

THE CASKET.

A Catholic Journal Non-Partisan in Politics.

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29.

Speaking of our grand old Church, Father Vaughan said to the Empire Club:

"Not only the oldest institution, but the greatest the world has ever seen, you will acknowledge, is the Catholic Church. She has lived for 2,000 years. She won't die. She cannot die. She is vigorous, youthful and energetic. Let her do her work with her own. You cannot have finer patriotism than is shown on Catholic soil. Let us take care to live our lives as Catholics, and be ready to give an account of our religion to our fellow-countrymen and do our best to make our religion known to others. Let her live and train up sons for the Empire. And if ever came to pass that the New Zealander should stand upon London Bridge and sketch the ruins of St. Paul's, he will point across the ocean to Canada and say: 'The flag is still flying, Britons hold your own.'"

How relieved the *Presbyterian Witness* and the *Maritime Baptist* will feel when this sturdy Catholic and most patriotic Englishman goes home. How can they explain him to readers whom they have long inculcated with the idea that the Pope is a rival of the King?

Father Bernard Vaughan of London addressed the Empire Club last week at Toronto, and said:

"We want the British Empire to hold her own. We want her to hold her own no matter how others may come forth showing their strength and development. It is our business to do our best, and not want to see what others are doing. We must feel that it is our primary duty to keep our Empire free of those things that might poison her blood and bring her to decrepitude and decay.

"Beware of race suicide. Men may say what they will, and they say today things we would have been astonished to hear a generation ago. We are told that there is no harm in a man not reaching some moral standard of excellence than there is blame attaching to him for not reaching some physical standard of beauty or strength. If those principles are to be held up, the microbes of disintegration will soon eat its way into the heart of the Empire."

There is no truer British citizen in the whole Empire than Father Vaughan. He does not find spiritual obedience to the Pope a hindrance to his duty to England. Some editors in this province might make a note of it. The Empire Club cheered him enthusiastically.

The British Government is manifesting some interest in the statistics of Irish emigration. It has been unfortunately characteristic of British statesmanship to realize a situation when about all the harm that can be done has been done. In the whole history of Great Britain and the British Empire there is no subject that is so humiliating to British pride as the subject of Ireland. The population of Ireland in 1848 was eight millions. To-day it is only half of that. Great Britain has at length awakened to the loss the Empire has sustained; but these millions are gone, and gone from under the flag. And it is now plain to the most prejudiced preserver of racial antipathies that not only could those millions of Irishmen be kept at home in Ireland; but that Ireland could easily have been made a happy, contented dominion. No other blunder, or series of blunders, ever was made by British statesmen, that can be compared with those involved in the administration of Ireland,—blunders not only made, but blindly and bigotedly persisted in: handed down from generation to generation. The blunders, thank God, are, in large part gone. But millions of Irishmen who might have been devoted, prosperous, and happy citizens of the Empire, are gone too.

The London *Times* publishes a letter from its own correspondent at Toronto, on the Eucharistic Congress, in which the following statements are made concerning the Church in Quebec and in Canada generally: "The pastoral relation between the curies and the French

people is ideal. The priests are the unflinching spring of wholesome influences. They teach thrift, industry, and sobriety. They are the patient, self-sacrificing pastors of a people, happy in their social and faithful in their domestic relations, courteous to a fault and hospitable to a degree. They are of a younger world, perhaps, but any one who can speak the French language will find in rural Quebec as much virtue, as much charm, as much of the joy of life as anywhere else on earth.

Perhaps never in the history of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada were its forces more thoroughly organized. It is alert in all its activities. There is hearty co-operation between clergy and laity. It has ample resources for the vigorous extension movement to which it set itself two years ago. It is not less active than the Protestant denominations in providing the services of religion and charity to the new settlers in the Western Provinces. By the Eucharistic Congress its spirit will be quickened and its energies strengthened. There is self-sacrifice, there is heroism, there is devotion in the history of the Church in Canada. Its martyrs lie in lonely graves all across the land. In the story of its missionaries, its explorers, and its administrators there is much of the romance and much of the tragedy of Canadian history.

"The unflinching spring of wholesome influences." That will make some bigots grit their teeth.

A Baptist minister in Montreal, as reported in the *Star*, said that Catholic religious orders are legislated against in some places; and this, he thought, gave him an opportunity to apply the words: "By their fruits ye shall know them." The same man spoke of private interpretation of the Bible. He is, himself, a living argument against such interpretation. "By their fruits ye shall know them." The Catholic religious orders are, then, we presume, required to "bring forth good fruit" to the satisfaction of those eminent, pious and divinely-constituted judges, the blaspheming, grafting, lying, Masonic cliques of the Grand Orient, who rule certain European countries, not "by the grace of God," but by His long-enduring patience. The same man says that in France, "thousands of priests have left the Church and gone into private life." This is a complete fabrication; and, if the preacher did not make it himself, he swallowed it whole, without a gulp, and without even tasting it, fresh from the hands of the man who manufactured it.

The *Montreal Star* says there is a dispute in that city as to whether it is lawful for Jewish bakers to sell bread on Sunday, and says: "To make a Jew fast or eat stale bread on a Christian feast day is an idea worthy of the Middle Ages." Passing by the *Star's* ignorance of the "Middle Ages," we wish to consider whether it understands the theory of legislation and government in this age. A few years ago, the Jews, who now number nearly a million in Greater New York, protested against the keeping of Christmas Day as a school holiday. Were they right? They were, if the *Star* is right. If the few elementary Christian conceptions that still remain in our law-making are to be thrown over, we might expect a journal of the standing of the *Star* to be on the side of Christianity. Are our laws to be relaxed for the accommodation of every man who is not in sympathy with the principles of those laws? We do not advocate wholesale coercion of the opinions of all men. But though a Jew may conscientiously object to keeping our Sunday holy, he will not say that he is in conscience bound to bake or sell bread on that day. We do not seek to force his mind; we force him not to do something to which he objects on conscientious grounds, but to refrain from doing something which his religion does not command him to do. If his religious tenets did compel him to work on Sunday, we suppose we should have to amend the law and let him work. If lack of belief in the authoritative institution of Sunday were enough upon which to claim exemption, we fear that many claimants would come forward, besides the Jews.

An indignant writer upon the subject of Father Vaughan's sermon called attention to the Pope's having recently admonished the heads of seminaries where young men are being trained for the priesthood not to permit their students to read newspapers or magazines "which might distract them from their studies." This statement has appeared, of late, in the daily press; and while we have seen nothing official on the subject, we see nothing in the statement as published

to make any fuss about. Needless to say we shall see it from time to time, for the next twenty years or more, put forward as another proof of the narrowness and bigotry of Rome. As a matter of fact regulations of the same kind have always existed in all well-regulated institutions of learning. No well-conducted school for girls or boys, for instance, permits indiscriminate reading by its boarders. Catholic seminaries are not the only training schools for the young in which a sharp watch is kept upon "newspapers and periodicals." It is quite in order, however, that the regulations should be more strict in the seminaries. Outsiders have little idea how intently the minds of Catholic seminarians are kept upon the sacred subjects that are before them; nor how strong the discipline by which they are tested, in order to determine whether their vocations are true, whether they are ready to deny themselves and to restrain their natural inclinations. It needs hardly to be stated that the modern daily paper with its tumultuous flood of worldliness and of worse, has no part to play in such a training. Seminarians are not kept in ignorance of the world. When have Catholic priests as a body been found wanting in such knowledge? But the "Oriental Fair" has no place in the seminary. That is the true spirit of all such warnings as the one referred to.

Dr. Mackey says, in his *Symbolism*, page 310-311: "That skill which consists in repeating with fluency and precision the ordinary lectures, in complying with all the ceremonial requisitions of the ritual, or the giving, with sufficient accuracy, the appointed modes of recognition, pertains only to the very rudiments of the Masonic Science." And he says: "But there is a far nobler series of doctrines, with which Freemasonry is connected, and which it has been my object, in this work, to present in some imperfect way. It is these which constitute the science and the philosophy of Freemasonry, and it is these alone which will return the student who devotes himself to the task, a sevenfold reward for his labor." Thus, at the outset of our inquiries upon this subject, we find that masonry, upon the word of this eminent Masonic writer, is far more than a social or benevolent institution. It aims to do and to be much more than many of its own adherents suppose. In any institution, other than one that is ordered and arranged as the Masonic order is, it would be incredible that so many of its adherents should know so little about the heart and spirit of the institution; but it is not a matter of surprise in the case of the Masonic order; for one of its fundamental features is the division of Masonic information into portions, which are dealt out to the members, as they pass from one degree into another.

Dr. Mackey goes on: "The universal cry, throughout the Masonic world is for light; our lodges are henceforth to be schools; our labor is to be study; our wages are to be learning; the types and symbols, the myths and allegories of the institution are beginning to be investigated with reference to their ultimate meaning; our history is now traced by zealous inquiries as to its connection with antiquity; and Freemasons now thoroughly understand that often quoted definition, that 'Masonry is a science of morality veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols.' Thus to learn Masonry is to know our work and to do it well. What true Mason would shrink from the task?"

Here we have Masonry presented in some aspects which are, to most people, somewhat unfamiliar. Here is Masonry, as a dispenser of "light." Here we have it as "a science of morality." And here Masonry steps upon the thinnest of thin ice. "A science of morality" has great need to be a true science—else it may easily become a "science of immorality." In other sciences, mistakes may be made with impunity, for no great and irretrievable harm may result; but those who undertake to teach "a science of morality" must be right from start to finish—else, where would be the difference between Christianity and the teachings of the Druids? "To know our work and to do it well?" A very nice looking sentence indeed. But think of all that it includes and involves. By "our work," he means, of course, our duties, or else he means nothing that is worth talking about in connection with "a science of morality." Does Freemasonry, then, undertake to teach the whole duty of man? We shall see.

We need hardly say that the Catholic turns back at this point. Dr. Mackey can lead a true Catholic no farther. The words "a science of morality" indicate so tremendous a claim that the Catholic refers Masonry and its claims to the Church, right here.

In the Catholic view, there is no place in this world for more than one "science of morality." He can understand the presence in this world of some contentions and disagreements as to what doctrines and teachings are properly included in such a "science." In the present condition of the Christian world, he sees such contentions and disagreements in actual operation. But at least he can see that all the Christian sects, by looking back along mistaken routes of travel and broken lines of communication, can trace some kind of descent from the Catholic Church. But, which of these sects originated Masonry? Which of them, as a Christian body, proclaims it or stands sponsor for it? None of them, the Masons say. Here then, the adherents of all Christian denominations might well turn back. They do not, but the Catholic, at least, does.

CONSPIRACIES AGAINST RELIGION.

VI. FREEMASONRY.—THE VIEWS OF A GENERAL GRAND HIGH PRIEST, AND A GRAND COMMANDER.

In his book, "*Symbolism of Freemasonry*," page 301-302, Dr. Mackey says:

"What, then, is the design of Freemasonry? A very large majority of its disciples, looking only to its practical results, as seen in the everyday business of life,—to the noble charities which it dispenses, to the tears of the widow which it has dried, to the cries of the orphans which it has hushed, to the wails of the destitute which it has supplied,—arrive with too much rapidity at the conclusion that charity, and that, too, in its least exalted sense of eleemosynary aid, is the great design of the institution."

And again he says: "Others, with a still more contracted view, remembering the pleasant reunions of the lodge banquets, the unreserved communications which are thus encouraged, and the solemn obligations of mutual trust and confidence that are continually inculcated, believe that it was intended solely to promote the social sentiments and cement the bonds of friendship."

Mr. Clenahan, in the Addendum to Mackey's *Encyclopaedia of Freemasonry*, says that the brothers referred to above are called "Members of the Knife and Fork Degree."

light and have as often been disappointed. In all time, truth has been hidden under symbols and often under a succession of allegories; where veil after veil had to be penetrated, before the true Light was reached, and the essential truth stood revealed? *Morals and Dogma*, page 246.

Is it a Christian sect? Which of the Christian sects has announced a method or system of spreading "true light" and "essential truth," by which such light and such truth are reserved to those who pass through seventeen degrees (and not all of it given to them then), and by which the great body of its adherents stop short at a "knife and fork degree"?

Dr. Mackey says: "A Mason who commits to memory the questions and answers of the catechetical lectures, and the formulas of the ritual, but pays no attention to the history and philosophy of the institution, is commonly called a Parrot Mason, because he is supposed to repeat what he has learned without any conception of its true meaning." *Encyclopaedia of Masonry*, p. 561.

Then there are the "Bright Masons." Dr. Mackey tells of them as follows: "A Mason is said to be 'bright' who is well acquainted with the ritual, the forms of opening and closing, and the ceremonies of initiation. This expression does not, however, in its technical sense, appear to include the superior knowledge of the history and science of the institution, and many bright masons are, therefore, not necessarily learned Masons, and, on the contrary, some learned Masons are not well versed in the exact phraseology of the ritual." *Encyclopaedia of Masonry*, p. 561.

Speaking of Parrot Masons, Dr. Mackey says: "Too many of them confine their acquirements to a knowledge of the signs and the ceremonies of initiation. Masonry for them is nerveless—senseless—lifeless; it is an empty voice without meaning—a tree of splendid foliage, but without a single fruit." *Encyclopaedia*, p. 517.

