of working (within reason) that the butter receives the less moisture will it contain, but care must be taken not to overwork the butter or else the grain will be destroyed and the butter will become greasy which is not desirable. The moisture contents of good butter should not go lower than 12 per cent.

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and not higher than 15 per cent. It should certainly never run higher than 16 per cent., as it then goes beyond the law limit.

If the butter is for immediate consumption it may be put into rolls or pound prints and marketed straight away, but if it is intended for storage it should be put into crocks and packed solid with a wooden baster. In filling the crock leave about half an inch at the top and place on top of the butter a clean white cloth, and put on top of this a layer of salt which will exclude the air and will keep the butter for a considerable period.

In order to keep butter in good condition a low enough temperature must be maintained so as to check bacterial growth, which is the direct cause of butter spoiling. For this purpose a temperature of 40 deg. Fahr. or lower should be maintained.

Ireland and the Empire.

The cry is still heard that the granting of Home Rule to Ireland would be the first step toward separation, and that the ultimate aim of the leaders of the movement is an Irish Republic. The rebellion of a century ago and the recent disturbances for which the Fenian Brotherhood were responsible are put forward as evidence of the real goal of Irish Nationalism. The Ireland of to-day is a very different country from the Ireland of 1798, or even of the Gladstonian period, when Cavendish and Burke fell beneath the daggers of the Invincibles. The open sore of those days was a vicious land-holding system that gave free rein to rack-renting absentee landlords. Today, as Archbishop Bourne pointed out recently, there is no longer an Irish land question.

The removal of this great issue has vastly lessened the heat of politics in

Ireland. The Nationalist leaders no longer talk of separation, probably no longer even think of it. In a letter to The London Spectator, which is as vigorous a foe as ever of the federal idea in government and sees nothing but ruin for the Empire as the outcome of the establishment of an Irish legislature, Mr. Wm. O'Brien says:—"Under the influence of the spirit now awakening in Ireland, nothing will be easier than to reconcile the free pursuit of Irish national ideals with the cohesion and strength of the Empire as a world-power; but as to extirpating those ideals, the thing has not been done two centuries and a half after Oliver Cromwell's drastic operations for the purpose at Drogheda and at the Cross of Wexford, and in two hundred and fifty years to come—trust one who is risking something in the cause of reconciliation between the two islands—Cromwellian methods will not have advanced one inch further towards removing the political danger, which, nevertheless, a sane Imperial policy might in the present mood of Irishmen convert into one of the best bulwarks of the Empire in a single session of Parliament."

A quarter of a century hence, when local Legislatures in England, Scotland, and Ireland are dealing with the purely domestic business of the three kingdoms, leaving the Parliament at Westminster to attend to the external affairs of the Empire and its relations to other powers, the people of Great Britain will probably wonder why it took a century of conflict and half a century of colonial prosperity under the federative principle to convince them of its value.—Toronto Globe.



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Advice to Ladies CORNHILL, N. B., March 24th 1881 GENTLEMEN: This is to say that in 1881 I was very sick. Headache and heart trouble due to change of life, my life seemed to me really not worth living. Had a doctor in attendance, but kept failing away until I reached 125 lbs. I was advised to use your

Life of Man Bitters and Syrup which I did and can truly say they were wonderful. After I had taken the first two or three bottles, I felt much worse than usual, but the directions said this sometimes was the result, continued their use, and soon began to see marked improvement in strength, so that I was able to work and gained 30 lbs. In fact, thank you for placing these remedies within my reach, and most heartily recommend their use to ladies at this time of life, and advise the continuance of them as I know it somewhat taken a few dozen bottles, but the good is compared with physician's charges. I am sending you this that you may make known and thus benefit someone who may be suffering as I was. With heartfelt thanks, I am Yours very truly, MRS. JOHN POLLEY

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS Any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 15 years of age, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the local Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made in certain cases, on certain conditions, by the mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of the homesteader. Duties—Six months' residence upon the cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within the limits of the land agency or sub-agency for at least 60 days in each year, and occupied by his wife, his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister. In certain districts a homesteader is permitted to pre-empt a quarter-section of available land on the same conditions as above. Duties—Must reside upon the land for a period of six months in each of three years from date of homestead entry (exclusive of the time required to earn homestead money and cultivate fifty acres extra). A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3 per acre. Five years' residence six months in each of three years, to vacate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$1000. W. W. GORRY, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior

STOPPING THE CANNON BALL.

(By Albert W. Tolman, in the Standard.) Just as Barry Parsons put a match to his kerosene torch, Eighty-three roared smokily out from the west portal, its bright beam lancing the foggy August night like the searchlight of a battleship. The locomotive slowed down beside the platform, and a shaky arm signaled from the cab. Two men hurried up, dragged a limp fireman off the footboard, and stretched him on a baggage-truck. The engineer unclamped a water-saturated sponge from his face as he swung off the step. "Want a doctor?" asked somebody. "No, Jerry'll come around in a little while. He stuck to it till the centre, then dropped. Couldn't have stood it myself without a sponge. Hope that fan'll be working next time we go through."

Before him rose a low sighing, gradually growing deeper and louder. Fifty-Nine! He stepped into a dog-hole in the wall, and presently a long freight roared by. After it had passed he could barely stagger down the track. Pah! That coal smoke! He could taste the cinders gritting between his teeth. Little by little he was losing hold of himself. He could not tell whether that pounding and ringing was outside his head or inside. But at last the west-portal was only a quarter-mile off. He passed the old seam, barely noticing it. All he cared for now was to get out. Suddenly there came a dull roar behind him. Forgetting his sickness, Barry ran back until he reached a slope of fallen bricks and earth choking the passage. A section of the roof had fallen. Instinctively he felt thankful for his own escape; then dread chilled him. The "Cannon-Ball Express," the finest and fastest train on the road, was almost due. Unless warned, it would crash into the obstruction. Should he rush out and telephone the alarm to the east portal, or should he try to break through the mass and plant his torpedo? He looked at his watch. By this time the flier was surely in the tunnel. There was no possible way of stopping it from behind. A block system, which would have checked the train immediately and rendered disaster impossible, was to be installed that autumn. But now there was nothing. Before he could hurry out and return with help the train would plunge into the barrier. No, it all rested with him. If he could not break through in time to give the alarm it would be bad for the people on the cars. Ahead was the cool, fresh summer night; behind, the choking tunnel beyond the fallen bricks and earth. Instinct said, "Get out, quick!" Duty said, "Go back!" Scrambling up the uneven slope into the thick smoke close under the roof, he set down his torch and began tearing at the heap like a madman. It was enough to cut a man's eyes out, that gas. Once, twice, he fell forward on the debris, and almost drifted off into insensibility; but the remembrance of the rushing train brought him back. Suddenly the earth yielded, and his arm went through. It was possible, then to pierce the barrier. His nails splintered on the bricks and his fingers bled as he dug and burrowed and fought careless whether or not he brought down fresh earth and buried himself. He looked at his watch, grudging the few seconds he took. Five minutes more if the train were on time—hardly five minutes! Could he be making an opening large enough to worm through? That gas would eat his lungs as full of holes as a piece of old lace. He was obsessed by the feeling that the roof was settling. The millions of tons above weighed him down stupendously. Without warning a mass of earth fell, smothering his torch. He worked on in utter darkness. No mole was ever blinder, ever dug harder. More dirt fell. What if he were caught there, and the engine should dash into the heap, head on! There came a faint sound like the murmur of falling water, like the note of distant surf. Through the enlarging hole the smoke puffed, warm and nauseating. The train had crossed the flat. In four minutes it would hurtle against the barrier. Barry was too good a railroad man not to know what that meant. He sickened at the idea of a wreck between those close walls—cars jammed together, heaped up, splintered, burning, and to crown all, the horror of suffocation. It must never be! He thrust himself desperately into the opening and wriggled along. It was a tight squeeze. Bright lights danced before him, starry, twinkling points. With a violent effort he threw himself forward, and went down the drift head foremost in the pitchy blackness. At least he felt the bare ties under his feet. Back into the trebly thick and choking reek he ran, stumbling blindly, one arm before his face as if to ward off a foe. He could last just so long. It was merely a question whether he could plant his torpedo far enough from the mass to save the train. Every yard gained meant a better chance for the passengers. He fell once, and sprang up with face bleeding, and ran on, on, on, through the thick darkness against the swelling sound. The air quivered thickly. He could feel the push of the coming train as the smoke, displaced and driven ahead by the rushing cars, flowed round him like a current. The locomotive was coming twenty feet to his one. Its murmur deepened into a grumble, the grumble into a rumble, the rumble into a roar, the roar into thunder. It filled the tunnel, it dinned in his ears like the trumpeting of an enormous elephant. Terror seized Barry. He tried to go faster, but simply lurched along. He could not run any more; he could not even stand upright, with his head in that fearful smoke. Dropping on hands and knees, he crept along the ties like a blind caterpillar. He did not care what happened to himself so long as he got the torpedo set in time. If he did not place it far enough off, the train would crash into the slide; if he waited too long, the engine would be upon him before he got a chance to set it at all. His hands shook, his knees trembled. He tried to peer through the smoke, imagining he saw the headlight long before it actually appeared. He seemed infinitesimal, a mere ant crawling through the blackness, racing the engine for the lives behind it. A faint gray glimmer ahead, and Barry suddenly realized he was creeping between the rails on which the train was coming. Dragging himself over upon the stone drain between the tracks, he fumbled in his pocket for the torpedo. He found it and pulled it out. There were hundreds of thousands of dollars in that little cartridge he could not see, nipped between his thumb and forefinger, lives, too, how many he did not know, probably of an engineer and a fireman, perhaps of an express agent and a baggage-master, to say nothing of the passengers. It was worth thousands of times its weight in gold. In all his life he had never held anything so valuable before. A hazy light glimmered from wall to wall. The rail was vibrating. He did not dare wait a second longer. For two or three sick, giddy moments, terrible moments, he hung over the rail, while that monstrous thing of iron came thundering nearer, nearer. Then the headlight glared right over him and the pilot almost brushed his sleeve as he snatched his arm away. A typhoon whirled round him sucking him forward as the tremendous mass shot by. He had done all he could, his best. Up he sprang with just sense enough to topple back toward the other track. With a crash the train and tunnel vanished and he fell for miles and miles into a deep, quiet darkness. When Harry came to himself, he was lying on a baggage truck outside the portal. He looked up, caught the number of a locomotive close by, and closed his eyes again, sick, but at peace. The "Canon-Ball" was safe.

Wonderful Waterfalls. "Gleaming gossamer veils which hang 'twixt earth and sky" Switzerland has been called the "Land of Waterfalls," and words are meagre things with which to describe the loveliness of the gleaming gossamer veils which hang 'twixt earth and sky, where the craggy peaks of the Alps cut the heavens into serrated points and snow-clad mountains mingle with the clouds. It seems as if these mist-like streams, falling from heavenly heights, if not from heaven itself, brought to man the essence of heavenly purity, as white and soft and light as an angel's wing, they foam over the dark rocks into the shimmering emerald of the vale below. Most marvellous of all these Swiss waterfalls is that of the Staubbach, where Lauterbrunnen rests in the deep and rocky valley upon the White Lutschine. The little town so beloved by tourists is picturesquely surrounded by snow-capped mountains, where the rose-hued Jungfrau rises serene and calm beside the sterner Breithorn. The spot is well named "Lauterbrunnen"—"nothing but springs," for countess waterfalls trickle down the hillsides or dash in foaming beauty from the precipitous crags. Most famous of all these falls are the Staubbach and Trummelbach. The former dashes into a green valley over a craggy rock eight hundred feet high in a veil of dazzling beauty, the spray foaming into snowy particles as fine as dust from which arises the name, "dust stream"; ere it reaches the pretty valley with its green meadows and flower-besprinkled meads, with its quaint chalets, its white bellied church, its peace and calm. The Trummelbach gushes from a cavern of reddish-brown rock in the mountainside, a splendid sheet of water, foaming and swirling to reach the stream below like some imprisoned waterspirit struggling to be free. Nature has lent all her arts to heighten the beauty of the Geissbach, for its seven cascades fall in undulating floods of beauty from the Schwartzhorn nine hundred and eighty feet. "From the broad highlands black with pines, Fair as the hills of paradise that rise Bathed in the tint Peruvian slaves behold In rosy flushes on the virgin gold." Blue are the skies above the Geissbach, blue as the gentian which besprinkles the mead below, where the azure flower vies in beauty with the Alpine roses, the potentillas, and forget-me-nots which nestle in the

