

THE CASKET.

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1913.

The London Times cordially welcomes Lord Loreburn's proposal for a compromise on Home Rule; and that is prima facie evidence that there is nothing in it for Ireland.

Thaw's lawyers say they do not want to be made to look like a pack of monkeys before the court. Well, Mr. Doherty seems to have done that to them; but it is not illegal to do that.

It is too bad of the Suffragettes to embarrass Sir Edward Carson at this stage. He has much to contend with; and to hold him up just now, and demand votes for women in his new kingdom of north-east Ulster is a meanness of which even a militant suffragette might be ashamed.

The Jews are complaining of being caricatured on the stage. We sympathize with them. It is time for that particular manifestation of ignorance and conceit to disappear. Injustice ought not to be done in that way, any more than in any other way.

Lord Loreburn wants a conference between all parties to modify the Irish Home Rule Bill. We hope Mr. Redmond will reject all compromises until the principle of Home Rule is admitted on all sides, Sir Edward Carson shoked off, and the rifle-clubs suppressed. It's a poor time to swap horses when crossing a stream.

Two men were killed in Birmingham, Alabama, by an electric shock which was given them as part of the initiation into the Loyal Order of Moose. At the best, initiation performances in many societies are a very poor sort of comedy. At their worst, as in this case, they sometimes become tragedy.

The indefatigable "Windermerer," who cables a good deal of the noisy bluster of North-East Ulster to the Montreal Star, cables now that "the Irish problem has suddenly entered on a new and critical stage"; and gives us Lord Loreburn's proposition. The only crisis that exists, or has for some time existed, is in the fortunes of the opposition to Home Rule. The cause itself has had many a crisis; but none threatens it at present.

Referring to the complaint of the Jews that they are caricatured on the stage, — a complaint which we hope will be headed, — we recall the fact, that when Gilbert and Sullivan wrote their opera *The Mikado*, some thirty-five years ago, Japan was not enjoying her present public position, and we have heard that when *The Mikado* was revived a few years ago in England, it was made the subject of a protest; and, we should think, justly so.

The Labor Mayor of Richmond, Province of Victoria, Australia, took the name of the King off a toast list, on the ground that he himself was a republican. The legislative assembly has unanimously condemned him for it. He is said to be young and inexperienced, which may excuse him, but does not make the situation any better for the cause which is bound to suffer for all such folly on the part of its leaders. The heart of the world is turning more and more to the cause of labor. But let labor keep a firm hand on its leaders. There is danger in that direction.

Lord Loreburn says that "persistence with the Home Rule Bill will be certain to be followed by serious rioting in the North of Ireland." Let them riot. It was never hard to start a riot there. "Persistence" with the Catholic Emancipation Act started riots. "Persistence" with the disestablishment of the Church of Eng-

land did so. "Persistence" with every fair and decent measure passed with respect to Ireland started riots there. And, when nobody was "persisting" with anything in particular, they rioted anyhow. Let them riot. They see the end of their rioting days. That is partly what is the matter with them just now.

Bishop McDonald of Victoria, B. C., in a recent sermon, said:

The Bishop, in his Diocese, does not represent the people; he does not represent the Pope; he represents Jesus Christ. He does not represent the people, because he does not get his office nor his authority from them. He is set, as the apostle has it, by the Holy Ghost to rule the Church. He does not represent the Pope, because, in all ordinary Church affairs he governs, not by delegated authority but by authority inherent in his office of Divine Right.

Looking over Dean Llwyd's sermon on "The practical value of the episcopate," published in the last number of *Church Work*, we cannot but remark that, if the Church of England could claim such an authority, and such a source of authority, cutting clear of "royal supremacy" and Acts of Parliament, there would be no need of the argument from "practical value."

Dean Llwyd speaks of "masters of English theology such as Anselm, Butler, Andrews and Sherlock." Passing by the rather striking differences between the theological position of Anselm and those of the others, we find ourselves wondering what is meant by "English theology." St. Anselm, at least, would have been a little puzzled to understand such a term. Of course, at the "Reformation," some theology was manufactured, the like of which the Christian world had never until then heard of. Henry VIII was an expert in it; and he taught it with the sword. Somerset and Elizabeth varied, altered and extended it; and those who couldn't accept it went to the block or to prison. Parliament made it into Statutes; and it is still the business of Parliament to give it practical effect or no effect, as Canon Thompson can bear witness.

The Montreal Star has a very thoughtful, and very wise editorial on the expulsion of young Thaw. That is one side of the picture. Here is the other. A Montreal Star reporter went over to the States with Thaw, rode with Thaw in his automobile, and the Star's news despatch tells us, "endeavoured to have him form some plans for the future." The Star's editor sits in his office and tells his readers how well every principle of public decency has been served by sending Thaw out of Canada; and the Star's reporter sits with Thaw in his car, endeavouring to be his "guide, philosopher and friend," and gathering up materials for six or seven columns of artificial sensation wherewith to deluge, confuse, and torment the same readers, and to produce in them a wrong state of mind and sentiments. Behold a modern wonder! Great is the daily newspaper! And great are its cash profits!

Mr. Doherty, Minister of Justice and acting Minister of the Interior, after consultation with his deputy, Mr. Newcombe, (formerly of the city of Halifax, and an excellent lawyer), and also with the Solicitor-General, took Thaw away from the officers who were holding him to respond to the writ of the Court at Montreal, and sent him across the line in an automobile. Mr. Doherty has displeased Thaw, Thaw's family, Thaw's lawyers, and a number of foolish people who allowed themselves to get excited in an unworthy cause. He can probably stand that, because he has done his duty as he saw it; and has pleased the great majority of the public. We were very glad to see the Minister of the Interior in the late Liberal Government endorse Mr. Doherty's action, and to see it approved by the press of all parties. It is well to know that, when a matter of public law and the common welfare is to be dealt with, Cabinet ministers will be supported by both political friends and political opponents. The prompt action of the Attorney-General of Quebec, in putting an end to the farce at Sherbrooke, and the final firm act of the Minister of Justice, have done much to dispel a certain doubt of the effectiveness of our laws which began to be felt when it was announced that this wandering murderer or lunatic (for he is one or the other) had set to work with the assistance of able lawyers to tie our laws up in knots for two or three years to come.

But after all, Sir Edward Carson must tell those suffragettes whether women are going to have votes in the new Kingdom of North-east Ulster. No mere threats of civil war,—nay, not civil war itself, will avail him here. He has talked of riot, and behold, the very personification, the essence and the spirit, of riot, are upon him now. Of what avail to talk now even of rifles, and military drill. He might be able to persuade himself that he could intimidate a mere government, or work on the feelings of any mere army sent to subdue his North-east kingdom; but here he is face to face with something more perplexing than a mere government or a mere army. Here is something new to his experience, yet having a vaguely familiar aspect, too. Orangemen have defied, in their time, all kinds of laws, all kinds of principles, all kinds of governments. Here is something new for them to defy. And in Sir Edward's troubled sleep, what shapes appear? Orangeism has, for a century, been the great outlaw of the British Empire; the nightmare of lawmakers, the torment of the law-abiding. Could the mind of man conceive anything more fitting, more ridiculously and side-splittingly suitable than that it should now be threateningly faced with the highest modern perfection of that very lawlessness, legal and moral, in which so long it stood without a rival? Hear the women:

"You and your colleagues and supporters are forming an Ulster government and preparing an armed rebellion as a protest against being brought under a system of government to which you do not give your consent. It is precisely on the same principle that the militant suffragist organization refuses to submit to a government without the consent of women either in Ulster or any other part of the kingdom."

Now, then, Sir Edward, look to it well! For on your track run those who have perfected the very tools your Orange Order has always worked with and added others never thought of even there. The Carson Clubs must make a shift of tactics; and the time is short. Precedents fail. All signs fail. The old party-cries are no good. What do the militant suffragettes care what becomes of the Pope? As for logic, these women have far more of it on their side than the Orangemen ever had on theirs. Not that they care a copper farthing for logic any more than the Orangemen do; but there is no refuge from them there. Upon our word we don't see how Sir Edward can get by this crisis. We are told that "Belfast is a city on its knees"; well, it had better be a city on its feet, and move its feet pretty fast, too, when the militant suffragettes head in that direction.

ANOTHER CATHOLIC JUDGE.

About two years ago, after the death of the late Mr. Justice Laurence, we said that Nova Scotia ought to have another Catholic judge on the bench of the Supreme Court. It seems that Chief Justice Townshend is to retire soon; and we now repeat that the Catholics of this Province are entitled to another member in that Court. There is, of course, no rule of law requiring any such representation, as regards either Catholic or Protestant. But our non-Catholic friends ought to be ready to support the appointment of a second Catholic judge at this time, because they are in the habit of insisting on full Protestant representation, and are always prepared to resist strongly any disarrangement of the proportion.

Take the case of the Senate representation. For a year or two the Catholic representation from Nova Scotia was one more than the proportion by population would entitle us to; and, when the vacancies came to be filled last year, the old proportion was restored. We do not complain of that; but, if proportional representation is to be so closely adhered to, it is reasonable for us to ask for another judge now on the Supreme Court Bench.

There were formerly two Catholic judges in that Court. Mr. Justice Thompson and Mr. Justice Hugh MacDonald were there at the same time. There is not the slightest difficulty in finding a suitable appointee. We hope the unfair proportion of one to seven on the Bench of the Supreme Court will now be abandoned.

As we said in 1911, we now again say—The expression of these views must not be construed as an expression of lack of confidence in the non-Catholic members of that Court. The Catholics of Nova Scotia have complete confidence in the Supreme Court; and have always trusted all the judges to do justice according to the law.

NUNS BEHIND THE GUNS.

A newspaper clipping has been handed to us, which we are glad was taken from the *Orange Sentinel*. It is headed in large black type: "Thousand Modern Guns Stored in N. S. Convent."

After a reference to Dr. Pringle's recent "rampage" about schools, etc., it goes on:

"A few weeks ago a fire destroyed the Roman Catholic Church, glebe house and convent here" (Whitney Pier is referred to), "and the fire disclosed that about a thousand rifles were stored in a room in the basement of the convent. Some, if not all, were modern Ross rifles. The general question is, 'Why were those rifles there?'"

Now, surely, no Orangeman need ask that question. Why were they there? To shoot the Protestants and, of course, the Orangemen before others; and Dr. Pringle first of all. The nuns were entrusted with the job; but the fire came and now it is all off. It is rather a pity, too, granting that Protestants ought to be shot, and, of course, no one (except perhaps an Orangeman) will be so unreasonable as to deny that. A pity, we say; because the nuns might have carried it off nicely. They wear cloaks; and each of them could have concealed a Ross rifle easily; and they look so sedate that even the lynx-eyed Orangemen do not always suspect what terrible crimes they are plotting.

We suppose this is the explanation of the opposition of the Orange Lodges to any further continuance of the school arrangements in Sydney. Can you blame them? Who would like to have one of those terrible nuns fire a rifle at him out of a convent window? Or, who cares to watch out all the time to see that they do not suddenly produce a "Ross rifle" from beneath a hypocritical, papistical, Jesuitical, idolatrous black coat and shoot slugs into him? Do you blame them? We don't. And yet we hate to see a pretty and promising plan such as this go wrong, through what looks like a hoodoo. We don't wish continuous ill-luck to any one's plans; and (granting that Protestants ought all to be shot), it is sad to see with what regularity, and certainty, the rifles are always uncovered in time to stop the trick. This is the fiftieth time in a few years past to our certain knowledge that plots similar to this in various parts of the world have been nipped in the bud by the finding of the rifles before the time came to use them. There's a hoodoo somewhere, that's sure; and the rifles are always found in a church, glebe house or convent. It is time to change the programme if it can be done. Next time the thing must be pulled off before discovery can be made. Perhaps the nuns are a little too nervous for such work, after all.

How about enlisting a few of the militant suffragettes? Or, better still, perhaps, send for those experts referred to by Sir Wm. Butler, and let them deal with the matter. The late General Sir Wm. Butler was at a dinner one evening, and a lady who sat beside him dismissed the disappearance of a person who was said by some to have been kidnapped by the Jesuits. She asked Sir William his opinion, evidently not knowing he was a Catholic. "Oh, no, madam," said he, "impossible; we keep a religious order specially for such services. They are called the Trappists." Perhaps we had better turn the case of the Sydney Protestants over to the Trappists.

DEAN LLWYD AND "THE FIRST PROTESTANT."

Dean Llwyd, of All Saints Church (Anglican) Halifax, preached a sermon at the consecration of the Bishop of Kingston, which is published in *Church Work* of 11th inst. He refers to "defenders of ecclesiastical liberty like Hugh Greathead of Lincoln, the first Protestant against Rome."

There is not one Protestant in every thousand to-day who knows the origin of the term, "Protestant." They have never even inquired. No writer, of any religion, has ever said that the word "Protestant" was, at first, used to describe those who were against the Catholic Church, or "against Rome," as Dean Llwyd puts it. Dean Llwyd certainly does not mean to say that. The term originated in a protest made by the Lutheran minority at the Diet of Spire, a political body met to decide on public measures in 1529. The rulers of the time in a previous Diet had aimed at keeping religious matters as nearly as possible as they were until a general Council of the Church might be called. In practice the decree of the first Diet was carried out by the princes of the Lutheran States in a manner agreeable to themselves; and they forbade the Catholic worship.

The Second Diet, therefore, by a majority, decreed that those states which had observed the first edict should continue to observe it, and that the other states, in which the new opinions had been introduced, should not, until the meeting of a general Council of the Church, make any fresh changes in regard to religion; and that in those last-mentioned states no preaching against the Blessed Eucharist should be permitted, the Mass should not be abolished, and Catholics should not be prevented from hearing Mass.

This decree by no means suited the Lutheran minority in the Diet; and they drew up a protest. From that protest, the term "Protestant" originated. It is noteworthy that they made a particular protest against the clause of the decree which aimed at saving Catholics from persecution. Later, by custom, the term "Protestant" came to be used to describe all those who opposed the Catholic Church. It is a wide term, and means nothing positive or affirmative, and takes in men of all beliefs and of no belief.

A great effort was made at a still later time, to extend this term "Protestant" to include some bodies of Christians who had, at one time or another, broken with the Church on some doctrine or doctrines, before the "Reformation." Some such breaks had taken place in a number of countries and in different centuries; and the peculiar ideas and teachings of those heretics were exceedingly various and inconsistent; and none of them could be lined up with Luther, or Calvin, or any other of the "Protestant" leaders, as to what they believed or what they rejected.

Such difficulties, however, did not prevent "Protestant" writers from scouring history and bringing together the strangest and most incongruous assortment of "early Protestants" that could well be imagined. This futile search for religious predecessors, opposed to "Rome," was undertaken in the consciousness that the necessity of their case required some show at least of a continuous believing and teaching church. Having rejected the only church which had an unquestionable and unbroken descent from the Apostles, the "Reformed" writers set out to show, not only that that Church had failed, but that there had always been a visible, clear-cut body of "Protestants" who had preserved the truth when the Church was obscuring it and falsifying it. Thus their search. And thus, they collected together the Albigenes, the Vandois, Wickliffites, the Hussites, and other sects, and even individual heretics here and there, and exhibited them to the world as the "early Protestants." It mattered not at all that none of these sects agreed one with the other; and that none of them agreed with Luther or with Calvin. When they found a man who had broken images, then, notwithstanding that he had believed in the Blessed Eucharist, they ticketed him "an early Protestant." Claude of Turin was an Arian, that is, he denied the Divinity of Christ; but he broke images; and therefore they adopted him as an ancestor. Berengarius denied the Blessed Eucharist, but believed all else that the Church taught. They put him down on their list. John Huss said Mass to the end of his life; but because he went against the Church in other matters, he stands high as "an early Protestant."

The Albigenes and the Vandois were very unlike the "Reformers"; but they separated from "Rome"; and that was enough. Down they went in the list.

We could amplify this greatly; but we must refer our readers to books for further information.

Now, there was a certain grim fitness about this procedure; and the "Reformers" were not altogether inconsistent in it. From the very first years of the "Reformation" they began to disagree and to divide; and, when the "new protestants" had not been able to get along for even five years without disputing and denouncing each other over the principal doctrines of Christianity, it could hardly have seem to them so very absurd to claim religious descent from isolated heretics, or obscure sects, of earlier times, notwithstanding the fact that those people disputed, disagreed, sub-divided, and varied even more than the "new protestants" did; and notwithstanding the further fact that none of them agreed with the "Reformers," and that they attacked the Church of God on different and inconsistent grounds, just as the "Reformers" did, though

not on the same grounds as the "Reformers."