Some Masons in France, Spain Italy and South America have managed to climb up to the fruit; but, of that, we shall have more to say, as we go on. Now another word from General Pike: "The Blue Degrees are but the outer court or porch of the temple. Part of the symbols are displayed there to the Initiate, but he is intentionally misled by false interpretations. It is not intended that he shall understand them; but it is intended that he shall imagine he understands them. Their true application is reserved for the adepts, the Princes of Masonry. The whole body of the Royal and Sacerdotal Art was hidden so carefully, centuries since, in the High Degrees, as that it is even yet impossible to solve many of the enigmas which they contain. It is well enough for the mass of those called Masons, to imagine that all is contained in the Blue Degrees, and who so attempts to undeceive them will labor in vain, and without any true reward violate his obligations as an Adept. Masonry is the veritable Sphinx, buried to the head in the sands heaped round it by the ages." *Morals and Dogma*, p. 319.

We see that the position of the Masons of the lower degrees is not a happy or attractive one, as viewed by the "men higher up." Not only do they misunderstand, but they are "intentionally misled," and yet, so possessed are they by the notion that they are wise in Masonry, that the man who tries to undeceive them, "will labor in vain." And yet, they stand solemnly committed to uphold the system.

Next, we may inquire, how is such concealment to be justified. Let General Pike tell us:

"Masonry, like all the Religions, all the mysteries, Hermeticism and Alchemy, conceals its secrets from all except the Adepts and Sages, or the Elect, and uses false explanations and misinterpretations of its symbols to mislead those who deserve only to be misled; to conceal the Truth, which it calls Light, from them, and to draw them away from it. Truth is not for those who are unworthy or unable to receive it, or would pervert it. So God Himself incapacitates many men, by color-blindness, to distinguish colors, and leads the masses away from the highest Truth, giving them the power to attain only so much of it as it is profitable to them to know. Every age has had a religion suited to its capacity. The teachers, even of Christianity, are, in general, the most ignorant of the true meaning of that which they teach. There is no book of which so little is known as the Bible. To most who read it, it is an incomprehensible as the *Sohar*." *Morals and Dogma*, pp. 107, 108.

Now, what do honest, earnest, Protestant clergymen think of all that? Is Heaven then, reserved for an aristocracy of brains? Is truth reserved for some select class, or has God designed to be free to all men? Where, amongst all the theories and conceptions of the divine plan of salvation ever put forth by all or any of the Christian bodies, do we find the doctrine that men must climb up to a knowledge of truth, through a long series of degrees in an oath-bound

secret society, and be blind-folded, "intentionally misled," and "drawn away" from that truth, at the various stages of their ascent? Do the clergy of the Protestant denominations agree with General Pike, that they are themselves "the most ignorant of that which they teach?" The Catholic, of course, has turned back long ago.

Now, then, having caught a glimpse of the manner in which Masonry portions out its teachings, its "light" and its "truth," what does all this "light" and all this "truth" consist of? Wherein is it contained? What form does it take? We call on General Pike to tell us:

"But Masonry teaches, and has preserved in their purity, the cardinal tenets of the old primitive faith, which underlie and are the foundations of all religions. All that ever existed have had a basis of truth, and all have overlaid that truth with errors. The primitive truths taught by the Redeemer were sooner corrupted and intermingled and alloyed with fictions than when taught to the first of our race." *Morals and Dogma*, p. 161, et seq.

Here is a nice state of affairs. Christianity has broken down, and made a terrible mess of its work; and all religions have "overlaid the truth with error." But we must not despair, for regeneration is at hand. Mankind in general has lost "primitive" religious truth; but Freemasonry has not merely rediscovered it, but has preserved it. Mark you that. Most Christian citizens have been disposed to look to this church or to that for knowledge of religion. But why bother about churches? Why contend? Why argue? We are all of us wrong; but Masonry will save us. Receiving us, it will pass us on through the "Knife and Fork Degree," make us "Parrot Masons" and laugh at us; make us "Bright Masons" and tolerate us; make us "Masters" and respect us a little more; and so on and on; finally raise us to the 32nd or 33rd degree—only a few of us, though. Some of us will be stopped, lower down, "intentionally misled," "drawn away."

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IN SWEET ACCORD WITH AN OLD OPPONENT.

We are often obliged to cross swords or cudgels, at the least, with the *Presbyterian Witness*. It is, therefore with much pleasure that we find, in a recent issue of that paper, a leading editorial with which we heartily agree. It is entitled "Canada's Destiny," and it expresses our own views so well that we might have written every sentence of it ourselves—albeit one word—one little word, which occurs in the following passage:

The question is too large for discussion in a brief editorial; but it seems to us that our present duty clearly is to foster, in every way we can, the sentiments of love and loyalty which we believe have such a large place in the hearts of the people of this Dominion, to the great nation to which we owe what is best in our political, social and religious life, and the strengthening of the ties that bind us to our brother Britons, the world over; leaving to the future the working out of the problems which do not call for immediate solution, but which shall become more clearly defined as we go forward in the path of national progress.

Cut one word out of that,—the word "religious" and we adopt it. We do not feel just the same about our "religious" inheritance from Great Britain except as to that part called Scotland. Of course the *Witness* meant to include Ireland, though. Surely it would not leave out Ireland, in computing the religious benefits derived from across the Atlantic. But, there is another land which has left its mark, religiously and otherwise, on this Canada of ours, and that is France. To ignore Quebec is to be un-Canadian.

But the sentiments expressed are, otherwise, unexceptionable. We have often declared, and we again declare, that whatever the future may hold for Canada, the "best" that can be hoped for her by her most loving citizens, is that the British Empire may remain great, powerful and progressive, and that Canada may attain her full growth, her full strength, and her full vigor, as a part and portion—possibly in the future, the predominating part and portion—of a great and mighty Empire. To do a little towards that end, we stand ready to work shoulder to shoulder with the *Presbyterian Witness* or with anyone else; and, as Stevenson's queer old laird would say, "we'll agree fine," so long as the *Witness* leaves our religion alone, or deals with it fairly and reasonably.

A SUMMER EPISODE.

(By Sarah Francis Ashburton in the Ave Maria.)

On a secluded portion of the Piazza of a seashore hotel sat two ladies, one day in early summer. They were elegantly dressed, too elegantly for that time of day, which was nine in the morning. One leaned back in a large rocking-chair, fanning herself vigorously; the other was making a pretence of embroidery, though the wild rose began several days before had not progressed beyond the second petal.

It was still early in the season, the hotel just beginning to receive its complement of guests. Said the elder of the two to her companion, whose acquaintance she had made that morning: "I am afraid I shall find it very dull here, accustomed as I am to a great deal of society. Don't you feel the same?"

"I shall not mind it, as we expect to go in a few days," replied the other. "This house has been the subject of litigation for many years. My husband, thinks, however, that it can be wound up satisfactorily to all parties this fall. He has been going about among the farmers and old residents, taking depositions since Sunday. The other stiffened perceptibly. "Is your husband a — a stenographer?"

Her eyes a smile serenely. "No; he is Judge Wilcox," she replied. "Judge Wilcox! Oh, I beg your pardon! but when you said — " "It is of no importance, I assure you," observed the lady of the embroidery, coldly; using her needle for a toothpick, and staring into vacancy with a far-away look in her eyes.

Her companion yielded the fan more slowly; she felt thoroughly uncomfortable. The Wilcoxs were people well recognized as prominent members of a certain class of society, on the edge of which the other lady was still hovering, with a strong hope of soon passing the magic circle. What if by her tactless remark she had lost a precious opportunity.

The Judge's wife perceived her embarrassment, and enjoyed it as only they can who delight in returning the scold-thrusts they themselves are accustomed to receive. But the other was not so easily daunted. "Yes," she said thoughtfully, "I ought to have known. I have so often heard my husband mention Judge Wilcox in the highest terms. I remember last year, at the time of the fall of that large apartment building in Clarendon Place, Mr. Sparks thought it a fine thing of the Judge to refuse to conduct the defence. No one is better calculated than he — my husband — to distinguish between good and bad work. And the masonry of that house was shockingly bad."

"Oh, your husband is a brick-mason, Mrs. Sparks?" said Mrs. Wilcox, sweetly, in the tone of one upon whom a light had suddenly dawned, — who was feeling that she had had her lining and could afford to be gracious. "A brick-mason!" exclaimed the other lady. "Not at all! He is the Mr. Sparks of Sparks and Fowel."

It was her turn to bridle, and bridle she did. The fan lay idle on her capacious lap, and she shook her head as though a bee had lighted beneath the puffs and curls that crowned it. "And now I should beg your pardon, Mrs. Sparks! it was the amiable reminder from the lips of Mrs. Wilcox. "And I am sure I do it with all my heart. The Judge has the highest opinion of Sparks and Fowel. I once heard him call them incorruptible."

"Thank you!" murmured Mrs. Sparks, once more restored to equanimity. "For a moment there was silence, — Mrs. Wilcox remembering that her husband had often said he would like to have the architect's legal business, and Mrs. Sparks hoping she might be able to bring the two men together for their mutual benefit. With a spontaneous movement as though to manifest the incipient friendliness that was beginning to exist between them, the two ladies edged nearer each other.

"My husband is here (I don't mind telling you) on the business of the new Catholic Church," said the architect's wife. "You have heard, of course, that the rich Miss Van Anken is to build one, — a sort of memorial chapel?"

"No, I hadn't heard of it." "Yes, she is prepared to do it at once. She will be down here to-day or to-morrow to make the final arrangements. That is why we came."

"Ah, I see!" observed Mrs. Wilcox, with increased respect for the firm of Sparks and Fowel — and correspondingly their female representative. "After that the fanning began once more, and the needle returned to its legitimate employment.

"By the way," asked the architect's wife, "have you seen the latest arrival?" "No, gentleman or lady?" "Neither. Very likely some school-teacher or stenographer on her vacation. I wonder that they admit such people here. Probably they do it to see out the servant's wages. I suppose rooms are cheap on the sixth floor."

"Is she domiciled there?" "Oh, I don't know! She walked up from the station and carried her own luggage, — a very small, straw suitcase. I judge by what I saw."

"I'm not particularly interested in that sort of people," observed Mrs. Wilcox, languidly. "But I agree with you; they ought to be kept in their place."

"There she is now!" whispered Mrs. Sparks, as a young lady issued from a French window on the other side of the piazza; and, after a pleasant "good-morning!" to the two ladies — who returned it with stony glances and stiff bends of the head, — hastened briskly down the steps.

"Did you ever?" exclaimed Mrs. Wilcox, when she could command herself. "The impertinence of some people! it is becoming almost insufferable!" said Mrs. Sparks. "Probably she is a maid sent on in advance of her mistress or a governess," replied Mrs. Wilcox. "I see she came out of the most expensive suite in the house."

"O dear! I do hope we are not going to be annoyed by a pack of children, grumbled the other lady.

"I share your hope; but I imagine there is nothing to fear," observed her friend. "If she were a governess, the children would be with her. I fancy she is a lady's maid."

"She is wearing a beautiful linen blouse."

"Yes; and that blue cloth skirt must have been an expensive purchase. That kind of people put every cent they earn on their backs, you know."

"She seems quite at her ease."

"Oh, they always do! They are very adaptable."

This remark called forth a ripple of laughter from the two ladies, who passed the remainder of the morning in more or less harmless gossip, — carefully refraining, however, from wounding each other's feelings, though commenting freely on the faults and failings of their absent friends and acquaintances.

About the middle of the afternoon Mrs. Wilcox sought a secluded summer-house, with a novel in her hand; preferring solitude to the company of her new friend, of which she had already grown slightly weary. Arrived there, she found the young woman of the linen blouse and tailor-made skirt seated at one of the small tables. She seemed to be examining a map or chart. She looked up pleasantly as the other woman entered, but Mrs. Wilcox gave no sign of having seen her. The girl sat very quietly, studying the papers before her; Mrs. Wilcox furtively watching her, resenting her presence, and inwardly fuming at what, if she had expressed herself in words, she would have styled the "odious self-possession of such persons."

She was not to escape her new acquaintance, however. In a few moments Mrs. Sparks came slowly along in the same direction. Glancing into the summer-house and seeing Mrs. Wilcox, she entered and seated herself in one of the wicker rocks. Presently the pair began a whispered conversation, which, if there is any truth in the accepted adage, should have caused their neighbor's ears to burn. But she was so deeply engrossed in her task that she took no heed of their loud whispers or peculiar glances. At length she arose and began to roll up the papers on the table, conding them with a wide rubber band. Suddenly she put her hand to her breast and uttered an exclamation. She looked on the table and under it, the two ladies watching her with silent curiosity.

"I beg your pardon, ladies!" she said at last. "I think I must have lost a precious gold cross after leaving the hotel."

"Was it so very valuable?" asked Mrs. Sparks. "To me, at least, it was," rejoined the girl, resuming her search for the missing trinket.

As she moved the roll of paper from the spot where she had placed it on the table, the cross fell to the floor, resting at the feet of Mrs. Wilcox, who picked it up, and, instead of offering it at once to the owner, passed it to Mrs. Sparks, who began to examine it. It was about two inches in length, beautifully chased, and encrusted with small diamonds. An enamelled leaf, studded with emeralds and rubies, lay across the centre. It was a most delicate piece of workmanship.

"Ah, I am so glad I did not lose it!" exclaimed the girl. Mrs. Sparks continued to examine it. "Did you ever see anything more beautiful?" she asked of her companion.

"Never!" was the reply. "It is a chef-d'œuvre certainly. And the design is so odd. The chasing is exquisite."

"It must be very old," observed Mrs. Sparks. "It is fit for a queen."

"It is reputed to have belonged to Catherine de' Medici," said the girl, pleasantly; quite unsuspecting of what was passing in the minds of the other two ladies.

