

# THE CASKET.

\$1 Per Annum.

A Catholic Journal Non-Partisan in Politics.

\$1 Per Annum.

Fifty-eighth Year

Antigonish, Nova Scotia, Thursday, October 13, 1910.

Nc. 41

## THE CASKET.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS, \$1.00.

Subscriptions discontinued until all arrearages thereon are paid. Subscriptions in United States are discontinued at expiration of period paid for.

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ONE INCH, first insertion, SIXTY CENTS second, FORTY CENTS. Special Rates for periods of two months or longer.

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13.

Some of the editors and letter writers who have been on Father Vaughan's trail this month past, had better drop him now and get after the Protestant Bishop Selw of James-town, N. Y. He says that Protestantism is decaying. Why do they not raise the hue and cry after this man?

King Manuel of Portugal is an exile; and his kingdom has changed itself, almost in a day, into a republic. The monarchy has not been a strong one; and if, the change meant popular representative government as we know it in British dominions, the people might hope to benefit. As it is, however, it is by no means clear that the new conditions will be an improvement upon the old. The politicians of Portugal, as a class, have an evil reputation in the matter of honesty. Tyranny under the forms of republican government is the worst kind of tyranny; and it is that sort of thing, we fear, that Portugal is now about to experience.

Rev. Dr. Andrew Robertson, of St. James' Presbyterian Church, Toronto, has some notions about Spain, of the kind that can be acquired by the easy process of reading the headlines in the secular papers. He thought, the other day, he had formed an argument to confirm those notions. He knew that Cardinal Sancha, of Hervas, in Spain, was present at the Eucharistic Congress, two years ago, in London. He knew he was not at Montreal, in September. And said he: "To-day the Cardinal from Hervas is not in the ranks. He is yonder in the land which ten years ago was described as the strength of the Church, in stern struggle with the strength that used to be his." He was not. He died on the 23rd of February.

Right Reverend Dr. Cleary, the new Bishop of Auckland, New Zealand, has been home to Ireland to be consecrated in his native diocese of Ennis-corthy. He is greatly impressed by the happy changes that have occurred in the condition of the Irish people. He speaks of the increased comfort that surrounds the decent poor and "the neat, solid, and generally well-kept homes that dot the country, especially in the two Southern Provinces. He notes also better feeling between Catholics and Protestants; and, on the whole, he is much encouraged as to the future of the country. Much of this is due to the last few years of intelligent legislation in London. The pity is that such reasonable and just measures as the land-purchase law and other acts were not considered and passed much earlier.

Cardinal Moran says, as reported in the *Sacred Heart Review*:

"Of all the people in the world the Spaniards are most remarkable for honesty. Sir Hiram Maxim, of Maxim's gun fame, made public the results of his observations during a tour in Spain. He has an English factory in the Basque country, the most thoroughly Catholic province of Spain. In the heart of that entirely Catholic country such a thing as a lock was unnecessary. By night and by day the doors of the factory and of every compartment in it stood open. And Sir Hiram adds: "Had this factory been practised in England, the factory would have been gutted the first night it was unlocked." It is not surprising that when an agent of one of the proselytizing societies called on Sir Hiram to request a donation for the "Spanish missions" he not only refused, but added that he would willingly subscribe instead to any movement which would make the morals of England like those of Spain.

But wait until Canalejas has had a chance to tinker with them and to teach them "modern political progress."

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers of the United States expelled thirty-five members in 1909 for

getting drunk, and listed them in their paper, the *Journal*. When a man has been duly convicted of drinking and punished according to the laws of the order, the facts are laid before the proper authorities of the road on which he is employed, and his discharge is demanded. In one instance, the engineer of a fast train got drunk while off duty and disgraced himself. He was tried, convicted and expelled; the management of the railroad was informed, and his discharge asked for. The management objected. The Brotherhood said:

"There is no telling when a man who gets drunk off duty may take a notion to get drunk on duty, and we do not intend to take any chances on having a drunken man tearing through the country at sixty miles an hour, endangering the lives of others. It is unfair both to the employees in your service and to your patrons."

He was discharged. This is strong treatment; but, in view of the immense importance and responsibility of the work of a locomotive engineer, it is impossible to say that it is too strong. And it is a sign of the times, an indication of the great change in the sentiment and opinion respecting the senseless habit of drinking, that has taken place in recent years.

Some time ago we showed, upon the authority of an eminent Protestant writer, that the first Juvenile Court was established by a Pope in the Papal States, nearly a century before the idea struck the minds of the rulers of any other State. Now, for the benefit of those who are so cocksure that all that is admirable and serviceable has been found, or produced, or developed since the "Reformation," we wish to refer to a book on "The Medieval Hospitals of England" by Rotha Mary Clay. The book has a preface, written by an Anglican bishop, and, as the *Register* truly remarks, it is badly needed by some people who think they know much but have missed a lot of information. Miss Clay's researches have revealed that there were 750 hospitals in medieval England, besides the hospitals within certain monasteries. Now, if there is one thing that the contempters of the "Dark Ages," (who do not know what they mean, exactly, by that term), boast of more than another, amongst modern institutions, it is the hospital. But the world is old. Our ancestors really did have some ideas; but, simply because they are so long dead, and because some new fashions in religion are now in vogue, many people have rashly concluded that they knew nothing that is worthy of our consideration.

One of the most surprising articles called forth by the Congress appeared in *The Toronto Daily News*. The *News* is not consumed with love for the Catholic Church. But it said:

Canada is no foreign land to the Roman Catholic Church. Three hundred years ago and more, missionaries followed Poutinecourt to Acadia. A shining roll of great names begins with Brebeuf and Lallemand, the Jesuits martyred in the Huron county north of Lake Couchiching. It continues with Jogues and Ennemond Masse, and Daniel. Father Marquette plunged into the forest and emerged at the Mississippi, just as Livingston, another missionary in another age, plunged into the African jungle and emerged at the Zambesi. Father Pothier, living his solitary life at Sandwich, binding his sermons in deerskin, stood on a stool to wind his clock. His sight failed, his spirit fled. Weeks after a passing Indian found the frail and perishing casket of a heroic soul.

And all this time the devoted children of Brittany heard in Quebec the Angelus. The boys trooped to the Petit Seminaire, the girls to the Ursulines. Marie de l'Incarnation, filled with the apostolic spirit and with a courage beyond her sex, "passa les mers pour aller travailler en Canada a la conversion et a l'evangelisation des filles sauvages." What glorious colors of heroism illuminate those pages of history which deal with the foundation and progress of the Catholic Church in Canada! Whether or not we may agree with its teachings, whether we follow Francis d'Assisi or Martin Luther, or John Knox or John Wesley, we all can recognize the courageous spirit and the fervent enthusiasm which laid the foundations of the ancient faith on this new continent.

The martyrs mentioned were Jesuits. Rev. Mr. Batty, of Moncton, might take notice. Where and when did the martyrs of his church perish?

### AN OLD OFFENDER TROUBLES A CORRESPONDENT.

A subscriber in Glace Bay has sent us a letter published last month in the *Montreal Witness*, signed "An Inquiring Protestant" with a request that we comment upon it. We shall do so; but we wish to say, in commencing, that, if this "Inquiring Protestant" had cared to make his

letter ten columns long, instead of one column, he could have found in Dr. Littledale's "Plain Reasons" lies and errors enough about the Catholic Church to fill his ten columns, and then he would have hardly got the book open. Whether they were Dr. Littledale's own lies, or whether he, too, was "An Inquiring Protestant," with his mouth gaping for deceptions and frauds concerning Catholicity, matters little now. Dr. Littledale is dead; but the evil that he did lives after him. His "Plain Reasons" is an almost complete collection of the misrepresentations, fables and palpable frauds circulated about the Church up to his time; and it is even to be feared that he added a few frills himself with malice aforethought. This is the same man who earned a brief notoriety by his outrageous attacks on Cardinal Newman. Newman was alive, and able to defend himself. Indirectly, we owe Littledale some thanks; for he started Newman to write one of the most beautiful and brilliant books ever published in the English tongue. When Littledale attacked St. Alfonso Liguori, the great saint was long dead; but his traducer did not escape, nevertheless. H. I. Ryder, of the *Oratory*, took from Littledale what-ever little of repute as a critic he still had when Newman was through with him. In the preface to his book, he says:

"All that I pretend to prove is, that Dr. Littledale has repeatedly asserted the thing that is not, with the evidence that it is not staring him in the face, and in cases, too, involving the gravest imputations upon the character of an adversary."

But, to come to the specific charges referred to in the letter sent to us. St. Alfonso was a very great man; a very holy man; and a very great writer upon theology. Suppose, one of these days, somebody should write that the late Bishop Cameron once stole a horse; or that Bishop Worrell of Halifax was in the habit of raising cheques; or that Archbishop Bruchesi was partner in a bar-room business—who would believe? Who would call for denials or disproof of such statements? But, a hundred years hence, such statements may be made about these men; and if they are then made, depend upon it many men will believe them, merely because they are creditable to adherents of a religion which they detest. Such are the workings of prejudice. Had Littledale lived and written in the lifetime of St. Alfonso, those who knew the Saint would have been affected just as little as any one of us to-day would be affected by such charges as we have above supposed.

(1) Littledale says that the saint wrote that "the actual assassins of a man are not equally guilty with their instigator, whom he admits to incur excommunication."

St. Alfonso never compared the guilt of the parties. He was speaking of a certain decree of excommunication, which reached only the instigators, because the assassins were infidels and not subject to excommunication. He was speaking of the force and effect of the excommunication, and said it could touch only the party who was a Christian. The guilt of the crime itself, he was not speaking of at all. In this, as in other matters, Littledale would make him appear not only a bad theologian, but a fool as well.

(2) "If a murder B in order that C may be suspected of the murder, and thereby suffer loss of any kind, A is not bound to make C compensation of any kind."

The saint said no thing of the kind. He discussed the question of a murderer being willing to have another suspected of his crime, and of his doing something to arouse such a suspicion. The saint, in all these matters, was discussing the degrees of guilt, the fine distinctions that differences of facts may make. The presumption, of course, would be heavily against the murderer. If, as Littledale says, the murder be committed for the purpose of making another man appear guilty, then he is again making out St. Alfonso to be a fool.

(3) "If a clerical adulterer be attacked by his husband, he may lawfully kill the husband, and does not incur 'irregularity,' thereby, etc."

It has been well said that "this is the most monstrous of all Littledale's enormities. For our part, it looks to us like a piece of barefaced rascality, if he ever saw St. Alfonso's books at all. It has been understood, and he intended that it should be understood, that the saint taught that the offender might kill to save his cloth and the Church from disgrace. Thus he makes this great and holy man not only a bad theologian, and not only a fool, but a monster who advocated the

most immoral acts it is possible to think of. Now, the saint was writing, as he always wrote, upon deep and knotty subjects. His subject, in this case, was, by what acts is a priest degraded, or suspended from his sacred office *ipso facto*, without the necessity of a sentence? To illustrate his remarks, he took one of the most extreme instances he could imagine. The right to kill in defence of one's own life is well known, and it is the same when one is caught in a crime as at any other time. The discoverer of the crime has no right to kill the offender, and the offender can still preserve his own life, even at the cost of killing the man who attacks him. St. Alfonso's condition that the killing be done in the strictest self-defence, Dr. Littledale quietly ignores, as he ignores the whole drift and point of the discussion. The killing, if not in self-defence, would be murder. If in self-defence, it would not be murder. That is ordinary knowledge; but the saint was upon the point of *ipso facto* suspension of the priest, or, as it is called, "irregularity," and he propounded the question, if the attack and the killing took place in consequence of the other offence, did that make a difference? Was the priest suspended *ipso facto*, or was it necessary to pass sentence first for the offence which he was guilty of? All through the discussion he supposes the case of a killing in strict self-defence. He discusses the question whether, if the affront to the husband was given in an open and notorious manner, that fact might or might not cause a suspension *ipso facto*, because it would naturally give greater provocation to the man to attack him. Here, again, the saint was discussing nice questions of the degrees of guilt, and of their effect on the standing and status of the priest. Nothing but almost insane bigotry, or flagrant dishonesty could have led Littledale to say that he was laying down new law respecting murder or adultery, or placing priests in any better position than other men who might commit such offences. His whole discussion of the subject shows clearly that priests are in a worse position; because, as he shows, under certain circumstances, they stand suspended by the very fact, without the necessity of a sentence.