The curse of error is variation. The "Reformers" might just as consistently gone back to the extinguished heresies of still earlier years,—openly gone back to them we mean; for we think it is undeniable that they did borrow from them,—they might just as well have adopted Arius and Nestorius as "early Protestants," as the Vandors and John Huss. This would not have involved their adopting the opinions of Arius or Nestorius; for we have seen that they were not applying any such test as agreement in doctrine. They might just as well have taken them all in, all the scores of them, from Simon Magus down to John Huss.

For, in the wide and uncertain sense in which the term "Protestant" is applied to the "Reformers," all the rebels against the authority of God's Church, from Simon Magus to John Huss were "protestants," that is to say, they were anti-Catholic. But a word now about Dean Llwyd's reference to "the first Protestant against Rome."

Our readers will observe that, on the lines of investigation pursued by the "Reformers," it is somewhat difficult to tell just how far back they found "the first protestant against Rome;" but, on the line of argument apparently adopted by Dean Llwyd, "protestants" may perhaps be found in every age since Christ's ascension into Heaven; for the view indicated by Dean Llwyd makes every bishop who ever resisted or expostulated against any sort of an order from a Pope, "a protestant against Rome." The case he refers to can certainly be put on no higher or more important ground than occasional resistance and opposition to orders of the Pope in matters in which no question of infallible teaching could come in, no question of faith, in which the Pope might be wrong, and in which no Catholic is bound to believe him to be right. The limits of legitimate demands or orders of the Pope in such matters as these, and the limits of legitimate resistance by a bishop, form another question; but a question which has no possible bearing on the disputes between Catholics and Protestants, or on the question of the unity of the Church, or of the divine mission and infallible teaching of the Church.

Protestantism began by denying the Supremacy of the Pope, Bishop Grosseteste (Greathead), — his name, by the way, was Robert, not Hugh—certainly never denied any such thing. The letter chiefly relied on by Anglican writers, was, by a very stupid blunder, said to have been written to Pope Innocent IV, whereas it is plainly addressed to "Master Innocent," a Papal Notary, and greets him with "health and benediction," which greeting no bishop ever dreamed of sending even to another bishop, far less to a Pope.

Luard, a Protestant, in his preface to Bishop Grosseteste's Epistles, says: "Grosseteste has been styled one of the barbingers of the Reformation. . . . 'If this implies that he had any tendency towards the doctrinal changes then brought about in the Church, or that he evidenced any idea of a separation of the Church of England from that of Rome, a more utterly mistaken statement has never been made. . . . To judge him by the ideas prevalent in the 16th century, or to expect to find him influenced by similar motives to those which were influencing men's minds then, is to do him great injustice; and such a view of his character can only arise from ignorance of the actual facts.'"

See the preface to the Epistles of Bishop Grosseteste by Henry Richards Luard, M. A., late Fellow and Assistant Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge.

There is a great confusion of thought in the comments of Protestant writers on the subject of "early Protestants." There is a vast difference between a bishop or a priest resisting authority, here or there, and their denying that any such authority exists, and discontinuing communications with the person claiming the authority. But Protestants never distinguish between the kind of resistance which cuts the connection, and the kind of resistance which merely exposes the person resisting to discipline.

Bishop Grosseteste himself appealed to Rome on three several occasions in regard to disputes in which he was engaged in England.

His letters, taken all through, exhibit the attitude of a true and loyal Catholic to the Holy See. But, if anything be needed to contradict him from the Anglican bishops, it is the manner in which he bearded the King of England in defence of the rights of the Church. Dean Llwyd might investigate his record in that direction.

At Pasteur's Funeral.

(By W. R. Rose.)

In that quaint town of Garches, Where Pasteur toiled and died, The children by the wayside Stood waiting side by side.

And when the hearse drew near them, Each baby head was bared, Each tender form bent over, Half curious, half scared.

And one was with his mother, Who, while the car rolled by, Kneel down beside her darling, And held his hands on high.

Deep scars were mixed with dimples Upon those hands upraised, Where savage teeth had rent them, Where fiery irons had blazed.

"Sweet Jesu," cried the mother, In accents torn and wild, "Save Thou the soul of Pasteur, For Pasteur saved my child!"

The incident put into verse tells of the child bitten by a mad dog and treated and saved by Pasteur, before whose time the dread disease had no enemy to meet it in conflict.

The Saving of the Bible.

Abbot Gasquet, head of the Commission charged with the revision of the Vulgate, arrived in New York last Monday. He, of course, had to run the gauntlet of newspaper reporters, who are always on hand to interview distinguished foreigners.

The labor entailed in gathering all these texts may be inferred from this extract from an interview with Abbot Gasquet which appears in the New York "Tribune": "Pope Pius X. appointed the Commission of which I am the head, in 1907, and we have been working steadily ever since in Rome. Our labors have been enormous, as we have made diligent search for all old copies of the Vulgate, and among other things have taken 40,000 photographs of these works."

A condensed history of the Bible will answer this query of the man in the street. Up to the fourth century, or over a thousand years before printing was invented, all manuscript Bibles were in Greek and Hebrew. Even those who could read writing at that time, and they were comparatively few in number, had not access to the Word of God unless they happened to know Greek or Hebrew.

We are so accustomed to associate authorship or editorship with the printing press that we are apt to forget the long and laborious process by which books came into existence at the time the first Bible was translated into Latin. Those who did the work often committed serious blunders in transcription. Some of them arbitrarily made alterations in accordance with either their philosophical yearnings or literary tastes.

In course of time St. Jerome's version of the Bible was lost to the world. Not a single copy of it survived. Among the various versions that circulated after this loss there was not one that was recognized by the Catholic Church as official. In the sixteenth century, about the time of the Council of Trent, it was proposed to prepare an official version of the Bible. But almost four hundred years have come and gone without this proposal being carried into effect.

The character of the work mapped out for the Commission, the Holy Father summoned into existence six years ago, is thus outlined by Abbot Gasquet in the interview from which we have already quoted: "We are striving, by comparing all existing versions, to obtain the version used by St. Jerome, which we feel was one of the greatest purity. This work will probably take many years, but it is a much needed work and one in which the whole Church and the world are interested."

We can form an estimate of what has been already accomplished, when it is stated that there are now ready for the press nearly five hundred folios of note-work, corrigenda, explanatory matter and criticism. In addition to all this there are photographs extend-

ing over fifteen thousand feet. It is hardly necessary to say that all this entails a great expenditure of money. It is estimated that \$150,000 will have to be spent upon gathering the materials for an official version of the Bible.

Abbot Gasquet and those who are members of the Commission of which he is President, are living witnesses of the Church's solicitude for the preservation of the Bible in all its purity. It was she who watched over it when barbaric hordes swept through Europe, making a wreckage of existing social and political institutions. It was she that transmitted it from century to century by the labors of learned and pious monks who spent their lives in making copies of it. In our own days, when it is assailed by scoffers and unbelievers, it is she who once more holds her shield before it. To her, and to her only, are we indebted for the priceless treasure of the written Word of God. Had it not been for her watchful guardianship, that treasure would have been lost centuries before the inventor of the printing press was born. It will be to her that unborn generations will be indebted, as a result of the reigning Pontiff's initiative, for the most perfect version of the Bible in existence. It will be the latest service rendered to the book of books which long since would have been buried beneath the debris of ages, had not the Catholic Church stood between it and the devastating forces that wrought such havoc after the Roman Empire ceased to exist. — N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

A Slave in The Land of Egypt.

A few weeks ago the cables announced that Father Joseph Ohrwalder, who had been ten years a prisoner of the Mahdi, had passed away at Omdurman, the scene of his captivity. The mental and physical sufferings he heroically endured during those ten years of slavery among the cruel Sudanese fanatics can hardly be paralleled in the records of his age, and in the long roll of missionary heroes there have been few who underwent such a variety and intensity of sufferings and lived to resume their labors. In 1892, the year of his escape, Major F. R. Wingate, Director of Military Intelligence in the Egyptian Army, (later General Sir Francis Wingate, Sirdar of the Egypt and Governor of the Sudan) edited and published the story of the Father's "Ten Years' Captivity in the Mahdi's Camp," and to-day the thrilling, poignant narrative recalls the words of St. Paul to the Corinthians: "For I think that God hath set forth us apostles, the last, as it were, made a spectacle to the world and to angels and to men. We are fools for Christ's sake—we are weak—without honor. Even to this hour we hunger and thirst and are naked and are buffeted and have no fixed abode; and we labor working with our hands; we are reviled and we bless; we are persecuted and we suffer it. We are blasphemed and we entreat; we are made as the refuse of this world, the off-scouring of all even until now."

Born, 1856, near Meran in the Austrian Alps, Joseph Ohrwalder, in physique and faith and Catholic devotedness, was a true son of the Tyrol. Joining in his boyhood the Fathers of the Sacred Heart of Verona, a Congregation consecrated to work among the negroes, he volunteered on his ordination in 1879 for the perilous mission of the Sudan. There the faith had been preached as early as 1645, but the seeds of its preaching had been buried in blood, and the new recruit was destined to follow closely, in prison and privation, their terrible experiences. Entrusted in 1846 to the Sacred Heart Fathers of Verona, the Sudan became the grave of apostolic men, who, despite the lack of visible results, continued their toil till they succumbed to climate, disease or persecution. In 1891, when the district was reconstituted, there were but 1,027 Catholics in a population of 15,000,000. The Catholics were somewhat more numerous before the Mahdi's outrages, but it was youthful zeal rather than historical remembrance that caused the newly ordained missionary to write: "I left Cairo, September 28, 1880, as full of bright hopes for a happy future as any young man could wish to be. I had no thought of the miserable fate that was soon to overtake me."

Bishop Comboni was leader of the band, which included Fathers John Dichtl and Francis Pimizzoni, and several Sisters and lay-brothers, nearly all of whom laid their bones in the Sudan. Through Suez they made their way to Sewakin, where they were welcomed by Governor Alaed Din, who was soon to fall in the disaster that overwhelmed the unfortunate Hicks Pasha. Thence they traveled for twenty-eight days via Berber to Khartum, where the shady groves of date palms and the beautiful mission gardens of Father Alois Bonomi, and the honors they received from the Austrian and Italian Consuls and from the Egyptian pashas and the famous Slatin Bey, who had all assembled to greet them, heightened their expectations of a prosperous future. The bishop died in Khartum before he could learn of the disasters that befel his children, but Ohrwalder and his companions, guarded by Slatin Bey, his county yman, proceeded by steamer to Tur-el Hadra, and thence on camels through the Kordofan deserts to El Obeid in Delen. There Ohrwalder was happy from December, 1881, to April, 1882. The hundred hills of Dar Nuba were rich in vegetation and the fertile intervening valleys abounded in a great variety of animal life. The people were moral and peaceful, living in monogamy and docile to the teachings of Christianity, the best, he declared, of all the negroid races. He quickly learned their dialect, and while instructing them in Christian truths, taught them how to make brick, and found time to make botanical and entomological collections. But soon his little Eden was a desert. In 1882 the Mahdi had won two victories over the Egyptian forces, and all Kordofan was in his hands. The people of Delen made a brave

resistance, but at length were overwhelmed; the church was destroyed, and Fathers Bonomi and Ohrwalder, the Sisters and the lay-brothers, were hurried to the presence of the Mahdi, over the vast plain to El Obeid, and subjected on the way to every indignity from the savage mob. This motley town of 100,000 people, noted for its ostrich feathers, tamarind, sesame, renna and gum of Kordofan, was held by Said Pasha for the Government and the Mission had taken shelter in his garrison, but both fell before overwhelming forces of the Mahdi. Father Ohrwalder and company were summoned to his camp. The Fathers and Brothers had been robbed of their clothing, but when a like attempt was made on the Sisters, they took up sticks and what weapons were at hand, and made such forcible resistance that in shame the fanatics desisted. Weak for lack of food and sleep and inarticulate with drouth, these "enemies of God and his prophet" appeared before the Mahdi, who demanded their submission to Mahomet. Slatin Bey and some other Europeans made later the required declaration, but the Fathers, Brothers and Sisters, exhausted as they were, resolutely refused, declared their faith in Christ. "Choose," commanded the Mahdi, "Islam or death"; and they answered, "death." Surrounded by some 40,000 shrieking fanatics who lusted for their blood, they were ordered to bend their necks, and they did so every one. While the swords were raised for the blow they were reprieved through the unasked intercession of a powerful chief, and then delivered to a more cruel fate. Without food or clothing or shelter, except what they could beg, they became a prey to disease and fever and vermin. They were subjected to loathsome insults, and in a few weeks a Brother and two of the Sisters died, and the survivors were barely able to sew the corpses in mats and drag them to the entrance of the hut.

There was still some hope while Slatin Bey was victorious and Hicks Pasha was coming to their rescue, but this had vanished in 1883, when Hicks and his 11,000 men were annihilated at El Obeid and Slatin submitted to the Mahdi and Mahomet. A Berlin Socialist named Klootz, who had been a servant of O'Donovan, the war correspondent, had deserted to the Mahdi, and the information he gave helped Hicks' destruction. The Sisters were compelled to make coats for the derelicts from the tunics of the slain soldiers. One of the tunics was recognized by Father Ohrwalder as belonging to O'Donovan. Soon a message from another Irishman cheered him. The "Consul Power," also a war correspondent, contrived to send him a note from Khartum, in March, 1884: "Courage for a little while and all will be well"; and at that moment General Butler was hurrying to Gordon's relief while chafing at the obstacles the War Office placed in his path. These proved too many. Power and Gordon fell, and the new Mahdi held his prisoners in security.

Still Father Ohrwalder did not despair of freedom. He warded off starvation from the Brothers and Sisters by a variety of devices—making implements out of wires, manufacturing soap, and even weaving cloth and ribbons on the loom—and forwarded frequent messages from Omdurman to Archbishop Sogaro, in Cairo; but since 1885, when he helped to set the remaining priests and brothers free, no reply came back. The Archbishop had sent many parties to his rescue, but they never reached him. The Arabs proved faithless. Alone he could have escaped, but he would not abandon the Sisters. One of the three remaining died of typhus in 1891, and the others were longing for the end. They had witnessed the destruction of cities, the annihilation of armies, the slaughter of thousands, ruthless massacres of innocent people, man's dignity trodden under foot, human life valued far below that of cattle, and death would be a blessed release; but Father Ohrwalder, afflicted with fever and hemorrhages, and worn to a shadow, said: "It is in God's hands," and, "gazing up into the vault of heaven, I began to think that this same sky was over my fatherland from which I was an exile, amid sickness and suffering and sorrow."

When this sorrow was at its worst there was a gleam of hope. One Arab, named Hasan, proved faithful. Sent twice by Mgr. Sogaro, he arrived early in 1892. Father Ohrwalder directed his plans, brought together the two Sisters who were toiling in separate slavery, carefully provided that his master and theirs could not be made answerable to the Mahdi for their escape. Selecting a favorable moment, the three sick and enfeebled victims, mounted on camels, ventured with their guide and a native Christian across the Nubian desert in a ride for freedom. They traversed the 500 miles of desert in seven days, and reaching Murat were received by their brethren as from the tomb. They were the first Europeans in seven years that had escaped from the Sudan.

There is but one other entry to be made. It is from the preface of Sir Francis Wingate, written in Cairo, July 30, 1892, a few months after the arrival of the captives: "In spite, however, of all he has endured, Father Ohrwalder longs for the time when it may be possible for him to return to the Sudan and continue the Mission work so suddenly and hopelessly interrupted since 1882." This forecast of his future career may serve also as his epitaph. When the Mahdi's power was overthrown, he again abandoned his fatherland for the land of his captivity, and spent fifteen years evangelizing the people who had kept him ten years a slave. He lived to see 35 priests, 45 Sisters and 28 Brothers, with 33 churches and stations, and 20 schools and orphanages, rebuilding the Christian edifice, whose destruction he had witnessed, and he died with the bright hopes of his youth restored. His tomb in Omdurman, the scene of his slavery and apostleship, should be an incentive to missionary heroism.—M. Kenny, S. J., in America.

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THE HARVEST.