Now, Mrs. Sparks and her friend had, between them, only a hazy idea of who Catherine de' Medici had been. But they were aware of the fact that she had helped to make history; and, while her past ownership of the cross served in their minds to make it more desirable and valuable, the fact of its possession by the present owner rendered it, in their opinion, doubly strange and suspicious. Mrs. Sparks, the more daring of the two, again turned it over in her hand before she asked:

"And where did you get it?" The pale cheeks of the girl became crimson. She was small of stature, but her height seemed to overtop that of her rude inquisitor as, with head thrown back and eyes flashing, she indignantly said:

"Madam, I am not at all aware that it concerns you. You have asked a most impertinent question. Have the goodness to hand me my cross."

"Four crosses!" said her interlocutor, incredulously. "What do you think, Mrs. Wilcox?"

"Give it to her, of course," was the reply. "It is none of our affair." "But I am almost sure it does not belong to her. Probably she has appropriated it to her own use as an ornament, — intending to replace it, I hope; and was very much alarmed when she thought it lost."

Mrs. Sparks could not repress an exclamation of astonishment at what her eyes beheld. Seated under the shade of a pergola near the driveway was her husband; and beside him, earnestly engaged in pointing out something on the unrolled chart she held, sat the girl whom she had insulted an hour previously. The supper bell had rung before they separated, — the young girl going in the direction of the French window of the suite from which she had issued in the morning; while the architect came toward his wife, who was standing with Judge and Mrs. Wilcox awaiting him.

"Who is that girl, Ernest?" inquired Mrs. Sparks, after a hurried word of greeting and introduction. "How do you happen to know her?"

"That is Miss Van Anken," replied the architect, smilingly. "She has come down for a day about the church."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilcox, in a tone of unconcealed vexation. "O-h-h!" wailed Mrs. Sparks, in a voice that sounded like a cry of hopeless and unavailing despair.

She had relied much on the coming of Miss Van Anken; confident, through her husband, of meeting that young lady; and counting upon the fact of being like the benefactress of religion, a Catholic, — for such she was in name rather than practice. The belief they shared in common, added to the business relations between her husband and Miss Van Anken, had seemed to her sufficient to promise great things in a social way. She had looked forward with much pleasure to the moment when she would present the heiress to Mrs. Wilcox, whom, in her own narrow little heart, she already accused of being a "snob."

But one sudden and devastating blow had scattered her deeply-laid plans; and, dreadful to contemplate, it was her own hand that had worked their destruction! She had been overtaken by the Nemesis which occasionally lies in ambush for such as she. There was just one way of escape from the humiliation, the mortification, that awaited her: either to plead illness on the morrow and until Mrs. Wilcox should have departed, or herself depart. The latter plan was not feasible; she must remain with her husband, to whom she could explain nothing.

But she need not have passed a sleepless night, as she did; for Judge Wilcox and his wife left the hotel early next morning, while Miss Van Anken took her departure shortly after. And the architect never heard the story.

Unemotional Ways in the British Courts.

There is something fine in the unemotional way in which the sensational case is dealt with in the British Courts.

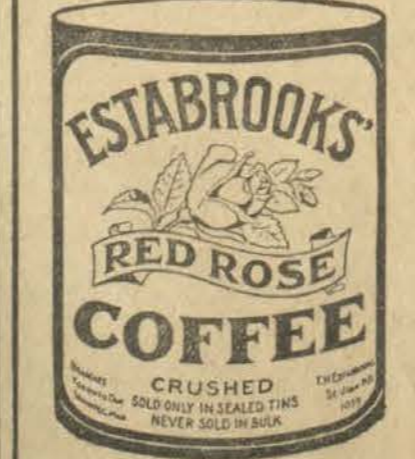
There may be excitement out of doors. Within the precincts of the Court, all is calm. The judge is stern. The decorum is perfect. The policemen are stolid, but this need not hint of stupidity. The lawyers express the sense of responsibility.

The proceedings are regular to the last detail. The case proceeds from point to point. There is no excitement. The prisoner is treated with the most scrupulous fairness.

The lawyers present the case from the point of view of the prosecution and the defence. They make able presentations; but they do not provoke those hysterical outbursts which are expected in the United States Courts, and lacking which the trial would possess little interest for the morbid crowds which flock to the Courts for the compulsions of unwholesome excitement.

There is morbidity, of course, in connection with every sensational trial; but in the British Courts the measured movement of justice; the permanency of the judiciary, which makes for indifference and independence; the high character of the judges; the social standing of the lawyers; the long and august traditions of British jurisprudence; the inflexible impartiality which marks the course of justice; the sense of gravity and decorum which stamps legal procedure — all tends to eliminate those excited feelings which are engendered when the judicial system lends itself to popular clamors and obsession — the court itself sharing the tumultuous passions of the mob.

The flavor of Estabrooks' Coffee is always the same, because its quality never varies. If you picked one tin out of a hundred the coffee inside would be the same as in the other ninety-nine — rich, fragrant, temptingly good.



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

Anti-Clerical Rule—Awful Floral Havoc.

Writing in the Catholic Times, J. C. McWalter, M. A., M. D., well describes the lamentable results of anti-religious Government in some of the countries of Europe. Time after time, he says, the correspondents of Catholic papers have drawn attention to the awful moral havoc in those countries of Europe in which the Government has broken away from the Catholic tradition. Their reports, even when marked with moderation and accuracy of reference and detail, have been received often with incredulity and distrust. Some have sought to discount them as the exaggerated outpourings of clerical reactionaries, anxious to malign those who derided their teachings.

It may therefore be useful to give an up-to-date account of the morals of modern Italy from a source neither Catholic nor clerical—from the Italian correspondent of the Lancet. The "Third Italy," as it is called by way of distinction from the "first" or pagan and the "second" or mediæval Italy, is, he points out, confronted with two social problems of vast proportions and bewildering complexity — to wit "how to antagonize and ultimately to control the tendency to alcoholism and sexual vice."

The former of these (alcoholism) was practically unknown to the first or pagan Italy; the latter is in no wise less real, if not more obtrusive, than under the later Republic and subsequent Empire. Both are now "burning questions" before the legislature.

When Catholic principles were sober and law-abiding. Up to the "eighties" of last century the Italian, even of the great industrial centres, rarely drank to excess even the thin wines of his native country. Intoxication and the crime engendered by it were exceptional occurrences. Now there is an all too manifest change for the worse. Drunkenness has become common enough to lose much of the disgrace attaching to it, and particularly among the youth—corresponding to the "prentice" class of seventeenth century London—it is the provoking cause of the bootlegging which has made the lower quarters or less frequented thoroughfares of Milan, or Florence, or Rome or Naples, quite unsafe for the respectable wayfarer.

The recent introduction of the "day of rest," far from conducing to healthy recreation or to the encouragement of refined amusement, has, on the testimony of such authorities as Professor Angelo Celli, given a fresh impetus to dissipation, followed by the opening of "osterie" (liquor saloons) at hours when they used to be closed and by the thronging of the streets with.

"Arm-linked youths meandering home" coming into collision with others in similar condition or with the well-conducted citizen, male and female.

This impartial observer declares that sexual vice not less gross than what was familiar to pagan antiquity, and is described for us by Juvenal and Martial prevails—so much so that the Italian Government has been forced to take action. The Italian Premier has addressed to the local authorities, municipal and communal, urban and provincial, throughout the kingdom an energetic circular drawing their attention to the incentives conveyed in the pornographic "literature," printed and illustrated, exhibited at every news-vendor's, eye and even in the shop windows of booksellers who pose as respectable.

To check or suppress the supply of that "literature" will tax, indeed, all the ingenuity of Italian officialdom, purveyed as it mostly is from abroad — Paris alone (as came out at the Anti-Pornographic Congress held there two months ago) contributing to it by the ton and contriving to have it so conveyed under fictitious labels, from one port to another, as to make detection supremely difficult.

Under Freemason influences the evil has so long been tolerated, and has become so profitable, that now it is almost insuppressible. Last year there were confiscated on the premises of one photographer in the French capital sixty thousand kilogrammes of obscene pictures; in the establishment of another the impounded postcard, photographs, figures in gypsum or papier-mache of the most lascivious character required several wagons for their removal; while one vendor of "pornography," condemned to a term of imprisonment for his misdeeds, had been so enriched by his métier as to have a superb automobile in waiting for him at the jail doorway to take him home on the day of his release!

In other days when the Church sought to exercise censorship on the dissemination of dangerous literature she was condemned as an enemy to the light. Now the Medical faculty is forced to call for the suppression of the most provoking literature.

The Lancet appeals not only to legislators, but to physicians, to exert their influence more effectively in regions where an appeal to the merely animal instincts meets an all too ready response, and calls on them to indicate the degeneration induced by the merely animal cult. It thus hopes to build up a state of things under which the grosser animalism can only wither and die. My experience, as well as that of most doctors, is that unless a strong religious influence be also in operation no demonstration of the devastating effects of vice has very much preventative effect. — N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Ireland's Increasing Prosperity.

Ireland goes on booming industrially, says the New York Times. She raised four million sheep last year, shipped nearly thirteen millions of linen from Belfast to the United States alone, and other exports were: Cattle, \$45,734,575; butter, \$17,283,000; eggs, \$13,637,050. Of the acres of the "old s.d." 2,300,000 are in hay, 12,500,000 in pasture. That is more than three-quarters of the total acreage of the Island. The Irishman gets his potatoes out of 587,000 acres.

OVER 25 PER CENT

Of the People in the Civilised World Die of Lung and Throat Diseases.

Statistics gathered for many years, in many lands, prove that diseases of the throat and lungs account for this appalling number of deaths. Count up the deaths in your own neighborhood for two or three years back and see if this proposition does not hold good there.

That means that each of us stands rather more than one chance in four of falling a victim to these deadly diseases. If we have weak throats or lungs, or if we suffer from frequent colds or catarrh, the chances against us are considerably greater.

This being the case, to trifle with a cold, or to allow a cough to hang on, is foolhardy, to say the least, particularly when it is now so easy to get a thoroughly reliable remedy.

Father Morrissey's Lung Tonic, commonly called "No. 10," quickly breaks up a cold and relieves a cough. But that is not all. It tones up the whole system, strengthening particularly the lungs and air passages which have been weakened by the cold.

The result of a course of treatment with No. 10 is not only the cure of the present trouble, but also the prevention of future attacks. Made from healing roots, barks and herbs, skillfully compounded, No. 10 is absolutely free from any trace of opium, morphine, or other harmful drug. For this reason it is perfectly safe for young or old.

Though other remedies may have failed, don't give up. Father Morrissey's Lung Tonic has cured others, even in the first stages of tuberculosis; and if you take it in time it is sure to cure you and keep you in vigorous health.

Don't take chances. Stop the cold before it gets a start. Trial bottle 25c. Regular size 50c. At your dealer's or from Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B.

WANTED

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

CASH

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

Macgillivray & McDonald Opposite Post Office.

For Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera Cholera Morbus

AND ALL Pains and Cramps, Children or Adults. There is nothing just as good as

Gates' Certain Check

At this season of the year every family should have a bottle of this superior medicine in the house, as it might save life before a physician can be called. Try one bottle, and join with those who already pronounce it the best, as well the cheapest on the market.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers everywhere at only 25c per bottle C. Gates, Son & Co.'y. Middleton, N. S.

FOR SALE

A fine residence in Town. Also several good farms. TERMS TO SUIT PURCHASERS Apply or write to

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

A RAINY DAY

NEED NOT INTERFERE WITH THE ENJOYMENT OF YOUR OUT DOOR WORK OR SPORT WEAR A TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER

It is guaranteed to keep you dry in the hardest storm. SOLD EVERYWHERE TOWER CANADIAN CO. LTD. TORONTO, CANADA

FOR SALE

Residence on St. Andrews St. Six acres excellent intervals adjoining. Also 30 acres of land at Harbor, with summer cottage, cook house and barn. Also 100 acres woodland at Briley Brook

WANTED

Thousands of Hides, Pelts and Calf Skins, ALSO... Wool, Talow, Etc.

Our cash prices are always leaders. Take your stock to our local agent

HALEY'S MARKET

and get the biggest prices on the market for everything you have.

S. ARSCOTT & CO.'Y CARRIAGES!

One carload just received. Best workmanship, material and design.

Our prices are the lowest and we give good terms.

Do not buy till you call on us.

BONNER'S

Hides! Hides! 5 Hides Wanted

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

1000 Pelts C. B. Whidden & Son.

FARM FOR SALE.

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

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

Temperate Drinks

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

ROUS' CELEBRATED DRINKS, Ice Cold, which quench the thirst and are good for the system. All kinds of Staple and Fancy Groceries always on hand and all goods guaranteed or money refunded.

D. R. GRAHAM

Tel. 78. Best Flour for Sale.

LAND SALE.

1907. C. No. 502 In the County Court, for District No. 6, Between D. GRANT KIRK, Plaintiff, and JOHN J. MCINTOSH, Defendant.

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

TUESDAY, The 18th day of October A. D. 1910, At the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon,

All the Estate, right, title, interest, claim, property and demand of the Defendant herein, at the time of the recording of the judgment herein, or at any time since, of, in, to, upon, or out of all those certain lots, pieces, or parcels of

LAND, situate, lying and being at Gosten, In the Co. of Gaysborough, and bounded and described as follows:—

1st: Beginning at a stake two rods East of the Bridge at tannery, running down stream two rods to a stake, thence eastwardly five rods to a post marked "A," thence four rods and ten links to a stake marked "M" at the public road, thence along said road nine rods to the place of beginning, containing one half acre, more or less.