waving grasses. The foaming waters of the falls are not more silvery white than the starry edelweiss which grow beside its brink, snow-flowers white and velvety, their silvery leaves of almost celestial beauty. Larches, rhododendrons, and, higher up, firs grow beside the Geissbach; higher still the bare rocks show only tufts of soft green moss fading into gray-lined lichens where the mountains meet the sky. One of the charms of Swiss waterfalls lies in the diversity of scenery that surrounds them, the snow peaks which reach up into the clouds, green slopes, the fertile meadows with their azure lakes. Nature smiles, too, upon those famous Italian falls, "Cascate della Marmore." The falls of Terni have been famous for centuries, and nothing in all the world of waterfalls is more beautiful than the shimmering sheets of water, billowing through the fringes of green, where the almost tropical vegetation of the forest leaps over the water. The height of the fall is nine hundred feet, and in its volume of water, and in the beauty of surroundings one seldom sees a picture more perfect. Olive and ilex trees show beside the waters, leaning far over the stream and reflecting a thousand shades of living green in the foaming spray which turns to rainbow hues beneath the setting sun. An on-looker stands speechless, deriving, "A pure organic pleasure from the silver wreaths Of curling mist, or from the foaming plate, Of waters colored by o'erarching clouds." At this point the Velino empties its torrent into the Nera, and when the snows of winter come from the mountains and melt under the fierce rays of the Italian sun, a torrent dashes along which threatens to inundate the plain of the Rieti. In the old days Marcus Curius Dentatus tried to obviate these difficulties by constructing a channel for the water, which channel is in existence at the present day. Two other water courses were cut in later years, one, the "Cava Gregoriana," in 1417, the other, the "Cava Paolina," in 1546. The deposits of sediment in the river bed became so great, however, that it constantly rose, and finding the danger to Rieti still grave, Pope Clement VIII. reopened the original channel in 1598, while in 1787 still another was necessary. To-day still another outlet is required, and the Velino Fall remains ever a mooted point between the people of Rieti and Terni. It is to be hoped that the skill of our modern engineers may devise some method by which the excess may be controlled without marring the beauty of the scene. The practical American mind would promptly turn to the question of utilizing the waste water, but to the beauty-loving Italian this would be a crime, unless it could be accomplished without injury to the artistic beauty of the landscape. One does not, as a rule, connect waterfalls with tropical climes, yet some of the world's most wonderful falls are found in the Philippines, the Magdalo Fall in Laguna being a marvel of picturesque beauty. It falls over a huge rock through a veil of luxuriant green foliage, into the waters of the silver stream beneath, like a bridal veil of shimmering white. The Waitepari Fall in New Zealand, with its fringe of palms, ferns and tropic flowers is not less beautiful. Of a like tropic beauty of surroundings are the famous Falls of Ygnassu in the land of "Las Misiones," where the Upper Parana flows by the country made famous by the Jesuit missions, parts of which are still standing though built in the sixteenth century. The junction of the Ygnassu and the Upper Parana is the meeting-place of three South American Republics, for Brazil, Argentine and Paraguay touch at this point, separated only by the silver ribbon that flows below the falls. The river above the falls makes a sudden bend almost at right angles, and this gives to the waterfall a great extent than that of almost any other known falls in the world. As the river makes this turn the main volume of water rushes around the inner bank and is discharged into a long, narrow gorge, at one point making a plunge of over 200 feet. The rest of the water swings into the wide elbow formed by the bend, forming wonderful rapids and whirlpools before reaching the edge of the cliff, over which it plunges in two great leaps of a hundred feet each, in a vast semi-circle of three thousand feet. The double fall is the most striking feature of this cataract, the rocky shelf which breaks the falls being at some points only a few feet wide, at others from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet. The scenery surrounding these falls is of a peculiarly somber grandeur. For several miles before the cataract is reached the river rolls along over a sullen mass of huge boulders through the eternal silence of the forests. The fall is so vast and the outline so broken that it is with difficulty that one can gain a correct idea of its immense width. On the other hand the sight of the

Each grate bar has three sides—long wear. When only one side of a grate bar is continually next to the fire all the wear is concentrated on that one side. The life of the grate bar is thus naturally just one-third as long as when the wear is distributed on three sides. That explains why Sunshine grates have three lives. Each of the four grate bars has three sides. Each time the ashes are "rocked down" (no shaking with Sunshine) the side next to the fire can be changed. Thus the life of the grates is greatly prolonged. When desired, the heavy bull dog teeth on the grates will seize hold of clinkers, grind them up, and drop the particles into the ash-pan. Buy the Sunshine—the durable, convenient, economical furnace, guaranteed by largest furnace makers in British Empire. 52



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With this as your guide you cannot possibly err in the choice of fine silverware.

Best tea sets, dishes, waiters, etc., are stamped MERIDEN BRITA CO. SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS "Silver Plate that Wears"

A Treatise on the Horse, FREE

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

Couderay, Wis. Oct. 25th, 1909 "Please send me your book 'A Treatise on The Horse'—I saw by your ad that it was free, but if it cost \$5, I would not be without it, as I think I have saved two valuable horses in the last year by following directions in your book." William Napes. It's free. Get a copy when you buy Kendall's Spavin Cure at your dealer's. If he should not have it, write us. 40 Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., Essexburg Falls, Va.



ASEPTO SOAP POWDER

sweetens the home

ASK YOUR GROCER

Temperate Drinks

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

ROUS' CELEBRATED DRINKS, Ice Cold.

which quench the thirst and are good for the system. All kinds of Staple and Fancy Groceries always on hand and all goods guaranteed or money refunded.

D. R. GRAHAM

Tel. 78. Best Flour for Sale.

NOTICE.

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

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

Maritime Dental College

Affiliated with Dalhousie University and Halifax Medical College.

Session opens August 30th, 1910.

For information and calendar address DR. FRANK WOODBURY, Dean 192 Pleasant St., Halifax, N. S.

CARRIAGES!

One carload just received. Best workmanship, material and design. Our prices are the lowest and we give good terms. Do not buy till you call on us.

BONNER'S.

Hides! Hides! 500 Hides Wanted

C. B. Whidden & Son are paying cash as usual and pay as high as the highest. Also want 1000 Pelts

C. B. Whidden & Son.

LAND SALE.

1907, C. No. 562

In the County Court, for District No. 6.

Between D. GRANT KIRK, Plaintiff, and JOHN J. McINTOSH, Defendant.

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

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

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

LAND,

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

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

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

A. J. O. McGUIRE, Sheriff of Guysborough County.

ALLAN MACDONALD, Plaintiff's Solicitor on Execution.

Dated at Sheriff's office, Aug. 29, 1910.

FARM FOR SALE.

The farm situated at Rear Arisalg, owned by the undersigned is offered for sale. It consists of 300 acres of excellent land, on which there is abundance of hard and soft wood. For further particulars apply to

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

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ESTABLISHED, 1854

THE CASKET

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT ANTONISH BY THE CASKET PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED.

M. DONOVAN, Manager.

Subscriptions Payable in Advance

RATES—Canada, \$1.00 per year; United States, \$1.50

There is what is called the worldly spirit which enters with the greatest subtlety into the character of even good people...

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8.

HOW IS THE BOY TO KNOW?

Now that the Royal Commission on Technical Education is gathering up all data and opinions that are likely to throw light on that subject...

For instance, a boy displays a natural talent for drawing, a natural sense of proportion, and an aptitude for mathematics. These point in the direction of architecture...

Very few lawyers have any distinct notion of what the practice of law means, before deciding upon it as their life's work.

Every normal man cherishes a great admiration for the noble work of the physician; and boys imagine themselves drawing back the sick man from the clutches of death...

And very often, the supposed profitability of a profession is the attraction that decides the choice.

The same mistake occurs in respect to all other professions and occupations. There used to be a notion, pretty generally held, that, at any rate, any man would do for a farmer.

But how are the boys to know? We asked this question years ago, and it is still unanswered, so far as we know.

We ask the question now of the Royal Commission, to be answered, as far as it can be answered, in their report. Technical Education is excellent, but, though it gives the boy the expert knowledge he needs in respect to the occupation he has decided to adopt...

Our London Letter.

LONDON, Aug. 25th, 1910.

The last few days have been marked by quite a group of events in connection with Church extension in Great Britain. That energetic Society of the Apostolic Missions which is the first outcome of Father Herbert Vaughan's recent sojourn in the States is engaged in the erection of yet another mission on the outskirts of London...

In the Liverpool diocese, too, Dr. Whiteside has been busy in the same work of consecrating and opening new Churches. That at Cropton near Rainhill was another gift from a devoted family, the members of which have already given generously of their wealth and their service to the Church of God.

But the second solemn opening performed by Dr. Whiteside last Sunday is an historical event in the annals of Catholic revival in a quiet little corner of Britain which usually escapes the notice of the visitor to our shores, though it is not the least lovely region of our varied islands. This is the Isle of Man where Christianity flourished in the fifth century, brought there from the neighbouring Isle of Erin and fostered by the teaching and preaching of St. Maughold.

Many people took advantage of the opportunities given on Wednesday evening and this morning by the arrival and departure of Cardinal Vanutelli en route for Montreal to get a glimpse of that noble face and gracious figure which are indelibly impressed on the hearts and imaginations of those of us who were members of the London Congress.

The scene at the Liverpool landing today when the magnificent Empress of Ireland received her distinguished guests was a brilliant and memorable one. Over 270 Catholic priests, ladies, and gentlemen arrived under the auspices of the Catholic Association, then came Cardinal Logue with his secretary and Monsignor Segrave, and the two Cardinals boarded the steamer together.

"Punch" is one of those institutions of the last century which has survived undimmed in these hypercritical days. To most people Linley Sambourne, the genial hunchback's clever cartoonist, is an old friend who will be sadly missed in the weekly pages, but it is interesting to us to know that his successor, one who has for years occupied a place at the famous table, is a Catholic.

An interesting Catholic ruin narrowly escaped destruction by fire last week, when a conflagration amongst some hayricks threatened to spread to the old Priory buildings still standing at Dartford and actually did catch a portion of the wall.

varied career. The son of a doctor, he was apprenticed to an architect but could not take to the profession and left it for the stage, only finding his true vocation as an artist later in life.

Before we lay away the name of Florence Nightingale amidst the lavender of sweet memories, I may quote one gracious tribute which she herself paid to another noble woman, which shows the lovely spirit of the writer, her freedom, in those early days, from anything approaching bigotry and her clear comprehension of the highest aspirations of a Catholic virgin.

"I do not presume to express praise or gratitude to you, Rev. Mother, because it would look as though I thought you had done this work not unto God but unto me. You were far above me in fitness for the general superintendency, in worldly talent of administration, and far more in the spiritual qualifications which God values in a Superior. My being placed over you was my misfortune, not my fault.

Perhaps never in its history has the noble Cathedral of Embsay been so crowded as it was last Sunday morning for the consecration of the Most Rev. Dr. Cleary as Bishop of Auckland, New Zealand. While his friends of the last twenty years may miss the great sight of his elevation to this great dignity, the circumstances that it occurred in his old home brought the friends of his earlier years flocking round the good priest, to add joy to the day by their presence and their prayers.

Three Anglican clergymen have now resigned their livings in Brighton rather than submit to the Bishop of Chichester's decree that whatever they do in private they are not to worship the "Reserved Sacrament" in public. This latest action on the part of High Anglicans certainly marks an epoch in the movement, for hitherto they have been quite content to be passive resisters where their bishop was concerned.

On the ship on which Cardinal Vanutelli came to Canada, twelve altars were erected for the use of the clerical delegates on board. At Rimouski, the Legate and his party were met by Archbishop Bruchesi of Montreal and conveyed up the river in the Canadian Government Steamship "Lady Grey." They landed at Quebec, Three Rivers, and Sorel, at which places they received receptions. The Cardinal Legate celebrated Mass in the Basilica at Quebec, assisted by Archbishop Begin of Quebec, after which the party visited the Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre.

Previously acknowledged, \$1334 00 Dr. W. Hantley Macdonald, 50 00 Antigonish, 10 00 A Friend, Antigonish, 10 00 Mrs. C. McGarvey, New York, 5 00

III. At least one Royal Princess lies in the old church, a daughter of Edward IV, and there are still extant deeds relating to property in Billington and Pudding Lane which belonged to the Monks, and brought in a handsome revenue even in those days.

Amongst the many Scottish delegates who have departed for Canada, and several of whom hope to visit Nova Scotia, is Canon Turner, M. R., of Lennoxton, who has studied the the Eucharistic Congresses of recent years and is already an authority on the history of this marvellous movement.

Amongst distinguished priestly invalids are the Rev. Dom Oswald Hunter Blair who is in London from Brazil for the purpose of consulting a specialist regarding his eyes, and the Very Rev. Monsignor MacIntosh, Vice Rector of the Scots College at Rome, who recently underwent a serious operation in Edinburgh but is now convalescing in a quiet resort on the Fifeshire coast.

CATHOLICUS.

The Eucharistic Congress.

(Continued from page 1.)