In the broad, low bedroom of the old farmhouse, Elizabeth sat by the window. She could look out against the dark trees of the woodland, behind which the moon was rising, or back into the dim room, where her father lay on his bed. The woodland was in deep shadow; her father's face, with its closed eyes and set mouth, was even darker and more grim.

From far away, but clear in the still summer night, floated the sound of music, a waltz played by violins. To-night the music troubled Elizabeth, although usually it filled her with delight. When even the word music was mentioned, Elizabeth's sky-blue eyes danced and her serious face lighted with smiles. The week before, when her father told the piano man that he could not play a piano, Elizabeth thought her heart was broken.

John Blake's house stood high against the woodland, where it commanded a view over the whole valley. It overlooked the wide Blake fields, now covered with a bountiful crop of wheat, ripe for cutting; it gave a view of the winding river, and in the distance, the great summer hotel, with its golf links and tennis-courts and beautiful lawns. It was from the summer hotel that the music floated to the ears of Elizabeth. The hotel was always crowded; its guests often stopped at the farmhouse for a glass of water or of milk, and Elizabeth was constantly meeting them in her walks.

Sometimes in the evenings, when all the guests were gathered in the ballroom, she ventured down the road toward the hotel, and occasionally she drove past with her father and mother. Usually she did not have much time to go about. She and her mother made part of the supply of butter for the hotel, and there was always work to do. Even now Elizabeth sighed with weariness.

Mr. Blake had set out his broad acres in wheat, and the wheat had grown like no other crop that he could remember. It seemed as if he had been especially favored by the weather. A terrible hailstorm that had beaten down the young plants of his neighbors had passed him by; the heavy rains that had done great harm to the crops in the West had not creased in his part of the country. There was every promise that, with the proceeds of the magnificent crop, Mr. Blake would be able to pay the mortgage that a succession of misfortunes had fastened upon his farm. He had not always been so lucky as he was in this fine crop. There had been lean years, he had unwisely indorsed the note of a friend who had proved to be dishonest, and, worse than all, he had lost his only son.

Now, as Mr. Blake's health and courage and faith were gradually returning, he had been smitten once more. He had slipped from a ladder in the barn and had broken his hip; he had to lie a prisoner on his bed. Helpers were not to be had for the harvest; the great hotel in the valley had so raised the price of labor that workers by the day were not to be found. Mr. Blake had sent letters to acquaintances in neighboring towns; he had advertised in the newspapers; his wife had driven from place to place, in the hope of finding a few men willing to work.

But the search was vain. The July sun grew hotter and hotter; the heat turned the fields to tawny yellow, and the heavy heads of grain began to nod. The weather was perfect harvest weather, the harvest lay waiting, but there were no laborers. On his bed lay the master; he had been moved to the side of the house away from the golden fields, so that the sight of them might not torture him.

Elizabeth, sitting beside him in the twilight, rose presently to get him a drink. He did not ask for it; he asked for nothing; but Elizabeth knew from her own parched throat that his must be dry. She slipped her hand under his head, and lifted it from the pillow while she held the cup to his lips. Suddenly she started.

"Is that thunder?"

"No, father. It is only a team crossing the bridge."

"Is there any sign of rain?"

"No. The moon is rising as clear as can be."

Mr. Blake turned his face away from the window. "By to-morrow night it will rain. We have had ten days of this clear hot weather. It must rain to-morrow. Then the wheat will rot."

Elizabeth stood for a moment by the bed. She heard her mother come slowly up the steps; she knew by the way she moved that she was utterly spent. She wished her father would not utter the words that she knew would come in a moment:

"The harvest was sent to mock me."

Mrs. Blake breathed heavily as she came into the room, but she smiled bravely at Elizabeth.

"Go out for a while. I'll sit with father."

Elizabeth went slowly down the steps and outdoors. The moon had appeared now from behind the tall trees of the woodland; it shone down in glory upon the beautiful wheat. The air was filled with the odor of ripened grain—an odor inseparable in Elizabeth's mind from the tramping of horses, the rattling sounds of the great reaper, and the cheerful voices of the harvesters. But now there was no sound except the distant music.

Presently Elizabeth walked down to the gate and out upon the broad road. She was restless, in spite of her weariness; it seemed to her that if she walked she might come to a cooler spot. She went slowly down the dusty road toward the great hotel, wishing that she might forget trouble for a while. She had never been close to the hotel at night; she now approached nearer and nearer, drawn by the magical music. She felt an intense curiosity to see the people who played the violins, and the ladies who were said to wear such beautiful dresses.

men walked about, hitting a tiny ball with a club; she passed the smooth clay courts, where other men tatted slightly larger balls back and forth over a white net. Elizabeth had watched these activities from afar with curiosity and awe. She admired these fine, rich people, and all they did. Closer and closer to the great building came Elizabeth. Her feet made a gentle sound on the gravelled drive, and she moved to the grass beside it. There was no one round; without being seen, Elizabeth got close to the windows of the ballroom.

There Elizabeth beheld a wonderful sight. The great room was decorated with green branches; upon a raised platform sat the musicians; and over the polished floor, in time with the music, moved beautifully dressed ladies and fine gentlemen. Elizabeth had heard about the summer hotel dances, but she had never dreamed they could be so wonderful as this. She forgot who she was and where she was; she ceased entirely to feel the intense heat that a moment before had made her gasp; she stood and stared and listened, all eyes and ears.

Suddenly the music ceased. With laughter and loud protests against the heat, the young people crowded out through the long windows to the porches. There was the sound of clinking glasses, there was gayer laughter, there were more complaints about the heat.

In a moment the music began again, and the dancers crowded back into the ballroom.

Still fascinated, Elizabeth watched them through another dance, and another. Then suddenly she came to herself. She was a mile from home, her mother would be anxious about her, she must go back at once. She thought of her poor father, lying upon his bed of pain, she thought of the fields of wheat with the bending heads, and suddenly an idea flashed into her mind. Here were young, strong men who were able to dance round and round in this terrible heat. They could not fear sunstroke or over-exertion, as some of the lazy men with whom her mother had talked to had done. Surely her mother had not thought of asking them. They liked to work, and it was better to help a farmer gather in his harvest than to chase a little ball all day with a big stick!

"But there is no time for my mother to see them!" said Elizabeth, in a panic. "By the time I could get home to tell her, they would have gone to bed, and after to-morrow it may be too late. Oh, what shall I do?"

Then suddenly, as if impelled by some strange force outside herself, shy Elizabeth did an almost incredible thing. She stepped across the porch of the great hotel and through the window, and caught the nearest gentleman by the arm. The gentleman stopped dancing at once, and standing beside the lovely lady who was his partner, looked down upon Elizabeth, with her scarlet face and her old gingham dress and her dusty shoes. The leading musician, playing absent, and seeing Elizabeth, was startled out of the correct time, and made a sad business of getting back to it. The dancers' feet halted, started to move once more, and stopped. Necks were craned, heads were lifted in an effort to see the reason for the disturbance; there was at once a general movement of the dancers towards the arrested gentleman and the little girl.

"What!" said the gentleman, in amusement, when he had heard Elizabeth's story.

Elizabeth repeated her request; to her it did not seem in the least strange; she was so earnest that even her own position there among those fine people did not seem unnatural. She did not realize that the music had stopped.

Then she felt herself taken by the hand and led up the steps to the platform where the musicians sat. It was the lovely lady who took her in charge. The lady wore a yellow dress and long white gloves.

"Tell them all what you want," she said to Elizabeth. "Don't be afraid."

To Elizabeth the lights seemed to rush together into one mighty star, and the floor to reel beneath her feet. Then she realized that somehow she was speaking.

"My father broke his hip," she said, in her clear voice. "He will have to stay in bed till fall. All his grain is out. My mother has driven all over the country, and she can't find any one to help. I should like to engage some men to help with the harvest. We will pay two dollars a day. We ought to have fifteen men, I thought"—Elizabeth's breath had begun to fail her, her heart beat so rapidly that speech was almost impossible—"I thought you were strong men because you could hit the little ball so hard and could move so fast in the heat. I thought—I thought—" Elizabeth's breath gave out entirely, and the lady in the yellow dress began to speak.

"O strong men who chase the little ball!" said the gay voice. "Mr. Pencock, you were a farmer before you took to buying railroads; you must be the head harvester. Dicky will go and Paul Bates will go. Who else will go?"

Amid shouts of laughter, the promises were made. Then, seized with an agony of shyness, declaring that she was afraid to ride in the automobile that the lady in the yellow dress offered, Elizabeth went home alone. Her mother was watching for her anxiously.

"What have you been doing, Elizabeth? Where have you been?"

"I have engaged harvesters," explained Elizabeth. "There are fifteen men coming in the morning."

"From where?"

"The hotel. I went in where all the people were and asked for hired men, and those men are coming."

"Elizabeth!"

"They laughed at me, but they are coming."

"They will never come, child! They were fooling you. Don't tell your father, and go to bed. Why, Elizabeth!"

Elizabeth climbed the stairs heavily. She heard her father moan in his sleep. No moan escaped his lips in his waking hours. She heard her

mother close the house; she sat looking out over the grain fields, with tearful eyes. She saw herself in her old clothes speaking to all the strangers; she wished now that the earth would open and swallow her.

In the morning the Blakes slept late; that is, they slept until five o'clock, which is late for harvest-time. Mr. Blake, in his misery of mind and body, had been awake most of the night, and Mrs. Blake, on her cot beside his bed, had kept vigil with him. They had no bright hopes to wake them early; this day would surely bring a storm and the ruin of their crops.

In the night, Mrs. Blake thought uneasily of Elizabeth, and was sorry that she had been sharp with her; but what Elizabeth had done was madness. Mrs. Blake knew more than her daughter about the ways of the rich.

At five o'clock Mrs. Blake opened her eyes, and saw that her husband was sleeping. Bright daylight was at hand, the birds were singing, and already the heat was almost intolerable. Mrs. Blake's throat was dry, her lips were parched. She rose, and moving as quietly as she could, drew the shutters close, and stole out of the room. She dreaded the day unspeakably; she almost wished that a storm would come to end their anxiety.

She closed the door softly behind her. She did not like to rouse Elizabeth, but she must do so, for the days had not enough hours for all the tasks to be accomplished.

But Elizabeth was already up. She stood at the window and motioned wildly to her mother, as if speech had forsaken her. Mrs. Blake looked out. The doors of the great barn were open, the broad gates into the field swung wide; directed by a tall man, several young men were mowing the first swath, so that the great reaper might be driven into the field. To the reaper, Mr. Blake's strong horses were being hitched.

"O Elizabeth!" cried Mrs. Blake. "Dear Elizabeth!"

"What is the matter?" asked a voice from the other room.

Mrs. Blake did not pause to answer her husband. "Tell him, Elizabeth. We shall have to get meals for them. Come right away, Elizabeth! It seems as if it could not be!"

All day long Mrs. Blake cooked happily in her stifling kitchen; all day long Elizabeth moved about, now carrying water to the laborers in the field, now setting the long table under the grape arbor, now waiting upon her father, whose bed had been moved to a room that overlooked the wide fields. Several times the tall gentleman came up to Mr. Blake's room for orders; three times the fifteen laborers flocked to the table under the grape arbor and ate like the harvesters that they were.

In the evening there appeared a low bank of clouds in the west, as the sun sank lower they rose higher and darker. The sun went down in a blaze of orange glory, but almost at once the dark clouds shut out the glow. For the first time in many days there was a rustle among the leaves, then a long, sighing breath. The laborers had gone, each with his two dollars to add to the thousands, or perhaps the millions, that he already had. They had laughed happily at their tired muscles and aching backs; evidently, even very rich men enjoyed a bit of good hard work.

From the windows of the Blake farmhouse three persons had watched them until they could see no more. The Blakes said little to one another; they were never talkative. Elizabeth had told about the beautiful room; then they sat silent, waiting for the storm.

"It will surely come," said Farmer Blake, happily. "Now that the harvest is safe, the rain cannot fall too soon upon the stubble."

Presently the heat lightning changed to great flashes close at hand, the thunder rolled heavily, and the rain clashed upon the farm-house in great wind-driven sheets. Elizabeth went closer to her father and took his hand. She was always frightened by heavy storms. She sighed a little, for she wished that she were braver. If she had been a boy instead of a girl, she might have helped with the harvest.

Then suddenly Elizabeth forgot her fright, forgot even her regret, in a great thrill. The grasp in which her hand was held tightened; her father laid the tanned fingers close against his cheek.

"Elizabeth," said he, a little unsteadily, "the first thing in the morning you are to write for the piano man to come back."—Elsie Singmaster in *The Youth's Companion*.

Letter From Gael.

(Written for THE CASKET)

On the fourth of last July I found myself in the City of Oakland, California, having arrived by boat from Portland, Oregon, on the previous day. The tang of the salt sea was yet in my nostrils, my legs wobbled and my body swayed like that of a sailor—but I was as sober as I am now. Perhaps some good reader may think, or even say, "You are not sober now; if you were you would not talk as you do." Did I overhear such a remark I might reply: "I am not talking now; I am writing." Quite likely it is fortunate for me that I am at a safe distance from my readers, but as Providence sees fit to have things just as they are I shall have my little say once in a while.

As the boat on which I had made the journey was crowded with *coimhich* I had not had a good opportunity to make the heart-to-heart talks to my fellow-men that old fellows often feel like making; so on hearing that the annual games of the Scottish Thistle Club were to be held in Shellmound Park on July 4th I decided to go, knowing Scots from far and near would be there, and that I would be likely to meet there friends and acquaintances.

As I have a poor ear for music I shall not tarry long to describe to my readers the music that was discoursed when several stalwart Highlanders appeared playing

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The pibroch loud and shrill That with hope of bloody banquet, Lured the ravens from the hill. But I shall mention one or two persons I met who are natives of Nova Scotia. I had not long watched the games when I saw an old man coming towards me whose face I had not seen for two years. Although he had not changed much in the meantime I was not sure of his identity until he spoke, saying, *Fuill oibh! An es o' fear a' thann!* It was James McKay, a native of St. Peter's, C. B., who has been on the Pacific Coast for some forty years, who spoke. He had come for the occasion from Stockton, a distance of over 120 miles, so great is his enthusiasm in the perpetuation of the ancient customs of his forefathers. Neither does Mr. McKay neglect the language of the Gaels, for a few years ago the Caledonians of his home city, Stockton, presented him with a medal for proficiency in a Gaelic recitation. On some other occasion I may have comments to make on other Californian Gaels who interest themselves and others in the keeping up of Gaelic and whatever else is laudable in the history of their race. In San Francisco I met Mrs. Annie Huot, nee Buchanan, a native of Glendale, C. B. As my memory for dates is almost as poor as my ear for music I cannot state in what year she left her home, nor in what year she married an excellent French Canadian, Napoleon Huot, who died an edifying death a few years ago in San Francisco. I may say, however, that she came to this Coast in the last century, but not in the beginning of it, as any one can tell who sees how well preserved she is and how competent she is to look after the Christian education of her son and daughter. I think it is about a year since Mrs.

Huot's brother, Alexander, came from Glendale to San Francisco. He lives with her at her home at Page and Scott Streets, San Francisco. Although Mr. Buchanan is pretty well for his years he was temporarily indisposed at the time I saw him. I saw in San Francisco Mr. Jeremiah B. Ryan and his sister, Miss Kate, natives of Low Point, C. B., who have been in that city for a considerable number of years. They are well, although Capt. "Jerry" lost a finger lately owing to a bruise received by his hand on an oil ship on which he is an officer. There are living in San Francisco three daughters of the late James Beaton of S. S. Boulevardarie. One of these, Annie, Mrs. Gordon Morgan, I saw, and she gave me news of the other two. She herself is married to a native of Banff, Scotland, who became a Catholic when he married her. The one who pioneered the way to California is Mary, Mrs. Wm. Quayle, whose husband is a native of the Isle of Man. At the time of my visit they were keeping a rooming house at 6th and Harrison Streets, San Francisco. At that time Mrs. Quayle was improving from an indisposition that had afflicted her for several months. Another sister, "Little Mary," is so well that she is able to earn her own living in Redwood City, not far from San Francisco. In Berkeley I met James McKinnon who with his family came from Caledonia, C. B., to that place in 1906. His health is fair, but he has not yet recovered from the grief caused by the loss of his good wife who died over a year ago. Another affliction added grief to his woe when his beloved daughter, Mary Elizabeth, died on the 28th of last July, after an operation and a

sickness of two weeks. His eldest son Michael is an engineer on a steamship that is on a trading expedition in Siberia. He left his home last March and is expected back in October. At the time that I was there the people of San Francisco were complaining of "bad times." They say that many people came there of late thinking that much work could be had on the Fair buildings, but as there are many more people than jobs many are out of work. Those who have positions elsewhere would do well to keep them. GAEL, Walla Walla, Wash., Sept., 1913.