### CONSPIRACIES AGAINST RELIGION.

#### VIII.

##### THE BIBLE OR THE ZOHAR—WHICH?

We have seen how the two days, which happen to be the feast days of the two Saints John, came to be days of masonic celebration according to General Grand High Priest Mackey. He tells us that the dates were fixed upon as marking periods in the sun's annual course. Whereupon, Dr. Preuss justly but cuttingly remarks that the lodges ought to be opened not in the "name of God and the holy Saints John," but in the name of God and the holy Zodiacal signs of Cancer and Capricorn.

When we learned the Catechism in our childhood, one of the first questions put to us was—"Who is God?" Let us ask this question of Freemasonry, and let the Masonic authorities answer it.

"Freemasonry is exceedingly tolerant in respect to creeds; but it does require that every candidate for initiation shall believe in the existence of God as a superintending and protecting power, and in a future life. No inquiry will be made into modifications of religious belief, provided that it includes these two tenets." *Encyclopaedia of Freemasonry*, p. 624.

Now, when the question, "who is God," was put to us in the Catechism class, we were taught to answer something much more definite than "a superintending and protecting power." That is somewhat vague. Perhaps Dr. Mackey can make it clearer. *The Masonic Ritualist*, at page 95, gives a picture of a lodge room. Over the Master's head, surrounded by a halo, is the letter "G." This, the uninitiated or the newly initiated, no doubt stands for the word "God" and the God of the Christians. But the section of the *Ritualist* in which this picture is published, is headed, "The moral advantages of Geometry," and its first statement is that, "Geometry, the first and noblest of sciences, is the basis on which the superstructure of masonry is erected."

What does the letter "G" stand for in the lodge? Mackey quotes Hutchinson, *Spirit of Masonry*, Lect. VIII, as follows:

"To apply it to the name of God only is depriving it of part of its Masonic import; although I have already shown that the symbols used in Lodges are expressive of the Divinity's being the great object of Masonry as Architect of the world." This significant letter denotes Geometry, which, to artificers, is the science by which all their labors are calculated and formed; and to Masons contains the determination, definition and proof of the order, beauty and wonderful wisdom of the power of God in his Creation." *Encyclopaedia of Freemasonry*, p. 301.

But why this strange mixture of the Deity with Geometry? Dr. Mackey says:

"For Masonry sees in the Supreme God that it worships, not a 'dumum divinum,' a divine power; nor a 'moderator rerum omnium,' a controller of all things as the old philosophers designated him, but a Grand Architect of the Universe. The Masonic idea refers to Him as the Mighty Builder of this terrestrial globe, and all the countless worlds that surround it. He is not the entium (Being of beings), or any other of the thousand titles with which ancient and modern speculation has invested him, but simply the Architect—as the Greeks have it, the chief workman—under whom we are all workmen also; and hence our labor is worship."

The letter "G," then, conspicuously displayed in the Lodge-room, refers to a God who is "the Grand Architect of the Universe," and also to Geometry, the science of building. This title, "Grand Architect of the Universe," is, if we mistake not, in favor in the Grand Orient of France. It is a vague, general, broad title, and leaves a great deal to the private and personal conceptions of the individual. But does Masonry come no

not by St. Alfonso. He had no time to waste on nonsense. He said that, if there was "a sufficient reason,"—not "in a just cause,"—as Littledale says, an oath might be put to a liar, and, if he lied, the person who called him would not be responsible. Such is the ordinary every-day custom in our courts. Liars are sworn every day; for liars may tell the truth. If it is known that they will lie, that is another matter. All these are nice questions. We are not laying down law upon them here. We are exposing Dr. Littledale.

Dr. Littledale is dead. He may have been an honest man. If he was, he was mentally cross-eyed, and color-blind. He was not a normal man, certainly, or else he could hardly have made so many dexterous misquotations and misrepresentations from the writings of a man of St. Alfonso's standing and reputation, and never found himself out.

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neener than this to the God of the Christians? Let us see.

A few words now from Grand Commander Pike:

"The deity of the early Hebrews talked to Adam and Eve in the garden of delight. . . . he sat and ate with Abraham in his tent. . . . he dictated the minutest police regulations and the dimensions of the tabernacle and its furniture, to the Israelites. . . . he was angry, jealous and revengeful, as well as wavering and irresolute. . . . he commanded the performance of the most shocking and hideous acts of cruelty and barbarity. . . . *Morals and Dogma*, p. 207.

Pike was a Grand Commander in the Masonic order. He is the man who is said to have cut off the Masons of France. If the Masons of France have found their way to a more anti-Christian conception of the Jehovah of the Bible than Pike here give us, they must be far advanced indeed. Pike was a very high Mason. He must have had an idea of the Masonic conception of the Deity. Are we going too far, then, in inferring that the Jehovah of the Bible is not the God of Masonry, as understood by Grand Commander Pike? We shall see, perhaps, as we go on.

"The letter G, then, has in Masonry the same force and signification that the letter "God" had among the Kabbalists. It is only a symbol of the Hebrew letter, and as that is a symbol of God, the letter "G" is only a symbol of a symbol." *Encyclopaedia*, p. 302.

Verily, the Masonic authors are leading us into strange places. We have neither time nor space to tell our readers about the Kabbala. Suffice it to say it is a system of theosophy which was in vogue amongst the Jews for several generations after the tenth century. It is the expression of mental and moral idiosyncracies and vagaries which afflicted a portion of the Jewish people, such as Masonry and some other systems of teaching seem to express the mental and moral vagaries of more modern times amongst Christian peoples. The Kabbala had a "Book of Creation" and the "Jobar." The former is made up of oracular sentences, and professes to be a monologue of the patriarch Abraham. A Supreme Being is recognized. Then there were what they called "potencies." Certain potencies, united, formed a "trinity." Of these "trinities" there were several, forming a unity with the Supreme Being. All the esoteric doctrines of the Kabbala were supposed by its adherents to be contained in the Hebrew Scriptures, in which however, they could be perceived only by those initiated into certain hermeneutical methods. But enough of the Kabbala,—before our readers weary of it. Note, however, the words we have placed in italics. We do not know where the Masons got all their notions; but, from what we have read of the Kabbala, we think it not improbable that some of them were derived by the founders of Masonry from that absurd system.

Our point for the present is, that the speculations of the Kabbala concerning God's nature and relation to the universe, differ materially from the teachings of Revelation, as received by Christians. And when we find Dr. Mackey referring to this letter G as a symbol of the "God" of the Kabbala, it behooves us to find out who her the God of the Kabbala is the Jehovah of the Bible. He is not. We have stated sufficient of the teachings of the Kabbala to show that.

The God of Masonry! Mr. Clenahan, the continuator of Dr. Mackey, writes the word as follows: "G. O. D. The initials of Gomer, Oz, Dabar." And he says:

"It is a singular coincidence, and worthy of thought, that the letters composing the English name of the Deity should be the initials of the Hebrew words, wisdom, strength and beauty, the three great pillars, or metaphysical supports of Masonry. They seem to present the sole reason that can reconcile a Mason to the use of the initial "G," in its conspicuous suspension in the east of the Lodge in place of the Delta. The incident seems to be more than an accident." *Encyclopaedia*, p. 307.

To us also, it seems "more than an accident." Speaking of "wisdom, strength and beauty," we are drawn back to the Kabbala for a moment. The Kabbalists taught that "Ed Soph," as they called him, "The Infinite One," created the world in an indirect manner, by ten emanations from the infinite light which he was, and in which he dwelt. These ten emanations were the ten Sephirah, or Splendors of the Infinite One. The Kabbalists told of the "emanations,"—or "potencies,"—of "wisdom," "intelligence," "love," "justice," "beauty," "firmness," "splendor," and "foundation." The Masonic authors are full of references to Kabbalism. Is the God of Masonry "Ed Soph" of the Kabbala?

Father Vaughan's Address on "Character."

Before a crowded audience at the Monument National on Monday evening, September 6, Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S. J., delivered an address on "Character," and his witticisms, his engaging personality and clear cut passages won him thousands of new friends.

The lecturer was introduced by the Venerable Cardinal Logue of Armagh.

A great reception greeted the aged Cardinal as he rose and said: "This land to me is a land of surprises, and one of my surprises is that of your president inviting me to preside this evening. I am sorry in one sense that I am asked, because it shows me in contrast to the brilliant lecturer, I know he is bashful, but I truly can say that on the Empress of Ireland he made many of us forget seasickness."

A magnificent ovation greeted Father Vaughan, and it lasted for several minutes as he proceeded: "I have been listening with gratification to what my lord Cardinal has been saying. Because I believe I am a popular edition, but in him you have the edition de luxe (laughter). He has told you that he has been often delighted with my passages. I will try to not deserve the remark tendered to a popular clergyman who asked a charming lady once which passage in his sermon she enjoyed most. In a mingling tone she answered: "Oh, my dear vicar, the passage from the pulpit to the vestry." I am quite certain you will be delighted when it is all over (loud laughter).

"My theme this evening is Character. I have chosen it for my address to you, not because I believe you to be wanting in it, but because it seems to me to be the special want of our day.

"Among all sections of the community there is a plentiful lack of character. We are too slim, sleek and sloppy. We want to go by the line of least resistance, and to get what we want without working for it. We need the advice embodied in a line from a great poet, 'Learn to labor and to wait.' A man is not what he has, but what he is; not what he says, but what he does. He must make for 'something attempted, something done.' In a word, he must make it his business to build up character, and a man will be of use to his fellows in the measure in which he is true to himself and to these principles which inspire and actuate his life. If you ask me to give you in one word my definition of character, I would say, 'It is life dominated by principle.'

"Character is that which marks a man off from his fellows; it is that which defines his position. As you know, character is a Greek word, implying something clearly and sharply defined, like the current coin of the realm, with the effigy of its ruler. When our Lord was shown a coin, he asked for the superscription upon it. Finding it was Caesar's, he said let it go to Caesar. When I see a man I ask, what is the image engraved on his soul. On the coin is Caesar's likeness, let it then be given to Caesar. On a man's soul is God's likeness, let him then give himself and his energy to fulfilling the mission set him by God. Father Vaughan went on to say that there were three special engravers defining a man's character, there was Heredity, Environment, and Education. Heredity was a great factor in the production of character, and for that reason, if for none other, man ought to bring his passions, as a huntsman brought his hounds, to heel. It is to-day the conspicuousness of the flesh and the pride of life were so terribly in evidence, heredity, no doubt, had a good deal to say to it.

"Men seem to forget that what they do is what they reap. Only a few years ago philosophers (so-called) were declaring themselves to be Determinists, fearlessly asserting that Heredity was a force too strong to fight against; in other words, that a man's character was settled by Heredity. To-day the swing of the pendulum had brought moderns to proclaim that man's character was the result of his environment; and the novel and the play and the magazine of the hour made out that there was no such thing as sin, that man was no more to be blamed for not reaching some moral standard of excellence than he was to be found fault with for not attaining to some physical standard of health or beauty.

"Clearly these modern scientists did not expect a man to be the architect, but the mere creature, the toy of circumstance.

"Of the third engraver of character, Education, the speaker said he had something more to say. Of course there was absolutely nothing that determined a man's position in the scale of being, in the religious, mental and social world as education. He contended that man's primary school was his mother's arms. Education began on the mother's lap, was continued on the nursery floor, and developed in the school room, and when that narrow platform was exchanged for the broader one of public life a man was still learning lessons which were building up his personal character. In a word, education only ceased with life, and till the Master rang him up from school for his eternal holiday, man had to grind away like a boy at school, building up his Christ-like character. He had to build a character which would defy all the ravages of time; a character that could stand the tests of God, a character that would deserve the reward of God—a glorious eternity in a land beyond the stars.

"We were living in a day when men were so anxious to do good to others that they forgot to be good themselves. They seemed to forget that you can only put into others what you took out of yourself, that your influence for good was to be measured by your own personal worth before God. It would be well to remember that besides an ill-regulated, there was a well-regulated egoism.