- "The Eucharist and the Early Irish Church," Rt. Rev. Bishop Clancy, Sligo, Ireland. "School Children and Daily Mass," Rev. Hugh Canning, Toronto, Ont. "Retreats for Laymen," Rev. Terence J. Shealy, S. J., New York. "The Training of the People in Liturgical Singing," Mr. Dudley Baxter, Southsea, England. "Priestly Homage to the Most Blessed Sacrament," Very Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Ind. "The Uplifting of a Parish by Frequent Communion," Rt. Rev. Mgr. John O'Brien, Boston, Mass. "The Holy Hour"—Manner of Making It Attractive; Rev. James Coyle, Taunton, Mass. "The Organization of Catechism Classes," Rt. Rev. Mgr. Francis H. Wall, D. D., New York. "Priests' Eucharistic League," Rev. E. Poirier, S. S. S., New York. "Fostering Vocations for the Priesthood," Rev. R. Neagle, Malden, Mass. "Men's Societies and the Most Blessed Sacrament," Rev. M. J. O'Brien, D. D., Peterboro, Ont. "Societies for Young People Leaving School," Rev. D. J. Quinn, S. J., New York. "The Eucharist and Modern Society," Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S. J., London, England. "Frequent Communion and Young Girls in Large Cities," Rev. J. L. Hand, Toronto, Ont. "Altar Societies," Miss Anna T. Sadlier, Ottawa, Ont. "The Tribute of a Great Century to the Eucharist," Dr. James J. Walsh, New York. "Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament," Rev. H. Reginald Buckler, O. P., Woodchester, England. "First Communion," Rev. Mother Mary Loyola, York, England. "The Eucharist and Devotion to the Sacred Heart," Rev. Lewis Drummond, S. J., New York. "Influence of Religious Home Training," Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, Chicago, Ill.

The General Secretary of the English-speaking section is Rev. Gerald J. McShane, S. S., St. Patrick's Church.

While vital interest in the Congress centres in the united acts of love, the united adoration, from so many hearts offered to God in the Blessed Eucharist, the Congress will be long remembered as the greatest gathering of Church dignitaries and distinguished laymen ever seen on this Continent, up to the present day.

Montreal has made great preparations to do them honour. Never in the history of that city, have the accommodations been more severely taxed by the numbers of people in attendance. The labor of weeks has been given to decorating and making ready the route of the great procession. The figures of chief interest amongst the visitors will, naturally, be Cardinal Vanutelli, who is the Pope's Legate; that veteran of the Church in Ireland, Cardinal Logue, and Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore.

On the ship on which Cardinal Vanutelli came to Canada, twelve altars were erected for the use of the clerical delegates on board. At Rimouski, the Legate and his party were met by Archbishop Bruchesi of Montreal and conveyed up the river in the Canadian Government Steamship "Lady Grey." They landed at Quebec, Three Rivers, and Sorel, at which places they received receptions. The Cardinal Legate celebrated Mass in the Basilica at Quebec, assisted by Archbishop Begin of Quebec, after which the party visited the Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre. The Cardinal Legate visited the Catholic Temperance Congress at Laval, where he received an ovation from a great gathering. He congratulated them on the work that the temperance societies were doing for the uplifting of humanity, and blessed them in the name of the Sovereign Pontiff.

The papers remark upon the splendid physique and appearance of the Legate. Though 74 years of age, he does not look it. He is above the average in height, and is of distinguished appearance. He and Cardinal Logue were met at Quebec by Hon. L. P. Brodeur and Hon. Charles Murphy, members of the Dominion Government, and Sir Lomer Gouin, Premier of Quebec.

We hope to give our readers as full an account as possible next week, of the proceedings and ceremonies of the week.

Hospital Building Fund.

Previously acknowledged, \$1334 00 Dr. W. Hantley Macdonald, 50 00 Antigonish, 10 00 A Friend, Antigonish, 10 00 Mrs. C. McGarvey, New York, 5 00

DRUMMOND GOAL

INTERCOLONIAL COAL MINING COMPANY, Limited Westville, - Nova Scotia

For Sale at ANTONISH by JAMES KENNA

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

Bargains That Count

25 PER CENT. OFF

The unusually backward season upset all our calculations, and the only way to make up for lost time is to offer values that are distinctly worth your while.

Now's Your Chance!

These are the best values we have ever offered.

Table with 4 columns: Men's Suits, Reg., \$10.00 now \$ 7.50, etc.

The clothing is all new and of the highest grade.

A. KIRK & COMPANY

The Royal Bank of Canada

Established over thirty years in Antigonish.

Branches in Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

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

Savings' Department

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

Antigonish Branch

J. F. BLAGDON, Manager

THOMAS SOMERS General Store.

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

Ready-Made Clothing

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

Boots and Shoes

We are leaders in offering good serviceable footwear. large stock to select from.

Brantford Carriages

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

Dairy Supplies

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

THOMAS SOMERS

General News.

Mrs. Lewis Tanner, a young married woman, living at Black Rocks, five miles east of Lunenburg, N. S., was accidentally drowned in a well on Monday afternoon.

Premier Whitney of Ontario, now in England, tells the London Standard the mother country must do something to bind closer the colonies or something serious will happen.

German socialists have won in so many by-elections that it is computed they will be able to elect one hundred and fifteen members of the next Reichstag. The old parties are afraid of a socialist landslide.

A German army officer was arrested at Portsmouth, Eng., on Monday, while engaged in sketching the fortifications. Documents found him include sketches of all the forts along the hills. He is in prison.

The cloak makers' strike, one of the greatest industrial disturbances in the history of American labor, was settled Friday night. Seventy thousand garment workers, who have been idle for nine weeks, return to work. The industrial loss in millions. The loss of wages alone has been estimated at more than \$10,000,000. One feature of the settlement is the abolition of all work at home.

After much suffering all of the 32 men comprising the crew of the British freight steamer West Point, which burned to the water's edge in mid-ocean on Sunday last are safe. Captain Pinkham and fifteen men of his crew who had been with him for five days in an open boat, latterly without food, were picked up by the Cunard liner Mauretania, New York for Liverpool, Sunday. Meanwhile an equal number of the crew of the ill-fated steamer, headed by the chief mate is approaching Boston aboard the Leyland liner Devonian, which accomplished their rescue on Friday morning at 9.30 a. m. Both boats crews had terrible experiences while adrift on the ocean.

Mr. Birrell, replying to a question in the House of Commons by Mr. Amiteage, has given the estimated population of Ireland at the middle of each of the years 1902 to 1909, both inclusive, as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Year (1902-1909) and Population (4,434,274 to 4,371,570)

It will be seen that an estimated decrease was reported each year except last, when there was an increase of 115.

The strenuous Roosevelt is still making "copy" for the press of the United States. At present he is on a tour of the Western States, addressing large crowds of people at railway stations, exhibitions and various other public places. He is received with enthusiasm by the mass of the people, who apparently are delighted with the man. Every action of the ex-President is chronicled, and incidents of small moment become sensational reading in the press. At one place he rode a broncho to the applause of the cowboys, all of whom are great admirers of the Rough Rider. At Fargo, N. D., just after he had addressed the people and when he was receiving their congratulations, a man reached the platform, secured a hearing and accused Mr. Roosevelt of travelling at the public expense. The ex-President angrily seized the man and had him ejected from the building. No doubt he is once more after the nomination for the Presidency. His speeches are on subjects of great political interest to the people of the United States. His vigorous language and his courageous and original propositions keep him in the forefront of the public men of the Republic, if not of the world. That he must be reckoned with by the leaders of the Republican party is acknowledged on all sides. Many of them regard him as the only man capable of retaining republican control of the country while other thinking republicans fear his aggressive nature, feeling that he has ambitions that will lead him to override the constitution once he has achieved a great personal triumph in the political game of his Country. His career in the near future will continue to be a leading subject for "copy" for the press.

Farewell to Rev. Father J. A. Gillis.

(Victoria B. C., Orphan's Friend). On July 7th the Knights of Columbus assembled to bid farewell to their worthy chaplain and to present him an address. Although on leave for the good of his health, Father Gillis did not spare himself in the least, and especially at school, his devotedness was untiring for the advancement of his pupils. During his short stay at the Cathedral, he has endeared himself to many a heart, and he certainly carries with him the good wishes of all who knew him.

Here was inserted the address. We regret that a rule of ours, made many years ago, prevents our giving the words thereof in full. Though the Knights recognized that Fr. Gillis' stay in the West was but temporary, yet they deplored his intended departure from Victoria. Realizing that they were losing a sag counsellor both in matters of religion, literature and topics of the day, they wished to assure Fr. Gillis of their sincere respect for his removal from their midst and of their prayers and good wishes for his future health and success in his noble work.

Father Gillis, in reply, said that he felt unequal to the occasion in finding words suitable to the beautiful address. However much he would say, the final word would always be the painful good-bye. He was going back to Glace Bay, N. S., at the other extremity of the Dominion and would be unable to carry to his own Council the pleasant news of the good work done by the Knights here. His remarks were couched in beautiful language. Bishop MacDonald and other mem-

bers of the Council also spoke, incidentally expressing the wish that possibly Father Gillis might be enabled to wend his way back here at some future time.

Officers of Alumni Association of St. Francis Xavier's College for the Year 1910-1911.

- President—Dr. D. M. Chisholm, Pt. Hood, C. B. 1st Vice-President—Dr. P. A. McGarry, Canso, N. S. 2nd Vice-President—Finlay McDonald, Sydney, C. B. Secretary-Treasurer—D. D. Boyd, Executive—Dr. J. J. Cameron, Antigonish; Rev. C. F. McKinnon, Sydney Mines; T. M. Phelan, North Sydney; A. A. McIntyre, Sydney; Rev. J. H. McDonald, College; J. A. McDonald, Halifax; Dr. G. H. Murphy, Dominion. Auditors—T. J. Bonner, and A. D. Chisholm. Alumni Representative on Board of Governors—J. S. O'Brien.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of The Casket:

DEAR SIR:—In the last three issues of your valuable journal your readers have been reading letters of accusations and excuses by correspondents blaming officials for the tardy and ineffective manner in which the Liquor Act is being enforced in this Town on the one hand and explaining the reason why on the other. It may not be unprofitable to change the trend of this discussion, and deal with the moral effect of such legislation. The object of the promoters of the law was to establish sobriety through legislative enactments in every community within the Province. The law was passed with the avowed purpose of totally prohibiting the sale, in any form, of intoxicating liquors, and establishing the reign of temperance throughout the land. Particularly as such liquors are permitted to be manufactured in and imported into Canada under the sanction of law, it is questionable whether or not a provincial law looking to the prohibiting of the retail thereof is more the enemy than the friend of temperance. The question arises whether sumptuary laws which interfere with the freedom self-reliance of every individual, and the exercise of his reason which is given him to control his passions, is opposed to the spirit and teaching of the gospel, and in contravention of the Divine law. Such laws would be classed by St. Thomas of Aquin as unjust laws because they are not in accordance with right reason, and therefore do not flow from the eternal.

Our Saviour when upon earth taught and inculcated temperance, but he did not insist on total abstinence except as a self-sacrifice. The attitude of the Catholic Church has always been in line with the scriptural conception of temperance. So are the views of the most eminent divines, Catholic as well as non-Catholic Doctors and theologians teach on biblical grounds the necessity of temperance in eating and drinking. They never condemn the moderate use of intoxicating liquors any more than they condemn the use of other foods necessary for the sustenance of life. Eminent physicians recommend their use by persons in the various avocations and stations in life, as conducive to health—the use not the abuse thereof.

The above statements involve propositions which would take too much space to discuss within the compass of an ordinary newspaper correspondence. I shall therefore confine myself to citing from the opinions of a few of the many men competent, on account of their deep learning and wide experience, to judge on the points touched upon.

The scriptural conception of temperance presented by the Old and New Testament—moderation in eating and drinking—was uniformly carried out in the early Christian era. St. Paul says: "Use little wine for thine often infirmity." The Fathers of the primitive church denounced intemperance. Clement of Alexandria warned the young not to use wine, but to those of mature age he said: "Towards evening, about supper time, wine may be used. But we must not go into intemperate potations." St. Augustine denounced drunkenness, but approved of the moderate use of wine. He wrote against the Manichaeans, who forbade the drinking of wine as an evil in itself. This heresy of the Manichaeans, namely, that wine was the product of darkness and the source of all evil, was condemned by the Christian Church.

Cardinal Gibbons does not believe that prohibition will succeed in suppressing the use of intoxicating liquors. He says: "If conditions are such that men must have a drink, and women too, very often, the suppression of its manufacture will not be the means of compelling them to discontinue its use. Were prohibition to become the law of the land, as society is at present constituted, smuggling would become an enterprise of magnitude, and illicit stills would spring up in many places throughout the country."

The Episcopal Bishop Potter says: "Our prohibitory laws, whether we put them in operation one day only, or on all days are as stupid as they are ineffectual." Bishop Grafton (Episcopal): "I cannot see the benefits to be derived from compulsory abstinence. Rabid temperance workers have accomplished very little toward destroying the drink evil."

Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby of the Presbyterian Church goes so far as to say that "Prohibition is the greatest enemy to a much needed reform."

On the question of moderate drinking and hygiene I shall only quote of the many eminent men in the medical profession whose opinions have been obtained. Professor T. J. Clouston, Edinburgh: "Alcohol is a food, and may, in a diluted form be a very valuable adjunct to ordinary food, by exciting appetite, by improving digestion, and by stimulating certain natural processes, as for example the laying on of fat. As luxury, a producer of sub-

jective feelings of happiness, and organic satisfaction, it seems to me to be perfectly legitimate if it is used in strict moderation, and its dangers are kept in mind and avoided."

Prof. Paul Heger of Brussels: "I agree entirely with the opinion of those physiologists who refuse to interdict the use of beer or wine; to prohibit beer because it contains a small dose of poison which is called alcohol would lead us in the name of pitiless logic to also prohibit tea, because it contains a certain amount of poison, thine; to prohibit coffee which contains caffeine; to prohibit even meat itself which undoubtedly contains organic poisons."