Minds of great men run in the same channel when the noonday whistle blows.

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1913.

PROTESTANT CONDEMNATIONS OF ORANGEISM.

Last week we gave the opinions of Lord Palmerston, George Canning and Lord Derby (all of them Premiers of England) of Judge Fletcher, of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and of The Edinburgh Review.

THE ROYAL COMMISSION OF 1857.

The Royal Commission appointed to investigate the great riots in Belfast in 1857, said in their report:

"The Orange system seems to us now to have no other practical result than as a means of keeping up the Orange festivals and celebrating them, leading, as they do, to violence, outrage, religious animosities, hatred between classes, and too often bloodshed and loss of life."

AND AGAIN:

"The celebration of that festival by the Orange party in Belfast is plainly and unmistakably the originating cause of these riots."

Also they denounced the Orange clergy, and reported that, had it not been for them, "matters might have easily passed off without further trouble."

STRONG WORDS OF THE ENGLISH COMMONS COMMITTEE.

The English Parliamentary Committee of 1855 said in their report:

"Your Committee, anxiously desirous of seeing the United Kingdom freed from the baneful and unchristian influence of the Orange societies, recommend the early attention of the House to that important subject, with a view to the immediate removal from office of all public servants who shall continue, or become, members of any Orange lodge, or of any association bound together in a similar manner."

AN ORDER OF THE ENGLISH TREASURY.

A minute of the English Treasury, dated March 15th, 1830, directed the dismissal of every civil servant who, after the date of that order would remain or become a member of the Orange Society.

JAMES CHRISTIE'S OPINION.

James Christie, a Protestant witness who gave evidence before the Committee of Parliament, was asked: "What is your opinion of the effect of the Orange lodges upon the peace of society, and the good feeling of the people of the country?"

He answered as follows:

"I think they have a tendency to keep up a bad feeling, and if anything could be devised to put them down, I think the country would be much quieter. It is not the poor people who go into the lodges, but the clergy and the magistrates and the gentlemen of the country; and so far as Government can interfere, I think these are the people to lay their hands on. I think no man should hold a Commission of the Peace, or any place of profit under the Crown, who is an Orangeman."

Mr. Christie said that the lower classes in the Order were the dupes of the higher classes who urged them on to lawbreaking and violence.

Mr. Christie was twenty-four years old when the "Peep-o-Day Boys" formed the first Orange lodge, and had resided on the border of Armagh County for over 40 years before he gave his evidence. He said:

"There scarcely has been a 12th of July, to the best of my recollection, in any year from the commencement of Orangeism (1795) till the present period (1835) when a breach of the peace has not occurred, and frequently lives have been lost, in consequence of these processions."

AND AGAIN:

"The Orangemen always had muskets and sidearms and pistols."

PROTESTANT OFFICIALS' OPINIONS.

Mr. Sinclair, an Ulster magistrate, (Protestant), was questioned on the point of the carrying of arms:

"Who are more armed, the Catholics or the Orangemen?" Answer - "The Catholics are never armed with deadly weapons."

Sir Edward Carson ought to have lived about eighty years ago. In the

fury which followed the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829, Viscount Mandeville made a speech at the Armagh court house on December 28, 1831, and he warned his audience of "the encroachments of Popery." He said:

"You have your watch and clock clubs; why not have your gun-clubs as well?"

Before the Committee, Mr. W. Stratten, an Ulster police-constable, attributed the formation of gun-clubs to that speech. Questions 5189, et seq. 5218, 5235.

And he said that at that time there were no Catholic gun clubs in existence. - Questions 5330, 5331.

Sir F. Stoven was asked:

"Are the majority of the gun-clubs Protestant?" Answer: As far as I know, they are. I have heard that a great number of the landlords of the highest class are encouraging their tenantry to arm."

Lord Gasford testified that the number of these gun-clubs increased to an alarming extent in Ulster shortly after Lord Mandeville's speech.

The Royal Commission of 1860, on the riots in Derry, were told by witnesses that part of the Derry celebrations consisted in firing cannon from the bastion which overlooked the Catholic portion of the town. County Inspector Stafford gave evidence that a number of cannon were in charge of a body of drunken men, and loaded with pounded jars, ready to be brought out to fire on the Catholic party passing underneath on the night of Mr. Dowse's election, in November 1858.

ANOTHER CABINET MINISTER'S OPINION.

Mr. Trevelyan, a Protestant member of the British Government, speaking in the House of Commons, of Orange riots nearly twenty years later, said:

"Unfortunately, however, the counter-demonstrations of the Orangemen were, to a great extent demonstrations of bodies of armed men. At their last meeting at Dromore sackfuls of revolvers were left behind close to the place of meeting. The Orange meetings, therefore, were bodies of armed men, many of whom came prepared to use their arms; some of them prepared to make a murderous attack upon the Nationalists. So far as the Government knew, it was not the custom of the Nationalists to go armed to their meetings until the bad example was set by the Orangemen."

ACTS TO SUPPRESS ORANGE PROCESSIONS.

Three Acts of Parliament were passed to suppress Orange processions, in 1832, 1850, and 1890. None of these Acts was obeyed; and none of them was enforced with firmness. The Orangemen had too many friends in politics; and the officials charged with enforcement of the laws could never forget that, after all, they were "against the Pope," and that, as one of their enthusiastic champions once said to an amused and astonished House of Commons, "they only rioted through loyalty." The Catholics were always told that it was expected of a loyal man that he should keep the peace and obey the laws; but it has always been made an excuse for the Orangemen that, whilst they have threatened every sovereign for a century past, and broken every law that displeased them, they have made the courts of justice a scandal to the world, and have done the devil's work generally - and well - nevertheless they have never failed to talk of "loyalty."

ANOTHER CABINET MINISTER.

Mr. Stanley (Protestant), a member of the British Government, introducing the Party Processions Act, said in the House that it was aimed at the Orange Society, because they alone persevered in endeavouring to keep alive religious animosities in Ireland. Debates Vol. ciii, p. 1035.

For the Acts of 1850 and 1890, see 19 Law Journal Reports, Statutes, p. 2; and 29 the same p. 396.

Book Review.

THE NEW PHILOSOPHY OF HENRI BERGSON BY EDWARD LEROY. (AUTHORIZED TRANSLATION BY VINCENT BENSON.)

Bergson's new philosophy is causing quite a sensation at the present time. The author of it is hailed as "a real magician," and his creative evolution pronounced to be "a distinctive and trenchant piece of dialectic." The main lineaments of his work is now before the public in English dress, and the new light (if light it be) that he has thrown on philosophic thought is within reach of a wider circle of readers.

Bergson rests his philosophy upon science, and in this, if we limit science to physical laws decisively established, he is in perfect accord with neo-scholasticism. Forthwith, however, he goes off into speculation, which, in many of its features at least, is entirely new. With the scholastics, he rejects the doctrine of Kant, to wit, that speculative reason cannot, with certitude, put us in contact with the inner reality of things - the noumena. With the scholastics, too, Bergson condemns positivism, and strives, to use the picturesque phrase of his com-

mentator, "to exorcise the phantom of agnosticism." So far, he and the scholastics are not much at variance; he as well as they take science as the ground-work of their speculations, and he also, though with some qualification, admits the value of common-sense as a factor in the acquirement of truth. But they don't travel far together. The scholastic relies on intellect and reason to reveal to him what he can naturally know about the realities that buttress phenomena. The intuitional power of the man of genius he does not deny, but he holds that the results arrived at by that power are of value, only in so far as they commend themselves to reason.

Bergson, on the contrary, claims to pierce the reality that is the peculiar domain of philosophy, not by reason, but by intuition. According to him, "the philosopher's duty, from the outset, is to renounce the usual forms of analytic and synthetic thought," and to adopt a "living intuition," which is "pure thought face to face with things." For him "concepts are the deposited sediments of intuition," and though "they can certainly recall their object, yet they cannot reveal it to anyone who had not had any direct intuition of it."

Such is the epistemology of the "new Socrates." It is, of course, truth unalloyed - truth that the wisest of mankind never reached before. Philosophers, it is true, used the weapon of intuition in times gone by. Schelling used it in modern times, and gave free scope to his exuberant imagination. Hegel used it, but he pruned results by means of dialectic. In times ancient Parmenides used it, and so did Heraclitus. But neither Greek nor German reached the true inner realities; it remained for Bergson, with the astuteness of his race, "to borrow, from very different orders of things, images of many kinds, and by their convergent action, direct consciousness to the precise point where there is a certain intuition to be seized."

Orthodox Christians, however, will view, forsooth, the result with dismay. They are now face to face with a new revelation - the product of the "living intuition" of Henri Bergson. The sum total of being has its "essence in a becoming; a progress, and a growth." Heraclitus said something like that before, and so did Hegel. But, according to Bergson, "mind and matter appear not as two things opposed to each other, as static terms in fixed antithesis, but rather as two inverse directions of movement; and in certain respects, we must therefore speak not so much of matter or mind as of spiritualization and materialization, the latter resulting automatically from a simple interruption of the former. Consciousness or superconsciousness is the rocket, the extinguished remains of which fall into matter" (p. 109).

"With man consciousness breaks the chain. In man and in man only it obtains its freedom. The whole history of life, till man, had been the history of an effort of consciousness to lift matter, and of the more or less complete crushing of consciousness by matter feeling upon it again" (p. 97).

Enough is now said to indicate the method and the main results of Bergson's "living intuition!"

Brought before the bar of reason, they are simply imagination run wild. The whole edifice of his philosophy is a rank pantheism, and it is built, not on intellect and reason, not on sentiment and imagination. It will serve, however, as a balm to soothe the feelings of "cultured people" who have outgrown old superstitions, who are charmed with "a truly magic style," or, let us add, who love to revel in brilliant nebulousity. D. C. G.

Our London Letter.

LONDON, Sept. 5th, 1913.

THE RELIGION OF OLD WALES.

The Capital of the British Empire has managed to get through the dog days this year without calling in to the aid of the Press those splendid fantasies of the H. G. Wells type, such as giant gooseberries and other monstrosities, which usually come to the rescue of a lump press. The public has supplied truths in place of these, and the truths have been less welcome in some quarters than the fantasies. Such is the case in the correspondence wherein the action of the Protestant Bishop of St. Albans against the "Catholic League" has been used to demonstrate that the Church of which he is a prelate has no right to the endowments which are being wrested from her in Wales. Mr. Ellis Griffith says that the Bishop of St. Albans cannot logically agree with the views expressed by his fellow Bishops that the gifts which make the endowments of the Establishment "were given by mediaeval individuals for the support of a body identical with the existing Establishment," while the Bishop of St. Asaph, who is a great upholder of the view expressed, must then repudiate the action of his brother of St. Albans in condemning the Catholic League. The writer then goes on to quietly disprove the theory of continuity saying "However lawless and unprotestant the order of service banned by the Bishop of St. Albans may be, I feel certain that it would have expressed the sentiments of mediaeval Wales and indeed of mediaeval Europe." He supports these words by quoting the works of a Welsh Protestant Clergyman who traces the history of the "Ave Maria Stella" back to the 8th century and gives a large number of Welsh mediaeval poems of which he says "the intensity of feeling breathed in some of these poems in honour of the Blessed Virgin is striking." With his further charge that the Bishop seems to consider religion an affair of Princes we need not tarry. But what a magnificent testimony to true history, and what a striding also for the Nonconformist Conscience, as well as the Anglican. And done without the stroke of a pen from a Catholic. All we have to do is to pray for light that these many see.

CARDINAL AND LORD MAYOR TO VISIT CATHOLIC HOSPITAL.

When Cardinal Bourne returns from his holiday three weeks hence the new Catholic hospital at Dollis Hill will come prominently before the public, for the Cardinal will hold a public reception within its walls. (Continued on page 5.)

Neil MacNeil, Contractor and Builder, Receives important Appointment.

On Wednesday, September 10th, the Governor and Council of the State of Massachusetts appointed Neil MacNeil, Esq., of the well-known building and contracting firm of MacNeil Bros., Boston, a member of the new State House Building Commission.

appointed by Ex-Mayor Quincy a member of a Commission to conduct an investigation of the city's building department, the head of which was then John S. Damrell. Although three members made a report criticizing the department, Mr. MacNeil presented a minority report sustaining the Commissioner and his department. In 1907, Mr. MacNeil was



NEIL MCNEIL, ESQ.

This Commission is charged with the duty of supervising the erection of new additions to the State House, which will cost about a million dollars. The other members of the Commission are Hon. A. P. Langtry of Springfield, late Secretary of State, and J. B. Russell of Cambridge, son of the late Governor Russell, and prominently connected with the Boston Real Estate Exchange, of which he was elected President in 1909.

The following is from The Boston Globe: "Neil MacNeil, the third member of the Commission, is a Dorchester Contractor whose wide experience amply qualifies him for the position of 'expert builder.' In December, 1899, Mr. MacNeil was

appointed a member of the Board of Appeal of the building department of the City of Boston."

The Boston Transcript says: "Mr. MacNeil was the builder of the Hotel Bellevue and Jordan Chambers and had charge of the construction of houses for the Vanderbilts in Newport, Lennox and New York. He is known as one of the foremost builders in the East."

Although the members of the Commission occupy more or less honorary positions they will each receive about five thousand dollars a year as compensation for their services. THE CASKET begs to congratulate Mr. MacNeil upon this latest mark of recognition by the State of Massachusetts of his distinguished ability and integrity.

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A. KIRK & CO. The Store of low prices and good goods. FARMERS! bring your Wool, Eggs and Butter to A. Kirk & Co., where you will get the highest market price in exchange for goods. We make mention of the following: - Flanellet 36 inches wide 12 cents per yard. Flanellet 28 " " 10 " " " Flanellet 23 " " 8 " " " English gingham 27 " " 12 " " " English gingham 31 " " 13 " " " Grey cottons 24 " " 4 " " " Grey cotton 25 " " 6 " " " Grey cottons 36 " " 10 " " " White cotton 36 " " 11 " " " White cotton 35 " " 10 " " " White cotton 34 " " 8 " " " Pillow cotton 40 " " 16 " " " Pillow cotton 42 " " 20 " " " Bleached Sheeting 8/5 " " 30 " " " Bleached Sheeting 9/4 " " 35 " " " Cretons, 10, 12, 15 cents per yard. Art Sateens, 10, 12, 15 cents per yard. Children and Misses black cotton hose, size 4 to 7, 10c. per pair. Corsets with and without suspenders, 50c. per pair. Blue cotton warp, \$1.00 per bunch, our entire stock marked accordingly. These prices for cash and produce only.

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ALTAR BUILDING Church Finish of all kinds, in any kind of wood, all styles of finish, at the wood-working factory of B. CREAMER SOURIS, P. E. ISLAND References - Bishop Morrison, Antigonish, N.S. Rev. F. W. Kiely, P. P. North Sydney Rev. J. W. McIsaac, Bras d'Or, N.S. The Catholic Clergy of P. E. Island.

GENERAL NEWS.

Bradstreet's reports failures in the United States last week 253, against 170 in the previous week.

Thaw is now at Littleton, N. H., fighting against extradition to the State of New York.

A new residence for the bacteriologist of the Department of Agriculture is to be built at Halifax by J. F. Corston, to cost \$9,000.

A laboratory building will be erected by Messrs. D. M. Thomson and A. C. Theakston for the Halifax quarantine station at \$6,020.

Goldfield, Nevada, was swept by a torrent from cloudburst on Saturday that caused the loss of at least five lives, and did damage to merchandise and stock estimated at \$100,000.

Owing to the severe drought which is being experienced in the States of Iowa, Kansas and Oklahoma, the emigration to Canada has gone up eighty per cent. during the past four weeks.

Re. Hon. R. L. Borden was in Halifax this week. He is reported to have told a Board of Trade Committee that Halifax will get a second dry dock, and that it will be built at once.