2nd Lot: All that lot of land at Gosten, described as follows:—Beginning at a fir tree on the Eastern side of the public road marked "A," thence along said public road southerly fifteen rods and five links to lands owned by Mrs. Jordan, thence along the course of said land until it strikes lands known as David Sinclair's farm, thence along said land easterly eighteen rods and fourteen links to a stake marked "J. M.," thence southerly thirty rods and thirteen links to a stake marked "A. X.," thence southerly twenty-four rods to the place of beginning, containing five acres, more or less, and the buildings, etc.

3rd Lot: All that lot of land at Gosten, on the East side of the road to Country Harbour and East side of the road to Flister's Mills and beginning at a corner of land granted to late Alexander Sica air thence southerly along the fence where it turns to Fisher's Road, thence along said road southerly to the Country Harbour Road, thence along said road to a juniper stake, thence easterly to a juniper stake in the foundation of an old fence, thence southerly along said fence to place of beginning, containing two acres, more or less, being same lot deeded by above mentioned Alex. Sinclair to Margaret Jordan as per Reg. B. E. Page 202. The said lands having been levied on under an execution issued out of this Honorable Court on a judgment recovered herein, which was duly recorded for upwards of one year.

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

A. J. O. McGUIRE, Sheriff of Gaysborough County. ALLAN MACDONALD, Plaintiff's Solicitor on Execution. Dated Sheriff's office, Sept. 12, 1910.

THE CASKET

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

M. DONOVAN Manager.

Subscriptions Payable in Advance

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

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29.

NOT TO UNCLE SAM'S LIKING.

That old and familiar habit of Uncle Sam's of claiming everything and admitting nothing, in his discussions with other powers, has received quite a serious set-back in the verdict of the Hague Tribunal.

From a practical standpoint the most important question, so far as Canada was concerned, involved the long-standing disputes as to the right of Americans to fish in our large bays.

A subsidiary question involved the definition of the word bays—did it mean all waters known to geographers as bays or ought it to be confined to bays more than three miles in width.

The October Devotions.

The October Devotions, as held in previous years since 1883, are of obligation until the freedom of the Holy See is secured.

The Devotions are as follows: From the first day of October to the second day of November following, five decades of the Rosary and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin shall be daily recited in all parochial churches, and in public chapels dedicated to the Mother of God, and in all such chapels as the Ordinary may designate.

All who assist at these devotions in public at least ten times, or if lawfully hindered perform the same as often in private, gain a plenary indulgence, provided they receive the Sacraments of penance and the Holy Eucharist worthily during that time.

To gain these plenary indulgences one must pray, i. e., recite at least the Our Father and Hail Mary five times, for the Pope's intention.

PRAYER TO ST. JOSEPH. We fly to thee, O blessed Joseph in our tribulation, and having implored the aid of thy most holy Spouse, confidently invoke thy patronage also.

Protect, O most provident guardian of the Holy Family, the elect children of Jesus Christ; ward off from us, O most loving Father, all contagion of error and corruption; graciously assist us from on high, most mighty protector, in this our struggle with the powers of darkness, and as thou didst once rescue the child Jesus from near danger of death, do now defend the Holy Church of God from the snares of the enemy and all adversity.

HUGH P. McPHERSON, Administrator.

Letter from Rev. D. T. Gillies.

To the Editor of The Casket: Sir,—I have read your editorial in last week's issue commenting on a recent sermon of mine reported in the Sydney Record.

I appreciate the one or two complimentary references therein to myself. Your criticisms also are, I think, a decided improvement on the old-time "methods and manner of controversy on religious subjects."

Let clerics and journalists conduct their discussions and controversies in that spirit, and the time need not be far distant when Catholics and Protestants will have so thoroughly understood and appreciated one another's view-points of doctrine as to make the acrimony that once characterized such forever impossible.

I am finding no fault with that journal; but in view of the fact that when I delivered my discourse I spoke for nearly an hour at perhaps a more than ordinary rapid rate of utterance, I think it was quite impossible for a person making notes of the same to have reported it with absolute accuracy.

The reporter did his work fairly well, but some of the statements in his synopsis are somewhat at variance with the exact forms of expression used by myself.

For example, I did not say that the late Father Tyrrell was a bishop; oh no! Since I first became familiar with the name and work of that distinguished ecclesiastic it never once occurred to me that a man of his views could be prevailed on to take the "Bishop's Oath."

Neither did I say "that orders in the Catholic Church do not even acknowledge one earthly head."

What I did say was: "Roman Catholic priests need not lay so much stress as they do on the fact that Protestantism is divided into five or six hundred different sects; for while acknowledging a common earthly head the various orders of their church exemplify the principle of sectarianism inasmuch as they are often regarded more or less, as rivals the one of the other; and that even the Jesuitical Order, of which Fr. Vaughan is a member, is sometimes regarded with alarm at Rome; and the special official head of that Order is popularly known as the "Black Pope."

Again, it was no assertion of mine that Fr. Vaughan said that Protestants are not Christians.

I simply said with reference to his famous declaration that "Protestantism is a soulless religion" that we ought not to be surprised; nor need he be angry because that priest said so for it was he who spoke, but the Roman Catholic Church was speaking through him; and that the Clergy of that communion ought to stand by him better than some of them are doing, for this doctrine is in every one of their churches and of their homes throughout Christendom.

Roman Catholics from earliest childhood are taught that any form of religion not acknowledging the supremacy of the Pope is not Christian.

You know, Mr. Editor, that this is perfectly true; you in common with all others of your great church have been taught it, and you cannot deny it.

a blending of these two so feasible had antedated by a good many decades the days of Dr. Dollinger. Further on in the same account I read: "The Congress applauded a declaration of the Professor Friedrich of the University of Munich, one of the prominent theological scholars of the Church that the Old Catholic Church had already grown beyond the bounds originally observed, and that it was no longer inflexibly directed against Papal infallibility but against an entire system of errors of One thousand years which had its climax in this novel doctrine of infallibility."

I presume it is from the reading of various authors such as that whence the above passages emanate that that great religious journal, The Presbyterian (Toronto), under date, September 15th, 1910, gives the following: "The Old Catholic Church has existed in Holland for 1,200 years, during the last 200 of which it has been separated from the Roman Church."

Thanking you in advance for space in your valuable paper, I am, sincerely yours, D. M. GILLIES, St. Paul's Manse, Glace Bay, Sept. 26th, 1910.

[The above having been received after our editorial columns were filled, comment thereon is deferred until our next issue.—CASKET.]

Our London Letter.

LONDON, Sept. 15th, 1910. In many of the London churches on Sunday last a procession of our Blessed Lady, held in honour of her Nativity, synchronised with the great procession then wending its way through the flower-wreathed streets of Montreal, and many were the thoughts which spread like swallows to hover unseen above the Sacred Host and bless the day that had seen this glorious triumph under the flag which floats above the British Empire.

The official part played by the Church in every circumstance of life becomes more marked and more in accordance with the traditions of the past when the land was Catholic, eve day. If the Nation entertains bodies of public men, she extends her welcome to those amongst them who are her children, while in the various phases of the life of the poor, or the various interests of the community, her influence and her energies are ever exerted for the public good.

Just now the Conference of the Institute of Journalists is meeting in London, and the Catholic members attended Mass at Westminster Cathedral last Sunday in a body by special invitation of the Administrator, places being reserved for them in the nave. The preacher, Father Anselmi, of the Capuchin Fathers in Rome, dealt with the undoubted power of the press today, and while he declared that it was the journalist's proper duty to

he suggested that honour and respect had still a place in the editorial office, and that the welfare of peoples, the peace of humanity, and the ethical progress of men were things to be treated with singleness of purpose. For the Church he only asked of her opponents, or her own sons charity, honour, truth, and loyalty in the exercise of their high profession. And to the civility of the world's press he commended the venerable Bishop of the Vatican.

Like her master, the Good Shepherd, the Church still goes forth after the sheep which is lost, and though all those dwellers in the muck of the London slums who at this season find their way into the green lanes of England have not gone astray, a large number of them would be without the sacraments or the means of satisfying the obligation of Sunday for a period varying from six weeks to a couple of months did not the brown Brothers of St. Francis, who somewhat appropriate amongst these rural surroundings, the few things into the solitude of the Kentish hopfields and there set up their little canvas missions, one for each great centre, employing some of the things like the Irish system of dissections for the most unyielding members of that strange congregation who are unable to get over the distance to the central Mass tents. The Kentish hop gardens are a very lovely sight, green and fresh in the early sunlight, and afford shade in the noontide heat of the day and sweet in the dusk of evening, and here the men, women, and children of pale face and puny figure, which speak of the underfed over-crowded city slum, rejoice in this brief harvest, which gives them fresh endurance, and a sum of money for their immediate needs, while they are housed in long barn-like buildings, together live a nomadic life. Last

Wesday a great gathering was witnessed in one of these hopping centres—the Bishop of the Diocese, Dr. Amigo, who makes a practice of visiting all the centres yearly, had come to say the Mass, and the people came in crowds to manifest their appreciation of his presence. The London poor, with all their sharpness and avarice, are the most lovable people in creation if you know the way to their hearts, and that way is sincerity. Their navvies, their independence, their humour, philosophy, and heroism are something undreamed of by those who have not made themselves familiar with such London thoroughfares as "Little Hell," which lies not ten minutes walk from a region of hotels of the palatial order, and in which, alas, there are many of our Catholic poor.

Well, to go to the other side of the Island, or a little beyond it, a zealous Catholic priest has just seen his efforts on behalf of a poor and little known people crowned with success. Father MacDonald was touring England a short time since appearing in the wealthy churches for his handful of Catholic fisher folk away in the far Hebrides, whom he serves through storm and shine and who had no spot to hear Mass but a shanty storm buffeted and reeking with the salt smell of the fish by which they earn their bread. They need the daily consolation of their faith, for day by day their frail boats go out at sunrise, and the wives scan the sunset sky with anxious eyes eye by eye "for those that may never come back to the land." And now at last Father MacDonald has returned triumphant and happy to his poor but beloved flock, and this week the Bishop of Argyll and Isles came across the water to Egge to solemnly open the substantial and elegant new Church of St. Donan which has been erected on the lonely isle as the result of the good priest's preaching tour in southern parts. Alas that the islanders have dwindled year by year, as the stalwart young men have departed from the humble roof tree to seek a competence, denied them in their own land, in that land of hope across the water. But for the past year the emigration statistics for Scotland, and particularly the Highlands, like those of Ireland, have greatly fallen, and though it is seldom or never that those who have gone return, those who remain are now more likely to stay and save the old Catholic crofter families from complete extinction after they have kept the faith with the tenacity of their race through so many dark and bitter years. Now when "in our dreams we see the Hebrides" we shall also see above the waves of that stormy coast the red light of safety which glows before the Tabernacle in St. Donan Church, that beacon which points the one true harbour of refuge for the mariners of life.

Catholics and antiquarians are taking a great interest in the discoveries just made in Essex by the Woolver Achaological Society, whose excavations have unearthed the remarkably preserved ruins of a great Abbey known as Leanes, founded in the 12th century. The walls are now uncovered to a considerable depth, and though they are reduced, by want of funds, to working in the ruins themselves with pick and spade the small Society which is responsible for this great find are so enthusiastic that they day by day some fresh beauty or treasure is revealed. Together with three other chapels, the cloister with three other chapels, the cloister cloister, the Chapter house, and a small chamber beneath the Lady Chapel which was apparently distinct from the crypt, and is believed to have served the purposes of a reliquary. The founder of the Abbey was Richard de Lucy, a man whose name should be more prominent in English history, since he was Chief Justice of the realm and acted as regent during the wars with France in which Henry II. engaged. Many laws owe their revision and reform to this de Lucy, and though he aided the King in his struggle with Becket, the great Archbishop's martyrdom created such an impression in his mind that he later retired from his high positions in the state and built him the Abbey of Leanes as a place offering to God, becoming one of its first Canons. His two sons were also Churchmen, one being the Bishop de Lucy, who added the glorious choir to Winchester Cathedral, while the other, Walter de Lucy, was Abbot of Battle in 1171. A search for the tomb of the founder under a bay tree, said to have been planted in 1623, by Sir John Hippersley, the then owner of the property, to mark the spot resulted only in the finding of a rifled stone coffin. But another very lovely tomb has already rewarded the searchers, that of a de Lucy of the 13th century, the recumbent figure in surcoat and armour, with crossed legs, indicating he had fought in the holy wars, being a rare specimen of that wonderful and extinct art which ornamented the most delicate sculptures with gold leaf and faint tints, that in most instances have not withstood the test of years, and which may be imagined by those who are familiar with the soft pale tints adorned the baroque work that adorned the Churches of Bavaria. One of the workers tells us that his toil is more interesting than gold digging, for every turn of the spade unearths some new and unlooked for treasure, some wonderful tiles decorated with ecclesiastical or other arms, or some lovely old glass fragment, or sometimes a complete pane. Oh, this England of ours, is she not a valley of such dry bones as these, and shall not the Spirit of the second spring moving over the face of the land some day whisper to those dry bones of our ancient shrines and abbeys, "Arise and live!"