The immoderate—or, if you please, the intemperate—use of coffee has been known to produce delirium tremens.

It has been found that the prohibitory liquor laws of States of adjoining union have had the effect of promoting perjury and a disrespect for law. Those who seek through legislative enactments to compel people to be sober—to be good—should take a warning from the operation and result of enforcing the Blue Laws of Connecticut, the effect of which is to-day a crop of divorces and race-suicides.

Yours, etc. LEX. Antigonish, Aug. 29, 1910.

DIED.

At Tracadie, on 5th inst., SIRON GIBBON, aged ninety-six years. May his soul rest in peace!

At Ymir, B. C., on July 18th, ALLAN McDONALD, aged 26 years, son of the late D. H. McDonald, Lakevale, Ant. He leaves a sorrowing mother, three brothers and three sisters to mourn his loss. May he rest in peace!

At Dunvegan, Inverness Co., on the morning of August 18th, 1910, RONALD D. McISAAC, aged 41 years. He retired in the evening in his usual health. Not appearing in the morning, his mother sought him, and was sadly shocked to find that he had passed away. A kind and sober young man, he had many friends, who with his bereaved parents and brothers, will mourn his death. His funeral was largely attended. R.I.P.

At Mayfield, Sept. 1st, 1910, after a long illness, borne with true Christian patience and resignation to the will of God, DUNCAN McLEAN, beloved son of Janet and Joseph McLean, aged 77 years. A great favorite with all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and a bright boy, he will be sorely missed. The sympathy of the community is extended to his sorrowing parents, two sisters and brother who deeply mourn his loss. He was consoling by all the sacraments of the Holy Catholic Church. May his soul rest in peace!

At Lawrence, Mass., on August 16th, of heart failure, SYDNEY J. McDONALD, aged 63 years, an old and respected citizen of the above city where he had resided for 25 years, and a native of Doctor's Brook, Antigonish. He leaves to mourn his loss an aged mother, a sorrowful wife, eight daughters and two sons, residents of Massachusetts, and four sisters and three brothers, one of whom is Dougal McDonald of Doctor's Brook, Ant. Though the great summons came suddenly, he had, at his last hour, the ministrations of the clergy. Interment was in the family lot at the Immaculate Conception Cemetery, after Requiem High Mass. May he rest in peace!

On August 15th, 1910, at the Nova Scotia Hospital, Lunenburg, occurred the death of Hector McDonald of Glace Bay. The deceased was born at Glace Bay and was 46 years of age. He was the son of Donald McDonald. When quite young he went to Antigonish and took a position as clerk in one of the leading stores. He occupied later a similar position in several large stores, and afterwards became a member of the firm of Gilles & McDonald. After the dissolution of that firm he entered the clerical staff of the Dominion Coal Co.'s stores, a position which he filled with great satisfaction to his employers for many years, until about a year ago, when failing health compelled him to resign. Two months ago he had a paralytic stroke, and continually grew weaker. A week before his death in the hope that a change would improve his condition, he was removed to the above named hospital. There was no improvement, however, and he passed peacefully away after a pious reception of the last rites of the Church. He was possessed of a most amiable disposition, and was always a great favorite among those with whom he associated. He was first married to Miss Johanna Handrigan of Sydney, who died about twelve years ago. He was afterwards married to Miss Margaret McDonald who survives him and who arrived in Halifax from Glace Bay just in time to be at his bedside when he died. She has the sympathy of a large circle of friends in Glace Bay and Sydney and throughout the whole of Cape Breton. The remains were brought to Glace Bay, and after a Requiem High Mass at St. Ann's Church, were interred in the Catholic cemetery.

Acknowledgments.

- John Gillis, Sr. Codroy, \$1.00 D. A. Donald, Sydney, 1.00 Annie Chisholm, King's Head, 1.00 Allan Chisholm, Malton, 1.00 Mrs. John Melour, Harbour au Bouche, 1.00 Augustus McInnis, Braselton, 1.00 Urban Monbourquette, L'Ardoise, 1.00 Maurice O'Connell, Webster Corner, 2.00 Dougal A. Cameron, McPherson's P. O., 1.00 Dougal A. Cameron, Loch Katrine, 1.00 John McDonald, Somerville, 1.00 E. Cody, Kaslo, 2.00 Rev. H. D. Barry, Malandieu, 1.00 J. D. Grant, Bishop's, 1.00 Mrs. Valentine Chisholm, Antigonish, 1.00 E. Purcell, Mulgrave, 1.00 John C. Chisholm, Chicago, 1.00 Dr. A. C. Gillis, Baltimore, 3.00 Margaret Campbell, Halifax, 1.00 John Gillis, Pictou, 1.00 Hugh McDonald, L. S. River, 1.00

Our September List of Investment Offerings

May be had on application

J. C. MacIntosh & Co. Members Montreal Stock Exchange. Direct Private Wires. Halifax, N. S. :: St. John N. B.

NOTICE.

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

JOHN MCGILLIVRAY, Administrator of said Estate.

NOTICE.

The parishioners of Mount St. Mary's, Bailey's Brook, will hold their annual Lawn Party on

Wednesday afternoon and evening, September 14th. All are cordially invited.

BY ORDER OF COMMITTEE.

Sept. 28—Oct. 6 AT HALIFAX.

NOVA SCOTIA'S GREAT EXHIBITION.

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

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

Eight Days at the Expo.

If you cannot spend the whole of this time in Halifax, come on one day, or as many days as you can, beginning on Wednesday, September 28, and ending on Thursday, October 6th. It will pay you in every way—in health, in recreation, in business, and in added knowledge of the resources of your Province.

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

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

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

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

FARM WANTED.

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

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

Beautiful Gold Watch 5 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

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

A Fine Gold-Filled Waltham Watch

This Watch is regularly sold for \$20.

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

To be paid on the very easy terms of 50c. a week, or \$2.00 a month.

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

WALLACE The Optician and Jeweler ANTIGONISH - N. S.

NOTICE!

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

W. G. CUNNINGHAM, Manager.

Farm For Sale

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

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

Library for Sale

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

Chisholm, Sweet & Co.

AUTUMN 1910.

The new fall and winter coats are here—comprising the well-known brand—Northways and other makes.

The new styles show long coats 48, 50 and 52 inches, tight and semi-fitting, high military collars; cloths are principle rough weaves in plain and stripes, colors residu, olive, myrtle green, tan, reds and silver greys.

Women's Coats.

In beautiful quality diagonal coating, 53 inches long, close fitting, back trimmed with buttons; black velvet collar, lapels faced with rich ottoman silk, body and sleeves lined with satin, price \$15.00.

Women's Coats, in smart military effect, with semi-fitting back, large patch pockets, self strapping and buttons, form trimmed on sleeves and hips made in tan, diagonal tweed, price \$16.00.

Women's Coats, 53 inches long, very smart tailor-made design, semi-fitting black flap-pockets, back and cuff-but-toned trimmed, black velvet collar, made in Vienna in black and navy. Price \$15.75.

Misses' Coat. A very smart misses' military coat with pleat in centre back. Side vents closed with buttons, self collar trimmed with jewel centre buttons, cuffs trimmed to match collar, made in heavy tweed, blue and green, price \$8.50 and \$10.50.

These suggest only a few of what we are showing; there are many other styles; besides the above we have a grand range, comprising children's misses' and women's, low and medium-priced coats.

Children's range in prices \$1.90 up to \$4.00 Misses " " " 2.10 " 10.50 Women's " " " 4.00 " 16.00

Call in and see them no matter if you are not ready to buy just yet. Special attention to mail orders.

WEST END WAREHOUSE

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO ESTABLISHED 1867

B. E. WALKER, President Paid-up Capital, \$10,000,000 ALEXANDER LAIRD, General Manager Reserve Fund, - 6,000,000

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED AT ALL BRANCHES

DRAFTS AND MONEY ORDERS sold, and money transferred by telegraph or letter.

COLLECTIONS made in all parts of Canada and in foreign countries.

FOREIGN BUSINESS. Cheques and drafts on the United States, Great Britain and other foreign countries bought and sold. 123

ANTIGONISH BRANCH W. H. HARRISON, Manager

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

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

NOTICE. For Sale by Tender

Take notice, that owing to a contemplated change in my business all accounts due me after the 1st day of December next will be placed for collection. Tenders will be received by the undersigned for the purchase of the farm at Sylvan Valley, known as the Donald Grant farm, and owned by J. C. McIntyre. This very desirable property is situated about one mile from Town and contains about sixty acres of land, of which nearly twenty are in excellent state of cultivation. The remainder good pasture with a fine grove of poles. The farm is well watered and the soil is rich and easily worked. The house is new and well finished, and contains ten rooms, with pantry, closets and porcup. There is a good water supply with pump and sink in the house. The cellar is large, with cement walls. The barn has room for ten head of cattle, besides a large mow and stack-fo. Further information given by the undersigned. No tender necessarily accepted. A. K. MCINTYRE, Sylvan Valley, Antigonish

Tenders for Dredging

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Dredging, Harbour au Bouche, N. S.", will be received until Friday, September 9th, at 4 P. M., for dredging required at the place mentioned. Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenders.

Combined specification and form of tender can be obtained on application to the Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa. An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, for one thousand dollars (\$1,000), must accompany the tender. The cheque will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, R. C. DESROCHERS, Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, September 2, 1910.

Land for Sale

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

F. A. RONNAN HALIFAX, N. S.

Single copies 10 cents. Reduced prices for lots. P. S.—The clergy will be supplied at special prices for lots of 50 or more.

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

PLANT LINE.

DIRECT ROUTE TO BOSTON

And All Points in United States.

SAILINGS

In effect Sept. 3rd, 1910.
HALIFAX to BOSTON,
Wednesdays, 2 p. m. and Saturdays at mid-night.
Hawkesbury to Boston,
Tuesdays and Fridays 9 p. m.
Hawkesbury to Charlottetown Thursdays noon
From Boston Tuesdays and Saturdays at noon.
Through tickets for sale, and baggage checked by Railway agents.
For all information apply to Plant Line Agents at Halifax.
H. L. CHIPMAN,
Manager.

Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing

The undersigned is now prepared to do the highest grade of work on all watches, clocks and jewelry entrusted to him.
Your jewelry repairs will be correctly and promptly attended to, at a moderate charge, if you leave them with
Pratt The Jeweler,
Main St. First door west of R. R. Griffin's office

When You Want Society Supplies

Such as Badges, Pins, Buttons, for League of the Cross and Auxiliaries' Holy Name Society, St. Aloysius Sodality, or any Society you belong to, or
Souvenir Spoons
as prizes for K of C, C. B. A., L. O. C., or F. W. A., send to us. We will send samples and prices upon request.

T. P. TANSEY
14 Drummond St. MONTREAL



West End Livery Stable

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

In connection with our Stables, Horses always on hand for sale.
C. B. WHIDDEN & SON,
Head of Main Street; Antigonish
Telephone 20.

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

First-Class for both domestic and steam purposes
COAL! COAL!

Shipping facilities at the most modern type at Port Hastings, C. B., for prompt loading of all classes and sizes of steamers and sailing vessels. Apply to
INVERNESS RAILWAY & COAL CO
Inverness, C. B.
J. McGillivray, Superintendent, Inverness, N. S.
JAMES KENNA, Local Agent

MISSIONS!

POINTERS
I have full stocks of up-to-date, first quality Mission Goods, and Missions can be supplied promptly on short notice.
There are several grades of goods - I deal only in the best.
IMPORTANT
Every article is marked with its retail price, so that a child could conduct the sale. All goods unaided may be returned to me, at my expense. See my Mission circular as to amount of profit guaranteed. Remember the address
J. J. M. LANDY
Importer and Manufacturer
416 Queen St., West, Toronto
Phone Call 305.

METAL EPITAPHS



The weather has no effect on these metal epitaphs - the special paint with which they are covered makes them rust-proof. They are practically as permanent as stone. We supply them with special moulded inscription and all ready to set up.

Write for Catalog No. 3 of different patterns and prices.
A. BELANGER
Established since 1867
at MONTMAGNY Que 202

PROOF

That Farmers all over the World are Discarding Common Cream Separators for SHARPLES DAIRY TUBULARS

We will mail to you, free, large pictures showing the immense number of common cream separators recently exchanged for Sharple's Dairy Tubulars. These pictures would cover more than one page of this paper, and are positive proof that farmers all over the world are discarding common machines for Sharple's Dairy Tubulars. These pictures show just a short time accumulation of these discarded common machines. Write for these pictures at once.

Sharple's Dairy Tubular Cream Separators contain neither disks nor other contraptions, yet produce twice the skimming force, skim faster and skim twice as clean as common machines. Because Dairy Tubulars are so simple, they wash many times easier and wear several times longer than common separators. Tubular sales exceed most of them all, others combined. Tubulars probably replace more common separators than any one maker of such machines sells. The World's Best. The manufacture of Tubulars is one of Canada's leading industries.

