

THE TWO MARGUERITES

I came across this story in an old French book. I cannot vouch for its historic accuracy, but there is more than a grain of truth in these old legends where one chronicler relates what another has passed unnoticed.

There was great commotion in Aix; the king of France was coming to visit the Count of Provence. The king was Louis IX, and he was in search of a wife. Whom would he choose? Every one hoped it would be the Princess Marguerite, the Count's eldest daughter, beloved by all for her goodness and sweetness.

But there was another Marguerite, her cousin, who was far more beautiful though not nearly so amiable. Men are not apt to see below the surface and even a saint may be susceptible to looks. The Princess Marguerite was modest and retiring and her cousin had it all her own way, apparently. She had been proclaimed queen of beauty at the last tournament and every wandering troubadour who came to the castle celebrated her charms.

The two girls stood by a window in the long gallery overlooking the rushing Rhone. They had been brought up together and were fast friends. They were about the same height, but the beauty was dark with a brilliant complexion and hair black as a raven's wing, while her cousin was pale with a gentle expression, brown hair and soft brown eyes. She was pretty, too, but her attraction was rather felt than seen, and her cousin's showiness eclipsed her altogether. One was a jewel to set in a king's crown, the other a simple flower to cherish in his heart.

"Of course he will choose you," said the beautiful Marguerite—Margot, as they called her, to distinguish her from her cousin. "You will be decked out in your best robes and all your jewels. You will be queen of France and I shall be nowhere."

"The other Marguerite looked rather distressed. 'You know that I do not care for grandeur and riches,' she replied. 'I shall look nothing beside you whatever I wear, but if you think these things make a difference, I will lend you my robes and jewels while he is here.'

She stifled a sigh as she spoke. It cost her more than Margot knew to make the offer, for King Louis was the hero of her girlish dreams. She had heard of his court and the way it was governed; he was reputed a saint and he was manly and wise. But this was nonsense, she told herself. Jewels or no jewels no one was likely to look at her while Margot was by; no one, that is, except her fether.

The beauty's eyes sparkled. "Will you really? Oh, Marguerite, how good you are! But you do not care for these things as you say. It is my only chance and you will have many others; there will be no lack of suitors for the daughter of the Count of Provence. Once you are gone my uncle will do nothing for me. He does not like me. He puts up with me only on your account."

Marguerite knew this was true. The Count objected to the presence of the interloper who exercised such an influence over his gentle daughter and usurped the position which was hers by right. Being a man he could not help acknowledging Margot's superior attractions, but being a father he resented the fact. However, she was an orphan, his brother's daughter, and he could not send her away.

The Count of Provence was a great prince, quite as important as the king of France, though nominally a vassal and far richer. His court was more splendid and attractive, and much more luxurious. The gay South was considerable in advance of the rugged North, and Paris, a fortified place on the banks of the Seine, built to repel invasion, bore no comparison with beautiful Aix, basking in the sunshine, a center of music and art. Yet an alliance with the French King was not to be despised and Count Raymond had set his heart on the match.

clined by her cousin. He would have a few words with Margot on the following day, but he could not speak now before the king.

But though Margot, exultant, already in imagination saw the crown on her head, things were not quite as they seemed. She exerted her powers of pleasing to the utmost; never had she been more witty, more sparkling. King Louis listened with courtesy, that true courtesy of the heart which distinguished him, but though he admired the lady's beauty she was not altogether to his taste. Her glance was too bold, her speech too free. She was not what the rumor which had brought him here on a matrimonial errand had led him to expect. His eye traveled round the room and fell on a pale, sweet face, at a little distance. Marguerite turned round; they exchanged a long look, and her heart beat more quickly. If she had known the king was like that she would not have surrendered her birthright so easily.

"Who is that lady?" asked King Louis, interrupting Margot in the middle of her speech.

The beauty colored and bit her lip. Could anything be more provoking, just when all was going so well? "That is my cousin," she answered, "my uncle's daughter."

"She has a sweet face," said King Louis thoughtfully, and Margot felt she was losing ground.

That night Marguerite lay awake to think of the king and sleep to dream of him. The next morning there was a hawking party in which the ladies took part. Here again Margot outshone her cousin; she was a bold and daring rider, and Marguerite was timid, but her timidity appealed to the king whose chivalrous instinct was moved by her fears. Her horse curveted and she uttered an exclamation; he laid his hand on her rein.