On his return from Canada, Father Bernard Vaughan is booked to give some readings from the poets in aid of Catholic charities, the first taking place at Liverpool, where he lends. It is probable also that a large feature of the autumn programme of Catholic Societies will be lectures on the Passion Play, for after the last performance, which is so soon to take place, it will be possible to hire

lantern slides of the great event here in London to illustrate accounts by those who have seen the Play and can fill in the blanks between each illustration by the thousand and one little things which strike the observer. By the way surely Americans must be congratulated on the delicate and beautiful thought by which they have shown their appreciation of Anton Lang's devotion to his sacred role, for he and his wife are about to visit the very scenes which he has done so much to make vivid realities before the eyes of thousands. This pious humble peasant with the great mission to an unbelieving world, is about to tread the paths made holy by

For some time past a better state of affairs has prevailed in Liverpool and now comes the welcome intelligence that the Central Orange Council have decided to limit the official parades of their members to two a year, in place of the weekly or bi-weekly pageants of rowdies which has been accustomed to give so much trouble to an overworked police, and appeared to find great delight in selecting a route which lay through distinctly Catholic and Irish portions of the City. Very little has been heard recently of Messrs. Wise or Kensis and their followers, and it really looks as if Dr. Horton and Silas Hocking may legitimately inaugurate the night mares which they madly turn into stilling shockers with such startling titles as "Shall Rome reconquer England!" CATHOLICS.

The French government crop estimate is: Wheat 282,889,743 bushels, against 355,573,632 in 1909.

For our redemption to the bitter Cross "Those blessed feet which nineteen hundred years ago were nailed For our redemption to the bitter Cross"

For the University Travel Bureau of Boston, Mass., are taking Herr Lang to the Holy Land as their guest.

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Real Presence of Christ in the Blessed Eucharist.

(By Very Rev. A. Thompson, Glace Bay, N. S.)
(Continued from last issue.)

Since all argument has for its scope to produce a state of certitude in the human mind, and since in this matter we have to deal not merely with the human mind in the abstract, but with individual intelligences as well, prudence suggests that in selecting our line of reasoning we adopt that which is best suited to the mental condition of those whom we address. To bring conviction to the mind of one who rejects our position as false and absurd, to replace doubt with certainty in the mind which is wavering between the affirmative and negative, to strengthen and buttress the solid conviction of those who have always agreed with us, surely are not identical problems, and the mode of argument adopted for the solution of one might not be, so far as the others are concerned, productive of happy results. Viewing the vastly different mental conditions of believers, doubters, and scoffers, not losing sight of the one essential purpose of all disputations, the exponent of Catholic truth is called upon to exercise no small amount of discretion in setting forth the proofs of Christ's real presence in the Holy Eucharist.

Let us take the ordinary Catholic, who has learned his catechism, but whose state of life imposes no obligation to make a special study of any dogma. On Sundays he is an attentive listener to the religious instruction given in the parish church, which constitutes for him that amount of Christian teaching which is necessary and ought to be sufficient to ensure an intelligent knowledge of his holy religion. It will be admitted that our main concern is with this class of people. What line of argument, if any, should we adopt with these? I give it as my opinion, that the preacher when addressing such an audience on fundamental subjects, such as the existence of God, the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Real Presence in the Eucharist, should never adopt the argumentative style. The proofs, if stated, should be so presented as to eliminate all polemical treatment; for this latter treatment may often have the effect of modifying the intellectual bearing of the hearers towards the particular truth thus treated; a change which, in many instances, might be injurious rather than beneficial. What is the normal attitude of the average Catholic layman's mind towards the dogma of the Real Presence? It is one of firm conviction, a conviction, moreover, which, as I have endeavored to point out, takes upon itself the form of an instinct attaining its object as a matter of fact apart from all mental analysis. Now, when a statement, or proposition is subjected to formal polemical or controversial treatment, the ordinary untrained intellect is apt to perceive it in a guise under which it perhaps never appears to him, viz., as a debatable subject. It is difficult for us to make such a class of people fully realize that, even those truths which are dignified with the highest degree of certainty, may be the legitimate subject of argumentative treatment, with reasons alleged pro and contra. Their mental equipment is not sufficient to enable them to distinguish as readily as their teachers can. But, while avoiding all semblance of debate in treating of such august mysteries, the teacher or instructor of the ordinary Christian should consider it one of his most sacred duties to bring to bear upon these sublime truths whatever tends to accentuate their beauty, their majesty, their harmony with all truth, whether these occasions be directly from the Holy Scriptures from writings of the Fathers, or from other sources historical, liturgical or archeological.

What particular line of reasoning, then, can the teacher adopt with the best effect of expounding to his Catholic hearers the sublime mystery of Christ's real presence in the Holy Eucharist? There may be a legitimate difference of opinion as to the relative effectiveness of several arguments with the class of hearers to whom I refer; I can, therefore, only state my own conviction. I think I may be pardoned if I hold that my conviction on this point is so strong that it would be difficult for me to exaggerate my estimate of the results which follow from explaining to our hearers the arguments De Conventientia set forth by St. Thomas in the pars tertia of the summa theologiae.

While the limited space at my disposal precludes anything like detail, I shall, nevertheless, crave your indulgence to state briefly my reasons for attaching so much importance to the reasoning of the angelic doctor. We have in the Holy Eucharist these four points to consider:

First—The institution of a rite by Christ;

Second—The exact nature and significance of the rite thus instituted;

Third—Its possibility;

Fourth—What is called its conventionalia.

This congruity results from a variety of relations, to God's attributes, to the mystery of the Incarnation, to the plan of redemption and sanctification. It is, in a word, its harmonious adjustment to the whole scheme of revealed religion as set forth in the old and new testaments.

Concerning the first point, no doubt has ever existed. The second has been called into question, the undivided consensus of both Eastern and Western churches standing for the full perfect, literal interpretation of the words of Christ, "This is my Body." "This is my Blood," from this universal belief the reformers of the sixteenth century broke away, substituting various ideas and interpretations all agreeing in this, that the words are not to be taken in their literal sense. Regarding the third, namely, the possibility of the Real Presence, there can be no question among those who believe in the divinity of Christ. Those therefore, who reject the Catholic teaching cannot consistently do so upon the ground of impossibility. And if our

experiences with such people, has been sufficient to enable us to analyze their state of mind, we find that their objection rests mainly upon the fact that they regard as an incongruity what is, as a matter of fact, most conformable to the whole scheme of divine revelation; on, and what, if explained to them, they would soon acknowledge to be the crowning glory and perfection of the religion of Christ.

St. Thomas refers first of all to the perfection of the new law, the law of substance and reality, which has supplanted that of figure and shadow. The deliverance of God's chosen people from Egyptian bondage, the saving blood of the paschal lamb, the passage through the Red Sea, the wanderings in the desert and attainment of the promised land were types of the spiritual life and destiny of a far more highly favored people, for whom were reserved the gifts and blessings so far surpassing those lavished upon the children of Israel as the spiritual transcends the temporal, the supernatural the natural. The manna that fell from on high to nourish from day to day the bodies of the wanderers in the desert was a marvellous instance of God's loving solicitude for their welfare. Our Blessed Lord made use of this very instance in order to illustrate the transcendent dignity of the new dispensation. "I am the bread of life, your fathers did eat manna in the desert and are dead. If any man eat of this bread he shall live forever; and the bread that I will give is My flesh for the life of the world." The development of this analogy will show that the Christian dispensation would be lacking an essential element of its perfection over the old were the bread "which endureth unto life everlasting" not the very flesh of Christ, "My flesh for the life of the world."

St. Thomas reminds us that the Real Presence of Christ in the Holy Eucharist is in conformity with His charity. "Ex qua pro salute Nostra corpus verum nostrae naturae sumpsit." It is strange that those who perceive an incongruity in the Real Presence of Christ in the Holy Eucharist can accept with equanimity the doctrine of the Incarnation which is the outcome of the same infinite charity of God. As the Holy Doctor points out; "maxime proprium amicitiae est convivere amicis." It is strange, I say, that any Christian who adores God Incarnate should object to what may be called the natural outcome of the same love which prompted the Incarnation.

St. Thomas views in the Holy Eucharist an object for the perfecting of our faith. The very foundation of Christianity is faith. Never, perhaps, has the disintegration of religious systems been so marked as in our day. Beliefs which were sacred and inviolable for centuries have been discarded one by one, until now we have in nearly every body of Christians a large and influential element with whom revealed and supernatural religion has given way to mere natural religion. For the deplorable condition prevailing on all sides, want of faith is responsible. Nor is there any other remedy for the ills that afflict Christianity to-day than faith. It is a striking fact that every Christian denomination which has rejected belief of Christ's real presence in the Holy Eucharist, has drifted on the rocks of unbelief. If Christ commended the faith of those who believed in His hidden Godhead, He has surely rewarded those who believed in His human nature also hidden beneath the sacramental veils; for theirs is the heritage of faith not only in His Eucharistic Presence, they are the heirs also, with title indisputable of faith in His Incarnation. The sincerity of that faith has never been questioned. Its manifestation is visible to all; and I might add that on no other occasion is it more evident than in these Eucharistic Congresses. To the intelligent unbeliever this is a phenomenon, impressive but inexplicable; to the Christian it is the natural outcome of his faith in Christ, the same Christ who, walking and conversing with men in Judea and Galilee, asserted His Godhead, and Who today in Jerusalem, in London, in Cologne, in Montreal, proclaims to unbelievers His Real Presence in the Blessed Eucharist.

Speaking of the objections that are raised by unbelievers to the Real Presence, it should never be lost sight of that many of the incongruities urged against it by such people are due to a misconception of the doctrine of transubstantiation. For the Real Presence of Christ, as the Catholic church teaches, is through transubstantiation. Indeed, without the changing of the substance of bread into the body of our Lord there would be in the Holy Sacrament no truly Real Presence. The teaching that has been transmitted from apostolic times is that the bread itself is changed into the body of Christ. The very word transubstantiation (or its equivalent) goes back to the beginnings of Christianity. Now, it is the duty of every teacher of Catholic truth, who undertakes to discuss the mysteries of our faith, to be prepared for meeting objections and solving difficulties which either perplex the mind or serve as a stumbling block to the ready acceptance of the truths which he propounds. Since, then, the Real Presence of Christ in the Holy Eucharist is effected by transubstantiation, the Catholic teacher should have a sufficient knowledge of what the various schools of Catholic theology have held with regard to the exact meaning of the term. For while agreeing in all that is essential, they differ widely in their methods of explaining the manner in which the Real Presence of the Lord is effected. While no school of theological teaching has ever pretended to explain away the mystery of the dogma, nevertheless their several methods of exposition aim at removing difficulties which would otherwise present themselves as insuperable or tending to involve the mystery itself in evident contradiction.

While this is no fitting occasion for discussing the relative merits of the various schools of thought regarding the precise nature of transubstantiation, nobody will object to my making use of the liberty which the

Church accords to all her theologians, of holding and expressing their own views and honest convictions, when such can be done without violating the rule of faith or charity. I am, therefore, permitted to state my opinion that the teaching of the ancient school is not only more in accordance with the authoritative declarations of councils than are the various theories of more recent schools of thought; but that it is also better calculated to facilitate the acceptance of the doctrine of the Real Presence by those who differ from us; and to remove occasions of perplexity which may present themselves to those who have never doubted the proof of this august mystery. At the same time, if, in dealing with any particular person, it were evident that his difficulties or perplexities could be more easily removed by adopting such an exposition of the doctrine as is taught in schools of later periods, I should gladly avail myself of them in order to facilitate his acceptance of the doctrine, remembering that they not only have been recognized by all Catholic theologians, but have had, moreover, for their champions some of the greatest lights that have ever adorned the church of God.

The teaching of the ancient school that transubstantiation induces no change whatever in the body of the Lord, but that its action is exercised as the substance of the bread, "substantia panis in Christi corpus praesistentis et immutatum convertitur," removes difficulties, which, to many minds seem insuperable. It is not rare to meet with people whom the investing of the body of the Lord with a multiplicity of "ubi's" can never be made to appear other than a contradiction. There are others to whom the theories of actio productiva, or actio adductiva appear better calculated to solve the mental difficulties which may arise in connection with the holy mystery. In any case, the exponent of Catholic truth should be careful not to impose as of faith the teaching of any particular school; for the incongruities which some people might attach to such teaching would thus be fastened upon the dogma itself to the incalculable injury of the soul. The rubric in the Anglican Prayer Book would seem to indicate that the theory of actio productiva, or adductiva was regarded by its compilers as the authoritative teaching of the Catholic Church.

For us it is enough to know the essential truth, that the substance of bread is converted into the body of Christ, that His presence in the Eucharist is true and real and substantial. The truth of His Godhead was impugned in the beginning by some, even those who called themselves Christians. But the Church has triumphed over Arianism, which, powerful though it had once been, soon ceased to be a dominant factor in the Christian world, nay, it has even lost its claim to the title of Christian. The reality of Christ's presence in the Sacrament of His love has also been impugned, under circumstances, too, not unlike those which heralded the advent of Arianism. The day appears to be not far distant when the religious systems that have departed from the ancient teaching will have become a thing of the past, and when the rank and title of Christian will be regarded as the exclusive property of those who believing that Christ is the Son of God, not merely by adoption and grace, but consubstantial with the Father, confess also that the bread which He has given for the life of the world is His flesh, not merely in figure or effect, but in very truth and substance.

Some Curious Burial Customs.

There is a world-wide custom among savages and barbarians of burying food and weapons with the body of a dead warrior, sacrificing stock at the grave of the pastoral chief and burying seeds of grain with the agriculturist. More than that, the dead chief must have attendants to provide for his wants in the new world; hence the horrible practice of sacrificing human victims at his bier.