Write for Catalogue No. 346
THE SHARPLES SEPARATOR CO.
TORONTO, ONT. WINNIPEG, MAN.

FOR SALE

A fine residence in Town. Also several good farms.

TERMS TO SUIT PURCHASERS
Apply or write to
E. LAVIN GIRROIR,
Barrister, Antigonish, N. S.

The Prince E. Island EXHIBITION And RACES

At Charlottetown, Sept 19 to 23, 1910

Open to all Canada. \$1,400 in Exhibition Prizes. Live Stock Entries (except Poultry) close 9th September. All other entries close September 13th. Three days' Horse Racing - \$2400 in purses. Low Rates by Steamers and Railways. Nearest Station Agent will give particulars of rates. Special attractions in front of the Grand Stand. For Prize Lists, Race Programs and all information write to
C. R. SMALLWOOD, Sec.-Treas.,
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

MOIR'S

Every discerning young lady prefers Moir's Chocolates. Their tempting freshness - alluringly toothsome centres - rich, satiny coatings - make them quite the finest bonbons you could present to your "sweetheart," mother, wife or sister.

MOIR'S, Limited
Halifax, N. S.

Chocolates

Hospice of St. Bernard.

Hospice of the Great St. Bernard, Switzerland, June 28.—It is no myth about the storms blow and blind on and around the Mountain of the Great Saint Bernard. Advanced as is the summer season it has snowed all day, from morning until night, while a sharp wind whistled through the gorges and piled up the snow to the hospice door. The evening I arrived half a dozen sturdy young novices, soutanes tucked up and hats tied down, were digging a passage through the high drifts. The lake lying close to the hospice is still frozen over.

Five miles before I reached the foot of the mountain I was walking between snow banks while the climb to the hospice recalled similar experiences in Canadian winters. An excellent high road leads up to the monastery, but cross-cuts shorten it to the pedestrian by one-third. Railroad communication terminates at Martigny, when follows a ride of five hours by post wagon to the little hamlet of St. Pierre. After the first of July a post wagon goes to the monastery, a journey of about twelve miles. Just now the foothills of the Great Saint Bernard are covered with flowers; wild pansies and forget-me-nots grow in profusion. Then come bleak, bare rocks; only the Alpine rose breasts bravely the snow and frost, showing its pretty, scarlet head even after the last hardy pine has disappeared.

THE DOGS OF ST. BERNARD.

Dogs barking loud and deep told me I was in the celebrated mountain monastery; they were asleep in their kennels when I arrived last evening. When let loose this morning there followed a terrific uproar as the twenty great brown and white fellows leaped out upon the snow banks; a few whacks from the keeper, a racing, rolling performance on their part and they had quieted down for the day. No stranger would dare venture in such a group elsewhere, but by the dogs of St. Bernard's you are received, immediately, as a friend. Pat one and the others are up for a share, in a dignified fashion wagging slowly their splendid tails and speaking sociably with their intelligent, kind, brown eyes. As polar bears are white because of their environment, so these dogs are affected by the color of the snow and their masters find a difficulty in retaining the breed's traditional brown and white. In warm climates where an all-white St. Bernard is prized, it is just the reverse. There is one fine fellow here whose coat is white as the snow banks, but he is snuffed at contemptuously by those of regulation colors.

In the kennel is a family of playful puppies, brown and white and soft as velvet. The average age of the dogs is ten years; they are in their prime at five years.

At the end of May the dangerous season for travelers closes, when terminates also the daily mountain search made by priests and dogs for voyagers in distress. Every morning and afternoon these kind succorers make the rounds of the St. Bernard. In the winter season when a guest departs from a hotel for the hospice the proprietor telegraphs the monastery and if he fails to arrive in due time, he is searched for until found.

"We can rely always upon our dogs to find a lost traveler and to lead us back to the hospice," said the Abbot of the monastery, Msgr. Charles Bourgeois, C. R. "They scent the tracks of the wanderer and seem to know by an inherent instinct the most direct and safe route back to the monastery. Frequently one will outdistance the priest and reaching the belated and weary voyager, will try to help by pulling him forward. Sometimes his assistance is declined, but the dog persists; he knows the need."

Anyone who has traversed the Great Saint Bernard from Switzerland to Italy or vice versa will agree with the intelligent animal of the hospice—the mountains so steep and ravines through which flow swift icy traps. Avalanches occur without warning; only a few days ago one fell close to hospice.

NINE CENTURIES OF HUMANITARIAN SERVICE.

For over nine centuries the Fathers of St. Bernard of Menthon have been aiding humanity—finding the lost, warming the cold, feeding hungry and sheltering the weary, be he prince or peasant. St. Bernard founded the monastery to protect travelers from brigands and murderers who made the pass between the east and west a valley of death to honest folk. His monks could fight as well as pray, and the robbers learned to fear the brave, good men of the mountain house of Providence.

It is estimated that 20,000 travelers partake annually of the monastery's hospitality at an outlay of 60,000 francs. More than three-fourths of this number are poor people crossing the frontier to seek work. Directly a

traveler arrives he is conducted to the dining hall and served a hot, substantial meal; then if he wishes to pass the night, he is assigned a room.

No question is asked, no pay accepted. Instead, anyone wishing to contribute alms goes to the chapel and, unobserved, drops his offering into a box. Generosity begets generosity; grateful travellers have made handsome gifts to their unselfish hosts. In the salon is a piano given by the late King Edward in recognition of hospitality received; it replaces one presented by him when he visited the hospice as Prince of Wales many years ago. Also in the same room is a fine organ given by a group of travelers representing the best families of England, Protestant and Catholic.

SOUVENIRS OF NAPOLEON.

Napoleon Bonaparte when crossing the Alps halted at the hospice for dinner. He, too, appreciated the benefits of this sole refuge of the mountain tops and made large grants of lands to the Fathers of St. Bernard, which they still hold, and established them in the monastery of the Simplon, lower down. In the interesting convent library is a wine flask of Napoleon's which the emperor exchanged with the Fathers for one of theirs.

Besides the world renowned hospice and that of the Simplon, the Fathers of St. Bernard have charge of a number of parishes; they have also houses in England. Attached to the monastery of St. Bernard is a novitiate, a seminary for theological students. Down in the valleys are the farms and pasture lands of the institution.

Hospice and monastery buildings stand in a sheltered cleft of the mountain, at the edge of a small lake. The Italian frontier is only a stone's throw away. If arriving from Switzerland, the first indication of the hospice is a great cross from which in winter evenings hangs a lantern to guide the bewildered wayfarer to shelter. On the opposite side is a splendid bronze statue of the conqueror and hero of the Alps, good Saint Bernard of Menthon. The statue is the gift of all nations and of every creed.

Within and without the hospice is plain to a point of asceticism; only in the chapel is there decoration. The choir stalls are superb wood carving of the sixteenth century, the work of the Fathers, and the pulpit is equally handsome. One of the side altars is a shrine given by Pope Leo XII. Almost opposite to it is a marble monument to an officer of Napoleon's.

MONKS KEEP OPEN HOUSE.

Masses are begun very early; this morning at 6.30 a High Mass was being celebrated. It was such a scene as I had pictured would take place in the hospice of the Great Saint Bernard. At the altar the vested priest; in the stalls, singing the responses, other priests, the head place occupied by the Abbot wearing a cape of rose-colored silk; through the high windows glimpses of snowy mountains and filling pauses in the organ music, the barking of the faithful friends of belated travellers.

In the sleeping apartments of this open house of the mountain tops hangs a card upon which is written two rules of the house—to extinguish the candle before retiring and to leave the doorway in the lock before departing—a sharp contrast to what we read in hotels, great and small. The third, and last rule, which hangs in the salon, is also the opposite to what the modern landlord displays—travelers are accommodated but one night.

As to-day's snowstorm has not invited a journey, I took care not to read the third rule until too late for the hospitable Fathers to turn me out, much less their courteous and scholarly superior, who has made so pleasant my visit to the famous hospice of the Great Saint Bernard.—*Elizabeth Angela Henry.*

Wonderful Waterfalls.

(Continued from page 3)
falls as they plunge out of a hundred hidden recesses of the tropical forest is one that is unequalled elsewhere.

A rival of this wonderful torrent is the Victoria Fall of Rhodesia, discovered by Dr. Livingstone in 1855 and named for the British Queen. The blacks call it Mosi-wa-Tunya, "Thundering Smoke;" and this name arises from the fact that the river at this point sinks into a chasm a mile wide and four hundred feet deep, and as the roaring waters tumble into this chasm, clouds of spray are thrown high above the falls.

Quite different in surroundings are some of our own American Falls, justly famous around the world, especially those of the far West, for there is a wild and rugged grandeur about the Yellowstone and Yosemite Parks which makes nature's softer touch of shimmering waters doubly fair. The Yellowstone National Park is too little known by Americans, for in natural scenery it far surpasses many of the most frequented spots of foreign lands. Lying in the very heart of the Rocky Mountains, it consists of a plateau surrounded on all sides by snow-clad peaks. Dense forests cover these mountains and firs, poplars, willows and black pines wave in undulating seas of green, almost to where the snow-line cuts the clouds. There is perhaps no place in the world which affords such a variety of natural scenery as this spot, not the least wonderful being the various manifestations of volcanic forces, which have twisted and tressed the crags and rocks into curious shapes and devices, such as the mushroom-shaped pillars, the Natural Bridge over the Yellowstone River, the volcanic glass on the shores of Beaver Lake, and the petrified forest on the plateaus. The Yellowstone runs through the park, passing through the lake of the same name, and the Great

Falls of the Yellowstone are among the world's most wonderful sights. A broad, tranquil passage marks the dignified course of this mighty river, until suddenly it becomes narrow and flows rapidly over a bed of rocks, thence to dash over a precipitous crag one hundred and ten feet high. The foaming white of this splendid fall dashing its spray high over the rocks in contrast to the slate-gray of the gorge and the dull green of the firs, is as striking, through perhaps not as vivid, as the Lower Falls, which plunge through a ledge of trachyte, three hundred and ten feet, into the Grand Canon, over steep walls of lava, gaily colored with red, green, and yellow, the stream itself an emerald set in silver, as

"Forward far the waters roar,
Fretting their margin forevermore.
It's dash, dash,
With a mighty crash
They scathe and boil and bound and splash!"

The Falls of the Yosemite Valley are compared with those of the Yellowstone by all travelers through the West, and it would be impossible to conceive of greater beauty than enchains the senses and delights the eye in the Bridal Veil, which dashes over the Cathedral Rocks, a distance of four hundred feet amid picturesque rock formations of coal slate gray, and a harmony of soft-hued green firs, with "Purple peak and headland bald
Precipice and snow-clad mountain,
Lofty summits, rising grandly, into regions clear and cold
And innumerable rivers that majestically rolled."

The Nevada Fall lies in the midst of wilder scenery, leaping over rugged cliffs, where many a giant fir lies prone, slain by the wind's wild sweep along the deep valley, while, most wonderful of all, the Yosemite Fall surges over the perpendicular heights of granite into the yawning canon below, a spirit of mist and gossamer.

A story of American waterfalls would be incomplete without a mention of Trenton Falls, which is situated in Oneida County, New York. It is a series of picturesque cascades, and has a total descent of over three hundred feet. Niagara, the "King of Waterfalls," has so often been described that there seems nothing new say about it, especially as it is so wonderful as almost to beggar description.

Statistics avail but little to give an idea of the marvels of "Joragare," "Thundering River," of which Father Hennepin wrote that its torrent was "a vast and prodigious cadence of water which falls down after an astonishing and surprising manner, inasmuch that the universe does not afford its parallel."

To-day there is no savage wildness of surroundings to set off this wonder of Nature. The land on both the American and Canadian side of the Falls has been laid out in magnificent parks, the New York State Reservation containing one hundred and seven acres, while the Victoria Park comprises one hundred and fifty-four acres, all under the most perfect cultivation. Superb trees are all that is left of the wild grandeur which once surrounded the falls, and the modern trolley bears visitors to the spot where, breaking the underbrush with h's tomahawk, the Indian guide led the in'repid pries.

As the water of Niagara comes from the inexhaustible reservoirs of the Lakes, the volume varies little, but even in sight of it one can scarcely realize the grandeur of the vast green flood, pouring over the cliff into the

abyss beneath, where they are lost in the clouds of spray and mist ascending nearly to the summit of the falls. Half a mile above the falls the river divided by Goat Island into two channels, a portion going over the American Falls, the other over the Canadian or Horseshoe Falls. The American Falls are 1,000 feet wide and the Canadian 3,010 feet, measured along the curve which the cataract makes in the shape of a horseshoe. It speaks well for the amiability of the Canadian and Americans that the two people have been able to dwell together in good fellowship for the most part, when so closely connected as they are at Niagara.—*Benziger's Magazine.*

On wash-day, before you throw out the water put the broom in it for about five or ten minutes; the water will make it like new.
When cooking old potatoes throw them on to boil in cold water and they will be as white and mealy as when new.

KEEP YOUR MUSCLES LIMBER

And Relieve Soreness with Father Morrissy's Liniment.

Athletes owe their prowess not so much to natural bodily superiority, as to the systematic conservation of Nature's gifts, particularly by means of regular rubbing with a good liniment. We are not all athletes, but in any walk of life if we keep our muscles limber, the rubbing will be much easier.