The contract for the Dominion Government's share of the Toronto harbor improvement was let at a cabinet council Saturday morning. The successful tenderer was the Canadian Stewart Company Limited. The contract price is \$3,371,372.17.

The dangers of rocking the baby to sleep are set forth in a leaflet issued by the City of London Health Department. The custom, it is asserted, stupefies the child, and is responsible for many digestive disorders. A healthy child does not require rocking, and after being fed should be put to bed in the dark.

Servia has denounced the international commission appointed under the Carnegie fund to investigate the behavior of the Balkan combatants and the economic results of the two, on the ground that one of the commissioners, Prince Mukoff, of Russia, may be prejudiced against her.

The Anglican Synod of Ontario, in session at Toronto, is preparing to have biblical and religious instruction compulsory in the public schools. The Government may be recommended to have a vote of the people on the subject at an early date.

The convention of the Associated Boards of Trade at its closing session at Winnipeg on Saturday adopted a resolution to the effect that the executive board be a committee to communicate with other boards throughout the Dominion with the object of forming a national association, the executive to report to the board at the next meeting.

The transport workers of Dublin, Ireland, are on strike, some ten thousand being idle. Trade conditions generally in the city are affected by the strike. There has been no rioting as yet. The strike is likely to spread to other classes of workers.

The two hundredth anniversary of the founding by the French of the military post at Louisbourg, C. B., will be held at this famous old town, Sept. 24. Notables from all over Canada, including Premier Borden, Premier Murray, Sir George Garneau and Sir Charles Townsend, are expected to take part.

Mexico is not disposed to accept interference of the United States in her present domestic troubles. The Provisional President of Mexico, Huerta, in a message to the Mexican Congress, delivered Sept. 10, is almost defiant of the United States, and says Mexico takes exception to the presence of United States warships in her harbors. He claims that, notwithstanding internal troubles, Mexico is prosperous, that her revenues are \$7,000,000 greater this year than last year.

The pearl necklace valued at \$650,000 stolen on July 16th from the mails while in transit from Paris to London, was found by a workman on Tuesday. The man was going to work in Hyde Park, a northern district of London, Eng., when he noticed the pearls lying in a heap. On picking them up, he found there were fifty-eight. He took them to the nearest police station, where they were at once recognized as part of the famous necklace, of which only one pearl is missing. The finder gets a reward of \$30,000.

Our London Letter.

which is to be attended by the Lord Mayor of London and many officers of the Corporation in state. The hospital is now actually open to the reception of paying patients. It endeavours to cater for a class at present unprovided for, the middle class, too poor to afford the expenses of a nursing home and too well off to qualify for the general Hospital which is intended for the very poor. The hospital stands high in fine grounds in the centre of a new suburb of London. It is staffed by Nuns, has been pronounced by the leading Doctors of the day to be the last word in hygienic building, and has a chapel and a resident chaplain. While endowed and built by Catholics for Catholics, non-Catholics will be received when there is room.

LONDON'S NEW PLAYS. TWO OLD STORIES RETOLD ORIGINALLY.

The opening of the "little season" is nowhere more emphatically expressed than in the Theatres where one first night has followed another in bewildering sequence for the past ten days. It was a curious coincidence that M. Lou Telegen's production of the "Picture of Dorian Grey" should very shortly precede the new George Bernard Shaw's drama "Androcles and the Lion" for to the mind of one critic at least the one seems to give a key to the other. In the first we see a young man of great promise, full of the generous enthusiasms of youth warped and dwarfed in soul, becoming something horrible behind his feverish laughter

through the influence of a middle aged cynic, who believes in neither God nor man. Now many of the critics have been confused by G. B. S. new play. They have looked in vain for the Shawian wit, with a bitter flavour and a nauseous taste which habit has taught them to appreciate; his latest effort seems more of a broad farces set in old Roman days and adhering ridiculously to a humanitarian legend! Everybody laughs right through the piece, and that is just what everybody is intended to do. You see they are not only laughing at the suffering lion of the cave and the dancing lion of the arena, but they laugh at those early Christian martyrs who are made quite ridiculous, and half a dozen of whom end up by apostatising, while the only one who is sacrificed to the wild beasts is an unspeakably objectionable creature who runs out into the arena by mistake. Its all so very light hearted and funny. Is it? Yes, Mr. G. B. Shaw has learnt the secret of the French atheist, that ridicule kills quicker than hate. He is acting the part of Lord Henry Wootton to his friend the British Public, stifling with laughter all admiration of courage and of high ideals. It is subtle, and all the more dangerous for that. One thought at first we were only seeing the human side of the Christian martyrs, which certainly had a right to exist. But that human side became so opaque and huge as to obscure the spiritual.

A TRIUMPH OF BEAUTY.

Strangely enough again, the next night brought something like an antidote to Shaw, in Sir Herbert Tree's magnificent spectacle "Joseph and his Brethren." We must call it Sir Herbert Tree's rather than the author's, because it is the great actor manager with his high and artistic ambitions and his princely generosity of treatment that has made this story of the old Testament a splendid reality before our eyes. The needs of the drama introduce a love interest for Joseph, and deepen the shades which give a sinister character to Potipher's wife, but the Brethren need no colour and the tents of the Patriarch and his song bring home all the picturesqueness and attraction of the old Jewish life among the flocks and herds. The Brethren, too, differentiated in feature and character, bearing the impress of their different mothers, though of the one father, explain the jealousies which were forever dividing them. Further, the character of Joseph shines out in high relief and above all glows the beauty and stateliness of the Scriptural language. As to the scenes, it is impossible to depict the picturesqueness of the Tents of Shechem; the glory of the golden desert with its green oasis, the loveliness of the moonlit garden on the Nile, the grandeur of Potipher's house or the Halls of Pharaoh; the awe inspiring immensity of Egyptian architecture in the Prison scene. The costumes, the dances, ancient Jewish and Egyptian, the Biblical instrument of the glittering but ever harmonious crowds, the hoary Patriarch Jacob, the young Joseph, the superbly beautiful wife of Potipher, all make up such an historically accurate and artistically beautiful series of pictures as has never before been equalled on the English stage.

Among the Advertisers.

Hake for sale at Haley's Market. Men's waterproof boots all solid leather, at Gorman's. A full stock of rubbers on hand at Gorman's. Special attention given to children's boots at Gorman's. A nice line of ladies' heavy-soled walking boots at McDougall's. To let, office lately occupied by Dr. J. L. McIsaac. Apply to Somers & Co. Rat poison, the kind that kills and dries them up. Also rat and mouse traps at Bonner's. I pure bred Gurnsey bull, 1 1/2 years old. Apply to Rod H. Chistofin, S. S. Harbor. Lost, between Maryvale and Town, a camera. Finder please leave at Casket office. A steer is impounded on John Fraser's farm at L. S. River. If not claimed within ten days, it will be sold. Wanted, a good milch cow, not over 6 or 7 years. Address "I," Casket Office, stating price and breeding. Lost, in or near St. Andrew's Hall, on the night of Aug. 29th, a gold bracelet. Finder will confer a favor by leaving it at Casket Office. Wanted, a small house for the winter months, modern improvements and good situation. Apply to "M," Casket office, stating rent, etc. We have the coal that gives satisfaction. Once tried always used. Try it. Phone 68. Haley's Market. Why pay \$5 for a safety razor when you can get a guaranteed razor for 35c. See them and try them at Bonner's. For sale, a good general purpose, horse, 12 years old, weighs 1000 lbs. (Wilke's). Also 1 (Bashaw) mare, 5 years old, good roadster, weighs 1000 lbs. Tea and coffee is two lines we pay special attention to. Our Saxon blend tea at 25c is guaranteed, and all package teas up to 40c. Coffee is ground fresh daily at Bonner's. Wedding cakes. We take orders for any size or kind and guarantee them frosted to suit a Queen. Single cakes or decked any height. -Bonner's.

DIED.

MR. WILLIAM GRANT, an old and respected resident of Antigonish, at Mulgrave, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Dunbar, on Janus day, 1913. He leaves a son and two daughters, Mrs. Dixon of Vancouver, and Mrs. Dunbar of Mulgrave, and a large number of friends and relatives.

At Beaver Cove, Cape Breton, after a lingering and painful illness, borne with Christian resignation, Margaret, wife of Frederick McNeil, aged 71 years. The deceased was the eldest daughter of the late Donald and Janet Chisholm of Clydesdale in this County, and was highly esteemed by a wide circle of friends. May she rest in peace!

At Glendale, Inverness Co., August 21st, 1913, after a lingering illness, patiently borne and fortified by the last rites of Holy Church, MARGARET GILLIS. Deceased was upwards of seventy years of age, and a good industrious woman. Interment was in Stella Maria cemetery, Inverness, after Requiem High Mass by Rev. A. L. McDonald, P. F. who also officiated at the grave. (The above mentioned was the last of the family of the late Angus Gillis, of Glenville-Angens (tailor). R. I. F.

Acknowledgments.

- Nell McEachern, Queenville \$1.00
Angus G. Fraser, Port Hastings 2.00
M. C. McFarlane 1.00
Archibald Fraser, Port Hastings 1.00
Hugh McMillan, " 1.00
H. G. Chisholm, " 1.00
Margaret McLeellan, " 1.00
Hugh Hunter, Essex 1.00
Murdoch McIsaac, Troy 1.00
Alex McDonald, Creginsh 1.00
Brother Alan, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Ind 2.00
Michael O'Hanley, River Drive, Ross 1.00
John McIntyre, Port Hawkesbury 1.00
Mrs. Louis L. Landry, Descoeur 1.00
Hugh McDonald, Morristown 1.00
Mrs. George M. Bowman, Brockton 1.00
James N. McLeod, St. Rose 1.00
Mrs. M. W. Grover, Walden 1.00
L. Gillis, Gloucester, Mass 1.50
Rev. J. J. McDonald, Dominion No. 4 1.00
Rev. A. Macdonnell, Westmorland 1.00
Simon R. Hurley, North Weymouth 1.50
Ellan Gorman, New Glasgow 2.00
John H. McNeil, Georgeville 1.00
Archibald McDonald, Boston 1.50
Angus McIsaac, Lakeville 2.00
Dan J. McDonald, Fraser's Mills 2.00
Christina McPherson, Salem 75c
Eugene D. Guthrie, Big Tracadie 4.00
James McKinnon, Inverness 1.00
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Annie R. Manning, Calgary 1.25
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Angus McMaster, Creginsh Station 1.00
R. J. McDonald, Port Hood 2.00
Sec. L. O. C., Port Hood 1.00
Albert McDonald, Port Hood 1.00
Christina Smyth 1.00
John D. Cameron, Glengarry 1.00
H. McPherson, Mabou 1.00
John Cameron, S. W. Ridge Mabou 2.00
L. McNeil, Oak Point, Mabou 1.00
Donald Cameron, Mabou 2.00
Mrs. M. McEachern, Coal Mines Mabou 1.00
John D. McEachern 1.00
Alex A. Beaton 1.00
Rev. R. McDonald, Pictou 1.00
John McDougall, 1.00
Felix Devore 1.00
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Wanted a few teamsters and one hundred men to work on Railroad at Centreville, Kings Co., Nova Scotia. Easy shovel work.

HIGHEST WAGES PAID KIRK & COOKE Contractors

Farm For Sale

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

Mr. Wallace Advises you to attend the Haitiax Exhibition.

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

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

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

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A large stock of "Gold Bonds" for men, made by Canada's best shoemakers, in black and tan, also Amherst, Standard and other makes in heavy footwear.

OUR SCHOOL SOLID LEATHER BOOTS are what will suit your boys and girls. Smardon and other reliable makes in ladies' high class footwear.

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The Canadian Bank of Commerce extends to Farmers every facility for the transaction of their banking business, including the discount and collection of sales notes. Blank sales notes are supplied free of charge on application.

ANTIGONISH BRANCH

W. H. HARRISON, Manager

PEDIGREED BLACK FOXES John R. Dinnis Pedigreed Black Foxes, Ltd.

(Incorporated July 22nd, 1913)

Authorized Capital, \$300,000

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

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

One pair of two-year-old Dalton proved breeders, now in the Dinnis ranch, that reared four young in 1912 and four in 1913.

Five pairs of young foxes of 1913 litters, all selected from litters of six, five or four.

The sole use of the name of John R. Dinnis. The cost of rotation of the Company.

This is a Straight-Forward Business Proposition

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

DIRECTORATE

President—John R. Dinnis, Charlottetown, P. E. I., Stockman and Fox Rancher. Vice President—Dr. B. C. Borden, Sackville, N. B., President Mt. Allison University. Secretary—Treasurer—J. Walker Jones, B. A., B. S. A. (Toronto), Charlottetown, P. E. I., Land, Farmer, author of "Fur Farming in Canada," late of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Director—William E. Cameron, B. A. (Oxon), first Rhodes Scholar from P. E. I., Professor of Economics and Commerce at St. Dunstan's College. Director—Char. de Lyons, Charlottetown, P. E. I., Mayor of Charlottetown.

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

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

WRITE FOR PROSPECTUS BEFORE INVESTING ELSEWHERE

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Lambs Wanted

HIGHEST PRICES

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Teamsters and Laborers Wanted

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

HIGHEST WAGES PAID
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Notice to Farmers and Dealers

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

Highest Cash Price

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

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- GROCERIES**
A complete and up-to-date line
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Fresh and cured, at all seasons
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A bite of this and a taste of that, all day long, dulls the appetite and weakens the digestion.

Restore your stomach to healthy vigor by taking a Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal—and out out the "piecing".

Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets are the best friends for sufferers from indigestion and dyspepsia. 50c. a Box at your Druggist's. Made by the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited.

FOR SALE.

A wood lot of 10 acres, with heavy timber, both hard and soft. It is about two miles from James River Station and will be sold at a reasonable figure. For further particulars, apply to

MRS. CATHERINE McADAM,
Lochaber, Ant.

Property for Sale

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

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

LEAGUE OF THE CROSS COLUMN

Three weeks ago THE CASSET in one of its local columns named an editor-in-chief for the L. O. C. Temperance column. Said editor wishes to state that he does not accept responsibility for all that such an office implies. He will be pleased to receive copy, judge of its fitness, and if it does not find its way to the waste basket, attend to its publication; but no further does he propose to go; he does not intend to furnish matter for publication. Interesting communications from the Branches will be always thankfully received, and it is to be hoped that many of the friends of the League of the Cross will contribute articles from their pens. It should not be necessary to write to individual members of the League for assistance of this kind; let it be understood from the outset that all communications possessing sufficient merit to pass the censor—from whatever source they may come, will be welcomed to our column.

PROGRESS OR IMPROVEMENT—WHICH?

Progress does not always mean improvement. This is not an etymological or academic distinction; it is based on the popular use of the terms. Ordinarily we employ the word progress quite promiscuously. We speak of progress in science, progress in art, progress in our industrial and social life. If a town increases in population it is progressing. If it adds a few extra smoke stacks to weave a veil of murky blackness across the glory of the sun and shut out the light of heaven from our eyes, the town is progressing. If a society succeeds in gathering in a mighty harvest of members, and rich pageants grace the occasions when they meet in general assembly, and resolutions are passed and stirring speeches are made, the blazing headlines of the press proclaim the unprecedented progress in the history of the organization. We are all too prone to swallow this sugar coated pill whole. We likewise foster the delusion that where all the aforementioned hall marks of progress are lacking, therefore the thing in question, whether it be town, industry, education or social organization, is consequently in the last throes of mortality.

But it might be well to consider this question: Does progress always mean improvement, and can we have real improvement without much sign of progress?

Applying the question directly to the L. O. C. we shall notice that, whereas the usual concomitants of progress are kept well in the background, the things which actually make for improvement are being taken up and put into practise. Many of us come to the conclusion that because the membership of the League is not jumping by thousands every year, because our conventions are not attended by a lavish display, gorgeous pageants, massed bands, the applauded efforts of paid orators, and the glare of press headlines, that therefore the society is on the decline, and if anyone happens to mention League of the Cross to us, we mournfully shake our heads and repeat once more the venerable adage: "Something must be done."