"True altruism sprang from sound egoism; in other words, well ordered egoism spelt 'Each for all and all for each.' "But the egoism of which I complain," said the speaker, "and which is a menace of the Empire of to-day, is an egoism which might more

properly be called self-centered materialism such as was found in Phoenicia, Athens, Carthage and Rome when they lapsed from glory to shame, from health to decay.

"Let me here, by way of parenthesis, publicly proclaim that I am by no means blind to the noble and generous lives of some of the sons and daughters of our world-wide Empire. They are the sound, strong and healthy members of the social organism, dominated by lofty principle; they have learnt to throw off the microbes of luxury and selfishness which are preying upon the body corporate and would reduce it to degradation and decay, unless fought and conquered. Unless we become dominated by lofty aspirations and the highest principles, we, too, may easily degenerate into malignant growths, instead of remaining healthy members of our social organism. "Only yesterday," said Father Vaughan, "I was accosted on the street and asked 'I guess I want to know what is at the back of your life; what are your ambitions?' I turned to my friend and said: 'My ambitions are far beyond the reach of the most venturesome flying-men. If I were at a baptism I should not be satisfied to be the babe, nor if at a marriage to be the bride, nor if at a funeral to be the corpse. My ambition, under any and all these circumstances, would be to be the soul most pleasing to our dear and Blessed Lord.' It does not so much matter on a third rate planet what your position is before the world, which is but a shifting scene, but before God the Judge of the Living and the Dead."

The speaker said they must fight the contention of the day, that Christianity was a worn-out superstition, that it had served its purpose and was no longer needed. On the contrary, he declared that it was Christianity and Christianity only that could restore life and health to the organism suffering from apostasy from God. The social organism was becoming undermined by the microbes, first of all of riches. We were suffering from feverish unrest; there was little repose in the political, social, artistic, or domestic life of the nations. Life was lived in a whirlwind, tornado, hurricane; the very arteries of our cities were a nightmare, so that it did a man infinite credit to cross them without being pulverized by the rolling stock careening madly down the highways of our cities. But the maddest rush of all was the rush for wealth. Having lost sight of Almighty God men had lost all sense of proportion, and were falling down in shameful worship before the golden calf. Men measured happiness by wealth, and by wealth they measured respectability. What was it that created this greed of gold, this feverish thirst for it? It was wanted in both the old and the new world today, for the same reason as it was wanted in Rome and Athens before their fall. Men wanted riches because they wanted pleasure. Pleasure is a ready money business; it gives no credit and exacts the last farthing, hence bubble companies, money lending schemes, gambling hells, commission bribes, fraudulent foodstuffs, lying advertisements and exorbitant usurers. For God's sake let us find our relaxations in healthy recreation, not in decaying and degenerating practices. Father Vaughan referred to divorce, racial suicide, and the scrofulous literature and loose plays all prolific causes which went to explain the absence of that strong virile Christian character which is the supreme want of today. "Happy is the nation," they were told in the Holy Writ, "whose God is the Lord." Man was made to praise, reverence and serve God, he was sent into this world charged with a mission, deputed to a work. His first work, his primary duty was to build up his own character, to be his own self, to realize himself, to multiply his talents, to be worthy when rung up at the end of his work-a-day life, to hear the glorious greeting, "Well done good and faithful servant, because thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will place thee over many things; enter into the joy of thy Lord."

"There is nothing great but God and man is great in the measure of his nearness to Him. Before the world what is man? Politically, he is a vote, socially he is a card, financially he is a cheque; when he is travelling he is nothing more than a ticket, when in a hotel only a number, and when at work, at best, he is only a hand. It is only before God that he is a living, energizing immortal soul and let me, in conclusion, remind you of the Divine warning given to each one of us. "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul." It was not directly political, or social, or even religious reform that was preached by the Great Reformer, the Supreme Liberator, it was personal reform, it was "If thou wilt enter into life," "If thou wilt be perfect." When all individuals have reformed themselves they will have reformed the world."

Catholics are growing in numbers, while Protestants are diminishing and must soon die away. If I were Protestant I would urge the destruction of racial suicide else Catholicism will be in possession altogether.

It was a sermon more than a lecture, was the voiced sentiment of His Eminence Cardinal Logue in conveying a vote of thanks to the distinguished lecturer. And the Cardinal spoke of the feelings of 2,500 hearers who revelled in the bewitching imagery, chaste diction, lofty spirit and inspiring counsel of Father Vaughan. Father Vaughan is polished to the highest degree as a master orator. At times he swept in fierce denunciation and then broke into quip and merry jest. The alternate flashes of wit relieved his discourse, which painted society evils in sombre hues. Fearless and daring, he attacked the cherished social sins. No new gospel was urged, but with effectiveness he brought before the minds the beauty of goodness and the blackness of wrongdoing.

To the lover of epigram he was a storehouse of treasure. Such a phrase as "When you meet the devil give him a wide berth and tell him to go to hell," struck the audience very

forcefully. Again, "Nothing is so good in the world as love, Passion lasts but six months after marriage, but love endures for eternity."

What Ireland Wants.

Much of the doubt and uncertainty as to what the demand of Ireland for Home Rule really means is dispelled by an article by John Redmond, leader of the Irish party, in the British Parliament, in the current number of "McClure's Magazine."

Mr. Redmond says: "The Irish demand is, in plain and popular language, that the government of every purely Irish affair shall be controlled by the public opinion of Ireland, and by that alone. We do not seek any alteration of the constitution or supremacy of the imperial Parliament. We ask merely to be permitted to take our place in the ranks of those other portions of the British Empire—some twenty-eight in number—which in their own purely local affairs, are governed by free representative institutions of their own."

"The moderate, even modest, demand has its root alike in historic title and in the utter and disastrous failure of the attempt since 1800 to govern the Irish affairs by a British majority at Westminster. Historic title may count for little nowadays against superior force, but it is a potent influence in the hearts of Irishmen, and accounts for the passionate enthusiasm which has enabled them, in spite of suffering and disasters perhaps unparalleled in history, to preserve unimpaired the sentiment of their distinct and separate nationality."

"History proves Ireland's right to self-government," Mr. Redmond declares, "but aside from that her demand for Home Rule also has its root in the failure of England to govern her."

"What greater test of good government is to be found than the test of population?" Mr. Redmond asks. "In Ireland since 1841 the population has diminished by fifty per cent. In 1845 Ireland had three times as many people as Scotland and half as many as England. In fact, Ireland had one-third of the whole population of the United Kingdom. In sixty years her population has gone down by four millions. Ninety per cent. of those who left her shores were between the ages of ten and forty-five."

"Take the test of civil liberty. There has been a coercion act for every year since the Union, and even at this moment there is in existence on the statute book, a special law applicable to Ireland alone, which enables the lord lieutenant, without any check whatever upon his arbitrary will, to suspend trial by jury, personal liberty, freedom of discussion and the right of public meeting all over the country."

"There have been since the Union three armed insurrections, and to-day admittedly the overwhelming mass of the people are thoroughly disaffected to the system of government under which they are compelled to live."

The census figures show how Ireland's industrial prosperity was checked by the Act of the Union. The following is quoted by Mr. Redmond from the report of the last census commission for Ireland: "The number of persons engaged in Ireland in the production and distribution of textile fabrics has fallen away very considerably during the past thirty years. The totals recorded were, for 1871, 103,894, and for 1881, 129,787. In 1891 there was practically no change at 129,881, but in 1901 the numbers employed had fallen 109,588."

Referring to the returns for the latter year, the Commissioners observe: "In this marked decline of over fifteen and a half per cent., the males diminished by 8,804, and the females to the extent of 11,432. Looking at the principal textile manufactures, we find that by far the most important industry in the country, viz., the flax and linen industry, has lost over 17,000, nearly one-fifth of its workers, while those employed in the manufacture of woollen goods have suffered a corresponding reduction."

That Red Rose Tea is of surpassing quality is accepted everywhere it is used as an undisputed fact, but it is in the Maritime Provinces especially that it has by unvarying goodness so well earned the term "is good tea."



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ment, and charged with the management of purely Irish affairs; (land, education, local government, transit, labor, industries, taxation for local purposes, law and justice, police, etc.) leaving to the imperial Parliament, in which Ireland would probably continue to be represented, but in small numbers, the management, just as at present, of all imperial affairs—army, navy, foreign relations, customs, imperial taxation, matters pertaining to the crown, the colonies, and all those other questions which are imperial and not local in their nature, the imperial Parliament also retaining an overriding supreme authority over the new Irish legislature, such as it possesses today over the various legislatures in Canada, Australia, South Africa and other portions of the Empire."

The Ministry of a Smile.

In the vestibule of a certain hospital visitors see a card bearing this advice: "Never utter a discouraging word while you are in this hospital. You should come here only for the purpose of helping. Keep your hindering, sad looks for other places, and if you can't smile, don't go in."

"If you can't smile, don't go in!" It is good advice for others than hospital visitors. Who is beyond the ministry of a kindly smile? It is a tonic to the discouraged. It helps the little child for whom the world holds so much that makes afraid, and it cheers the aged who finds life unappealingly lonely. As King Arthur's court was built by music, so the happier life we all hunger for here upon earth is built in large part by the cheerful faces we see as we bear the load appointed for us.

"Smiles are as indispensable to true success in life as money, mind and might. As long as a man can smile he is not beaten. Not in hospitals only, then, but in the home and on the street there is call for the kindly sunny smile. The way to have it is to get the heart right with God, and then turn the eyes to the light, for the smile that helps is the smile of heaven, kindled joy and hope east and west."

At a dinner at Laffan House, his Long Island residence, Mr. Laffan of the New York Sun once said of writing:

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"To be brief and pointed, that is, in my mind, the secret of a good newspaper style. I may say I founded my own style on a remark made by a widow to a tombstone dealer. "This widow, a hard-featured woman, visited the dealer to tell him about the epitaph for her husband's tomb. "I don't want no windy, lyin' rubbish," she said, in a bitter voice. "Let it be sumpin short and simple, like this: "Hiram Simmons, Aged 78 Years. The good die young." -Sentinel.



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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS

Any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 21 years of age, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at said Agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader. Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least eighty acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister. In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside upon the homestead of pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra. A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years and cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$500. W. W. CORY, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior

THE PATTERN ON THE ISLAND.

THE LITTLE LASS, THE LOVER WHO WON HER HEART, AND THE MOTHER WHOSE PRAYER WAS ANSWERED.

It was a long way from Glendara to the town, first over the mountain and then along roads little less rough than the mere pony track. It may have been because of this that the donkey was weary and footsore, and passing the big barrack building she stumbled with her poor unshod feet and fell, working havoc with her load. Some half-grown chickens, a dozen or more, were flung from the creel and went fluttering down the road, each one trying to escape from the companion to whose feet it was tied. Then the rolls of butter that were wrapped in white cloths came tumbling into the dust, and of the basket of eggs little seemed left but a sticky, dripping mess. Only the wool bags remained in their places.

Last, or rather first to fall, was Mary Ellen, the Jewman's daughter. It was her first visit to the town, and the sight of the slated houses in the distance filled her with awe. She had gazed in wonder at the barracks and still more so at the smart khaki-clad figures, that, a moment before her fall, she had seen sauntering out through the gate. Then perhaps she was a little stunned, for she could not tell exactly what happened next. She was picked up from the road, and she felt an arm about her that was strong and very comforting. The coat sleeve that was rough against her cheek was the color of bog grass in the winter. Then a hand was put beneath her chin and her face was raised till her big, black, frightened eyes met a pair of laughing blue ones gazing down upon her. It was a goodly face to look upon. Little Mary Ellen was not the first by a great many who had found that out.

"Well," he said, "there's not much harm done after all, eh?" He was disappointed to find that the face upturned to his own was not a pretty one, but there was something appealing all the same in the big, dark eyes, and, smiling still, he bent his head, and kissed her on the lips.

Quick as lightning, with a sudden movement, she wrenched herself from his arms, and he, half-ashamed by her terror and amazement, bent sheepishly to pick up the butter that lay at his feet, while his companion, breathless and laughing, returned from a successful chase after two pairs of chickens. Mary Ellen's confusion passed unnoticed in the business of packing her feathered charges into their places again, a business that was accompanied by such noisy protests on their part, that any attempt at conversation would have been futile.