By many savages the dead are supposed to be only asleep and likely to wake at any moment, so the departed spirit must be provided for any contingency. The Tongans race of the South Pacific place weapons and implements on the grave to be ready for service the moment the dead man awakes from what they consider his temporary repose. "And a like course," says Herbert Spencer, "is followed by the Kalmucks, the Esquimaux, the Iroquois, the Aruacians, the Inland Negroes, the Nagas and by tribes, savage and semi-civilized too numerous to mention, some of whom, too recognizing the kindred needs of women and children bury with women their domestic appliances, and with children their toys."

The need of clothes is also frequently remembered. Thus the Abipones "hang a garment from a tree near the place of interment for him (the dead man) to put on if he chooses to come out of the grave; and hence the Dahomans, along with other property bury with the deceased a piece of clothes as a change of raiment when arriving in dead-land."

With the dead Patagonian was left whatever the deceased had while alive; with the Naga, any article which he or she may have been particularly attached during life; with the Guiana people, the chief treasures which they possessed in life; with the Paupan of New Guinea his arms and ornaments; with a Peruvian Inca, his plate and jewels; with the Ancient Mexican, his garments precious stones, &c. with the Chibcha, his gold, emeralds and other treasures. With the body of a Queen of Madagascar were placed an immense number of silk dresses native silk cloth, ornaments, a table and chairs, a box containing \$11,000 and many other things.

The Dyaks besides the deceased's property, bury with him sometimes large sums of money and other valuables, so that it frequently happens that a father unfortunately in his

family, is by death of his children reduced to poverty. And in some extinct societies of America nothing but the deceased's land, which they were unable to put into his grave remained for his widow and children.

The dead man needs not only his inanimate, but also his animate possessions; so his live stock, his slaves—even his relatives—are slaughtered. "With the Kirghiz chief," says Herbert Spencer, "are deposited his favorite horses as also with the Yakut, the Comanche the Patagonian; with the Borghoo, his horse and dog; with the Bedouin his camel; with the Damara, his cattle; with the Toda, in former times, his entire herd; and the Vatean when about to die, has his pigs first tied to his wrist by a cord and then killed."

"The custom of sacrificing wives and slaves and friends develops as society advances through its earlier stages and the theory of another life becomes more definite. Among the Fugeans, the Andamanese, the Australians, the Tasmanians with their rudimentary social organizations wives are not killed to accompany dead husbands; or, if they are, the practice is not general enough to be

specified in the accounts given of them. But it is a practice shown us by more advanced peoples."

It was in ancient America, however, that immolation to the dead was carried to its greatest extent. "In Mexico every great man's chaplain was slain that he might perform for him the religious ceremonies in the next life as in this. Among the Indians of Vera Paz, when a lord was dying they immediately killed as many slaves as he had, that they might precede him and prepare the house for their master. By the Mexicans the number of the victims was proportioned to the grandeur of the funeral and amounted sometimes, as several historians affirm, to two hundred. In Peru when an Inca died his attendants and favorites, amounting sometimes it is said, to a thousand, were immolated on his tomb."

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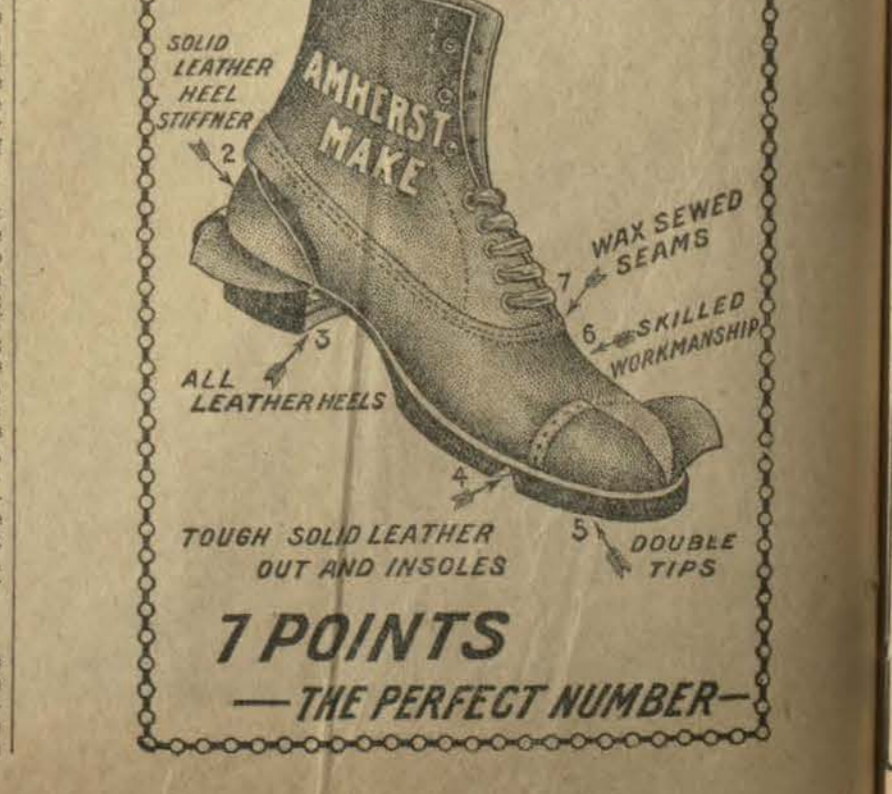
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Can you make any agent for common cream separators answer this fair question frankly? Ask him why his machines have top heavy bowls filled with disks or other contraptions. He will put you off with an unsatisfactory explanation. He has only common machines to sell. Does he realize that if he orders out-of-date machines he will lose your mits his machines and needlessly complicated?

Comments of one of the common machines which are being rapidly discarded for Sharples Dairy Tubulars.

That common machines are out-of-date is proved by the fact that

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are entirely different from and vastly superior to common machines. Dairy Tubulars have suspended, self-balancing bowls fed through the lower end. Only known method of proper construction. Contains neither disks nor other contraptions. Produce twice the skimming force, skim faster and cleaner as common separators. Patented. The World's Best. The manufacture of Tubulars is one of Canada's leading industries. Sales exceed most, if not all, others combined. Probably replace more common separators than any one maker of such machines sells.

30 Years

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THE SHARPLES SEPARATOR CO.
TORONTO, ONT. WINNIPEG, MAN.

The Rise of General Diaz.

During the three centuries of Spanish domination, sixty-three viceroys represented the majesty of the royal power in New Spain, or Mexico, as the country is now known; almost as many presidents have exercised supreme executive authority in the sixty-three years that followed the inauguration of the first president, Guadalupe Victoria, on Oct. 10, 1824. The first two vice-presidents headed revolutions; the second president, Guerrero, was captured by trickery, condemned to death and shot. Wars, rebellions, insurrections and popular tumults attended every one of the frequent changes of president until 1851, when General Arista succeeded, without popular outbreak, to the office vacated by General Herrera.

The constitution under which the republic began its functions, suffered during the many years of ferment and agitation. After a precarious existence of twelve years, it gave way to a new organic law, which transformed Mexico from a federation of sovereign States into a highly centralized republic, in which the several States were reduced to the humble condition of departments quite under the control of the authorities at the capital. It lasted until 1843, when another constitution, the work of the master mind of General Santa Ana, was promulgated as the supreme law of the land. Every centralist feature of its predecessor was retained and the suffrage was greatly restricted by a property qualification.

The year 1857 was notable for the adoption of the constitution, which is at present in force, although it has been so persistently amended that only the name remains. It was as democratic as its predecessor was aristocratic, for it suppressed the senate and the office of vice-president, and made the republic strictly federal. The senate was re-established in 1874 and the office of vice-president was created anew in 1904.

Though the constitution of '57 fixed the presidential term at four years with no mention of re-election (art. 78), there was a quite general persuasion that one term was the constitutional limit. When, therefore, President Juarez offered himself for re-election in 1871, there were loud murmurs of discontent, especially as it was asserted that Juarez sympathizers had been chosen electors by means of shameful frauds at the polls.

Juarez, the Indian, and Diaz, the mestizo, were old friends. As a youth Diaz had been taught by Juarez and, grown to man's estate, had fought in the Juarist cause; yet he "pronounced" against his former scholastic and political guide, and took the field with the rallying cry, "Less government and more liberty." President Juarez's death in office, on July 12, 1872, put a stop for a time to the revolutionary movement.

Diaz was no stranger to military tactics and war. In 1854, at the age of sixteen, he had enlisted in his native Oaxaca, and had done garrison and patrol duty when it was feared that the American invaders might attack the city; but he had a taste of real war in 1855, when he joined the forces which had risen against the dictator Santa Ana. Promotion was rapid. In two years he was captain; four years later, a colonel, and in the following year a brigadier general. He had been wounded twice and had shown great bravery and resourcefulness at critical junctures. The people remembered, with enthusiastic gratitude, the valor which he had displayed at Puebla in repulsing the French army of intervention on May 5, 1832, the "Cinco de Mayo" still kept as a national holiday. Therefore, when Lerdo de Tejada's Corral sought re-election in 1874, and Diaz again raised the banner of revolt, there were armed risings in all parts of Mexico. Diaz established himself at Brownsville, Texas, where, with a lofty disregard for the neutrality laws, he prepared to invade Mexico, but his first hopes were dashed to the ground by the small number of recruits that joined his standard after he had crossed the Rio Grande. Returning to United States, he journeyed to New Orleans, where, posing as a Cuban physician, he took passage on a steamer for Mexico.

Unfortunately for him, among the passengers were some of his political opponents, who quickly penetrated his disguise, as their whispered consultations and covert glances at him only too plainly showed. At the time, he was on the high seas and therefore under the protection of the American flag, which the steamer flew, but it would be different once he was within the jurisdiction of Mexico. As the vessel lay off Tampico, he resolved to attempt the desperate feat of reaching the shore by swimming, truly a hazardous undertaking, for the waters were infested with man-eating sharks. Yet he made the venture. He was detected and pursued and captured, for what could the stoutest swimmer do against a boat driven through the water by several pairs of brawny arms? While the steamer was on the way to Veracruz, he won the favor of the pursuer, who concealed him at that port until he could safely reach shore.

Seven months almost to a day after landing at Veracruz, Diaz at the head of twelve thousand soldiers, entered the City of Mexico in triumph, Lerdo having fled at his approach. A campaign of pacification lasting two months strengthened his position, and on Feb. 11, 1877, he reentered the capital as provisional president. In the election which followed, he was chosen for the term ending Nov. 30, 1880. Having headed a revolution against two-term administrations, he withdrew at the expiration of his term and yielded the presidential chair to his warm, personal friend, General Manuel Gonzalez, in whose cabinet he accepted the portfolio of Fomento, or Public Works. By 1881, the undesirability of frequent changes in the presidential office had so impressed itself upon the citizens that no difficulty was experienced in altering the constitution in favor of the re-election of a desirable incumbent. Diaz consequently was re-elected to succeed Gonzalez, and has thus far had no competitor of note or weight for presidential honors. The first constitution fixed the term at four years,

and so it remained in all kinds of weather until 1904, when, at the same time, that the office of vice-president was restored, it was lengthened to six years.

On the face of things, Mexico is a federal republic with many constitutional provisions taken bodily from our own organic law; but in practice it is far, very far, from the ideal set forth in its fundamental charter. Perhaps the best justification of this anomaly is the success that has attended "one-man rule," as the administration of General Diaz has been not incorrectly styled, for he has called order out of chaos, has transformed the country, has given Mexico a standing abroad, and has maintained peace at home. A mere enumeration of what he has accomplished would make a list of tiresome length, yet in justice to him a few of them ought to be mentioned.

Who has not heard of his famous *rurales*? They are neither policemen nor soldiers, yet they have freed the country from the curse of brigandage and have virtually put an end to the practice, at one time distressingly common, of kidnapping and holding for ransom. The first *rurales*, it is whispered, were bandits who were won from their mode of life by being taken into the pay of the government with a promise of amnesty for the past in return for faithful service as rangers in maintaining public peace. Manufactures and sub-tropical agriculture have been developed, and foreign capital has been brought into the country. Schools and colleges have been so multiplied that illiteracy is much less common.

One of the most vexatious points connected with trade with Mexico was the changeable market value of the silver dollar, or peso, which varied from 99 cents 39 cents, U. S. gold; under Diaz it is fixed and maintained at 50 cents.

It is well known that the City of Mexico is in a sink, having no visible outlet to the ocean. Not only did the summer floods destroy lives and property but also, as they receded, they left the seeds of frightful epidemics which wasted the helpless population. While the English were settling at Jamestown, the Spanish viceroys were grappling with the drainage problem in the City of Mexico. Money and human lives were not spared, yet the canal was not dug, the city was not drained. As one approaches the capital by rail from Queretaro, one sees the great Cut of Nochistongo, a great gash in the hills, as useless for drainage purposes as if it had never been undertaken. President Diaz has drained the city and has thereby so lowered its death rate that from being one of the most insalubrious of the world, it now ranks near the head of the list from the viewpoint of public health. And the engineer who planned and carried out the vast undertaking was a Mexican Indian, Luis Espinosa.

Mexico is now traversed in all directions by railroads, which have come into being under the rule of Diaz. Perhaps the most important line in operation is that which, crossing the isthmus of Tehuantepec, connects the Atlantic and Pacific, thus becoming a rival by no means contemptible of our Panama canal in bidding for the world's commerce.