I am old fashioned enough, however, to believe that the success of the League of the Cross is not quite so dependent upon modern methods of advertising as some would have us suppose. After all it is the personal touch, the meeting a man face to face and conveying to him personally the message of total abstinence that will extend and render efficacious the work of the society. In other words the most effective means to be employed are the individual personal efforts of the members on others. It is not at all a sign of decay therefore that the same clang of noise and splash of color that mark so many conventions and assemblies are rarely found at meetings of the L. O. C. On the contrary, if we examine the actual work accomplished during the past few years, we shall see that just where the personal influence of members can be put to greatest advantage considerable improvement has taken place. To illustrate. The lively interest taken by the ladies in many parishes has proven a great blessing to their communities. The habits of life formed in childhood are due as a rule much more to the mother's influence than to that of the father. The father is away from home most of the day. The mother is the constant companion of the young child, living with him and moulding his character by her personal influence. If the women then grow enthusiastic about the great virtue of temperance, and carry that enthusiasm into their own homes, the next generation will show forth the fruits of their noble efforts in the many blessings that come of a sober upright life. Real improvement comes quietly, never with a flourish of trumpets. And so the mothers and daughters of our people are working steadily and noiselessly, often against stern opposition. But God will bless their efforts. They may not get much credit in this world, but thousands yet unborn will, through the grace of God, owe their lives of peace and virtue to the teaching and example of the present members of our Ladies' Auxiliaries.

In fact it is no idle superstition to believe that it is, above all, due to the mothers that our boys are at present taking such an interest in the League. This makes another score for improvement. It is in his early years that a boy must build up that strength of character that is so useful to him in his young manhood, when he is plunged into the midst of temptation. Under the prudent guidance of a spiritual director, a Juvenile Branch can do much not only to encourage manliness and nobility in its members, not merely to instruct them as to the object and methods of the society, but by uniting them in the regular and frequent reception of the sacraments, it will be constantly adding new strength to their souls, strength that they can ill afford to be without.

Here then are two striking evidences of real improvement.—Improvement that is not dressed up

in the habitual livery of progress, but which, relying upon direct personal influence, rather than upon the uncertain effects of talking to a crowd, will leave a permanent and beneficial impress on the minds and hearts of our people.

The Spanish Jews of the Balkans.

"The Balkan Peninsula," says a writer in the *Correspondent*, "is Europe's vestibule in which all sorts of peoples and races, Aryans, and Semites, and Slavs elbow each other and pass on. They never fraternize with, and never care to know those who are alien to them in blood and language and customs."

From a literary rather than an ethnic standpoint, the most interesting element in this conglomerate of races are the Hebrews, who have drifted thither, not from Syria or Arabia or Asia Minor, but from far-away Spain, whence they were exiled in consequence of what is usually called political and economic necessity.

The Spaniards had been in a death grapple with the Moors for six centuries, and during that long lapse of years had given their attention almost exclusively to the art of war. But meantime another invasion had been silently going on, more formidable perhaps than that of the Moors. They were not warriors with turbans on their heads and scimitars in their hands, but the dark-eyed, clever and persevering Jews who had been settling under the shadows of the fortifications, establishing their little shops in the most sordid sections of the cities, multiplying rapidly in every direction, exercising their natural bent for trade, mastering the sciences, absorbing the learned professions, acquiring wealth and influence until at last they controlled the finances and commerce of the country, collected the taxes, farmed the revenues, and exercised the highest functions in noble households and even in the palaces of the kings. In great public crisis the Jewish money-lenders were the sole source of relief when the treasury of the realm was exhausted.

Naturally this dependence on an alien race whose usurious practices had exasperated the people and who had been even charged with having let the Moslems into the city of Toledo, became a serious cause of alarm. It meant that the nation which had just then shattered the yoke of the Moslem, was threatened with the galling bondage of the Jews, from whom no success on the field of battle could set them free. Earnest attempts had been made by Alfonso VI. to amalgamate the detested race with the rest of the population, but as a result the streets of Toledo, Seville, Valencia, Cordova and other other cities had been drenched with the blood of both. Hence, with a full and keen appreciation of the economic losses that such an act entails, but in order to save her country, Queen Isabella formulated her edict on January 2, 1492, and the Jews were commanded to leave Spain.

Eighteen thousand families, says a contemporary chronicler, hastened to make their preparations for exile. Only four months were allowed them. They were forbidden to carry off with them either gold or silver, or any money whatever. Immense multitudes of rich and poor, torn from their household belongings, were seen swopping a house for a horse, a vineyard for a roll of cloth, and resorting to all sorts of devices to conceal their wealth, until finally the great cavalcade of men and women and children, bemoaning their dead and the possessions they left behind, dragged their weary feet on the long journey which ended on the shores of the Black Sea and the slopes of the Balkan mountains.

This act of Isabella has furnished the theme for many a denunciation of Spanish folly, cruelty and bigotry. No language was too fierce to condemn it, although the very same writers might be mute about the national tragedies of Ireland and Poland, and might even extol the governmental outrages of France and Portugal in our own days, when not an alien and dangerous race, but the noblest and holiest of the native population were despoiled and exiled. Indeed, the very people that gave hospitality to the exiled Spanish Jews of four centuries ago, are now their most bitter persecutors.

From the *New York Sun* of July 13, 1913, we find that the

"devices of the law employed by the Rumanian Government in persecuting the Jews have steadily grown in number and in cruelty. The Jews are excluded from the professions. They are not allowed to serve as advocates; they are prohibited from being pharmacists; they are not allowed to manufacture or trade in tobacco; they are forbidden to settle in rural communes, and they are concentrated in a comparatively few towns where they are more easily persecuted by the police."

"The children of the Jews are not admitted to the public schools on the same terms as Christian children. Although according to the law of May 12, 1896, primary instruction is compulsory and free to all Rumanians, a heavy fee is imposed upon 'foreigners.' In many cases the primary schools are closed to Jews. Similar restrictions apply to secondary, technical, agricultural and normal schools."

"Jews are not allowed to act in Rumania as stock or trade brokers of any kind, and they may not be members of artisans' corporations. Jewish workmen can only be admitted into factories in the proportion of one-third to two-thirds Christians, which, in view of their concentration in towns, often renders employment for large numbers of them hopeless."

"The Jews of Rumania are not permitted to give public expression to their grievances in the press or at public meetings. They are forbidden to hold public meetings and have no right to petition Parliament or the King. They must take out certificates of residence as foreigners, and though they are taxed for the support of local hospitals they have no right of entry into those institutions. Jews are frequently arrested and beaten

without cause and with absolute impunity, and in certain districts special taxes in addition to those which they pay in common with all Rumanian citizens, are levied upon them. The Jews in Rumania are systematically and deliberately demoralized, barbarized and impoverished."

But it is not to the civil and political disabilities of the Balkan Jews that we desire to call attention, but to the linguistic phenomenon which there reveals itself at the present time, viz: the persistency with which they cling to the language of their forefathers. They still speak Spanish and have even retained much of the literature of the land of the Old. The romantic ballads with their strange rhythm, their passionate expressions, their monotonous and melancholy chant—an inheritance from the Arabs—may still be heard on the terraces of the Orient, as on the shores of the Mediterranean and the remote mountain passes of Spain.

There are to-day 50,000 Jews in Constantinople, 11,000 in Adrianople, 60,000 in Salonica, and they all possess a profane, as well as sacred literature, balads, romances and newspapers, all in the language, fundamentally at least, of old Jastill. Of course, numberless barbarisms have filtered in on it from their long association with unrelated races; there are Turkish, Arabian, Persian, Greek and Hebrew words; there are orthographic changes, as when the Spanish *cha, cho, chi and che* become *cia, cio, cie, the Castilian *ll* and *n, li and ni*, and the archaic termination *ades and edes* degenerate into *ash and esh*. Hebrew letters are employed, but the identity of Rumanian Spanish with that of the Iberian Peninsula is undeniable.*

An example of a part of a Spanish ballad in its Jewish form might serve as an example:

SPANISH.
Bodas hacian en Francia
Ailla dentro de Paris,
Cuan bien guia la danza,
Esta D.ña Beatriz
Cuan bien se la miraba,
E. buen conde don Martin.

JEWISH-SPANISH.
Grandes bodas hay en Francia
En la sala de Paris
Baulan damas y doncellas
El que regia la taifa era una
dama gentil,
Mirando la esta, el buen conde
Aquel conde de Amadi.

At Paris in the midst of France
The dames and demoiselles did
dance,
The dance was led by Beatrice
Who a noble lady is,
Gaz'ng at her Don Martin
Then the dance did enter in, etc.

It is true that signs are already appearing of the end of this remarkable struggle for existence of a western language in the distant East, and if the proposed amalgamation of the Balkan Jews, with the peoples of the various principalities succeeds, all traces of Spanish will soon disappear, and only the literary relics which scholars have been patiently gathering for some years past will remain, to be studied as one of the curiosities of literature, and presented also as an historical document to explain the genesis of the Rumanian Jews. But will the abandonment of their language put an end to proscription and persecution? It had not that effect four hundred years ago, and it is more than doubtful if the result will be better to-day.—*America.*

The Work of a Great Cardinal.

Father Henry of St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary College had some interesting stories to tell a small party of members of the Catholic Association whom he entertained in the famous foundation of Cardinal Bourne a few days ago. The Father Rector has recently returned from a journey of 30,000 miles to the various Missions of the Society in Uganda, New Zealand and other wild places. Previous to that he had accomplished another visit of inspection over an area of 25,000 miles. And Father Henry is not a young man, though his heart is young and he reckons his 32 years at Millhill as so many months. He found the Maori one of the most delightful people amongst whom to work, but he disabused the visitors' minds of one fallacy which clings even to Catholics. The Missionaries do not want any pity; they are happy in their lives amongst the savages even in Borneo, and the greatest cross you can put upon any of these men is to call them home to civilization once more. And yet in the roll of heroic dead in the beautiful chapel of the College the average age of the Missionary is forty years. Many are under, but few over that age, when their brief and strenuous pilgrimage comes to an end. Truly we can say of them "A short life and a happy one."

The students who pass out from this spiritual home of Millhill carry with them a fair vision of pastoral England, green pasture lands embowered in spreading foliage to rest the eyes of memory amongst the dank moisture and brilliant vegetation of the tropics. There is peace here although the aeroplanes from Heaton burr and whiz in the quiet air, making the tower on the hill of St. Joseph's a kind of landmark in their varied flights. Behind the flower gardens in an arbour of stately trees lies the tomb of Cardinal Vaughan, who came here to die. If you are very favoured you will see the simple room where he breathed his last. It is as he left it—who knows how many pilgrims may some day wish to see it. He always expected to be called to his reward on a great feast, and eventually he died at a quarter to 12 midnight on the feast of the Sacred Heart to whom he had so deep and beautiful a devotion. Two hundred of his spiritual sons, the secular missionary Priests of Millhill are now working in various parts of the world. Next month 18 young men, with high hopes and glowing ideals, will receive the sacred unction of the Priesthood on the steps of the lapis lazuli and marble altar given to the chapel by Lady Herbert of Lea, and of these fifteen are to be sent to work in Uganda which Father Henry believes has a great future before it, both spiritual and temporal.

THE MOST SATISFACTORY AND INEXPENSIVE WAY OF SECURING

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is to join our Music Roll Exchange Library. You buy a dozen rolls as a starter—these belong to you. Then, when you want other rolls just bring or send in some of these, and upon payment of a trifling amount, new rolls will be issued to you. Thus you can have the benefits of our immense variety of selections at a small outlay. Write to-day for full particulars.

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The new Science Hall (100 feet in length, 50 feet in width, and three storeys in height) is one of the finest in this country. Its fine Laboratories, its Museums and other conveniences, offer unrivalled facilities for the prosecution of scientific studies.

Among the professors are graduates of the following institutions: The Urban College, Rome; the Roman Academy of St. Thomas Aquinas; the Universities of Munich, Johns Hopkins, Laval, Toronto; and the Catholic University of America.

Academic Year Opens Sept. 11th, 1913

Matriculation Examination Begins Sept. 11th, 1913

BOARD AND TUITION FOR THE ACADEMIC YEAR, \$176 00

For Calendar, or any further information, apply to

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In connection with the University is a fully equipped High School Department (including a COMMERCIAL or BUSINESS COURSE.) The High School Course leads to University Matriculation. For High School Calendar, etc., apply to

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A BAKING SUCCESS WHICH YOU CAN DUPLICATE IN YOUR HOME



All this talk about Western wheat flour being "pastry" flour, is just plain talk. Anyone who knows anything about wheat, knows that Western wheat flour cannot and does not, make as good Pastry as "Beaver" Flour. Western wheat has what the bakers call strength. It makes a big loaf of bread—but the bread is spongy and lacks flavor. Ontario wheat, blended with spring wheat, makes the ideal bread and pastry flour. The bakers of Toronto and London—the experts at the agricultural colleges—and thousands of homes in Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces—have proved that "Beaver" Flour is superior to any Western wheat flour, and is equally good for Bread and Pastry. Try it. DEALERS—Write us for prices on Feed, Coarse Grains and Cereals.

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The Apple Maggot or Railroad Worm

A NOTE OF WARNING.

The Apple Maggot (Rhagoletis Pomonella) is one of the serious pests of the apple, particularly the early and fall varieties. The maggot is the larva of a fly, a small two-winged insect belonging to the family Tephritidae. In this family are a number of serious fruit pests, all difficult to combat on account of their mode of life. The apple maggot is quite widely distributed throughout the Northeastern United States, parts of Ontario and Quebec. It is also reported from several sections of our Province, but it has not done any serious damage as yet. The work of this pest may be readily recognized. The maggot lives in the pulp, burrowing back and forth between the core and the skin. The burrows are discolored, generally brown with small cavities here and there in the flesh. Several maggots may be found in a single apple, and the flesh so honey-combed as to be almost ready to fall to pieces. In these burrows will be found a small, footless maggot about three-eighths of an inch long, yellowish-white in color. These maggots remain in the fruit until mature, that is after the apples drop. The maggots then leave the fruit and change to a small yellowish brown pupae. These pupae transform to the adults, two winged flies, the following summer. The fly is somewhat smaller than the house fly, of a general black color with yellowish head and legs and four dark bands on each wing. The eggs are laid throughout the summer just beneath the skin of the apple. As the adults appear at various times during the summer the egg laying extends over a considerable period. There is thus only one brood a season. At the present time this pest has not been found in the fruit belt extending from Annapolis to Windsor. However, every day sees considerable early fruit coming into our Province from the New England States and various parts of Ontario. The writer found nearly every apple infected in a small shipment of early fruit from some point in Ontario. The fruit is being distributed all over the province and all damaged or old specimens are dumped outside, under ideal conditions for the maggots to mature and transform to adults the following season. In this way we may look for several new points of infestation each year unless care is exercised in the handling of this kind of fruit. This note is especially prepared to warn all merchants and those buying early apples to see that all spoiled fruits are carefully burned or fed to animals, not dumped in some convenient place outside, thus allowing this pest to secure a foothold in our province. All fruit growers should exercise care and examine their apples, and if any suspicious fruit is found to send samples to the Department of Agriculture at Truro, N. S. In infested orchards about the only efficient means of control known at present is the picking up and feeding or burning all dropped fruit. This should be done about every week or ten days. Another efficient means is to allow the hogs to roam through the orchard and they will take care of all the dropped apples. It is to be hoped that all fruit growers, who are at all suspicious that their fruit is infested will adopt the control measures suggested and thus rid their orchards of a dangerous pest. Fortunately, this pest does not spread rapidly, and may confine its attack to only a few trees in a single orchard for a few years before spreading to adjacent trees of the same variety. This habit is a very fortunate one and often enables the fruit grower, if he exercises care, to not only control it, but to exterminate it when the infestation is a limited one. It is to be hoped that all persons interested in our fruit industry will be on the lookout for this pest and immediately report its occurrence to the Provincial Entomologist at Truro who will at once recommend treatment and endeavor to prevent the spread of the pest. ROBERT MATHESON, Provincial Entomologist, Truro, N. S.

A Great University.