Father Morrissy, the priest whose medical skill was known from ocean to ocean, was especially successful in compounding a liniment of superior merit. It is unequalled for rubbing the muscles. It rubs in quickly and thoroughly, leaving a trace of it staying on the skin. And it certainly drives out the stiffness from the joints.

Father Morrissy's Liniment has repeatedly cured and healed cuts, bruises, burns, frostbites, chapped hands, chilblains, sprains and strains, sore muscles, backache, toothache, earache, and similar affections. In connection with No. 7, it is valuable in rheumatism, while it is a helpful adjunct to the Lung Tonic in sore throats and chest colds.

This well-tested and reliable Liniment is mild and smooth to the skin and does not blister. It is clean and has a wholesome, agreeable odor, unlike other preparations.

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Marvels the Telescope Reveals to us.
Swagly rolled up in blankets on a
Western prairie the writer began to
count the stars that were visible. It
was one of those clear nights which
serve to bring the heavens close to us,
and the myriads of tiny pointed lights
seemed to fairly hang like Damocles'
sword above one's head. Sleep came
long before the count had passed into
the thousands, but the impression al-
ways remained. Years afterwards,
the same observer looked through the
huge lens of the Yerkes telescope up
at Lake Geneva in Wisconsin, and
the sight of so many years before
faded into insignificance beside the
marvelous through the telescope
displayed in parade before wondering
eyes. Time was when even astron-
omers believed there were what they
then called fixed stars. Now all the
world knows that no star remains in
one place, but thousands of them are
so far away from us that even with
the telescope we are unable to detect
their movements, beyond a general
sight of motion.
Nothing is more amazing than the
indifference of countless folk to the
readings of the telescope. It shows us
every night, if the atmospheric con-
ditions are right, more than one
hundred million stars. If we could
perfect a lens of double the power,
doubtless an equal number of stars
would appear which are not now
visible. Of course, it is the naked eye,
but nothing like what the telescope shows
us. Take the Milky Way, for
instance. It looks to the unaided eye,
like an undecided, vapory glimmer,
which girdles the heavens as with a
belt. We can see stars, but they
appear to be crowded together, and so
small as to be scarcely distinguishable.
Yet the moment the eye of the tele-
scope is trained upon them, they fairly
leap from obscurity. Now we note
that they are divided into numerous
and distinct groups, general groups,
and these again into groups of two or
three.
The Milky Way is really an im-
mense, extended zone of stars, or, if
we tell the exact truth, of suns.
Every star, from the most brilliant to
the faintest, is really a sun. Even the
sun that gives us light and heat is one
of the Milky Way suns. So, if we
stop to think, to the lay mind the
Milky Way is the most interesting
group of all.
Look sharp on a clear night, and
you will see whitish spots, something
like little clouds, that look as if they
might have been broken from the
Milky Way. The telescope discovers
them by thousands, and they are
known in astronomy as nebulae.
These nebulae are nothing but great
masses of flaming gas—that is, most
of them are. Some of these same
cloud-like masses are just a back-
ground for more brilliant stars, and
for that reason they are called star
clusters.
Near the Milky Way may be seen a
fan-shaped grouping which converges
on a star of marked brilliancy called
Argus. The most remarkable group
of stars is called the Pleiades, which
includes not less than eleven stars,
although six is about all that can be
seen without the telescope's aid.
These stars lie within the constella-
tion called the Bull. To clearly under-
stand it, must be borne in mind that
the heavens are divided into provin-
ces, each of these provinces being a
constellation. A notable constellation
is Taurus, or the Bull, and its
special interest is found in the fact
that it is the home of the Pleiades.
South of Taurus is the constellation of
Orion, the most brilliant group of
stars visible in either hemisphere.
The great nebula of Orion, when seen
through the telescope, is as fine a
sight as the heavens offer.
Sometimes, just at sunset, a bright
planet will be seen rising. Almost
every one has noticed this, but not
many will tell you that it is either
Jupiter or Mars. Jupiter is really the
most important member of the solar
family. If all the other planets were
combined, the aggregate would be
only one-fifth Jupiter's size, which is
1,881 times that of the world. It
takes Jupiter a little more than eleven
years to make the circuit of our sun,
which it never approaches closer than
483,000,000 miles.
Of all the marvels revealed to us by
the telescope, none is more interesting
than the truth about the moon. Al-
though, to the professional astron-
omer the moon is hardly a matter of
mystery, it comes to thousands as an
amazing surprise to learn that there
are actually mountains of the moon
mapped, traced and named, just as
our own earthly mountains. Early
astronomers claimed there were seas
of the moon, but while this is not
wholly denied, the astronomer of to-
day is doubtful in this regard.
Certainly there are craters, such as
that of Theophilus. Craters, the
volcanic action, just as are the craters of
earth that now and then spout lava.
The more massive and extended moun-
tain ranges are found in the Northern
hemisphere, the most prominent being
the Alps, the Caucasus, and the Apennines,
all named after mountain
ranges of earth. There is even a Mont
Blanc on the moon, whose height is
12,000 feet, while mountains
ranging in height from 5,000
to 8,000 feet are common. The
great headland Mount Hadley is
more than 15,000 feet high. Further-
more, the Telescope shows us that
there are clouds of vapor above the
surface of the moon, just as there
exist similar clouds above the surface
of the earth. Before the advent of the
telescope the moon was a mystery, but
nowadays it is considered more or less
of a familiar by the astronomers.
Interest in 1910 concentrated upon
comets, because of the fact that Hal-
ley's comet loomed into vision. In
other centuries it was believed that a
comet was an erratic affair, and that
no one could tell what it would do. All
that manner of thought, like other
statements based on ignorance of fact,
disappeared, because we now know
of comets, like planets, have their
orbits, or territory, and that at certain
times in the century they are in given
positions. There is no more uncer-
tainty about a comet than there is
about the tides of the ocean. Thou-
sands of comets have been seen, but

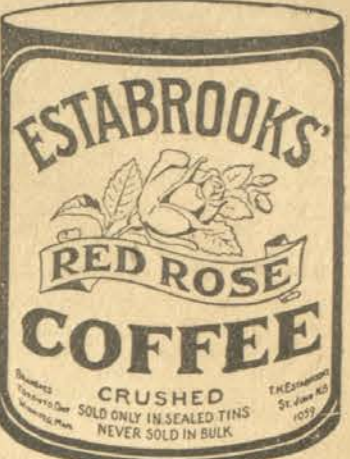
few like Halley's, named for the great
English savant, Sir Edmund Halley,
whose wisdom enabled him correctly
to predict the time of its appearance
three-quarters of a century ago. A
comet is a large, ill-defined, nebulous
mass of light, called the head, and a
huge, spreading tail, millions of miles
long, which is actually composed of
vapor so thin that it cannot shed away
the light of the sun, which it at all
times reflects. The comet is a wonder-
ful spectacle, and the coming of
Halley's found the world equipped as
never before to take full advantage of
all the beauties such a sight affords.
It is a fact that never in the history
of the world has the interest in mat-
ters astronomical been as keen as at
present. Probably this is largely due
to the comet, because by its agency
attention has been generally directed
to the stars and other features of the
display of marvels the sky affords. It
is strange enough that people should
need such reminder, but after all it is
only another illustration of the truth
that the greater number of the intelli-
gent population of the world pass by
the familiar, fairly bursting with
interest, to the commonplace unfa-
miliar—pass it by because no one bothers
to direct attention thereto in inter-
esting fashion.
The sun affords an excellent illus-
tration of this fact. To look at the sun,
it seems to be a luminous mass of in-
tense and uniform brightness. The
telescope works a transformation.
When we look through its eye, we are
amazed by the fact that the whole
surface of the sun seems mottled with
dark spots, of irregular and ill-defined
form, constantly varying in appear-
ance and magnitude. Sometimes
these spots are of immense size, now
and then being so large that they can
be seen with the naked eye. Fre-
quently, their number is so great that
they occupy a considerable portion of
the sun's surface. One such spot
proved to be more than six times
the diameter of the earth. Most of
these spots are very dark in the
center, growing fainter until the edge
seems to be faintly light in hue.
Nothing affects the light we receive
from the sun in such a spectacular
fashion as an eclipse, caused by the
moon passing between the sun and the
earth. Sometimes only a part of the
sun is obscured. Again, the moon,
which is not so large as the sun, is
squarely over the sun's disk, or center
leaving only a rim of light, called the
corona. It is at such times as these
that the ignorant, centuries ago,
feared the end of the world was at
hand, because of the semi-darkness at
midday. It is recorded that even in
recent years the leader of an expedi-
tion captured by African savages
saved his life and the lives of his com-
panions by his successful prediction of
an eclipse of the sun, which he calcu-
lated from an almanac in his possession.
The eclipse, like the comet, was long
supposed to be an omen of the direst
nature, but such belief has been practi-
cally dissipated by the spread of knowl-
edge, although even in 1910 prophets
were not lacking to say that the
appearance of Halley's comet fore-
boded world disaster.
To the layman, meaning one who
has not given astronomy attention,
the sky at night is almost meaningless
for the reason that he does not know
where to look for the various divisions,
or how to detect them. In the first
place, it must be remembered that the
stars practically preserve among them-
selves the same relative distance.
They are, too, formed in groups. A
planet moves rapidly across these
groups, to such a degree that, in the
interval of a night, or at most of a few
nights, the change is perceptible. Take
the Great Bear or Dipper, as most
people know it, for a central point.
Even the youngest of astronomers can
locate the Dipper by merely carefully
scanning the heavens on a clear night.
The bowl and the handle are plain
enough. The two stars farthest from
handle are called the Pointers, because
they point toward the Pole star, the
star toward which the axis of the
earth almost points. Now take your
encyclopedia, or the astronomical
chart every atlas affords, after locat-
ing the Dipper, and study out the
different divisions and planets. This
is the only way to obtain what we
may call a superficial knowledge of
the heavens. A technical knowledge
thereof requires so long a time to
consummate that it is not worth while,
unless one wishes to make a special
study of astronomy.
Yet the benefit of a slight knowl-
edge of astronomy is wondrous.
Doubtless you have heard some per-
sons tell how, when he first called
eyeglasses or spectacles to his aid,
after realizing his vision was defective,
it seemed as if a new world opened to
him, in that he could see so much
more than was possible under old con-
ditions. This is just how the heavens
look to us after we have gained
enough to enable us to study them
without having them appear like a
confused mass of beauty.
Ever so many of us have risen at
early hours or remained up late at
night to witness specified sights of
which we have read in the public
prints, without in the least realizing
that every day we have passed over
sights that would seem to us just as
beautiful, if not more attractive,
simply because we did not know how
to go about finding them. The won-
ders of the heavens are never ceasing.
Imagine yourself a spectator, stand-
ing immovable in space. A luminous
body appears in the distance. Little
by little you see it approach, and in-
crease in size; its immense circumfer-
ence, which exceeds a hundred thou-
sand leagues, is in rapid rotation.
The globe itself passes before you,
carried through space with a velocity
twenty-four times greater than that
of a canon ball. In such a way would
Jupiter appear to you travelling in its
orbit. This heading course would
banish it forever to the most remote
regions of the visible universe, if it
were subdued and held by the powerful
attraction of a globe a thousand times
larger than itself—the sun. All the
stars, which by reason of their infi-
nite distances appear immovable, move
in different directions. Thousands of
centuries would be necessary to ac-
complish their immense voyages.
The bulk of a grain of sand as com-
pared with the bulk of a football may
illustrate the space accessible to our

eyes when compared with the space
accessible to one of the great tele-
scopes. The larger of these spaces has
a thousand times the diameter of the
other, so that the relative quantities
of these spaces are to be obtained by
multiplying 1,000 by 1,000 and by 1,000
again. Thus we learn that the ampli-
tude of our vision is augmented one
thousand million times its original ex-
tent by the use of our greatest tele-
scopes.
One of the most interesting facts in
connection with the stars is the im-
portance they assume in the science of
navigation. We are told that the
mariner secures what he calls his day's
reckoning by means of the sun, which,
in conjunction with nautical instru-
ments, enables him to determine his
latitude and longitude. In olden
times the navigator steered at night
altogether by the stars. It was as
necessary to know the heavens as it
was the waters, and when the clouds
obscured the sky absolutely, there was
dismay aboardship.
Nowadays, the steersman has his
regular course to follow, made ready
for him by skilled navigators, and he
does not depend so greatly on the
stars. Yet the writer has often been
told by seamen—deep sea sailors—that
it is not at all an uncommon thing
these days for the man at the wheel
to use the sky as a guide.
Men who have been lost upon the
vast stretches of prairie in the Far
West have found their way to safety
by taking the North Star as a guide
and thus making sure of the points
of the compass. How advisable it is,
therefore, to have what we may well
call a working knowledge of the stars,
is plain enough. Even if it is not
possible to go into detail, if we will
but chart the night sky in our minds
so that we will know the leading
features thereof we will possess infor-
mation that is always a source of
amusement, even if it may not be of
profit.
The number of stars visible at one
time from any given place is about
three thousand for the average sight,
without a telescope. Possibly double
this number may be seen by those
whose eyes are exceptionally keen.
Although the famous astronomer, Sir
William Herschel, possessed several
large telescopes, he also studied the
stars with the naked eye, and it is
related of this great observer that he
could, without hesitation, identify
any star he could see in this way by
its name, letter, or number! Among
the stars are many known as "double
stars," consisting of two stars very
close together. There are about 10,000
of these known, but they are only
visible with a telescope.
The star is the world's symbol of
purity. It is utilized as such in every
land where the Catholic missionary
has journeyed. Oddly enough a
great reverence for stars has frequently
been discovered among absolutely
savage people, to whom the heavens
are always a source of wonder and
mystery. The missionaries tell us
that through the medium of stars as
object lessons they have been enabled
to accomplish much that is gratifying,
and it is certainly true that in the
churches we find the star an emblem
of all that is beautiful and good.—
Bensinger's Magazine.