On December 1, 1910, General Diaz will enter upon another term of six years. As he was born in 1830, it is hardly to be expected that he will see its end, for his once sturdy frame is yielding to that inexorable master, Time; we may well express the hope that before the end he may see realized even more fully those vast plans which he has thought out for the betterment of his country.—H. J. Swift, S. J., in America.

A Teacher in the Making.

She was a popular young normal student, who had been to a party the night before, and as a consequence, was "not prepared" in the geography class.

The woman instructor, true to her method of drawing upon the general knowledge of a student rather than permit a failure, after eliciting two or three inconsequential "stabs" from her fair but jauced disciple, asked for the products of China.

The victim brightened. "Tea," she asserted, preparing to sit down.

"Yes, and what else?" encouraged the instructor.

The young woman smiled with sweet hopefulness.

"Now you can mention others, I am sure. Just think about it."

"Tea," drawled the flute-like voice of the pretty girl, "and" puckering her forehead with an intellectual tour de force, "and laundry work."

What he saw in Geneva.

Rev. D. S. Phelan, Editor of the *Western Watchman*, St. Louis, Mo., is at present touring Europe. Here is a description of what he saw in the home of Calvin, the "reformer":

Ten hours spent in the journey from Paris to Geneva is wearisome, but one forgets it all when he sees Geneva. Four cars were reserved to Americans; and ours was full of the same people unreserved.

We arrived in Geneva at 7.30 and were driven to our hotel. When I was shown my room and I looked out on the Lake of Geneva I was struck with the unexampled beauty of the scene. No wondrous tourists come here.

Lake Geneva is a magnificent diamond and around it are set a group of the most stately hotels in Europe. At night when the whole landscape is lit up one can scarcely believe that such beauty is entirely of this earth. We can well understand why Geneva has always been the favorite abode of all the disturbed and disturbing spirits of modern times. When men are disgusted with life and the rest of the world they come to Geneva.

I said my prayers to-night with unwonted devotion. Here on the borders of this lake right in Geneva St. Francis de Sales lived. Here he wrote his "Introduction to a Devout Life" and his "Love of God." Here the Church suffered at the hands of her proud and ambitious children; here are to-day the sad effects visible in living men and women of the havoc

made by heresy in the past few hundred years. I went out early in the morning after my arrival to visit a church. I found one quite near my hotel. It was on a side street and did not front on one; but it was a good-sized church and three Masses were going on when I entered. It was the feast of St. Anne and there was a good number of pious worshippers. I spoke to one of the priests and he told me that the Church was making great progress in Geneva. I fancy it is mostly by immigration from Catholic lands. At any rate Catholics are in a majority in Geneva now, he told me. I had a reason before my eyes. There in the city where Calvin ruled and where Servetus was burned was a congregation of devout Catholics going to Holy Communion on a Catholic feast day.

There were four confessionals in the church and before each confessional there sat a priest in surplice and stole, reading his office and waiting for penitents. And this was a week-day. In front of the church I read the appeal to the teetotalers of Switzerland. It was the address of the central body of total abstainers in Switzerland and gave the times of the meetings of the general and particular bodies. Yes, the priests are at work over here, and the results of their zeal and activity are everywhere manifest. The Catholic churches are full, while in the Protestant churches there are as many worshippers as there are around the big lions on the quay.

Bring Your Prayer Book to Mass.

The prayer book is a good companion at mass. It fosters devotion and explains the meaning of the different parts of the mass. Of course, if one knows all the prayers of the mass by heart, well even then our advice is, "Bring your prayer books to mass." Generally it will be more devotional to read the prayers than to say them from memory. And very few know them well enough to say them without a prayer book. If ever or anywhere a Catholic ought to show a little piety it is at mass.

Sunday after Sunday you can see young people and sometimes old people, too, kneeling in the church during mass, but that is about the only thing you can say of them. They use neither prayer books nor beads to keep their minds on the great sacrifice before them. They mope and gaze around, and that is about all they do. There are other ways of hearing Mass besides using a prayer book, but for the great majority of people the use of the prayer book is the best way.—*Catholic Messenger*.

Girl Babies in India.

If babies born in India could choose whether they would be boys or girls it is very certain that there would be no girls at all, for, while the coming of a "man child" is welcomed with delight and looked upon as a great honor, that of his poor little sister is felt to be almost a disgrace and even her mother is ashamed to pet her.

When a boy is born the neighbors hasten to show their pleasure by making strange sounds on a big shell, which serves them for a bell, and bring him glittering trinkets and many small pieces or trifling coins. If the new arrival be a girl, however, they take no notice of her at all, and in days gone by the poor little mite was often thrown into the Ganges.

Hindoo mothers believe in many strange gods, and one of them is Shashi, whom they call the children's goddess. When a baby is six days old its parents make offerings to her, imploring that she will take it under her protection. Then they place beside it a pen and ink, with a piece of gold and a piece of silver and various other gifts. This done, they leave the baby alone for awhile, for they fancy that now the god of fate will come into the room and write on its forehead all that will happen to it in after life.

A Sort of Relation

The lawyer eyed the woman in the witness-box in patient despair. Then he rallied visibly.

"You say, madam," he began, "that the defendant is a sort of relation of yours. Will you please explain what you mean by that—just how you are related to the defendant?"

"Well, it's like this," replied the witness, beaming upon the court. "His first wife's cousin and my second cousin's first wife's aunt married brothers named Jones, and they were cousins to my mother's aunt. Then again, his grandfather on his mother's side and my grandfather on my mother's side were second cousins, and his step-mother married my husband's step-father after his father and my mother died, and his brother Joe and my husband's brother Harry married twin sisters. I ain't ever figured out just how close related we are, but I've always looked on him as a sort of cousin."

"Quite right," assented the lawyer feebly.—*Inter-Mountain Catholic*.

October.

There's no use o' sighin' for roses that's dyin' An' fields that are turnin' to brown An' birds that were singin'—there's no good in bringin' Their memory back with a frown; Nor to tell how you're missin' the breeze that was kissin' The flowers'neath the big yellow moon. When you think of the present so crisp and so pleasant, Well, honest, it's better than June!

Somehow every season has moods that are "mean!" An' the leaves as they drop in your way Have a business like bustle; they crackle an' rustle. An' bid you take heart an' be gay. The air is that bracin' your blood starts a racin' An' your pulses beat time to a tune That makes you feel brighter an' stronger an' lighter. It's great! It's lots better than June!

—WASHINGTON STAR.

"Happiness," declared the philosopher, "is in the pursuit of something not in the catching of it."

"Have you ever," interrupted the plain citizen, "chased the last car on a rainy night?"

Two Minute Talks About

PANDORA RANGE
for Coal or Wood

YOU can quickly get the Pandora oven ready for the baking. It is made of Nickel Steel which is much more sensitive than a cast or gray iron oven. It heats up more rapidly and thereby saves you many precious minutes.

After you've used the *Nickel Steel Oven* for a week you'll congratulate yourself that you invested in a Pandora Range. Get one this week. Make up your mind you'll enjoy its many conveniences at once. Our agents in your locality will fill your order promptly.

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For Sale by D. G. KIRK

On the Island of Batanes.

(From the Manila Times.)
WHERE THE NATIVE WOMEN LEFT THEIR HATS IN SALUTATION.

"The capital of our northernmost province, Santo Domingo de Basco on the Island of Batanes, is an interesting place. The route of our transports lies a few hours steaming west of the group, passing between them and the Island of Formosa on their way to Nagasaki, yet comparatively few Americans have visited this group of Islands," said Dr. Louis Ottoby, who has recently returned from this part of the archipelago.

"Santo Domingo has a population of about 2,000 and is entirely different from any other town in the Philippines. In the first place, all the buildings are of stone and whitewashed. The roofs are made of cogon grass, closely trimmed so as to afford no purchase to the severe typhoons which sweep over the islands.

"The streets are about twelve feet wide, many of them paved with stone. Stone walls extend along both sides of the streets their full length, giving them the appearance of lanes. The walls are about three to five feet in height, broken at intervals for entrances to the yards, which in turn are separated from each other by stone walls. Most of the yards were clean and exceptionally neat and attractive.

"The provincial buildings, presidential school house, church, and the parochial school are all built of stone neatly whitewashed, and the grass-covered plaza, fenced by a low stone wall, was the acme of neatness.

"Unlike most Filipino towns, there were no pigs or goats at large; they are confined or walled in sections below the level of the streets. I noticed but few dogs and they seemed to be well fed. There is not a single Chinaman in the town in fact for that matter not one on any of the islands among a population of about 8,000. There were but five white men there, the priest, who had been there for twenty-seven years; the Governor, who, I was told, is a Spaniard; two Spaniards who are cattle buyers, and one American connected with the bureau of public works.

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sweetens the home

YOUR GROCER SELLS IT



2 in 1 SHOE POLISH

means foot comfort. It keeps leather soft and pliable—makes shoes last longer. Does not contain any Turpentine, Acids, or other injurious ingredients. Brilliant and lasting—one rub does the trick. ALL DEALERS, 10c.

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BRAIN WORKERS

who get little exercise, feel better all round for an occasional dose of

"NA-DRU-CO" Laxatives

They tone up the liver, move the bowels gently but freely, cleanse the system and clear the brain. A new, pleasant and reliable laxative, prepared by a reliable firm, and worthy of the NA-DRU-CO Trade Mark. 25c. a box. If your druggist has not yet stocked them, send 25c. and we will mail them.

NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, MONTREAL, 21

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Entertainment—Celtic Hall, page 8
Winter Overcoats—A Kirk & Co, page 4
Military Opening and Show Days—Chisholm, Sweet & Co, page 5
Furs Wanted—Chas Whidden, page 5
Tenders for Wharf—R C Desrochers, page 6

LOCAL ITEMS

THE PARTRIDGE SEASON opens on Saturday.

THE HALIFAX-SYDNEY passenger trains will run throughout the winter, so it is said.

DR. COX will be at the Merrimac Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday morning, Oct. 4th and 5th.

WALDEN'S STUDIO will be open on the 5th, 6th and 7th of October and until noon of the 8th.

FLOCKS of wild geese were seen flying south on Tuesday evening. Their departure so soon is taken as a sign of an early fall.

LOVERS of literature may expect a rare treat on Monday, Oct 3, in the Assembly Hall at Mt. St. Bernard Convent. Mr. C. C. W. Griffith, one of America's best Shakespearean readers, is to give an afternoon and evening recital, his selections being from the works of the immortal dramatist. The recitals will begin at 2.30 and 7.30 p. m. Tickets may be had at Miss Macdonald's bookstore.

NEGOTIATIONS for the sale of the Antigonish and Sherbrooke Company's line are on foot. The Maritime Telegraph & Telephone Co. have offered the local Company par value in cash for their stock or a bonus of 5 per cent. if payment is taken in stock of the new Company. At a meeting of the local Company, held on Monday, 18th inst., the offer was accepted. The sale, however, has not been effected as yet.

ENTRIES for the Fall Fair close with this week, according to the regulations. Entries after this date must be accompanied by a small fee. There are already a goodly number of entries, and it is expected there will be a fine exhibit of farm products. We are informed that there will be several buyers of colts and yearlings on the grounds. The prize for the boys' race is a silver cup. Mr. Wallace, the Jeweller, is presenting the management with the cup.

THE DANGEROUS BULL.—On last Sunday morning Mr. William McIntosh of Argyle, Guy, Co., was attacked by a bull he was leading to water. Mr. McIntosh fought the brute off for some time, but finally it succeeded in knocking him down, and was butting at him until driven off. It did not, fortunately, gore him, yet he sustained severe injuries. The ribs were parted from the spine, the spine was injured, and he also received internal injuries. He is, however, resting easily.

ST. MARTHA'S HOSPITAL.—The young ladies of the town who are interested, or who wish to interest themselves, in helping to raise money for the building fund of St. Martha's Hospital will be good enough to assemble at St. Martha's Convent on Friday evening, Sept. 30, at the hour of 7.30. The Sisters in charge feel confident that a number of active workers will volunteer to carry on the work of "tag day" to be held in connection with the Fall Fair on the 5th and 7th October.

AT ST. CHARLES' Church, Waltham, Mass., on Sept. 4, the Rev. Father Walsh united in the holy bonds of matrimony Miss Mary E. Chisholm of Caledonia Mills, Antigonish, and L. H. McDonald of Dunmore, Antigonish. The bride was attended by Jessie McRae and James McDonald did the honors for the groom. After the ceremony the happy couple proceeded to the home of the bride's brother, where with a number of friends a wedding feast was partaken of, and music and other entertainments were enjoyed. The wedding presents were numerous and costly. The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. McDonald wish them a long and happy wedded life.

THE CHAPEL CAR, of which we have read so much, and which is so important a means of bringing the Mass to large numbers scattered in small communities in the new and remote districts of the country, will be on exhibition at Antigonish. It is a splendid, well arranged chapel on wheels, and will repay a visit. Yesterday it passed through Antigonish en route to Sydney. On board of it is the Rev. Dr. Roche, a prominent, active and earnest member of the Church Extension Society. On Saturday it will return to Antigonish, reaching here by the early train, at 5.30 a. m., and will remain until the noon train at 1.00 p. m., when it will leave for Halifax.

LOOKS LIKE MAYOR GAYNOR.—Mr. D. G. Kirk, of Antigonish, who has just returned from a visit to New York, had an amusing experience in the cafe of the Waldorf-Astoria in that city. While he was seated at a table enjoying a meal, a gentleman approached him and extending his hand said: "I do not know who you are, but you look so much like Mayor Gaynor that I must shake hands with you." The other guests seated at the tables overheard him addressed as Mayor Gaynor and glancing in his direction noted Mr. Kirk's striking resemblance to the Mayor. In a short time the walls of the hotel rang with lusty cheers for the mayor and all present raised their glasses to the health of the future president of the United States.—Sydney Record.