It is pleasant experience to read of the continued progress of the great Belgian Catholic University of Louvain as set forth in its Annuaire or Year Book for 1913. As most people know it is a purely Catholic university—founded, directed and maintained by the Bishops, priests and people of Belgium. Considering it as a voluntary, free, unendowed university, with the Catholic faith as its chief motive power, its growth, its dimensions, its success, its results are truly marvelous. They are a standing and overpowering evidence of the advantages and

necessity of the intervention of the Catholic Church, and of Catholic teachings and principles in the domain of higher education. Louvain University is not ashamed of its Catholicity. So highly does it prize this aspect of its existence that although State endowments and privileges could have been easily obtained during the past twenty-nine years from the Catholic Government, which has always included eminent Louvain graduates amongst the Cabinet ministers, still the authorities of the University have refrained from accepting State endowments of any kind in order to preserve absolute freedom of teaching, management and control. Nor has the great institution suffered any loss in making this choice, a means have never failed it in providing for all the requirements of a thoroughly up-to-date, progressive university. Louvain University, although under ecclesiastical control, is not by any means an ecclesiastical institution as to its courses, its staff or its students. In fact it is a lay university for lay Catholics. It embraces all the faculties of a first-class university, viz., Theology, Law, Medicine, Philosophy and Letters, Science, Special Schools, and Agriculture. In each and all of these departments the training, the teaching, and the specialization are of the highest order. The entire staff now numbers about 150, of whom about one-fourth are ecclesiastics and three-fourths laymen. Each and all are men of the highest ability and fitness for their work, and one and the same motive animates them all, and that is the promotion of the best interests and welfare of the University and its students. One fact alone proves the success of Louvain University, the steady and continuous increase in its students from its re-establishment to the present day—in 1835 it began with eighty-six students—last year (1912) the number on its roll was 2,735. Arranged according to Faculties the numbers stood as follows:—

Table with 2 columns: Faculty Name and Student Count. Theology: 90, Law: 675, Medicine: 599, Philosophy and Letters: 422, Sciences: 314, Special Schools: 491, Agriculture: 204.

Total, 2,735

As I said, Louvain University glories in its Catholicity. In fact its official title is 'L'Université Catholique, The Catholic University. Its heavenly patroness is the Blessed Virgin, and on the outer cover of its calendar there is a likeness of the Mother of God and her Divine Child, under the title "Seat of Wisdom." On the first page we find an indulgent prayer to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Its earthly patron is the Sovereign Pontiff of the Catholic Church. This, too, is very appropriate as the University was founded in 1425 by Pope Martin V., and re-established in 1834 with the sanction and blessing of Pope Gregory XVI. It is not fair to conclude that its unparalleled success under such patronage is something more than a mere coincidence?—Dublin Leader.

The Desolution of the Grande Chartreuse.

Under the above heading the Saturday Review, London, contains an account of the loss which at least one section of France has been made to suffer because of the infamous expulsion of the monks and the seizure of their property by the French Government.

Ten years have now passed since the monks of the Grande Chartreuse were expelled from their monastery and scattered to the four corners of the earth. Members of all political parties in the Department of the Isere joined at the time in an almost unanimous protest against the decree which drove them forth. Even some strong supporters of M. Combes' Government objected to the exile of a body of men who had not only rigidly abstained from all political agitation, but who had shown their charity and their philanthropy on every occasion. Their wealth, which was the product of their own industry, had also done substantial good to the whole countryside. The wages that they paid were very high for the poor district in which they lived, and varied from 16 to 18 shillings a week for their farm laborers, to whom they also gave an old age pension of 16 pounds a year after twenty-five years' work. They contributed 60,000 pounds a year to national and local taxation. They did not waste their substance in riotous or extravagant living, but built churches, presbyteries, schools and hospitals. Thus these monks subscribed 2,000 pounds to relieve the distress occasioned by a disaster at Voiron. A boys' school was opened by them at S. Pierre d'Entremont and a girl's school at S. Pancrasse. Annual subscriptions of

200 pounds were paid to the Hospital at Voiron and 250 pounds to that of Entre-deux-Guiers. Fifty-six thousand pounds were spent in 1892 in building a hospital at S. Laurent-du-Pont, and from that time until their expulsion they devoted 3,600 pounds annually towards its maintenance and its support. They opened a school for sixty-five deaf and dumb children at Curieres, and devoted 2,400 pounds a year to their elementary education and instruction in the trade to which they were best fitted. Their liberal contributions gave substantial help to every public object. Thus they rebuilt the village of S. Pierre des Chartreux in 1846. They repaired over and over again all the mischief done by fires and floods, and spent their substance liberally wherever a road had to be either mended or opened. None of this good work was of the slightest avail against sectarian animosity. They had all assembled in the Church Choir on April 29, 1903, every monk in his own stall, when they were forcibly removed by two men and escorted to the door of the monastery by the police, who then marched them off to the hotel. Since then all the buildings have been in the custody of the State, which during ten years did little or nothing to arrest the havoc wrought by time and by the inclemency of the weather. The long corridors are threatened with ruin. The vast roof was giving way under the weight of the winter snow, water did its fell work through the leakages in the gutters and pipe, and much of the masonry was crumbling away; the windows were broken, and neither they nor the doors sufficed to keep out the wind or rain. No urgent repairs were made, and it was estimated that if this were allowed to go on, the buildings would crumble into decay in two years' time. It is said that a member of our own Royal family who lately paid a visit to the Grande Chartreuse observed, "In my own country this would be called a crime."

It is only within the last year that an agitation has been started by all those who have the interests of the country at heart. Two Socialist Deputies, M. Barthe, of the Herald, and M. Mietral, the member for the district, have strongly urged that something must be done, and that without delay. Politicians, artists, societies for the promotion of the tourist traffic and for the development of the resources of the country, the local mayors, town and county councillors, architects, railway directors, business men, merchants, journalists, the local, the provincial, and Paris press, all joined in the agitation against the destruction of this ancient monastery and the dispersal of its stones and woodwork by public auction. They have succeeded so far in inducing the Ministry of Fine Arts to class the Grande Chartreuse as a "monument historique" and to devote a small annual subvention to its preservation from absolute ruin. This money will necessarily come out of the pockets of the taxpayers; whilst, had the authorities consented to eat humble pie and acknowledge the hideousness of their monstrous mistake, the Chartreux might themselves have been invited not only to return to their old home, but to restore to the Department of the Isere the wealth and prosperity which they once brought in their train. How can prosperity be restored to the Department of the Isere and to its people? They have not deserved well of their old benefactors. It is true that in 1892, in a moment of hot indignation at the prospect in front of them, they rejected their Socialist deputy and returned the architect of the Grande Chartreuse, M. Pichot, in his place; but political organization has done its work, and they have again elected a Socialist deputy, who has, however, been compelled by public opinion to agitate in favor of the preservation of the buildings. There is but one way in which this evil can be remedied, and that is by the return of the monks themselves. Those who doubt this need only make a twenty-four hours' journey from Charing Cross, through Lyons to Voiron, and thence by the tramway to S. Laurent-du-Pont. A minutes' conversation with the people themselves, and especially with those who can tell them how the passenger and goods traffic has suffered, will convince those who have an open mind that the return of the monks to their old home will alone restore wealth and prosperity to the Dauphine mountains and a priceless industry to France.

He—You must have thought me a fool when I proposed to you. She—Yes, dear; you seemed to be keeping nothing from me! "Alas! Alackaday! There is no use!" moaned the left shoe of the pair. "I never can begin the new year a right!"

Told by the Teacher.

A teacher was talking about her experience of twenty years with girls in a private school. "There are no bad girls," she said. "If they seem bad or do naughty things, you always find out—if you search carefully—that it is a question of the fathers or mothers, principally the mothers. If a mother makes a friend of her daughter, she can do anything with her; if she does not, then her daughter makes a friend elsewhere, and the mother's chance is lost. "A girl is never bad because she wants to be bad; she is bad because she does not know good. She does not think about it at all. She wants to have what she calls a fine time. She wants to be what she thinks is pretty. She wants to do what she thinks most attractive. "She does not know how to do any of these things; she has no one to tell her. She hears constantly, 'Do not do this,' 'Do not do that,' but is not told why she is not to do this or that, nor told what she is to do. She does what she thinks most attractive and finds out by experience when too late, that what she thought was attractive was merely foolish. But she had no one to tell her. "She wants to look pretty and she fixes up her face or hair, and finds out when too late that she has spoiled her skin and made her hair artificial, and it is not pretty. Then she becomes defiant, and that is the end. "There is always a stage in a girl's life when she wants to change herself and make herself what she thinks her ideal. She wants pink cheeks and light hair—it is her ideal of beauty. This is the most dangerous time in a girl's life. It comes about sixteen. If you can then sit down and talk to that girl, and make her see her own good points and bad points, and teach her how to make the best of each, that danger point will be passed and she will steer clear of the cosmetic stage in her life. Then, if you can give her a good time without the foolish side of it, you will help her again and incidentally you will be making a woman. Give her truth and honor as you give it to your boys; give her muscle and brain and judgment. Give her a real life to live, and then you will have no bad women—and there are no bad girls."

Many Uses For Lemon Peel.

Not every housekeeper knows that freshly grated lemon peel is a flavoring much superior to lemon extract, and much more economical. Of all the flavoring extracts lemon is the least satisfactory, having not the slightest suggestion of the flavor of the fresh fruit. For cake or for a bread pudding or for any dessert containing raisins and currants lemon peel is a delicious flavor. It is used for a custard, it is well to strain the mixture before cooking, as some people dislike the slight granulation produced by the tiny pieces of peel. An unusual but very good use for grated lemon peel is as a flavoring for sandwiches made of Neufchatel cheese. Rub the cheese to a paste with a little butter and spoonful of cream, add the lemon peel and a few chopped nut meats. Lemon peel makes a delicious preserve. Cut into small pieces and cook with their weight of sugar and a little water.

Advertisement for Johnson's Anodyne Liniment and Parsons' Pills. Johnson's Anodyne Liniment: Countless thousands of families have found it to be the surest and quickest remedy for Cuts, Wounds, Sore Throat, Bowel Complaint—Internal and external ailments. IN USE OVER 103 YEARS. Its long-continued use is the highest proof of its merits. Sold everywhere. 25c and 50c Bottles. Parsons' Pills: keep the bowels regular. I.S. JOHNSON & CO., INC., Boston, Mass.

Farm For Sale

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

Enterprise Blazer FURNACE FOR COAL and WOOD. Saving and Satisfaction. When you buy a furnace, you buy for many years of saving and satisfaction. No Dust No Gas No Smoke. Save over 30% of your fuel bill and never gets out of order. The first cost is the final cost. Get in touch with the nearest ENTERPRISE agency, or Write For Information And Circulars. Manufactured by the Enterprise Foundry Co. Sackville N.B. Sold by all Enterprise Dealers.

YOUNG CALVES WANTED FOR FOX FEED

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

Homeseeker's Excursions to Western Canada.

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

FARM FOR SALE

The farm of the late John Malone at South Side Cape George, formerly owned by Alexander McIsaac, is offered for sale. It contains 100 acres more or less, is well wooded and watered. For particulars apply to the widow of said John Malone, or to WILLIAM CHISHOLM, Barrister, Antigonish, N. S., August 13, 1913.

For Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera, Cholera Morbus and all pains and cramps, children or adults there is nothing just as good as GATES' CERTAIN CHECK

MESSRS. C. GATES, SON & CO. DEAR SIRS,—I have been thinking for some time that I should write and let you know what your CERTAIN CHECK has done for my son. He had such a bad case of cholera that he was reduced to a skeleton. We tried doctors, drugs and many other remedies, but without avail. Finally we tried your certain check, and we believe it saved our boy's life, as it cured after every thing else had failed. Your Life of Man Bitters and Invigorating Syrup also cured me of lung trouble. I consider your medicines superior. W. I. CURTIS, Newcastle, N. B. CERTAIN CHECK never fails and is sold everywhere at only 25c. per bottle.

Graham's Grocery. Has now in stock LIME JUICE, FRUIT SYRUPS, ROUE'S GINGERALE, GRAPE JUICE, HAMS and BACON, BREAKFAST BACON, CODFISH, BONELESS CODFISH, JAMS and MARMALADES, PICKLES and SAUCES, and everything to be found in a first-class general store. We want GOOD BUTTER, EGGS and WOOL and will pay the highest market price in exchange for groceries. Best Flour and Meal for Sale. D. R. GRAHAM, ANTIGONISH, N. S.

The Best Brains

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

The Prince Edward Island Exhibition and Horse Races

CHARLOTTETOWN September 23 to 26, '13

Open to the Maritime Provinces. \$7,000 in exhibition prizes. 2 days horse racing. 7 classes. \$2,400 in race purses. Live Stock entries, except poultry, close 12th September. All other entries close 16th September. Special attractions, including aeroplane flights in front of the Grand Stair. Low rates by steamers and railways. Nearest agent will give particulars of rates. For prize lists and all information write the Secretary. C. R. SMALLWOOD, Sec.-Treas. FRANK R. HEARTZ, President, 9-4.3c Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Morrison Brothers Monumental Works PICTOU, N. S.

PARTIES wishing to obtain high grade monumental work should call or write

Morrison Bros. an old established firm. All work guaranteed and strictly first class. Prices always consistent with the high order of work turned out.

FARM FOR SALE

The subscriber offers for sale, his one hundred acre farm situated at North Side Harbor. Is in good state of cultivation and is well wooded and watered. Convenient to fishing. Kelp on the shore. Hay and grain included in sale if desired. Sale positive. Good title given. JAMES CHISHOLM, (More) North Side Harbor, Antigonish Co. 7-17. tf.

Farm for Sale

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

Colonial Granite Co Ltd. New Glasgow.

Monuments of all styles manufactured and erected. Building Stone supplied rough or finished. Carving:—A specialty. Orders left with our Antigonish Agent, P. S. Floyd, will have prompt attention.

Tenders For Farm

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

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

Flour and Feed For Sale—Abraham Myette
Coal—Haley's Market
New Fall Goods—MacDonald's Clothing
and Shoe Store.
Millinery Opening—Mrs Wm O'Neil
Teacher Wanted—John R Campbell.

LOCAL ITEMS.

WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY
of this week are days of fast and
abstinence.

THE MARRIAGE BANNIS of four
couples were published at the late
Mass at St. Anne's Church yesterday.
—Glouce Bay Gazette.

A VALUABLE BROOD MARE, owned
by Mr. J. J. McNeil of Fairmont,
broke her leg last week, which
necessitated her being killed. The loss to
Mr. McNeil is quite severe.

"DRUMMER ON FOOT," awaiting fur-
ther information about the MacFar-
lanes, from outside Counties, has to
defer the continuation of that sketch
till next week.

THE FARM at North Grant, Ant.,
owned by Mr. Roderick MacDonald
(Custos) has been purchased by Mr.
Walter Duggan, lately of Cross Roads
Ohio, Ant., and formerly of Westville,
N. S. The sale price, we learn, was
\$1000.

THE SHOE AND LEATHER JOURNAL
of Toronto recently offered prizes for
the best papers on "The Greatest
Evils of the Retail Shoe Trade." Miss
Margaret McDougall of Antigonish
was one of the competitors. Her
paper was awarded third prize.

OPEN SEASON FOR GAME.—The open
season for moose shooting began
Tuesday and closes November 15th.
That for woodcock, snipe, blue winged
duck and woodcock opened Septem-
ber 1 and closes March 1st; for par-
tridges the season opens October 1st
and closes November 1st.

SEMINARIANS GO TO MONTREAL.—
At the opening of the Grand Seminary,
on Tuesday, four former students of
St. Francis Xavier's entered theology,
viz.: P. J. Nicholson, North Sydney,
class of '09; D. P. MacDougall, Port
Hawkesbury, class of 1910; John
McPherson, Maryvale, Antigonish,
and J. S. Smith, Cambridge, Mass., of
the class of 1913.

PAINFUL ACCIDENT. — At Morvan,
Antigonish, a young child while play-
ing with a pair of scissors fell on them,
one of the points entering her eye and
destroying the sight. Last Saturday,
in Town, Dr. Cox removed the
wounded eye to save the other. The
child is now getting on well. She is a
daughter of Mrs. Haskett of Cobalt,
Ont., who is at present on a visit to
her father, John Allan McDonald,
Morvan.

DIED SUDDENLY. — Mr. John Kell,
carriage builder, Antigonish, dropped
dead in his home, on St. Ninian
street, on last Friday morning. He
was preparing to go out to do some
shopping when the summons came. A
man of 79 years, he was not in robust
health of late. He was a quiet and
inoffensive man. A wife and two
children survive him. They have the
sympathy of the community in their
sudden bereavement. R. I. P.