may curve up like a queer little
handle, or it may bend down like a
broken-backed man; but the shape
does not change its usefulness; a
healthy nose is a busy part of the
breathing machine, and it is well
made.
Feel the bone that is between your
eyes; it is hard and firm; you can not
move it. Now take hold of the end
of your nose; see how you can bend it
from side to side like a piece of India
rubber. If the whole nose were solid
bone from root to tip there might be
broken noses at every recess; but the
part that is hit most often can only be
hurt; it can not break because it is
made of something tough and limber
like cartilage.
The nostrils are openings of tubes
that admit air to the lungs. Feel the
thin partition between them; a few
hairs are inside of each nostril to help
keep the dust out.
The tear tube is there too. It runs
from the pink corner of the eye down
into the upper part of the nose, where
the tears go. It is most busy and
most useful when you cry. Indeed,
the reason that you need to blow your
nose very often just then is that a
tiny stream of salt water is running
through the tear tube into the nose
and you must get rid of it.
Without any doubt the lining of the
nostril is as interesting as any part of
the nose. It is like a thin, delicate
lace work of small blood vessels, and
it is called the mucous membrane.
This is where the mucous glands are,
and they send out a thick fluid that
keeps the lining damp. When you
have a cold in the head it is these
glands that do the extra work of
mucus making. Then you say, "My
nose is running," and you have to
use your handkerchief every few
minutes.
In the case of such a cold as that
you can neither smell nor breathe
easily. In fact, you really have to
use your mouth for breathing instead
of your nose, which is a great misfor-
tune. It is bad for your health and
bad for your looks. I have seen
children sit, and stand, and walk, and
play with their lower jaw hanging
down a little. Probably they had no
idea how dull and foolish it made
them look, and certainly they did not
know that they might injure their
lungs by breathing in that way.

interested in had turned out badly.
Then there was a strong pulling up,
an arrest, and much indignation of a
righteous kind. "Nearly a million
gone now," cried the management.
"Not at all," insisted the cashier,
with gentlemanly courtesy. "Not at
all! Only \$650,000, and that simply
through the failure of some specula-
tions!"
Of course he is jailed, and there has
been a great deal to do about it.
"A dreadful, dangerous young man,
so depraved!" the dear good people
say.
And yet, no one has attempted to
explain how it was supposed he was
going to make up his losses, if not by
further speculation. Doubtless, if he
had won out in his attempt, and even
made something for the bank and
himself, all would have been right,
with not a word to blame for any-
body!
How virtuous we are in condemning
a failure, and how acid in our blame
if there is a tinge of disappointment,
because success would have meant
gain to us. Then it transpired in evi-
dence that this greatly relied upon
cashier, saddled with heavy respon-
sibilities, living in the expensive city
of New York, was receiving the mag-
nificent salary of \$25 a week. What
could you expect, considering the
temptation always before him? Es-
pecially when you get right down to
the centre of things, and learn that he
was educated in schools which gave
no training or direct teaching in mor-
als. If you train only the mental side
what right have you to expect more
than mental ability? We are certain-
ly no more born endowed with moral
training than we are born crammed
with mathematical learning. If we
are not made to acquire moral train-
ing, how are we to be expected to gain
it?
When Visiting the Sick.
Members of a family circle often
show weird ideas of entertaining the
invalid. Reports are brought to her
room of family jars, domestic difficul-
ties of all kinds, from "cook's rank
extravagance over butter" and antici-
pated trouble with the nursery maid
to "Archie's growing more careless
every day, and really dear Charlie is
causing great anxiety. Your father
looks so worried and troubled, and
Meta and Annie are so snappy to the
boys at dinner. You are not down-
stairs, dear, but safely out of it, so it
can't worry you to know."
But, O! it does; and another gray
cloud comes over the already dreary
outlook of life. Home seems to be a
place of bickering and petty troubles,
and there seems no object in trying to
get well.
Now, the ideal visitor is bright, but
not unfeeling, cheerful, but not flipp-
ant, sympathetic, and still hopeful.
She comes prettily dressed and seldom
empty-handed; no small attraction for
the visited, for no one knows but they
who have experienced the dreariness
of a bedridden life how keenly
welcomed is anything absolutely
unexpected. A few flowers, a new
paper, the loan of a book, some home-
made dainty, all seem doubly
delightful because unlooked for.
Then the ideal visitor does not
fidget; she does not bump against the
bed; she sits facing the invalid, so
causing no strain of eyes or position.
She does not leave the burden of
conversation to the patient; she has
something to say, and says it brightly
and interestingly. She can gratify
the poor delirious with gracious
little speeches, say how her old
friends miss her; how glad
everyone is of news of her; tell

Blending coffee
is a fine operation requir-
ing highly developed skill.
The secret of that unusual
richness and briskness in
Estabrooks' Coffee is in
the perfect blending of
strength and flavor. It
is a coffee for particular
folk.



Sold only in 1 and 1/2 lb. tins.
Try it for breakfast
to-morrow

her who of the "old set" have been
inquiring, and if a little bit of flattery
perhaps creeps in, such as, "I don't
know how you keep so patient and
cheerful, and look so dainty always,"
will not the flattery be forgiven her
when balanced against the warm glow
of pleasure that fills the heart of the
chronic invalid?—*New York Post.*

Russia's Waterway Program.
In order to provide for a direct com-
munication by water from the Baltic
Sea to the Caspian and Black Seas,
Russia is to undertake a comprehen-
sive waterway program. The pro-
gram proposes an extended improve-
ment of the inland waterway system
of its European provinces at an esti-
mated cost of \$79,895,000. The two
most important projects are to connect
by canals the River Dvina with the
Dnieper at Vitebsk and Orsha, and
the Dvina with the Volga, using the
rivers Mesha, Obsha, Warusa, Moskva
and Oka.

The Duke of Wellington once said:
"Teach your children the three R's
and leave out the great R of religion
and you will only produce a fourth R
—Rascaldom and get a nation of
clever devils."
The Andes, that mighty mountain
chain that extends the whole length
of South America and divides it into
countries has at last been pierced by a
tunnel which connects Buenos Aires
on the Atlantic with Valparaiso on
the Pacific. Formerly an inhabitant
of either city wishing to go from
one city to the other was obliged to
make a four or five days' sea voyage,
now the trip can be accomplished in
thirty-six hours.

How to Destroy the Tussock Moth.

The Dominion entomologist, C. Gordon
Hewitt, of the experimental farm,
Ottawa, gives the following directions
for the destruction of the Tussock
moth which is doing so much damage
to our trees.
The most conspicuous stage in the
life-history of the white-marked tus-
sock moth is the egg mass which the
female covers with a whitish sub-
stance. Each egg mass contains 200 to
400 eggs deposited upon the old
cocoon located on the trunks and
larger branches of the trees; some,
however, are found in crevices, on
wooden palings and in other places to
which the caterpillars have crawled to
spin their cocoons. The gathering
and destruction of these conspicuous
egg masses during the winter before
the young caterpillars hatch in May
or June is the best eradication measure
that can be employed. The egg
masses can be gathered either by
scrapping them off the bark or other
attachment by means of a small
scraper or by hand; or they may be
destroyed by creosote oil, as in the
case of the egg masses of the gipsy
moth; by merely moistening the egg
mass with creosote the eggs will be
destroyed.
These operations can be carried on
during the winter and a small gang of
men would be able to treat all the
trees within the city limit during the
period that the insect is in the egg
stage. If all the egg masses on a tree
are destroyed and a three-inch
"rattlefoot" is painted round the
trunk of the tree at a height of about
4 or 5 feet, in May or June, the tree
may be kept free from the caterpillars,
owing to the fact that the female
moth cannot fly and the caterpillars
could only reach the foliage by crawl-
ing up the trunk, having been hatched
from eggs in another situation.

Some Facts about the Nose.

[From "Good Health" by Frances Gullick
Jewett]
When a dog wants to find his
master, his nose is often quite as
useful as his legs. He puts it near
the ground and smells his master's
footsteps as fast as he can run.
Bloodhounds can find a burglar in
the same way, while wild deer can
smell their enemy a long way off if
the wind is blowing from that direction.
If the hunter himself had as keen a
nose as that, I suppose it would help
him in his hunting, but it would make
it that much harder for the deer to
save his life.
In any case, our nose is as useful as
we need. It tells us even in the dark
or when our eyes are shut which
flower is a rose and which is a lily; it
warns us when the gas is escaping and
we know by it when the room is too
close, when there is tobacco smoke in
it, and when the air is impure from
sewers or garbage cans or soiled
things.
Though the nose is so useful, it is
not always beautiful. It may be long
and thin like a knife blade, or it may
be short and thick like a small club; it



The Bread and Butter Age,

The growing child needs more good food
at frequent intervals than the adult. Nothing
is better and safer between meals than a slice
of the good home-made bread. Formerly
graham or whole wheat bread was favored;
but Dr. Woods Hutchinson, the prominent
hygienic writer, and other experts, have
pointed out that the coarser flours are really
less easily assimilated and are inferior in food
value to the best white flour.

"Beaver" Flour

is a product uniting the merits of the coarser flours with the delicate,
white, appetizing qualities appreciated by children and grown people
alike. It is not a crude mixture, but an exactly proportioned scientific
blend of Manitoba Spring Wheat and Ontario Fall Wheat. The famous
Manitoba No. 1 Hard contains the gluten and proteids which build bone
and sinew, and we balance this with the right proportion of the best
Ontario wheat, softer, whiter and richer in carbohydrates, to make a
perfect food. For bread, cake and pastry, use **BEAVER FLOUR.**
DEALERS—Write us for prices of Feed, Coarse Grain and Cereals.
THE T. H. TAYLOR CO. LIMITED, CHATHAM, Ont.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Church Painting—Ronald Beaton, P.P. Notice of Meeting—D.C. Chisholm, page 8. Notice—Hugh B. McDonald, page 8. Salesman Wanted—page 8. Notice of Lawn Party—page 8. Teacher Wanted—Joseph Benoit, page 8. Teacher Wanted—Angus L. McDonald, page 8. Bicycle for Sale—page 8. Fall and Winter Coats—Chas. Sweet & Co. 5 Court of Probate—D.J. McDonald, page 8.

LOCAL ITEMS

THE NO. 3 READER for the seventh and eighth grades is the one prescribed for use this year.

A FULL MEETING of the C. M. B. A. is requested for Friday evening, the 9th inst. Matters of interest to the members are to be discussed.

THE MARRIAGE of Miss Violet May Turnbull of Antigonish and Mr. Pearl M. Cunningham of Antigonish is announced to take place on the 20th inst.

GOOD GROWTH.—Mr. William Crockett of Antigonish brought to our office last week stalks of oats measuring six feet three inches, good illustrations of the remarkable growth of vegetation the past season.

THE MEMBERS of St. Peter's Altar Society, Tracadie, intend holding a picnic on Wednesday, 14th, on the grounds of Mr. Richard McMullin, Tracadie. Amusements usual on such occasions will be furnished.

SMALL-POX has broken out in the home of Angus Borden, colored, Big Tracadie, one of the inmates being afflicted. The disease was acquired in an adjoining district, in Guysboro County, where it has been lingering for several weeks without the health authorities of that County taking any precautionary measures. The Borden house has been quarantined.

THE MISSION EXERCISES are largely attended. The several services each day, even that at 6 a. m., finds the Cathedral well crowded, though only the female portion of the congregation is taking part this week. The sermons and instructions are listened to with rapt attention, and without doubt good results will follow the mission. In addition to the missionary Fathers mentioned last week, Father Mellaney is also assisting.

FIRE DESTROYED two barns belonging to Mr. Thomas Myers of Bayfield, Antigonish, on last Thursday. When the fire broke out Mr. Myers was in his house, taking dinner, having just completed the work of storing his hay crop. It was impossible to prevent the flames spreading from the burning building to another near by, and both, with their contents, were soon consumed. Some twenty-five tons of hay, carriages, harness, some implements and other farm articles were consumed. Mr. Myers' loss is in the vicinity of \$1000. No insurance.