So her belongings were all packed as before, excepting only the poor eggs. But Mary Ellen herself refused to be lifted to her former seat, and with frightened, murmured thanks she went on her way this time in safety at the donkey's side. It was the first time in all her life that she had been entrusted with the week's marketing, and she had had to meet many curious glances during the first part of her journey. A few of the women had asked what ailed her mother, but for the most part she was allowed to pass unquestioned. The Jewman had never been popular in the district, and now that he was dead, it seemed as though the feeling of mistrust and strangeness that had hung about him was to be handed on to his little black-browed daughter, with the land and fortune he had toiled so hard to gain.

The wide stretch of grazing and the small tilled plots away in the heart of the mountains was a fine inheritance for a slip of a girl, but her father had made her work so hard in his lifetime that it seemed to have taken all youth or power of enjoyment from Mary Ellen. Her intercourse with the world had so far consisted in a few months' schooling long ago that the priest had insisted on, and after that she had seen no one but her parents and old John, the farm-boy. Except on Sundays, when she had crept down to the chapel, and had seen a few girls and boys, whom she was too frightened to address, and who on their part never spoke to her because of her father's unpopularity.

Then, just lately, elderly men had taken to coming up the Glen on Sunday afternoons to look at the land and the stock, and eventually to ask would they bring up a son or a nephew and her week to make a match be-

tween them and the owner of so desirable a holding. But Mary Ellen would have nothing to say to these would-be match-makers. She spoke little—not that she had much encouragement to do otherwise, for both her mother and old John were hard of hearing, but in her heart she used to wonder if there was any one in all the world who would ever want her for herself, not for the grazing and the cattle and the pigs. But even when such thoughts as these had dared to creep in through the grayness of her life, she had never imagined anything like the protection of that dun-colored arm, never dreamt before of what those told blue eyes had taught her in an instant.

The wonders of the town were lost upon her completely. She scarcely saw the difference between its paved streets and the rough road of Kildarragh village, which consisted of half a dozen cottages with the chapel at the end. She did her business mechanically, and then, with beating heart, set out upon her homeward way. But the barrack gate was deserted, and she had not even a second glimpse of Private John Wilson to dream of all the week. She did not often assert herself, but after all she was mistress, and when the market-day came round again she told her mother, who had now recovered from her "turn" of illness, that in future she meant to go to town herself.

She had thought and thought how best to thank him, and in the end she had plaited a basket of green rushes in which to carry a dozen of the freshest eggs, and had printed out what to her seemed the sweetest butter, and had wrapped it in a peculiar woman on purpose from the corner of this handkerchief there were two words outlined in colored cotton. Mary Ellen had taken her purchase out to the mountain, where the dead grasses were of a familiar yellow color, and for a long time she had studied those words, asking herself if she dared make use of the linen they ornamented.

"Ever thine!" No, the red letters stard her too boldly in the face, and running home, she washed and washed till all the color had come out, and yet, pale and unnoticeable, the message still was there.

Fortune favored her. Approaching the barracks for the second time, she dared not look up for fear of disappointment, and she wondered that the passers-by did not hear the beating of her heart. But he was there, and he accepted the little offering. Fresh eggs and butter had good commercial value in the general store downtown, where kind was taken as willingly as money, even for a drink. He said he would not keep the handkerchief or plate, and he promised Mary Ellen to have them ready for her on her return. But in the hour that passed before she came again he had had a conversation with a neighbor from Kildarragh, and had learned what Mary Ellen thought to keep so secret from him, that she was the owner of a fortune of three hundred pounds in the bank, and of a farm that was worth at least two hundred more.

"Here is the plate," he said, and he slipped it down between the parcels in the creel. "But I hadn't seen the handkerchief when I said I'd give it back." His hand went to the pocket in his tunic that was near his heart, and his eyes, bent on her, noted the dusky red that in an instant dyed the brown of her skin. After that to such an experienced campaigner all was the plainest sailing. Only, when he would have bidden her good-bye, the donkey came between them in a way to him unaccountable. And she, going homeward, whispered to herself: "Not again," and then, with a sigh that it was all content. "Not yet."

But very soon the time came. A few more trips to market, and then the Jewman's daughter was the happiest girl in all the length and breadth of Connaught, for the man she loved had asked her to be his wife.

His time in the army was nearly done. Only a few months and then all her life, so Mary Ellen thought, would be like the golden minutes that she lived on now from week to week. And in all the year her happiness could not have come to her at a better time, for the pattern day on the island was at hand, and all the world knows that lovers who pray at the saint's tomb on his feast are given lasting love and prosperity and the blessing of Heaven. It fell upon a Sunday, and John Wilson promised Mary Ellen he would go with her to the pattern. But promises are easily made, and a four-mile run in a Galway curragh was not to Private Wilson's taste. Duty in the army indisputably dispenses from any promise, and on the Saturday morning the post brought to Mary Ellen the only letter she had ever received.

"I can't come Sunday," it ran, for Private Wilson, though fluent at excesses, was not a scholar; "duy be for pleasure, so tak care of Jack's little girl."

The conclusion he had found popular with less sophisticated maidens than Mary Ellen, but to no other had it brought the joy it gave to her. She had looked forward to the long day they would spend together, but next to his presence this letter was to her the dearest thing in all the world.

She read it twenty times over, then folded it in the kerchief under her shawl. Her mother could not understand the happiness in her face when she came to tell her that she must go alone, with old John to row her to the pier on the morrow. But then her mother did not understand this marriage at all. Only Mary Ellen was content and the mother asked no more. All her life, under the harsh rule of the Jewman, her husband, she had writhed at the hardships that were making an old woman of her child before ever she had been young, and now, however the joy came in, Mary Ellen's life, she was satisfied.

It was barely light when the two went off to the pattern, the bent, deaf old man and the girl, almost pretty this morning in the radiance of her happiness. The wind was blowing in from the west, when the old

woman went down to the second Mass, and the waves, gray and sullen under a cloudy summer sky, showed patches of foam that bodied ill for those who were at sea. But coracles can weather most of the summer storms and no one felt anxiety for the pilgrims to the island. Coming back to the Glen, Mary Ellen's mother wondered to see two bicycles lying where the track led upward from the road, and with a sudden fear she hurried on to see what visitors had gone up in her absence.

There was no one in sight when she reached the house, but entering and passing to the inner room she saw from the window two figures clad in the yellow dun that Mary Ellen had described, and she knew that one must be her future son-in-law. Which it was she had not long to question, for, though unseen, she was close beside them and the voice of one was loud even in her dulled ears.

"Yes, with the cattle, it will bring every penny of two hundred pounds, and there's three hundred in the bank as well. Won't I have the snug little pub far enough away from this dead and alive part of the world with all that?"

"But what'll the wife say to selling?" She only guessed at this, for the second voice was no so clear.

"Phaw!" the answer came with a jeering laugh. "What'll that matter once I have the money?"

They passed on out of hearing, but for long, long moments the old woman never stirred. Then with a stricken moan she fell upon her knees. This was the man who held Mary Ellen's happiness, her very life.

"Oh God, spare her!" If heartfelt prayers go straight to heaven this one could not fail. "God of mercy, God of pity, spare her, spare her!"

She had no other words, only these, and over and over again they came from her heart to her lips. Even in the evening, when the pilgrims should have been returning, and nothing came up the Glen but the wind risen now to an angry roar, the mother's prayer never changed. She did not say, "Guard the sea," "Guard the curragh," "Bring my child home safe," but always, "Spare her, spare her, Lord God of pity."

And during the long, lonely night hours, while the wind moaned and sobbed through the Glen, there was still the shadow of a greater dread upon her than mere anxiety for the girl's return. Very early in the morning when the light was still dim and gray the old woman loosened the spacers from the donkey's legs and started down for the shore beside the village.

There had been many pilgrims making the pattern yesterday, and all the curraghs had weathered the storm saving only the one that the Jewman had never wasted money on repairing. No one had seen it founder, but when the news spread that Mary Ellen and old John were missing, people gathered along the rocks and on the strand, and with the turning of the tide the battered, broken old frame came in.

Later they found the girl herself. She had been cast up on the soft sand of a little cove, and her black hair, loosened by the waves, made a pillow underneath her head. She almost looked as though she were asleep, so peacefully was she resting, and on the little brown face there lingered something of yesterday's radiance. The beads on which she had prayed when doing the station on the island were twisted round one wrist and the dead fingers were clenched tightly on the wooden cross. The other hand was thrust into the folds of the kerchief on her bosom, and in it was a sodden pulp that once had been a letter.

The women gathered round, kneeling on the sloping strand, and one began to keen. Soon the others took it up till only the mother was silent, but she, kneeling, was praying her own prayer to God—and it was a prayer of thanks.—Alice Dease, in *Benzie's Magazine*.

Why Nature Supplies Us With Eyebrows.

(By Hereward Carrington.)

Marvellous contrivance; wonderful, this body of ours! When to stop to consider it we can see how very far any machine created by man is from approaching it in detail and complexity. The million things it can perform, that it can think of, all distinguish it from any other machine, and make it distinctly human. Let us see in what some of these wonders consist.

The bony skeleton that holds us erect is made from the food we eat—just as is our hair, our flesh, our eyes, every part of us. The dense, hollow skull protects the delicate thinking brain from injury. The human skin is one of the most wonderful fabrics in the world. Flexible as silk, resistant as steel, tinted like the petals of a flower, tough as leather, and almost translucent, it is the most superb non-conductor of electricity known. Its vitality is unconquerable, its power of repair almost unlimited. With a vascular mesh capable of containing half the blood in the body, it can adjust itself to almost any extreme of temperature. With nearly three million burning sweat glands, it is absolutely self-cleansing. Practically nothing can get through the skin; and even most of the medicines which are rubbed in and supposed to be absorbed are volatilized by the heat of the body and inhaled by the lungs, or else act on the imagination by their color and odor.

THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

But the wonders of the skin are as nothing to those of the nervous system. In the brain alone it has been calculated that we possess between nine and ten million coils of various shapes and sizes, and these are only a small proportion of the total mass of the brain. Everywhere, all over the body, these little "live wires" travel, carrying the mandates of the will. Strange as it may seem, nerves are exceedingly bad conductors of electricity—so bad that they may be said to be absolute non-conductors. Yet the life force is assuredly akin to electricity.

Every part and organ of the body

has its appropriate uses. Even the eyebrows serve a useful purpose. Apart from their use in adding to the beauty of the face they prevent perspiration from running down the forehead into the eyes. The tiny hairs in the nose prevent the ingress of solid particles, which would otherwise gain admission and cause trouble in the breathing apparatus. The wax in the ears, thought by some to be useless or "dirty," is of great value. It gathers up solid particles and retains them; it prevents the entrance of insects, which might otherwise attack the ear-drum and cause great trouble. As it is, they get their feet caught in the wax, as they do in "tanglefoot fly paper," and are easily extracted. The eyelashes add beauty to the face and prevent all sorts of small objects from entering the eyes. Hair generally grows on the most fertile spots of the body—those which are most abundantly watered by the moisture of the body. The nails and the hair are of almost identical composition and structure—though so unlike apparently; and, while the former protect the fingers, the latter keeps the head warm, and should protect the neck if our hair were worn long, as it should be.

OUTER SKIN USEFUL.

Nothing is useless. It may be thought that the outer layer of the skin—composed as it is entirely of dead cells, cast off from the lower layers—is useless. Not at all! Without this layer of dead cells we should be so sensitive that the slightest touch would cause us agony. We should even be unable to wear our clothes. More than that, we should be open to every blood disease which touched us with its virus. We know that, as it is, we are safe until the skin is punctured, and the poison finds its way into the blood stream. But without this top layer of cells we should be poisoned all the time, and the race would become extinct before many moons had passed.

Perhaps other creatures offer us even a more certain indication of marvellous design in this connection than the body of man. The sting of a certain Indian fly, for instance, is one such example. When seen through a magnifying glass it is found to be composed of three sharp blades folded into one with their cutting edges outward and running down to one fine point. When the fly inserts this up to the hilt in its victim the three blades fly apart, and then it is seen that each inner edge is a beautiful saw, worked by six separate muscles, so that in drawing the instrument it rips its way out along with a gush of blood. But now comes the most curious provision of all. It would not do to fold up these blades with the blood adhering to them, so each blade is provided at its base with a fine brush of hairs growing out of an oil gland, which provides an antiseptic secretion to keep the blades clean! What could be more marvellous, more an evidence of design, than this?