THE VILE SHEET called The
Menace, published at Aurora, Mis-
souri, is being sent into Eastern
Nova Scotia, to non-subscribers.
The publishers are most persistent and
continue sending even after they have
received orders to discontinue.
Complaints have been sent us in
regard to this action of the
publishers. We can only advise
persons not wishing to see the
sheet to return it to the post office
marked "Refused." The Postmaster
will then notify the publishers that
the person to whom the paper is
addressed refuses to take it, or will
send it back to the publishers so
marked.

HYMENEAL.—Dr. R. J. McDonald,
of Port au Port, Nfld., and Miss Ada
M. Pieroway of St. George's, Nfld.,
were married at St. Stephen's Church,
Watertown, Mass., on the 4th Sept.,
1913. Rev. Father Gallagher officiating.
The bride was attended by Miss
Clementine McDonald, sister of the
groom, while Dr. L. McPherson of
Antigonish did the honors for the
groom. After the marriage ceremony
a wedding reception, at which a num-
ber of friends and relatives were
present, was held at the home of the
groom's brother in Watertown. Dr.
and Mrs. MacDonald received many
beautiful and valuable presents.
After spending ten days in Boston and
vicinity, they left for their future home
in Port au Port, where Dr. McDonald
has a large and lucrative prac. ice.

THE LANDING, Antigonish Har-
bour, presents an animated appear-
ance just now, more so than at any
time since the advent of the railway,
when the routing of freight by water
to Antigonish ceased. A fleet of
motor boats is lying off the shore, a
new wharf 40x43 feet is under con-
struction and a good roadway from
the main road to the wharf is about
finished. Both these public conven-
iences have been provided by the
Government, and have been built
under the supervision of Mr. Rod.
McClellan of the Harbour. He has
recently expended the money at his
disposal, \$1,000, very carefully, giving
ample returns for it. These improve-
ments will be appreciated by a num-
ber of people in Town as well as by
persons living along nearby shores.
A further expenditure on the Har-
bour, to make it more navigable, is
desired. If a few thousands were
spent in straightening the Harbour
channel, which is surprisingly tortu-
ous, the Harbour would become a
greater public resort.

THE FALL FAIR.—If weather is propi-
tious, the Antigonish Fall Fair, on
to-day and to-morrow, will be largely
attended, and will prove a decided
success. Numerous entries have been
received, especially in the live stock
department, and some fine animals
will be shown, animals, we think,
that are calculated to enhance the
reputation of the County for stock-
raising. Though garden products
have not made satisfactory growth of
late, potatoes in particular, because
of severe frosts, yet a good showing

in this department is looked for. Of
fruits the display is not expected to
be good, the season having been most
unfavorable throughout Nova Scotia
for all varieties. In the domestic
department the ladies are taking
greater interest, and it is anticipated
the exhibits here will excel any yet
seen in Antigonish. It pays the far-
mer to attend these Fall Fairs. He
will see what the farmers of the var-
ious districts are accomplishing.
Oftentimes he will be surprised to
observe that his own well-directed
efforts to produce good articles are
far surpassed, and what he sees will
be a lesson inspiring him to further
efforts in excellence. In this way the
individual and the community must
be benefitted. To-day judging will
take place in all departments except-
ing in the live stock, exhibits in the
latter department not being shown
until to-morrow.

THE NEW LUMBER MILL at Gillis'
Cove, Antigonish, is evolving into a
reality. At present a gang of workmen
are engaged at construction work, lots
of material are on the premises in the
shape of lumber, building brick and
fire brick, boilers and smokestack
equipment; the mill building proper
is erected, the concrete walls for the
boiler house are complete, also the
concrete foundation for the smoke-
stack and engine house and it is
expected manufacturing operations on
a limited scale will commence in a
month's time. When the plant is
wholly erected it will consist of the
mill, a structure 112x20 feet; a 30x44
foot boiler house; a dry house 80x20
feet; engine building, two buildings
designated as factories, one 55x20, the
second 65x35 feet, and some small
buildings, such as blacksmith
shop and storage rooms. Altogether
a rather imposing industry is
practically assured. The machinery,
which is being constructed by the
Robb Manufacturing Co.'y of Amherst,
N. S., is daily expected, in fact should
now be on the ground according to
arrangements made with the builders.
In the mill will be a rotary saw, gang
saws, lathe mill, two butters, planer
and matcher, with the driving gear in
the basement. There will be three
boilers of 100 h. p. each and two
engines of 100 h. p. each. The smoke-
stack, of iron, exclusive of the spark
arrester, will be 100 feet high. The
capacity of the dry house will be some
30 M. of lumber. Of the success of the
venture, the Colonial Lumber Com-
pany, Limited, the proprietors, have
no doubt, care having been taken to
ascertain the extent of the lumber
supply in the district, the readiness
with which it can be put at the mill,
and the market for the output.
Already the Company has bonded a
large lumber area, sufficient to keep
operations going for years. The site
of the mill is classed as one of the
best in the Maritime Provinces,
situated as it is on the line of the I.
C. R. and at the mouth of several
rivers, all of which empty their
waters practically at the mill location.
Specializing in hardwood flooring, the
market for which is large in the
United States, the output of the mill
can always find a ready sale. Already
some 3,000,000 feet of logs are awaiting
cutting, one million at the mill, and
two in the woods, peeled. When in
full swing, employment will be given
to some 40 to 60 men, so that the
industry means much to our com-
munity. An estimate of the probable
yearly expenditure in cash by the
industry in the County makes it be-
tween seventy-five and one hundred
thousand dollars. Mr. Walter F.
Dixon is the manager of the Company.
He is a gentleman of large experience
in lumbering, and can be relied on to
conduct the industry in a practical
business-like manner. Mr. Dewar,
well-known in Eastern Nova Scotia in
lumbering and building circles, is
superintending construction.

Rev. R. H. McDougall, P. P., Brook
Village, C. B., passed through
Antigonish on Monday's train in
route to Randael, Mass., to visit his
sister, Mrs. Angus G. Kennedy of
that place, formerly of Broad Cove,
C. B., who has not been well of late.
The reunion of Father McDougall and
his sister will be quite a notable
event in their lives and one that
must be pleasantly anticipated as it is
forty-four years since they last had
the pleasure of meeting one another, a
long period surely for members of one
family to be separated.

During Fair-days do your shoe
buying at Gorman's.

Order your winter's supply of coal
at Haley's Market.

Three fast days this week. Fresh
cod and mackerel at Bonner's.

Just received, one ton choice dry
hake, also cod and choice herring.—
Bonner's.

We solicit mail orders for anything
we handle, and give credit to all good
people.—Bonner's.

See our new 16 button ladies' tan
boot. Gorman.

The cheese rennet people, wholesale
and retail. Bonner's.

Takes Exception.

To the Editor of the Casket:
SIR,—I see in the last number of
THE CASKET a communication on the
last C. M. B. A. Convention. There is
a passage to which I wish to take
exception. Here it is: "The manner
in which the procession was conducted
was certainly no credit to the C. M. B.
A., and if the intention was to make
a good showing in the city of Hamilton,
it defeated its purpose. There were
tall hats, straw hats, slouch hats, and
derbys, short coats, long coats, black
coats and grey ones. The proceeding
looked as much like fans hastening to
a ball game as like a number of Catho-
lic gentlemen on their way to Mass."

I am not going, Mr. Editor, to attack
the good intentions of the writer of
the above passage. I am willing to
believe that he meant well and had
only in view the honor and good name
of the C. M. B. A. But if the gentle-
man in question had kept his remarks
for the Canadian, the official organ of
the C. M. B. A., would it not have been
more proper than to expose the whole
body of the Association to the ridicule
of the public in general? Again I fail
to see how the procession defeated its
purpose of making a good showing by
the fact that the members or delegates
wore different kinds of hats or suits of
different size or color. Here we have a

NOTICE

I will be unloading a car of flour
at Tracadie Station, on
Friday, 19th inst.,
from 9 a. m. until 3 p. m.

Will sell at the following prices
for cash, at the car, viz.:
Diamond Crown Flour, \$5.80 pr bbl
Queen City Flour, 5.75 "
Countess Flour, 5.55 "
Crescent Flour, 5.40 "
Feed Flour, 1.75 pr bag
Rolled Oats, 2.75 "
Middlings, 1.30 "

ABRAHAM MYETTE.
Tracadie N. S., Sept. 17, 1913.

Information Wanted

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

MRS. WM. L. O'NEIL

MULGRAVE
has arrived from St. John, N. B.,
with the latest style of

FALL MILLINERY

Opening Days
SEPT. 24 and 25th

Also a nice display of
Fancy Dry Goods

Teacher Wanted

A grade C teacher wanted, for Mc-
Kinnon's Harbor school, Section No
24. Apply, stating salary and experi-
ence, to
JOHN R. CAMPBELL,
Sec. to Trustees,
Jamesville West, C. B.

Coal Coal

Order Now
The kind that gives satisfaction to
all. Your orders given the best
possible attention.

Haley's Market

Phone 68.

Catholic society with the serious and
earnest purpose of bringing into its
ranks our Catholic young men, married
or unmarried. The purpose is to unite
them together, teach them economy,
and to uplift their social and Christian
standing by the means of good Catho-
lic literature. Where does the shape
of the hats come in all this? Where
the length of the coat, or the color of
it? I live in a town of mines; our
neighboring town is a town of mines,
and so is the whole of Cape Breton.
We have thousands of members in the
Association. They never wore or
never will wear a silk hat nor a tall-
coat. Are you going to chase away
those young men, because, on one
occasional ceremony that takes place
every three years, they have not the
same hat as the gentleman from some-
where else, or they cannot afford to
buy a black coat as he can? Ridiculous,
yes, all this is ridiculous to the ex-
treme. Let us be serious men. We
look for the good of our young men.
Let them wear, be they delegates or
not, what they like, so long as they
are decently clad. Poverty is no crime,
and our Catholic young men, with
very few exceptions, are poor. Nay,
all our "members," 180 strong here,
are poor, and I don't know that they
are ashamed of their poverty, when
they take such means as the joining
our association to provide for the
future or eventual needs of their
families. If the Association ever comes
to the decision of having a special
uniform costume, it will be time
then to discuss the whole subject, but
to expose to ridicule our worthy
delegates, who did not on that
occasion wear the silk hat or the long
prince-Albert, is nothing short of an
insult to them and to the Branches
they represented. Other associations
have, it is true, a special recognized
costume. It is their own affair. They
make a good showing in their pro-
cessions or parades. I don't deny it,
but are these bodies exclusive to a
very large extent? While the C. M.
B. A. stands open to "all good Catho-
lic young men whose certificate of
moral good conduct is signed by their
spiritual adviser, and who can pass
successfully the medical examination."
These so far are the only conditions
required of those who wish to secure
admission to our ranks. And besides
who does not see the ridicule that
would come to our young members of
16 and 17 years of age, walking in a
procession with the silk hat and the
long tail-coat. And again were our
delegates sent to Hamilton "to make
a good showing" or to transact good
sound business in the interests of our
Association? A CONTRARY MAN.

THE FALL FAIR

of the Antigonish County Farm-
ers Association will be held on
the Fair Grounds on

THURSDAY and
FRIDAY,
SEPTEMBER 18 and 19

Exhibits of general farm products
will be judged on the first day of the
Fair, the live stock on the following
day. Judging from the large number of
entries already made, this Fair prom-
ises to be the most successful yet
held.

The Fair not only furnishes an
opportunity for a

Good Days' Outing

but will show the progress being
made in agriculture and the great
possibilities of the County as an all
round farming community.

AN ATTRACTIVE FEATURE

of the Exhibition will be the exhibits
of samples of plants, insects, and
plant diseases, photographs of agri-
cultural operations, poultry houses
and other things from the agricul-
tural College at Truro. This section
will be under the supervision of two
experts from the Provincial Farm.

All entries must be sent to Allan
Macdonald, the Secretary of the
Antigonish County Farmers' Asso-
ciation.
Antigonish, Sept. 9th, 1913.

J. H. W. BLISS

Piano Tuner

will be at the
Merrimac Hotel, Anti-
gonish, Sept. 22 to 26

NOTICE

To Farmers and Horsemen:

We have installed in our mill a
machine for crushing all kinds of
grain, and we are now prepared to
crush your grain at any time.

While You Wait

for five cents a bushel
Farmers along the I. C. R. can ship
to us and we will receive it at the
station and ship back.
THE D. G. KIRK WOODWORKING
COMPANY.
Antigonish, Sept. 10, 1913. tf

FALL, 1913



Many a man is well dressed
not because he pays fancy
prices for his clothes, but
rather because he does his
thinking before he buys, and
not afterwards.

Before you purchase your
Fall and Winter Suit, Over-
coat, Hat, Boots, Shoes, Tog-
gery, or any other Outfitting,
sir, you owe it to yourself to
investigate the merits of our
better goods.

We feel sure the excellence
of our outfitting and our mod-
erate prices will make a strong
appeal to your good judgment,
and in the end secure your
trade and confidence.

SUITS, \$6.00, 8.00, \$10,
12.00 to \$20
OVERCOATS, \$6, \$8,
\$10 and \$15
TROUSERS, \$1, 1.50, \$2,
\$3, and \$5.

Also a large assortment of
GENT'S FURNISH-
INGS, BOOTS, SHOES,
RUBBERS, ETC.
rightly priced.

Come to this store with
confidence and you won't be
disappointed.

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

Don't Judge a Roofing

By Its Looks

On the surface, most ready roofings
look the same. But the weather finds the hidden
weakness. The weather finds the vegetable fibers
in the fabric and rots them. It is this grum, in the Ruberoid cement
which accompanies each roll of Ruberoid
roofing, which makes ours practi-
cally a one-piece roofing—sealed
against leaks—sealed against the
weather.

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

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

We Test All Roofings

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

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

This book is a gold mine of roofing
information. It tells about the advan-
tages and disadvantages of each roofing
for each purpose to secure a copy, ad-
dress Dept. The Standard Paint Com-
pany of Canada, Ltd., Montreal.

RUBEROID

Be sure to look for this registered trademark which
is stamped every four feet on the under side of all
genuine Ruberoid. This is your protection against
substitutes which many dealers brazenly sell as
Ruberoid. Ruberoid is usually sold by but one
dealer in a town. We will tell you the name of your
Ruberoid dealer when you send for our free book.

The Standard Paint Company of Canada, Ltd., Montreal, Canada
New York Hamburg London Paris

Sold By D. GRANT KIRK, Antigonish N. S.

Our Motto:—Purity Accuracy THE NEW DRUG STORE

is now ready to supply your drug wants. We carry a complete line
of pure drugs and chemicals, toilet requisites, patent medicines,
choice cigars and tobaccos. Orders by mail receive careful
attention and prompt delivery. Have us dispense your prescrip-
tions and supply your disinfectants. Prescriptions our specialty.

J. P. McKenna Dispensing Chemist, Main Street
Phone 83. One door East of Presbyterian Church.

TROTTERING HORSES FOR SALE

MAID'S KING, 37847, race record
2:22, bay trotting stallion, foaled 1903,
16 hands, weight 1150. Sired by May
King, 2:20, the sire of Birgen, 2:06 1/2,
sire of Uhlan, 1:58. This horse is in
splendid condition, and is faster and
handsomer than ever. Winner of
first prize in Standard Bred Class at
Nova Scotia Exhibition last year.
BUTTERCUP, beautiful trotting
mare, bay, foaled 1907, 15 3/4 hands
high, weight 1100. Sired by Achille,
2:15 1/2. This mare has had consider-
able track work, and owner believes
she can trot better than 2:20 in the
right hands. Both horses are ideal
roadsters, kind, and are not sold for
any fault. Owner retiring from
game. These horses will be at the
Exhibition, Halifax, Sept. 3rd to 11th.
Can be seen in Antigonish any other
time. Don't write unless you are
prepared to buy a high-class horse.
Suitable terms, if necessary, to respon-
sible parties.
CAPTAIN A. McFARLANE,
P. O. Box 293, Antigonish, N. S.

LINEMEN WANTED

Wanted at once,—ten good linemen.
Apply to
CANADA-ELECTRIC CO., Ltd.,
Amherst, N. S.

FOR SALE

The valuable residential property
known as "Ingleside," on Hawthorn
Street, Antigonish, N. S., at present
occupied by Mr. Adolph Bernasconi.
For full particulars apply to
G. A. BERNASCONI,
North Street,
8-21, tf

NOTICE

All accounts that are not settled
arranged for before September 1st
will be handed to a lawyer for
collection.
SOMERS & Co.
Antigonish