AT THE EXHIBITION.—The Fourteenth Annual Exhibition opens today at Halifax. It is particularly pleasing to note that our people are beginning to take a deeper interest in the exhibition of the products of their Province. This is manifested this year in the entries which have just closed. The number of exhibitors will be far in excess of any since the Dominion Exhibition, in 1906. In the Manufacturers' Building more than sixty exhibits will be displayed besides which thirty or more manufacturers will exhibit in the Annex

"Halifax made Goods." The Work Horse Parade, in which more than 300 horses are entered, will take place today. The horse races will take place every afternoon. The Royal Canadian Band, just from the Toronto Fair, has been secured and will play every afternoon in front of the Grand Stand. Cheap rates will prevail on all lines, and accommodation is promised for all who attend.

JESSIE MACLACHLAN, the famous Scottish singer who thrilled the people of Antigonish in the College Rink several years ago by her spirited and dramatic rendering of Scottish song, is to visit Antigonish on Monday, Oct. 10. Apparently she has lost none of her old-time force, as she still seems to be popular with concert folk. Her present tour through Canada being very successful. She is accompanied by a humorist, O' her performance and that of the humorist the Edmonton, Alberta, Journal says: "To hear Jessie MacLachlan sing 'Loch Lomond' and 'The Blue Bonnets over the Border,' is well worth the admission price. To say that she was accorded a splendid reception is to put it mildly. She was encored over and over again, and especially was this the case when she sang 'Rule Britannia.' 'Home, Sweet Home' was another piece which drew from the audience a storm of applause, and upon her rendering two Gaelic songs there was another outburst of enthusiasm. Craighall Sherry furnishes the wit and humor of the concert and he does it well. He is thoroughly Scotch and his recitals kept the audience in convulsions.

THE NUNS and pupils of Mt. St. Bernard Convent on last Tuesday evening enjoyed a very instructive and interesting discourse on "India," the Rev. Father Nash, S. J., kindly favouring them with a lecture on that subject. Father Nash is a pleasing, fluent speaker, with a fine enunciation, and naturally his address was heard with keen appreciation, particularly as it was known by all present that Father Nash had laboured for thirteen years in that country as a missionary, and had practical knowledge of, and experience with, conditions there. He told of the habits, customs and superstitions of the great body of the people in that vast country; of the sufferings of the lower orders who are obliged to labor for inconceivably small pay; of the hardships imposed on women of the upper classes who spend their lives curtailed from the eyes of the world; of the influence of the caste and the Brahmen priests; of the unchangeable condition of the people because of this influence, what their forefathers were they are satisfied to remain. Because of this caste and the influence of Brahminism Christianity is making great progress. He felt that it was necessary to meet the women of the country and place Christianity before them to have it make notable advance in the masses of population. A public lecture by Father Nash should, we think, appeal to all.

Housemaid wanted. Very highest wages paid. Apply at once at Queen Hotel.

Hospital Building Fund. Previously acknowledged, \$1532 00 R. R. Griffin, Antigonish, 20 00 Henry Power, Antigonish, 10 00 D. J. Gillis, Antigonish, 5 00

Tag Day at Antigonish. As intimated in last week's CASKET, there will be held in Antigonish, in conjunction with the County Fair on the 6th and 7th of October next, a "Tag-day" in aid of the building fund of St. Martha's Hospital.

A committee of the young ladies of the town will see to it, that the usual exchange of a tag for ten cents be duly executed; and that all, young and old, men and women, every one who lives in town, visits it or passes through it during these days shall be it becoming ceremony invested with a tag. Anyone seen therefore without this badge must not be surprised when approached by some one of the committee, every member of which will of course be prepared to throw in smile gratis. Notice is hereby given to all who get themselves tagged on the first day that if they are desirous and generous enough to spend another ten cents a second tag can be procured for the 7th inst. If not they had better continue wearing those of the 6th. No doubt every one will wish to get a new one for the 7th. Ten cents is a very small sum, but it will be quite sufficient to help accomplish a great work if we can succeed in multiplying it often enough.

Personals. Mr. and Mrs. Finlay Chisholm of Yarmouth, N. S., were in Town this week. Miss Jennie McKenzie and Miss Lizzie Gillis of Pinevale, Ant., left on Tuesday for Boston. Messrs. Joseph and James Wall,

Barristers, of Antigonish, are at Aitchat attending Court.

Messrs. Ben, and Thomas O'Neill, of Dorchester, Mass., were recently on a visit to their old home at Harbour Boucher, Ant.

Miss Edith Harris of Antigonish left last week for Hamilton, Ontario, to attend the classes of the Ladies' College of that City.

Dr. D. A. McIsaac, Veterinarian, of St. Andrew's, Ant., on Tuesday started for Toronto to take a post-graduate course in his profession.

Miss Marjorie Cleary of Lake Egmont, N. S., and Miss Rose McDonnell of Enfield, N. S., returned home on Monday after a fortnight's visit with friends in Antigonish County.

Miss Mabel E. Delorey and Lionel Delorey of Somerville, Mass., have returned home after visiting at Harbour Boucher. They were accompanied by Miss Sadie O'Neill.

Mr. Colin F. McKenzie, engineer at St. F. College, left Antigonish on Tuesday for Cobalt, Ont., where he has accepted a position with a mining company.

Dr. L. G. Macpherson of the Upper South River, Antigonish, was a successful candidate at the recent examinations of the Nova Scotia Medical Board.

Miss Mary Ann McIsaac of Hawthorne street, Antigonish, and Miss Kate McIsaac of Dunmore, Antigonish, leave to-day for Montreal to enter the novitiate of the Congregation de Notre Dame.

Mrs. James Nichols of James River, Ant., and her daughter, Mrs. William Cochrane of Calgary, Alberta, arrived at James River on the 26th, from a visit to relatives at Aylesford, Boston, Waltham and Malden, Mass.

Mr. William Chisholm and wife of Gloucester, Mass., who have been visiting relatives and friends in Guysboro and Antigonish Counties for the past few weeks, intend returning home next week after what they consider will have been a very enjoyable and pleasant trip through Eastern Nova Scotia. They are at present the guests of D. Chisholm, Esq., of Tracadie, whose wife is a sister of Mr. Chisholm.

Rev. M. A. MacAdam, Rector of the Cathedral, leaves next Monday, by the early train, for Boston to spend a short time at Carney Hospital. We believe and hope that this is the last time Father MacAdam will deem it necessary to go abroad for medical treatment. He is now, to the observer, nearly wholly restored to his former health.

Very Rev. Canon Stewart, of Edinburgh, Scotland, was the guest of Rev. M. M. Doyle, Mt. Cameron, last Friday night. He left Saturday for Prince Edward Island, and from there he will join the Empress of Ireland at Quebec to-day for Liverpool. Canon Stewart attended the Eucharistic Congress. He paid a visit to Mr. A. W. McDonald of Glen Alpine, Antigonish, whose niece is one of his parishioners.

Among the Advertisers.

Cheese rennet at Bonner's. Fresh bass, mackerel and cod at Bonner's.

Young pigs for sale. Apply to Thomas Somers.

25 one-half barrels No. 1 herring just received at Bonner's.

We want good country cheese and it must be good, full milk cheese. T. J. Bonner.

For sale, 8 little pigs, ready to ship 7th Oct. Price \$2.00. Leave orders at T. J. Bonner's.

For sale, a pure-bred collie dog, six months old, partly trained, apply to W. J. Walsh, Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Williams of Sydney are in Antigonish, having returned from a trip to Chester, N. S.

Wanted, a working mare, about 14 years old, sound, kind, and a good stock getter. Address, Farmer, Casket Office.

A few boarders can be accommodated with board and lodging in a good comfortable house in a central locality. Apply at Casket Office.

Lost, in Town, a gold crescent brooch with star of pearls. It is of special value to the owner. Finder please leave at Casket office.

Father Morrissey's remedies are doing good work in this County. All the different numbers at the Agency, Bonner's.

Buy your tea from us.—Red Rose, the famous tea in bulk, 25c. packages, 30 to 50c. per lb. Buy Red Rose 5 lb. lots at 25c. Bonner's, the tea and coffee house.

Life Insurance is a subject of vital interest to every man. See the statement of the Sun Life on page 8. A. McNeil, Local Agent.

100 prs. of slightly damaged kid gloves in black, tan, grey and fawn, regular price 75 cents, \$1, and \$1.25.

now 25 and 50, sizes 6 to 7 1/2. Chisholm, Sweet & Co.

The big Laundry and Dye Works does the best work—clothes cleaned and pressed—French dry method. We dye everything in gent's or ladies' wear—any colors. Our laundry work is unsurpassed. Call on our agent, T. J. Bonner.

The friends of John Harrithrea of Sydney Mines will deeply sympathize with him in the sad accidental death of his two-year-old son on Monday. The little lad was found strangled in the ropes of a swing which had been erected for him a few days ago.

Farm For Sale

The subscriber offers for sale a very desirable farm at Harbour Road, 5 miles from Antigonish. The farm contains 50 acres of good land, well wooded and watered, part of which is in good state of cultivation. Good barn and very fine large house. Very pleasing situation, conveniently located, P. O. on the farm. Good site for tradesman. Will be sold reasonable. Death in family the reason for selling. Mrs. ELIZABETH MCISAAC, Harbour Road, Ant., N. S.

CELTIC OPERA HOUSE

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Monday, October 10th

Transcontinental tour of MISS JESSIE MACLACHLAN, and her concert Company including MR. CRAIGHALL SHERRY, refined entertainer, and MR. ROBERT BUCHANNAN, pianist and conductor.

Prices, 35, 50 and 75c.

Reserved Seats on sale at D. CHISHOLM'S.



Trappers, Attention!

You make no mistake if you ship all your furs to me, for I pay highest cash price, and guarantee to please all. TRY A SHIPMENT.

CHAS. G. WHIDDEN Antigonish, N. S.

OYSTERS!

Good, fresh oysters supplied after October 1st. Order now ABRAHAM MYETTE, Tracadie.



Kodaks and Brownies

Velox Paper, Developing Powders.

Mail orders receive prompt attention.

Satisfaction given in

"Developing and Printing"

J. D. COPELAND

DRUGGIST

ANTIGONISH - N. S.

THIS BEAUTIFUL GOLD WATCH FIVE DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Send me your full name and address and I will send you, at my expense, ON APPROVAL, this High Grade Waltham Watch. If perfectly satisfied after 5 days' free trial, I give you the very fine price of \$16.50. To be paid on the very easy terms of 50c. a week or \$2.00 a month. I trust every honest person.

DESCRIPTION OF MOVEMENT Nickel, 15 Jewels, Settings, Exposed Pallets; cut Expansion Balance; Patent Breguet Hairspring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, polished and gilded under plate. The case is one I recommend very highly. Will replace at any time, should it prove unsatisfactory. Mail you name and address now for Free Trial, to Jewelry Department of

WALLACE THE OPTICIAN AND JEWELER

ANTIGONISH, N. S.

Top Coat Time

FALL OVERCOATS at prices that we recognize no competition, considering style, fit and quality

You're likely to need a Top Coat any moment at this season of the year. You're certainly missing a heap of comfort right now, if you haven't got one. Can't blame us in the least if you catch colds. We're ready any day to protect you from fresh weather. We have the short coat and the medium length.

Swell, Smart and Snappy Garments

Vicunas, Worsteds, Coverts in black, Oxfords and all popular colorings.

Tailored by Expert Workmen

Some silk faced, handsome garments, every coat of them marked to suit your purse. \$5, \$6, \$8, \$10, \$12 and \$15 is the price range. Bought to please and marked to sell.

This is a Top Coat opportunity a wise man will not let get away from him. Also bargains in our New Fall Suits, Hats, Hibernashery, Boots, Shoes, etc. The finest display of Men's wear ever shown in Antigonish. You're invited to see it.

COME

Palace Clothing Company

Main Street, Antigonish, N. S.

The New Victor Gramophone Records for September are Here.

You will save much time and a lot of annoyance and trouble if you buy your Victor Records here. As soon as they are issued each month a stock is received by us.

We carry at all times the largest stock of Victor Records to be found at any music store anywhere in Canada.

Send us your name and address and we will send you our monthly catalogue of records.

COME AND HEAR THE NEW RECORDS.

J. A. McDONALD Piano and Music Co.

46 Barrington St., Halifax, N. S. ALSO AMHERST, NEW GLASGOW, SYDNEY, GLACE BAY, MONCTON

HARDWARE

Now in stock at

D. G. KIRK Hardware Emporium

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

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

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

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

Sun Life Assurance Co.'y of Canada

INSURE IN SUN LIFE. THE LARGEST CANADIAN COMPANY The Company's Growth.

Table with columns: YEAR, ASSETS, LIFE ASSURANCE IN FORCE. Rows for 1872, 1873, 1881, 1889, 1909.

A. Macneil, Antigonish, N. S.

CLERK WANTED. Salesman Wanted.

Clerk wanted for general store in the country. Must have a good knowledge of business and furnish A 1 references. One able to keep books preferred. Apply, stating salary, experience and reference to A. B. care Casket Office. Wanted, first-class fertilizer salesman, one having good connections in the County of Antigonish. Address reply to LIES VEGE PACKING & FERTILIZER CO. 1092 N. W. 10th Street, Montreal.