Late Hours.

I do not know just where to place the blame, but I do know that something is wrong with the home or its inmates when I find boys and girls on the streets at all hours of the night. If the home surroundings are all right, that is one point in favor of the parents; if not, it is one point in excuse for the boys and girls. Still, I know of homes that are comfortable and pleasant, and yet they are not used or appreciated by the growing up boys and girls except as places in which to eat and sleep. Why are they, then, on the streets, or worse still in the parks? Is it because they have parents who are not strict enough to make their children appreciate a good home, but who, for peace sake, allow them to go out at night, and never question them as to where they go or with whom they associate. Many times they ask the question when it is too late. An officer lately said: "I have more hope for the boy who steals than for one who stays out at night. The boy who steals does one wrong. It is definite and may be corrected. There's a chance to reform him. But the boy who makes a practice of staying away from home at night is bad. When a boy or girl doesn't feel the

desire to come back at night to parents and the place where they were reared, and where their interests should lie, they are bad. There is something wrong in their nature. This is the sort of boy who commits small burglaries that trouble the police. Bad companions picked up at night, in many cases, work untold harm. With girls, it is the same. Easier to reform a girl who has stolen than one habituated to late dances and late hours." We trust parents will take these words to heart, and often ask themselves: "Where are the children to-night?"—Augustine.

ASEPTO SOAP POWDER sweetens the home YOUR GROCER SELLS IT

ASEPTO SOAP POWDER sweetens the home YOUR GROCER SELLS IT



Advertisement for Pommel Slicker, a dry saddle when it rains. Includes image of a rider and text: 'A DRY SADDLE WHEN IT RAINS IF YOU WEAR TOWER'S FISH BRAND POMMEL SLICKER'.

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. G. Gates, Son & Co.'s, Middleton, N. S.

Large advertisement for Amherst Make Excels shoes. Features a detailed illustration of a shoe with labels: 'CHOICE UPPER STOCK', 'SOLID LEATHER HEEL STIFFENER', 'WAX SEWED SEAMS', 'SKILLED WORKMANSHIP', 'TOUGH SOLID LEATHER OUT AND INSOLES', 'DOUBLE TIPS', '7 POINTS - THE PERFECT NUMBER'.

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, Overall, Etc., Etc. Macgillivray & McDonald Opposite Post Office.

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 Armagh owned by the undersigned is offered for sale. It consists of 397 acres of excellent land, on which there is abundance of hard and soft wood. For further particulars apply to Mrs. Edward J. Oddy, Raslo, E. C.

DRUMMOND COAL

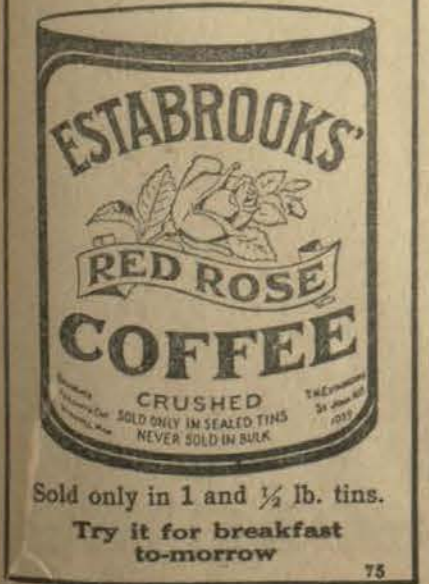
Intercolonial Coal Mining Company, Limited, Westville, Nova Scotia. For Sale at Antigonish by JAMES KENNA HUGH D. MCKENZIE, Agent, St. Paul Building, - Halifax.

LAND SALE.

In the County Court, for District No. 6, Between D. GRANT KIRK, Plaintiff, and JOHN J. MCINTOSH, Defendant. To be sold at public auction by the Sheriff of Guysborough County, or his Deputy, at the Court House, Guysborough, in the County of Guysborough, on 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, against 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 Goshen, in the Co. of Guysborough, and bounded and described as follows: 1st Lot: Beginning at a stake two rods East of the Bridge at tannery, running down stream five rods to a stake, thence eastwardly five rods to a post marked "A", thence four rods and ten links to a stake marked "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 Goshen, 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 the 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 westerly thirty rods and thirteen links to a stake marked "A", thence westerly 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 Goshen on the East side of the road to Country Harbour and East side of the road to Fisher's Mill and beginning at a corner of land granted to late Alexander Sinclair thence northerly 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 northerly along said fence to place of beginning, containing two acres, more or less, being same lot described by above mentioned Alex Sinclair to Margaret Jordan as per Reg. Bk E, page 207. The said lands having been levied on under an execution issued out of the Honourable Court on a judgment recovered herein, which was duly recorded for upwards of one year. Terms: Ten per cent deposit at time of sale, remainder on delivery of deed. A. J. O. McGUIRE, Sheriff of Guysborough County, ALLAN MACDONALD, Plaintiff's Solicitor on Execution. Dated Sheriff's office, Sept. 12, 1910.

Estabrooks' Coffee is quality coffee from top to bottom of the double sealed air tight tin. It is as easy to brew as Red Rose Tea with an equal result in goodness. The final proof is in the steaming, fragrant breakfast cup.



ESTABLISHED, 1852

THE CASKET

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

Subscriptions Payable in Advance

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

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

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13.

THE OCTOBER DEVOTIONS — THE ROSARY.

It was in the reign of Pope Leo XIII that October became "Rosary Month." Our readers will remember when he called upon the Catholic world to observe this month by the use of this beautiful devotion.

That a devotion so admirably conceived has become the delight of the pious, and the refuge and appeal of the repentant sinner, in every land beneath the sun, is surely not surprising.

And, since we must pray, since we have nothing reasonably to hope for if we do not pray, how shall we pray? How, better than in the Rosary?

We have known some men who seem to think that the Rosary was a good devotion for old women who had plenty of time. Prince Eugene of Savoy, the victorious general of the eighteenth century, the sly of the English army under Marlborough, wore his beads beside his sword, and said them always before going into battle.

And no prayers have been more warmly pressed upon us by the popes than the Rosary. Twenty-seven popes have endowed it with indulgences.

Our London Letter.

LONDON, Sept. 29, 1910.

Last Sunday these Catholics who make a practice of rushing from one spiritual attraction to another, itinerant churchgoers who never spend two consecutive Sundays in the same Church unless some particularly eloquent or favourite preacher occupies the pulpit for a course of sermons, had quite an embarras de richesses of events to follow.

But perhaps the greatest number foregathered at Islington, for at St. John's was held the annual celebration of the anniversary of the Eucharistic Congress. Solemn Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament lasted from the High Mass till the evening service, and during the day crowds filled the Church to adore the Blessed Sacrament, while in the sanctuary a guard of honour of the members of the Guild in their handsome crimson and black mantles designed from mediaeval garments of the kind, and wearing the Congress medal which has been taken as the symbol of the Guild, kept watch.

And if London was more than usually interesting Salford was en fête, and the devoted Catholics of the North, old friends and new, flocked to the oldest Catholic Cathedral in England since the Reformation to join in the thanksgiving for the diamond jubilee of its dignity as the seat of a bishop.

Surely many a Catholic, Scot and Saxon too, must have breathed a prayer for their brave Catholic ancestors, on Tuesday, when under a brilliant sky Sir George Douglas unveiled the noble Celtic Cross, a monolith in grey granite, which stands upon Flodden Field and is dedicated to the memory of the brave of both nations.

lic King James wore around his body an iron belt in penance for the deeds which wicked men had forced him into when in his boyhood he was led against his father, and that it was the absence of this belt which cast the doubt that lingered in Scottish hearts for many years that their King was yet alive.

The Catholic Women's League, which only a few days ago was giving us an example of world wide unity and organisation in its Brussels Congress, is now leading the way in the Winter Sessions which are approaching by instituting a series of Lectures of particular interest and value to the student, or to those who are attracted by the past, or the varying study of economics and psychology.

I have before referred to the various actions by which the West Riding County Council has shown its animosity to Catholic schools. Only a short time since a priest secured a victory on the question of a new Catholic school which the above authority had refused to sanction.

Sunday and Monday brought back to our shores a large number of the happy pilgrims who were privileged to assist at the New World's glorious act of reparation to the Blessed Sacrament.

Four bishops and over 150 Monsignori and other dignitaries assisted a few days since at the solemn opening of the new Church of St. Mary, Lanark, which is built on the site of that most unfortunately destroyed by fire, and promises to be one of the finest Gothic structures in the North when its adornment is completed.

While we are on the subject of the North we are naturally drawn to the thought of its ancient tongue, and on two or three occasions lately Catholic priests have been identified with movements having for their object the revival of Gaelic as a living language.

native tongue will have a good opportunity of convincing themselves it is not the hard angular unpoetic speech which perhaps it looks for, with the Scottish National Concerts coming on, the numerous recitations of Irish poems and songs organised by the Gaelic League, they will soon feel the fascination of its soft vibrating phrases, than which none are more beautiful when spoken with real feeling, which of course means real understanding.

Dedication of the Chapel of the Holy Family at Eskasoni, C. B.

Sunday, Oct. 9th, 1910, will henceforth appear on the Micmac Calendar for Cape Breton as a special day. Representatives of the early settlers of the Island foregathered at Eskasoni to witness the blessing and laying of the corner stone of the new prayer house and the dedication of the edifice to the service of God.

How few knew that within hearing of the dream-troubled murmurs of the sleeping Bras d'Or, the swish of saw and the thud of hammer were slowly but surely co-operating to bring into being the domus Dei that on this Lord's day was set apart for God's service!

The blessing was done by the Inoit Pallas, the Indian Patriarch himself, Father Pacific, the Capuchin of Restigouche. He has mastered the sentence-words of these aborigines and, whilst doing so, he has had no use for Thing-a-bobs' Digestion Tablets, as he found that work was cheaper and more effective.

Enclosed within the corner stone were Micmac and English copies of the following:

"On the 9th of October, in the year of Our Lord, 1910, Pius X. being Supreme Pontiff; Rev. H. P. MacPherson, D. D., Administrator of the diocese of Antigonish, S. V., after the death of the Right Rev. John Cameron, who donated \$50 to the building of this prayer house; Rev. A. R. Macdonald, missionary of these parts; George V. reigning over Britain and the Dominions over seas; Lord Grey, Governor-General of Canada; John Deny, Chief of Eskasoni; the Indian Missionary, Father Pacific, holding authority from the aforementioned Administrator, laid the corner-stone of this church, dedicated to the service of God under the patronage of the Holy Family; the first title given to the mission at Chapel Island by Father Maillard, there being present Revs. A. R. McDonald, P. P., of Christmas Island, and D. McPherson, P. P., of Glendale; High Chief John Deny; Chiefs Mathew Francis, Merigomish, Stephen Christmas, Sydney; Captains Simon Basque, Whyecocmagh; Stephen Simor, Middle River; P. Bernard, Eskasoni; Noel Jerome, North Sydney; Thomas Marshall, Chapel Island.

"The church is 50 feet long, 32 feet wide, 18 feet in the post, and 18 in the rafter. I have signed this paper. Wrapped in birch bark, it was enclosed within the cavity of the corner-stone. (Signed)

"FATHER PACIFIC." From now on the struggle will be to get the interior finished. What a beautiful opportunity for the charitably inclined. COM.

Temperance Resolutions.

PRESBYTERIAN SYNOD, AT NEW GLASGOW, OCT. 6, 1910.