NOTRE DAME CONVENT, ARICHAT, has not fallen behind this year in its record of successful candidates at the provincial exams. Eleven out of 14 succeeded in obtaining grades, as follows, 4 out of 5 obtained grade D, 3 out of 4 grade C, 3 out of 3 grade B, and the teacher of the latter class, Rev. Sr. St. Firmine, obtained grade A, with 1st rank M. P. Q. Names stand as follows in order of merit: B—Lucy Boyle, Alvenia Doucet, Narcisse Barrell; C—Cora Wells, Marie L. Boudreau, Yvonne LeBlanc; D—Marie M. Boucher, Alphonse Boudreau, Alphonse Gagnon, Frances Barrell.

THE COURTS.—The September sittings of the County Court met at Guysborough last Tuesday, Judge Macgillivray presiding. The causes on the docket were: Aikins vs. Simpson, a qui tam action for willfully receiving a larger amount of fees than by law he is authorized to receive, was tried and decision reserved; R. R. Griffin for plaintiff, C. E. Gregory, K. C., and D. P. Floyd for defendant, Hendsbee Fish Co. vs. Hendsbee, and Reddy vs. Bond, actions for goods sold and delivered, were settled; J. A. Fulton for respective plaintiffs and D. P. Floyd for defendants. After hearing motions, court adjourned sine die.

THE FOLLOWING clergymen from this diocese are attending the Eucharistic Congress: Rev. D. Chisholm, P. P., Heatherton, Rev. F. Broussard, Cheticamp, Rev. C. E. McKinnon, P. P. Sydney Mines, Very Rev. Dr. Thompson V. G., Glace Bay, Rev. William Kiely, P. P. North Sydney, Rev. Dr. MacPherson, Rector of the College, Rev. M. Doyle, Antigonish, Rev. M. Gillis, Antigonish, Rev. A. L. McDonald, P. P. Inverness, Rev. D. McDonald, P. P. Arisaig, Rev. R. McDonald, P. P., St. Peter's, Rev. J. C. Chisholm, P. P. St. Joseph's, Rev. A. Chisholm, P. P. St. Andrews, Rev. J. Walsh, P. P. Louisburg.

THE ANNUAL PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION at Halifax will be held this year from September 28th to October 6th. Besides the numerous features and attractions, many of which will be entirely new to Nova Scotians, there will be daily horse races on the half mile track, a purse of \$8,200 ensuring the fastest horses in the Provinces taking part in the contests. The premium list shows an aggregate fund of \$20,000. The fisheries, agriculture, fruit, mines, manufactures, machinery, the women's work and fine arts departments, will have exhibits that will well repay careful study and examination. The rates of travel to Halifax will be as low as usual.

THE FALL FAIR.—Intending exhibitors at the fall fair are requested to send their entries to the Secretary, Mr. Alexander McDonald, Church Street, Antigonish. The prize lists for the fair have been widely circulated, and it is hoped all our people have thorough knowledge of the various classes of animals and other products of the farm for which prizes are offered. There are still a number of copies of the prize list in the hands of the Secretary. October 6th and 7th, the days on which the fair will be held, will be found a most suitable time for the public to attend. The crops will be then nearly all housed, and agriculturists should be anxious for a few days of relaxation after completing the work of the harvest which was this year, because

of the fine crop, more laborious than usual.

THE SCHOOL for the Deaf and Dumb at Halifax will reopen after the summer holidays on Monday, September 19th, when it is hoped all pupils will arrive promptly. At this school all pupils are taught to speak and to understand speech by reading the movements of the lips. There are throughout the Maritime Provinces many children, not actually deaf and dumb, but deaf enough to prevent their taking advantage of the ordinary public school instruction. Such children are eligible for admission to this school and should be sent, as their speech would be greatly improved as well as their powers of lip-reading. Parents are only called upon to pay travelling expenses and furnish clothing, the Institution providing board, education, etc. Pupils may be admitted between the ages of six and eighteen years. Doctors, teachers and clergymen are earnestly requested to communicate with Principal Fearon if they know of any deaf or partially deaf children in their neighbourhood.

VISITORS RETURNING.—On last Tuesday, Mrs. Annie McGinnity left Antigonish for Boston to join her sister, Mrs. Marion Steeves, whence they leave for Seattle, Wash., their home, accompanied by their brother, Dougald A. Cameron of Middle South River, Ant., and their cousin, Mary A. McDonald, of Marydale. These ladies are daughters of the late L. Cameron, Esq., of U. S. River. Mrs. McGinnity had been abroad continuously for twenty-one years, most of which time she passed not only in the Far West, but several years in the "Farther North." During the stampede to the Klondike, in 1898, she was one of the few women who bravely set out for the land of gold. She was there early enough and long enough to see Dawson grow from a struggling mining town to an important city. Her vivid descriptions of the trip North, when the only means of transportation was by dog-team, upon whose faithfulness and endurance their fate almost wholly depended, are not only interesting but sometimes thrilling. With all her experiences and long absence, she says she has the same fond attachment to the old home, is glad she is able to spend a few weeks there once again, and hopes to make a more extended visit thereto in the near future.

"TALKS TO PARENTS."—This valuable little pamphlet, the contents of which CASKET readers had first-hand acquaintance with, and which is so highly prized as to be deemed worthy of re-publication for circulation in the West by so competent a judge of good reading as Archbishop McNeil, can be had of F. A. Ronnan, Halifax, who has several thousand copies on hand. In a recent issue of the Catholic Register appeared the following editorial note: "We are glad to note that the late Father Phelan's instructive pamphlet, 'Talks to Parents,' has been republished by the Church Supply House of Vancouver, B. C. This has been done at the suggestion of His Grace Archbishop McNeil, who supplies the preface and expresses the hope that it will have the widest possible circulation. This pamphlet is one of the best things in its line which has appeared in recent years. It is a sane, practical, and concrete appeal to Catholic parents and treats of matters which are too frequently overlooked in the home-training of Catholic children. Father Phelan, in his day, was a great writer, a devoted and zealous priest, who brought to the treatment of his subjects that sound judgment and saving common sense, which made the ANTIGONISH CASKET, during his day, one of the most widely-quoted of our Catholic periodicals."

Those who have promised to subscribe to The Halifax Herald, The Evening Mail or The Homestead will greatly oblige me by doing so as soon before the 17th inst. as possible. Harold B. Whidden.

Personals.

Dr. John Somers of Cambridge, Mass., arrived in Town yesterday, for a brief vacation.

Miss Josephine Macdougall of Antigonish left on Wednesday of last week for Calgary.

Mr. P. F. Delorey of Winthrop, Mass., is spending a few weeks at Tracadie, his former home.

Mr. Dougald McKinnon of Fairmont, Ant., left on Tuesday to enter a sanitarium in Massachusetts for the benefit of his health.

Mrs. D. G. Kirk and daughter, Edith, of Antigonish, arrived home on Monday evening from a European tour.

Mr. M. H. Reddy of Sambro, N. S., and Mr. J. Neville of the firm of M. Neville, Halifax, are at Mulgrave, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Morrison.

Miss Margaret Chisholm of Antigonish and Miss Margaret McDonald of Heatherton, trained nurses, arrived at their homes last Saturday from Boston, to spend several weeks.

Mr. J. W. McGillivray of Madison, Maine, arrived in Town Tuesday night. He will visit relatives and friends at Dunmaglass, Ant., Margaree, and other points of the Province.

Right Reverend Dr. MacDonald of Victoria, B. C., was in Regina last week, a guest of Mr. Hector Y. McDonald, barrister. He was en route to the Eucharistic Congress.

Colin F. Chisholm, and Kenneth Chisholm of Boston, who came to Antigonish with the body of their brother, who was killed by a railway accident, returned home on Thursday of last week.

The great prize contest will close on September 17th. There are only a few days left, and now is the time to subscribe to The Herald, Mail, or Homestead. Harold B. Whidden.

Among the Advertisers.

It pays to pay cash. Try Fraser's for big values in shoes.

A carriage rug found on Fairmont Road is at Casket Office.

Wanted, a boy to work in drug store. Apply at Foster Bros.

Complete new stock of heavy Amherst footwear at Fraser's Shoe Store.

School Shoes—solid leather, wear-resisting goods—at ready-pay prices. Fraser's Shoe Store.

Will be sold at reasonable figure, a mare in foal. Good driver and worker. C. A. Harrington, Antigonish.

Wanted, at once, a girl for general housework and plain cooking in small family. Highest wages. Apply to P. O. Box 184, Pictou, N. S.

Lost, on Tuesday, a lady's small bag containing a sum of money in bills and some change, between east end of Pleasant Street and Hawthorn, via College and Main Streets.

Lost, last evening, a lady's gold watch, between Celtic Hall and St. Ninian, by way of College Street. Finder please leave at Casket Office.

Notice of Meeting

A Public Meeting of the ratepayers of the Town of Antigonish will be held at the

COURT HOUSE, ANTIGONISH

...ON... MONDAY EVENING 19th instant AT EIGHT O'CLOCK

For the purpose of approving and ratifying the borrowing of \$25,000 by the Town, under Chapter 02 of the Statutes of Nova Scotia, 1910, to redeem said amount of WATER WORKS DEBENTURES due Oct. 1st, 1910.

N. B.—Only ratepayers (those assessed for property) whose rates and taxes of all kinds, including water rates, have been fully paid up at least three (3) days before the date of meeting shall be qualified to vote at said meeting. By order, D. C. CHISHOLM, Town Clerk and Treasurer Dated Town Office, Antigonish, N. S., Sept. 3rd, 1910.

Inverness, S. S.

In the Court of Probate, 1910

In the Estate of the Late Duncan J. McPherson, late of Black River, in the County of Inverness, Farmer, Deceased.

At a Court of Probate, holden at Port Hood, in the County of Inverness, aforesaid, on the 24th day of August, inst.:

On petition of Maria McPherson, Administratrix of the said estate, dated the 4th day of April last, praying that a citation do issue for the settlement of her account therein and of the estate.

And whereas, at the said Court there appeared Daniel McNeil, Esq., K. C., Proctor for the Administratrix, also Daniel McLennan, Esq., Barrister, for Margaret E. McPherson, and all the heirs by the first marriage.

And whereas, accounts of receipts and expenditures of the said Administratrix were duly examined and showing expenditures to the sum of \$551.25 and receipts to the sum of 507.55 leaving a balance of \$43.70 overpaid by the said Administratrix.

It is therefore decreed that the said estate is indebted to the said Administratrix in the sum of \$43.70.

Given under my hand and the seal of the said Court at Port Hood this 31st day of August, 1910.

(Sgd.) EDWD. D. TREMAIN, Judge of Probate for Inverness (Sgd.) DONALD J. McDONALD, Registrar.

Salesman Wanted.

Wanted, first-class fertilizer salesman, one having good connections for the County of Antigonish.

Address reply to LESAGE PACKING & FERTILIZER CO. Ltd., 102 Nazareth Street, Montreal.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that any person trespassing or throwing down fences or allowing their cattle or horses on my meadow or farm at St. Joseph's, in this County, will be prosecuted as the law directs.

HUGH R. McDONALD, St. Joseph's, Now at Stellarton, Pictou Co. St. Joseph's, Antigonish, Sept. 6, 1910.

CHURCH PAINTING

Sealed tenders will be received by the undersigned up to the 15th inst. for painting (two coats) the exterior of Georgetown Church—main building (61 x 41 x 26); vestry (20 x 27 x 12)—small tower and steeple (about 25 feet)—the parish providing the materials, and the work to be finished by the 8th Oct. next. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

RONALD BEATON, P. P. Georgeville, N. S., Sept. 6th, 1910.

Teacher Wanted

A grade C or D teacher, male or female, for Pomquet school. Apply at once, stating salary, to JOSEPH BENOIT, Trustee, Pomquet Station.

BICYCLE FOR SALE

A good, second-hand bicycle, good as new, a very low price. Apply at CASKET OFFICE.

Teacher Wanted

A grade B or C teacher, male or female, for Lismore School, Sec. No. 45. Apply, stating salary, to ANGUS L. McDONALD, Sec. to Trustees, Lismore.

WANTED

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

CASH

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

Macgillivray & McDonald Opposite Post Office.

Farms for Sale.

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

ALLAN MACDONALD, Barrister, etc., Antigonish.

Doors and Windows.

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

TEACHER WANTED.

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

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

NOTICE.

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

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

TEACHERS WANTED

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

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

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

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

Blacksmith Wanted.

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

For further information apply at CASKET OFFICE.



KODAK

Kodaks and Brownies

Velox Paper, Developing Powders.

Mail orders receive prompt attention. J. D. COPELAND DRUGGIST ANTIGONISH - N. S.

Teacher Wanted

For French Road School Section, No. 79, third class male or female. Apply, stating salary, to ANDREW McMILLAN, Sec'y, French Road, C. B.

A MIDSUMMER SALE

—OF— Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Etc.

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

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

20 Per Cent.

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

Highest price paid for Wool and Butter

Palace Clothing Company

Main Street, Antigonish, N. S.

Bankrupt Sale Prices

ON Used Pianos and Organs

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

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

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

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

Write for complete list of Bankrupt Sale prices.

J. A. McDonald Piano and Music Co.

46 Barrington St., Halifax, N. S.

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

HARDWARE

Now in stock at

D. G. KIRK Hardware Emporium

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

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

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

D. G. KIRK, Antigonish, N. S.