- 1. The Synod cordially commends the action of the Government of Nova Scotia in passing the Nova Scotia Temperance Act, embodying the principles of Prohibition and Government Enforcement, regrets that it does not include the whole of the Province in its prohibitive features, and respectfully and earnestly urges upon the Government the necessity of mending the law, so as to bring the whole Province under Prohibition, and make the Act thoroughly effective in all its details.
2. The Synod commends the work of the Nova Scotia Temperance Alliance, and especially of its indefatigable Secretary, the Rev. H. R. Grant, whose untiring and self-denying efforts have done so much to procure improved Temperance Legislation, and to promote an advanced temperance sentiment and practise in our Province.
3. The Synod urges the Assembly's Board on Moral and Social Reform to take determined steps towards the abolition of the sale and use of liquors, within the precincts of the Federal Parliament Buildings.
4. The Synod notes with great satisfaction the marked decrease in convictions for drunkenness and crime in recent years in P. E. I., as shown by the reports in Criminal Statistics for the Dominion and believing that this decrease is largely due to the enactment and enforcement of the Provincial Prohibitory Law, and whereas, efforts are now being made to further improve that law: the Synod commends these efforts to the favorable consideration of the Government of Prince Edward Island.
5. The Synod would join with other bodies of citizens in New Brunswick, in pressing upon the Government of that Province the necessity of enacting a Provincial Prohibitory Law.

The meeting of the British Parliament is little more than a month away—the date is November 15—and the members will return from their holidays prepared to take part in proceedings of momentous importance. It is the general expectation that this will be the last meeting of the parliament—which is not a year old. It is uncertain yet what the issues in the expected contest may be, for nobody outside of a small circle knows what has been done in the conference over the House of Lords question. Neither Mr. Asquith nor Mr. Balfour is disclosing his mind on political issues, but the party workers are getting ready for the battle. It is somewhat suggestive that the London correspondent of the New York Tribune, whose sympathies are with the Unionists' tariff reform ideas, inclines to the view that the Liberals will go into the fight with better prospects of success than their opponents, judging from the present outlook.

RESIDENTS OF INVERNESS CO.

I present to your patronage my branch store opened on Oct. 12th in Inverness, C. B. MR. FRED. MONAHAN, an expert Optician, Watchmaker and Engraver, is in charge. There you will find a select line of Rings, Watches and Jewelry for you inspection. All work will be guaranteed, and no charge will be made for Eye Examination. Yours very truly,

WALLACE The Jeweler and Optician Antigonish, N. S.

FALL OVERCOATS

We are showing the handsomest line of overcoats ever offered, ready-to-wear garments that have good fabrics, graceful draping, liberal proportion, character in every line, and fine tailoring to make them thoroughly distinctive.

Come and see what we call values in

- Overcoats at \$6.00
Overcoats at \$8.00
Overcoats at \$10.00
Overcoats at \$12.00
Overcoats at \$15.00

We are the sole agents for the

Presto Convertable Collar

The collar that gives you two coats for one. Men, women and children will find the Presto Collar a valuable addition to their outer garments.

A. KIRK & COMPANY

The Royal Bank of Canada
Capital and Reserve Fund \$10,900,000.00
Branches throughout Canada.
London, Eng., Branch opened Sept. 1st, '10
Established in Antigonish over 30 years.
Saving's Bank accounts may be opened for small or large deposits.
Antigonish Branch J. F. BLAGDON, Manager

THOMAS SOMERS
General Store.
On the way another car of that celebrated JEWEL FLOUR also Bran and Oats.
Ready-Made Clothing
Another lot of ready-made clothing for Men, Youths and Children in the latest patterns just in.
Boots and Shoes
We are leaders in offering good serviceable footwear. A large stock to select from.
Brantford Carriages
for sale on favorable terms. CARRIAGE CANOPIES (can be used on any carriage) CARRIAGE DUSTERS, etc.
Dairy Supplies
Headquarters for all DAIRY SUPPLIES. Highest market price allowed for all produce.
THOMAS SOMERS



Lifebuoy soap is delightfully refreshing for bath or toilet. For washing undereclothing it is unequalled. Cleanses and purifies.

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Through tickets for sale, and baggage checked by Railway agents.

For all information apply to Plant Line Agents at Halifax.

R. L. CHIPMAN, Manager.

## Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing

The undersigned is now prepared to do the highest grade of work on all watches, clocks and jewelry entrusted to him.

Your jewelry repairs will be correctly and promptly attended to, at a moderate charge, if you leave them with

**Pratt The Jeweler,**

Main St. First door west of R. R. Griffin's office

## When You Want Society Supplies

Such as Badges, Pins, Buttons, for League of the Cross and Auxiliaries' Holy Name Society, St. Aloysius Sodality, or any Society you belong to, or

**Souvenir Spoons** as prizes for K of C, C. B. A., L. O. C., or P. W. A., send to us. We will send samples and prices upon request.

**T. P. TANSEY**  
14 Drummond St. MONTREAL



## West End Livery Stable

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

In connection with our Stables, Horses allowed on hand for sale.

**C. B. WHIDDEN & SON,**  
Head of Main Street : : Antigonish  
Telephone 23.

## Inverness Railway & Coal Co

INVERNESS, CAPE BRETON  
Miners and shippers of the celebrated

**Inverness Imperial Coal**  
SCREENED  
RUN OF MINE  
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First-Class for both domestic and steam purposes

**COAL! COAL!**  
Shipping facilities of the most modern type at Port Hastings, C. B., for prompt loading of all classes and sizes of steamers and sailing vessels. Apply to

**INVERNESS RAILWAY & COAL CO**  
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J. McGillivray, Superintendent, Inverness, N.S.  
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## MISSIONS!

**POINTERS**  
I have full stocks of up-to-date, first quality Mission Goods, and Missions can be supplied promptly on short notice.

There are several grades of goods—ideal only in the best.

**IMPORTANT**  
Every article is marked with its retail price, so that a child could conduct the sale. All goods unsold may be returned to me, at my expense. See my Mission circular as to amount of profit guaranteed. Remember the address

**J. J. M. LANDY**  
Importer and Manufacturer.  
416 Queen St., West, Toronto  
Phone Coll 305.

## British Men of Mark.

Mr. Lloyd-George now wields an influence in the Liberal party second only to that of the Prime Minister. To strong mental and moral qualities he adds the gift of a winning personality. Magnetism and personal charm are no small aids to a statesman in these days of popular appeal.

Another Liberal Minister, Mr. Churchill, has the attribute of magnetism in high degree, but in his case it is magnetism without charm. He lacks the suavity and the amiability which are such marked characteristics of the Chancellor. The complex texture of Mr. Churchill's mind is shot with gleams of genius. At his best he is the most eloquent and stimulating orator in the House of Commons. By common consent, his speech on the House of Lords question was the finest delivered during the debate on the veto resolutions. But he is often not at his best, and then he can be very pedestrian. For all his rich dower of talents, Mr. Churchill has not made progress in the present session. Somehow he conveys the impression of fretfulness and instability. Knowledge and power have come to him early, but wisdom lingers.

Sir, Edward Grey, whom all Liberals hold in high regard, lives like a God on Olympus, remote from the mundane life of the House of Commons. He is lost from view in the recesses of the Foreign Office, and some new members of the House of Commons have not yet seen his face. Foreign affairs seem, in fact, to have passed out of the region of Parliamentary government. This is bad for the House of Commons, and it cannot be good for the Foreign Office. Only the confidence reposed in Sir Edward Grey's character has prevented loud murmurs against this policy of secrecy and seclusion.

The Government has held its own without difficulty in the House of Commons. A barren session gives few opportunities to Ministers, but in such debates as have taken place the honors were invariably with Mr. Asquith and his colleagues. In ability and variety of talent, the Government entirely outmatches the Opposition. It is a Cabinet of strong men, and there are large reserves of talent in the lower ranks of the hierarchy, where serve men like Mr. Masterman, Colonel Seely, Mr. Montagu, Mr. Mallet, Dr. Macnamara, and Mr. Lambert. The Government has been exceptionally fortunate in its new Chief Whip. It is no easy task to maintain the integrity of a majority composed of three separate forces, but the Master of Elibank has been equal to every occasion. He is the ablest Whip the Liberals had since the days of Mr. Marjoribanks. He has shown extraordinary tact and ability in circumstances of unusual difficulty.

Among the Conservatives, Mr. Balfour towers in lonely eminence, like a lofty peak rising out of a featureless tableland. In intellectual subtlety, in debating power, in charm of manner, he has no superior in the House of Commons. No more gracious and attractive figure adorns our Parliamentary life. The Conservatives are proud of Mr. Balfour, but mingled with their pride is a strange distrust. These honest, simple, country gentlemen are dazzled by his brilliancy and perplexed by his subtlety. They would like better a leader of less polish and more vigor, one who would show greater ardor in the pursuit. Mr. Balfour is constantly depressing Tariff Reformers by his philosophic doubts and damaging admissions. What chance of success is there for a crusade led by a sceptic?

The ablest of Mr. Balfour's lieutenants is Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who, maturing late, is still developing steadily as a Parliamentarian, and now belongs to the front rank of debaters. His speeches denote a man of character and purpose. Mr. Bonar Law is the only other member of the front Opposition bench who has made his mark this year.

Of the unofficial Conservatives, Mr. F. E. Smith is the man richest in promise. He has taken a great stride forward in the present session. No longer can we dismiss him lightly as a careless gaillard. He has expanded

## GAS ON THE STOMACH

Relieved at Once by Father Morriscy's No. 11 Tablets.

Many people find that no matter how carefully they watch their diet and deny themselves this, that or the other favorite dish, still after every meal gas forms in the stomach and everything seems to turn sour.

Besides causing great discomfort, this condition makes it impossible to get the full benefit from the food eaten, and the body is continually starving with a full stomach.

Father Morriscy's No. 11 Tablets promptly relieve this and other stomach disorders. Each Tablet has the power of digesting a pound and three-quarters of food, so that even though the stomach may be in a very bad or weakened condition one tablet taken after each meal will insure proper digestion and prevent sourness, gas in the stomach, pain or discomfort.

The case of Miss Maggie Leahy, of West Franklin, Ont., is a sample of what Father Morriscy's No. 11 Tablets can do. Writing on Jan. 5th, 1910, she says:

"Your No. 11 Stomach Tablets suit my case exactly, as I am ever so much better since using them than I had been for the last seven years. I could hardly eat anything that would not turn sour on my stomach, or cause gas. My Doctor said it was Catarrh of the Stomach. I had no pain, but gas after eating. The first tablet I took gave me relief, and I am still continuing their use."

If you happen to eat a little too much for dinner, or something that does not agree with your Stomach, just take a No. 11 Tablet and you will feel all right in a few minutes.

If you have been troubled with Indigestion or Dyspepsia a course of Father Morriscy's No. 11 Tablets will soon put your stomach into a healthy condition again.

50c. a box at your dealer's, or from Father Morriscy Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B.

into a serious politician. There is still the old flash of liveliness in his speeches, but they have now thought and earnestness as well. The mandarins of Toryism have no liking for the member for Walton, who has not even a nodding acquaintance with the great territorial interest which is so potent a factor in the councils of Toryism. But he has fought his way into the charmed circle and cannot be ignored. If Toryism is ever again to be reconciled to the favor of the masses of the British people it will be through men like Mr. F. E. Smith.

Lord Hugh Cecil has not yet regained the high position into which he leapt at a bound in the Parliament of 1905. In the early weeks of the present session he seemed to have lost his self-possession, and when on his feet was nervous and distraught. The nervousness has now worn off, those troublesome arms that waved awkwardly like the sails of a windmill are kept under control, and in the last couple of months Lord Hugh's speeches had the old sparkle, audacity and epigrammatic flavor. He is emphatically a force to be reckoned with. A product of the cultured landowning class, his speeches call up visions of old rural England—the England of the pleasant country mansion, with the snug village clustering around the ancient church, and a dependent but not unhappy peasantry. But this amiable feudalism belongs to the past. Lord Hugh Cecil, with his land and church traditions, is a much less champion of his party than Mr. F. E. Smith, who represents the jolly, heedless, pagan Toryism of our great towns.

Of the new Tory members, only one, Mr. Steel-Maitland, has so far won the ear of the House. A young man of solid rather than showy parts, he brings into politics a high seriousness, is well-informed, and speaks admirably. For the rest, Mr. Balfour's new supporters are an undistinguished lot. There are 105 more Conservatives in this House of Commons than in its predecessor. Not half a dozen of them have made any kind of mark in debate. For all the additions to its numerical strength, mediocrity is still the distinguishing mark of the Opposition. Most of the new Conservative members are connected with the land or the army, or both. Physically they are fine men, tall, well-made, with open, candid faces, and with all the freshness and elasticity that comes from an open life. They have applied themselves with zest to their new duties in the House of Commons, and are regular in their attendance. The House is a much more interesting place than they expected. Its full, rich and varied life has come to them as a revelation. They feel strongly, but they are fair antagonists and play the game with scrupulous regard for the rules. They listen with polite attention even to the highly-flavored rhetoric of the Labor members on whom they look with curious interest, as though they had emerged from some strange under-world. The England of these comfortable Tories is an England of country houses and the Services. They are very patriotic, but their stock of political ideas is of the scantiest. Devotion to the landed interest, dread of labor, an unreasonable dislike of Germany, a touching belief in protection—the honest fellows really think they can make the foreigner pay—these are the articles of their political faith. What promise is there here for England, or for the British Empire in the days that are to come?—*Toronto Globe.*

## Spain's Leprosy Colony.

It is generally admitted that leprosy made its first appearance in Spain and other countries of western Europe shortly after the return of the troops of Pompey the Great from their military operations in Syria and Egypt, namely about the year 60 B. C. The conditions for the spread of the dreadful disease seem to have been such that it established itself and caused frightful ravages among the people, although explicit details are wanting in the writings that have come down to us from those troubled times. It must have lingered in the land even after its first display of virulence had passed, for the primitive habits of the people and their ignorance of hygienic precautions against possible contagion could not have stood them in great stead where there was question of its insidious attack.

History tells us that Alfonso III., King of Leon, had a son, Fruela by name, who died in 923, a victim of a hideous disease which the chroniclers call leprosy, this being the only known case connected with the Spanish royal house. It was not until a hundred and fifty years after his death, however, that the first lazaretto for lepers was established in Spain by the renowned warrior, El Cid Campeador, around whose memory legend has woven so many romantic tales. Founded in 1067, the hospital of the Cid was one of nineteen hundred similar institutions in Western Europe which responded to the crying need of the times.

There was a very celebrated lazaretto in Seville, which owed its foundation to St. Ferdinand, known in profane history as Ferdinand III., King of Castile and Leon, who, shortly after his triumphant entry in 1248, in that proud stronghold of the Moor, ordered that shelter should be provided in the suburb of Macarena for the lepers of the city. His son and successor, Alfonso the Wise, transferred the hospital to another part of the city, and endowed it with many valuable properties and privileges.

Wishing to make more suitable provision for the lepers of their kingdom, Ferdinand and Isabella issued a decree in 1477, which established a special board of "superintendents of lepers," whose chief duty must have been to watch over the isolation of the victims of the malady, for the medical skill of the day was powerless to do more than alleviate the misery of the patients, if it could do as much. The sanitary regulations which the board introduced and strictly enforced well-nigh stamped out the disease in Spain.

The lazaretto in Seville received from the royal pair even more

being the right to one-fifth of the real and personal property of every leper dying in the kingdom. If the deceased left neither children nor grandchildren, the hospital was entitled to his whole estate. The one obligation on the part of the patients was "to pray for those who had founded and helped the hospital," where they were supplied with all things necessary for their bodily and spiritual well-being.

As time rolled by, the great hospital met with reverses. For nearly three centuries after the decree of Ferdinand and Isabella it continued in the enjoyment of its princely prerogatives, but then set in the period of decay. One by one, its exemptions and privileges were disregarded or cancelled, until in 1854, when by the withdrawal of the royal patronage, its ruin became complete, even the buildings having fallen into dilapidation and decay. Though the inmates at the time were only twenty-nine in number, the income of the institution was not sufficient to furnish them with proper food and attendance. This state of neglect and destitution continued until 1864, when extensive repairs were made and the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul were placed in charge of the renewed and restored institution. But, after all, the place was only a hospital with its courtyard and small grounds. The patients who were able to do some little work had no place in which to busy themselves or while away the time, which must often have hung heavy on their hands.

It is now about sixty years since the marked increase of leprosy in the maritime provinces, especially in the South, called the attention of the medical profession to the danger of a renewal of the widespread evil of earlier times. Valencia was the first to realize the danger, when the vital statistics of 1843 showed that during the preceding forty years the number of deaths from that disease had reached forty, and that twenty-six other cases were known. The number of lepers that were hidden away in remote villages might be much greater. Yet no sweeping changes were attempted in the sanitary regulations of the province or the kingdom, for the cabinets changed so frequently and questions of finance, commerce and agriculture clamored so loudly for ministerial attention that the lepers of Valencia and Alicante were disregarded if not forgotten. Outside of some general regulations issued in 1878, the government did nothing to hinder the spread of the disease. These regulations were less efficacious than those of Ferdinand and Isabella, back in 1477.

But private zeal and charity were to come to the rescue of the victims of government indifference and neglect. It was near Christmas, 1901, that a priest and a lawyer, who were spending a few days in the little town of Tomos, chanced to learn of the existence in the neighborhood of a poor leper, whose only attendant was an old man almost as helpless as the patient himself. The townspeople stood in such fear of the sick man that they would not go near his door, and the attendant never crossed the sill. Far into the night the priest and the lawyer discussed the question of caring suitably for those who were thus excluded from the society of the living, and yet could not be reckoned with the dead. Then was born the project of a leper colony, where all that religion and science could do for the alleviation of bodily and spiritual maladies might be put into practice under the most favorable conditions.

A preliminary organization was formed at Gandia, where an enthusiastic meeting, held in the ancestral home of the Marchioness de la Roca, in April, 1902, resulted in the election of Don Juan Vallier, son of the Marquis de Gonzalez to the office of President of the "National Leprosy Colony of St. Francis Borgia." Organized and incorporated as a charitable society, it met with the enthusiastic approbation of Cardinal Herrero, Archbishop of Valencia, and of the Spanish hierarchy in general. Then began the work of soliciting funds and selecting a site for the first attempt at an agricultural colony for isolating, housing and suitably employing the distressed objects of the society's care. An ideal place was found in the valley of Fontilles, where a tract of about one hundred and sixty acres was bought for the first colony. Protected on the North and West by mountains and hills and sloping towards the East and the South, it is the home of the grape, the olive and the orange. The soil is fertile and a copious spring supplies an abundance of water for the use of the colonists. Three buildings have already been put up and others will be erected as fast as circumstances permit; but as there are upwards of 2,000 known lepers in the kingdom, only a beginning has thus far been made towards providing for their proper care. Not only will the patients have sanitary surroundings, wholesome food, and the devoted care of the Sisters of Charity, but the Medical Institute of Valencia, under the Presidency of Dr. Vincen e Carsi, will undertake a careful study of their condition in hopes of discovering a specific for their ailment, or at least of lessening their sufferings.

Thus far, the Spanish Government has granted no subsidy to the colony, but the provincial and municipal authorities have set aside small annual grants towards its maintenance and development. It is plain, therefore, that if many poor lepers are to profit by the Colony of St. Francis Borgia, the charity of the faithful must come to the help of the institution. For the sake of arousing interest in their afflicted brethren and of inviting contributions of the faithful to so worthy an undertaking, committees have been formed in the principal cities, including Madrid and Barcelona. In the meanwhile, the good work is progressing under the immediate direction of the Rev. Carlos Ferris, S. J., who, with the authorization of his superiors, has established himself at the colony as chaplain and spiritual adviser.—*D. P. S. in America.*

The editor who gave up his seat to a lady on the train said he "was crowded out to make room for more interesting matter."

# Two Minute Talks About PANDORA RANGE for Coal or Wood

Of course the Pandora Range is a few dollars more than an ordinary range. But it will soon pay for itself in the fuel it will save for you.

The Pandora Flue System and Wide Fire Box, designed by our brainy stove experts, save about half a ton of coal per year, because they supply more air than the flue systems and fire boxes of ordinary ranges, causing better combustion of fuel.

The Steel Oven saves some more fuel, because it heats up more rapidly than a cast iron oven. The heavy Fire Clay Coating on the main bottom of range prevents any heat wasting towards the floor. It drives the heat back into the oven, and thus saves still more fuel.

But the big economizing feature is this: The draft for cooking on top of the range is also the draft for baking in the oven. The heat does double duty and your fuel bill is largely reduced.

Get the Pandora—the range that pays for itself. No other range is high-class enough for you.

## McClary's Stands for Guaranteed Quality

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.S., Hamilton, Calgary

For Sale by D. G. KIRK

# MOIR'S CHOCOLATES



Added sweets to the "game of love" are present when Moir's Chocolates are on the scene. No girl can resist their tempting deliciousness. Daintiest, richest, most superb-tasting of chocolate bon-bons.

Moirs, Limited, Halifax, Canada

## It Works While They Work

If horses go lame, you don't have to lay them off to cure them. Kendall's Spavin Cure works while they work—and cures them while they earn their keep. For Spavin, Curb, Ringbone, Splint, Sprain, Swollen Joints, Lameness

**Kendall's Spavin Cure**  
"Completely Cured Him"

"Two years ago, I bought a colt that was badly spavined, and completely cured him with only two bottles of your Spavin Cure. Worked him steady all the time and sold him last winter for a top price." Howard Brock, Enosbury Falls, N.Y.

Also famous as the standard family liniment \$1 a bottle—6 for \$5. Ask your dealer for free copy of our book "A Treatise on The Horse," or write us, 53 DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosbury Falls, N.Y.

**The Old Folks**  
find advancing years bring an increasing tendency to constipation. The corrective they need is "NA-DRU-CO" Laxatives

Entirely different from common laxatives. Pleasant to take, mild and painless. A tablet (or less) at bed-time regulates the bowels perfectly. Increasing doses never needed. Compounded, like all the 125 NA-DRU-CO preparations, by expert chemists. Money back if not satisfactory. 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

Italian Fetes and Festas.

Land of song and sunshine, Italy is famous for its fetes and festas, many of them the more beautiful and joyous because carried on beneath a sky of turquoise and pearl...

smiles. The good old white-haired priest who blesses the new Christian and his sponsors smiles benignantly upon the smiling baby in its swaddling-bands upon the smiling, proud young godfather, the prouder godmother, and then all go forth from the church to the feast at home, where the neighbors have gathered to congratulate the parents that "a new saint has come from heaven to smile within the house," so quaintly is the birth of a child mentioned by this child-loving people.

Brood Mares with foal by side - 1st, Rev. M. M. Doyle; 2nd, Angus P. McFarlane, St. Andrews; 3rd, George Baxter, Pleasant Valley.

RAM, OVER 1 YEAR - 1st, A. S. McMillan, Upper South River; 2nd, Dan J. McDonald, Fraser's Mills; 3rd, Dan C. McNeil, Brophy's.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR Does not Color the Hair Hair falling out? Troubled with dandruff? Want more hair? An elegant dressing? Ingredients: Sulphur, Glycerin, Quinin, Sodium Chlorid, Capsicum, Sage, Alcohol, Water, Perfume.

The inhabitants of Tombolo are usually rural traders, large of heart and ready of speech. Strong men are they, and no manner of weather can keep them from attendance at every market in the region.

The principle part of every meal should be good Homemade Bread - made of "Beaver" Flour There is more health and strength—more energy—more real food value—in good homemade bread, than in any other one article of diet.

Brood Mares with foal by side - 1st, Rev. M. M. Doyle; 2nd, Angus P. McFarlane, St. Andrews; 3rd, George Baxter, Pleasant Valley.

RAM, OVER 1 YEAR - 1st, A. S. McMillan, Upper South River; 2nd, Dan J. McDonald, Fraser's Mills; 3rd, Dan C. McNeil, Brophy's.

No weak spots or dropped stitches in:- STANFIELD'S Unshrinkable UNDERWEAR Made both for women and for men in perfectly fitting sizes. Twenty-one different weights and qualities: from warm, heavy ribbed garments particularly suitable for outdoor workers to the soft, finely knitted underwear so soothing to sensitive skins.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Notice—T. J. Sears, page 5
Agents Wanted—J. L. Nichols Co, page 8
Laborers Wanted—Brown Machine Co, pr 8
Information Wanted—page 8
Tenders for Protection Work—R. C. Desrochers, page 5
Notice to Farmers—Maritime Fresh Milk Company, page 8
Notice—R. H. McPhie, page 8
Tenders for Breakwater—R. C. Desrochers, page 5
Tenders for Breakwater—R. C. Desrochers, page 5

LOCAL ITEMS

TAXES.—Saturday, the 15th inst., is the last day for paying taxes and obtaining the discount.

THE FOOT-BALL MATCH at New Glasgow between St. F. X. and New Glasgow teams was a draw, neither team scoring.

HON. MR. JUSTICE RUSSELL presided at the October sitting of the Supreme Court here on Tuesday, which lasted only about an hour. Of the causes on the docket, Doret vs Warlen and Quinlan was settled out of Court, the defendants agreeing to give the deed demanded. Bowman vs. Bowman was continued to next term. After hearing motions the court adjourned.

HAPPY FAMILY REUNION.—Mr. Thomas MacDonald, accompanied by his sister Margaret, left Antigonish last Friday for Atlantic City to attend a meeting of delegates from all the business corporations of the United States. Mr. MacDonald, who represents the electrical interests of Colorado Springs, combined pleasure with business by attending a family reunion at his old home at St. Andrew's, Ant., where Mr. and Mrs. Duncan MacDonald had the pleasure of seeing their whole family, of eight children, reunited. One of the four sons, Fr. H. J. MacDonald, has since gone to Glace Bay, while another, Rod, has returned to New York.

TAG DAYS.—There was realized from the sale of tags on the days of the County Fair the substantial sum of about three hundred dollars. This amount has been placed to the credit of the Building Fund which is now being raised for the enlargement of St. Martha's Hospital in this town. Every praise is due the young ladies who so cheerfully gave their time, as well as to all who responded so generously in carrying out successfully this most laudable work. Judging by the way in which the subscription list is growing and the generous whole-hearted manner in which the whole community joined in making Tag Days a success, everybody is desirous of having a real up-to-date hospital in their midst.

HYMENEAL.—St. George's church, Georgeville, N. S., was the scene of an interesting event on the 11th inst. when Mr. Colin Francis MacDougall of Cascade, B. C., formerly of Georgeville, led to the altar Miss Mary Ann MacGillivray of Maryvale. The pastor, Rev. Ronald Beaton, officiated at the marriage. The bride was attended by her cousin, Miss Lucy MacGillivray of Maryvale, as a maid of honor, while John Macdonald, Stellarton, assisted the groom. After the ceremony, the happy couple repaired to the home of the bride's father, where a dainty breakfast was served. Breakfast over, the bridal party drove to Antigonish, and entrained for their future home. Mr. Dan R. MacGillivray of Maryvale, a cousin of the bride, and Miss Mary Harriette McDougald, sister of the groom, accompanied them to Truro. Mr. and Mrs. McDougald were the recipients of many valuable and useful gifts. Their many friends wish them ad multos annos.

THE JESSIE MACLACHLAN CONCERT at the Celtic Hall on Monday evening was not well attended, though really deserving of a bumper house. Frequently the deserving entertainment meets with discouraging reception in Antigonish. So often does this occur, that it has been subject of remark. The inferior, cheap entertainment, on the other hand, is greeted with a large house. Miss MacLachlan has lost none of her vocal talent since her last appearance here, a number of years back. Her voice is as strong, clear and sweet as ever, and the same old stirring, expressive rendering of the well-known scotch and other ballads characterized her performance Monday evening. In an "Ancient Fairy Lullaby" she was wonderfully sweet and low, while in the "Blue Bonnets Over the Border" she was the well-remembered Jessie MacLachlan of other years, strong and dramatic, her wonderful voice ringing clear and true. Every number by Miss MacLachlan was heartily appreciated. In Mr. Crighall Cherry, the Company has a genuine humorist, one who appeals irresistibly to the sense of humor, the audience being convulsed with laughter at his every reading, and would like to have a whole evening with him. Mr. Buchanan, pianist, is an accomplished musician, a reputation he has enjoyed for a long time. In remaining away from this concert, the hall patrons missed a genuine treat.

THE MARITIME FRESH MILK COMPANY of Antigonish is now operating its plant. It is most complete. Every detail for the proper handling, care and preservation of milk has been scrupulously attended to. The machinery, of which there is a surprisingly large amount, is direct from the manufacturers in France, where the business of homogenizing is widely conducted. Only one other homogenizing factory in this country; it is operating in this country; it is a financial success, with good prospects for even larger business. From the moment the milk enters the factory, it travels from machine to machine automatically until it comes out nicely bottled, ready for shipment. A fine artificial freezer, capable of converting the temperature to several degrees below zero in a very short time, has also been installed. A striking feature of the premises is its clean condition. The bright white walls, the polished vats, the trim, solid-looking machines, the hard cement floor and the arrangements for flushing and daily washing direct the notice of the visitor to this important element in the making of a perfectly

wholesome and healthy food product. Consumers of the milk and cream of the Maritime Fresh Milk Company are assured at the outset of the utmost care to secure the best and most approved sanitary arrangements. To attain this no expense was spared, and the management are to be congratulated on the fine appearance of their premises. The markets for the goods will be sought throughout the Maritime Provinces, Newfoundland, and the New England States. The Company is deserving of success, and we earnestly hope they will achieve it, and that the business will be permanent and continually growing.

Hospital Building Fund.

Previously acknowledged, \$1500 00
Mrs. Judge McIsaac 25 00
Charles Hamilton, St. Andrew's 5 00
Mrs. Hayes, Brooklyn, N. Y., 5 00

Personals.

Miss Belle McDonald of Lanark, left on Saturday last for Boston.

Mrs. John R. McGillivray, who was visiting Antigonish and Cape Breton, has returned to her home in Boston.

Miss Annie B. McDonald, of Glassburn, Ant., left on Monday for Glace Bay, to train as a nurse at St. Joseph's Hospital.

Miss Mamie Boudrot of Tracadie, Ant., left on Tuesday for Winnipeg, where she will be employed as stenographer.

Miss Cassie J. Gillis has returned to Roxbury, Mass., after spending two months with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Gillis of Williams Point, Ant.

Mr. Fred Monahan, formerly head watchmaker for M. S. Brown & Co., Halifax, has joined the staff of Wallace, the Optician and Jeweler.

The Misses Teresa and M. Rose MacGillivray, of Antigonish, left on Monday morning for Winnipeg, en route to Saskatchewan, where they intend teaching during the present school year.

Miss Clara Brewer of North Sydney, who has been visiting in Town for the last week, leaves to-day for Halifax. She is accompanied by Miss Florence Fader.

Among the Advertisers.

Lost, a gold brooch, finder please leave at Casket Office.

Wanted, a girl for general household work. Apply at Casket Office.

O'Brien is offering ladies' and girls' coats at reduced prices.

Three hundred pairs of pants for sale at O'Brien's, from 90c. up.

Get O'Brien's prices on boots, shoes, and rubbers before buying.

Lost, in town, on Oct. 4, a five dollar bill, finder please leave at this office.

Bull terriers, pure bred, for sale. Apply to Thomas Gierrier, Town.

New sewing machine for sale. Apply at Casket office.

Man wanted. Apply at Sylvan Valley Mills.

Get your stove pipe, elbows, coal hods, etc., at Haley's market.

We want a large quantity of good country cheese, Bonner's.

Twenty-five 1/2 bbls choice herring just received, guaranteed, Bonner's.

Oysters, wholesale and retail, at Bonner's.

Choice fresh buckwheat, and graham flour at Bonner's.

For sale, a stove useful for heating hall, office, etc. Apply at T. J. Bonner's store.

Good fresh oysters. Send in your order at once, season getting late. Abraham Myette, Tracadie.

Just received, a lot of winter onions, for sale at 2 1/2 cents per pound. Abraham Myette, Tracadie.

Horse blankets, gloves, mitts, rubber coats, spreads, etc., at rock bottom prices at Haley's market.

Expected daily, a carload of flour, which will be sold cheap from car. Also, just received, a large shipment of feed. Abraham Myette, Tracadie.

Wanted, a girl for general household work. No washing or ironing. Good wages, apply to Mrs. Cameron, Church Street.

Lost, on Harbour Road, or in store in Town, package loose music. Finder oblige by leaving at Casket Office.

Lost, between Gaspereaux Lake and Wilkie's bridge, on Friday, 7th inst., a valise. Finder please leave at Casket Office.

On Wednesday, 5th Oct., a lady passenger left a hand satchel with purse containing a sum of money on express train. Antigonish to Sydney. Will the finder kindly deliver same to the I. C. R. agt. at Mulgrave or Heatherton.

Lost, on Sept. 30th, between Antigonish and Goshen, a small bundle of roots with Ernest Sinclair's name on ticket. Finder will please leave at Casket Office.

Ungar's big laundry and dry works dye anything any color in men's or women's wear, send your faded suits, sacques, dresses, waists, etc., to our agent, T. J. Bonner. All work guaranteed. Our laundry work and french dry cleaning works is unsurpassed—we are getting new customers daily.

At the Dominion Exhibition.

Quite a number of firms who are well known to readers of the Maritime Merchant had very attractive exhibits at the Dominion Exhibition, which closed recently in St. John.

One of the first to attract attention on entering the main building was that of T. H. Estabrooks, who had a very artistic booth with polite attendants, to serve Red Rose Tea and Coffee to all comers. Needless to say it was always filled.—Maritime Merchant, Sept. 23.

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ELECTION CARD.

To the Electors of District No. 6, South River:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: At the request of many of you, I have consented to be a candidate at the forthcoming election, to represent you at the new Council Board.

If honored with your confidence, I shall always have an eye to your public interests, and endeavor to keep taxation within limits, consistent with the requirements of the Municipality.

I have the honor to be, Your obedient servant, W. D. CAMERON.

South River, Oct. 12, 1910.

AGENTS WANTED.

Agents either sex. Are you making \$5 per day? If not, write immediately for our Free Elaborate Outline of Holiday Books. Sells at sight. J. L. NICHOLS COMPANY LTD, Toronto

Laborers Wanted

Laborers and Carpenters Wanted at once.

Apply to BROWN MACHINE CO. LTD. Office, Trenton, N. S. J. W. STAIRS.

Information Wanted.

Friends are inquiring for a lady whose maiden name was Mable Ryder, and who left Halifax when a child, eleven years ago, to live in Guysborough. Any information sent to the Casket Office will be gratefully received.

Notice to Farmers

After a long delay, awaiting our machines, we are glad to announce that all our machines now work with satisfaction, and we are ready to

TAKE MILK EVERY DAY

We will run year round and take all the milk the farmers will bring us. Next summer we will require 15,000 to 20,000 lbs. per day. Prices for the winter months will be

October.....\$1.10
November.....1.20
December.....1.40
January.....1.40
February.....1.30
March.....1.30
April.....1.20

Payment on the 10th of each month.

MARITIME FRESH MILK COMPANY

A. LAPIERRE, Pres.

NOTICE

A meeting of the shareholders of the Antigonish Rink Company will be held in the rink on Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 7.30 p. m.

R. H. McPHIE, Secretary

NOTICE!

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

W. G. CUNNINGHAM, Manager.

Farm For Sale

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

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

Beauty and Wear
Knives, forks, spoons, etc., of exclusive design and fine wearing quality are stamped
"1847 ROGERS BROS."
This mark on silver plate is a guide to quality recognized everywhere as the world's standard.
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A lot of land containing 50 acres, 3 miles from Antigonish, on the Old Gulf Road. This lot has good hard wood and poles on it. For further particulars as to prices, etc. apply to JAMES THOMPSON, Clovellyville

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A choice lot of fat July herring for sale. Call early and secure a half barrel. The July catch of Herring was very small.

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This school having become vacant, the Trustees are desirous of receiving applications from grade B or C male or female teachers for the balance of the term. Apply to

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Tenders will be received by the undersigned for entire lot of hay consisting of fifty to sixty tons choice English Timothy and Clover in barn on Sweet Farm at Cross Roads Country Harbor.

S. R. GIFFIN & SONS, Goldboro.

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The subscriber offers for sale a very desirable farm at Harbor Road, 5 miles from Antigonish. The farm contains 30 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, Harbor Road, Ant., N. S.

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Residence on St. Andrews St.

Six acres excellent intervals adjoining. Also

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100 acres woodland at Briley Brook

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Highest prices paid for produce of all kinds. Careful attention given to all mail orders.
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