"Be not afraid, lady," he said kindly. "He means nothing. It is only play."

"I am very foolish," said Marguerite, "but I know that if he chose to do anything I could not stop him."

"It was my fault," Marguerite lent me her robes and her jewels. She knew I wanted to look my best and I have so few of my own." Her splendid dress and assured manner had led the king astray. He looked at Marguerite with a tender approval. He had not been mistaken, this was the wife he wanted, a helpmate and a friend, one who would see things as he did and labor with him for the welfare of the people committed to his charge. The Count had nothing to say since everything had turned out as he wished. Indeed he was sorry for Margot who had taken her disappointment well. She should not lose by it, he resolved. Such a big prize as the king of France was not for her, but there were other chances, and after all it was not every woman who was suited to be the wife of a saint.

Anomalies.

(From Rome.) The surging foeth of XX Settembre has passed away down the river of the old city's life; its streams flow tranquil, fairly clean again. There is a dirty bubble on October 2, a Francesco Ferrer bit of scum floats by later in the month. But they pass. It is the same old Rome.

You may think it is changing. So it is, on the surface. It fills itself with different things at different times. Just now it seems to be full of streets and elections. But it is the same underneath. I walk a hundred yards. A street is up. Halting five minutes I see fifteen hot men wheel fifteen loaded barrows each fifteen unnecessary yards to make a circuit of a cab which might just as well have waited idly somewhere else. Fifteen yards off a complacent but unshaved policeman "directs the traffic." Same old Rome. Courteous and charming, but quite unable to realize that it is causing any inconvenience. That stands stock still in the middle of a narrow doorway so that nobody can get in or out, of a narrow sidewalk so that all others have to step into the street; that allows, through its "authorities," a hundred small boys to blow a hundred tin trumpets up and down the city without ceasing in order to advertise the fact that they and their father and their fat mother and their little sister and the baby and the tired donkey—the other members of the expedition—are selling aqua acetosa in hygienic bottles authorized by the Town Council. And the old "A-a-aqua" yell was so musical and so Roman, though perhaps the bottles were not very clean. That lets motors race uphill through what are supposed to be quiet residential quarters, with the exhaust fumes and emitting any sort of ear-splitting shriek they can invent in addition to the reek of petrol and the ooze of the filthiest thing imaginable in the way of oil. That has turned itself upside down in places and cannot get right side up again because the *secolari* have gone out on strike. Same old Rome—though differing in no way from the rest of the world in this last particular.

Still there is a point about this *secolari* strike that seems peculiar. These are the men who in uncomfortable bent positions bed in shifting sand the familiar little cubes of paving stones over which for many generations Romans and Rome-lovers—and for the last forty-three years all sorts of other people—have driven and uncomfortably walked. And they complain that: Inasmuch as the Town Council has determined to pave several of the streets of Rome with wood; and inasmuch as they, the stone-paviors are convinced that the Town Council is mistaken, the only suitable pavement for Rome being stone—they protest in the usual manner. And, seemingly, the wood-paviors have gone out on strike with them in sympathy, via Tritone remaining gloriously upside down, shopkeepers in desperation, anomalists alone interested. And to a certain extent sympathetic, in that it seems an outrage on the modern conception of liberty. For if Rome is wood-paved how is the stone pavior to live? Having had the monopoly, too, for centuries, and, if the published increase in the cost of stone-paving in recent years is to be believed, doing very nicely, thank you.

Liberty! A Bloc newspaper recounts to me how at a big meeting in a certain quarter of the city it was resolved that in consideration of the shameful neglect of that quarter on the part of the administration, in spite of reiterated promises none of which had been kept, the inhabitants would use their right of liberty to vote against the Bloc. The newspaper denies that right. And it asks, of the associations and the individuals—"whom do they represent?" Well, let me ask you, sir, in return—Of all your flaunting banners in the square of the XII. Apostles last Saturday week, in the via Nazionale on Fran-

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cesco Ferrer day, and elsewhere at intervals parading, one tired bearer, one bored companion to each banner; of your frothing orators who shout blasphemy and curses against the Vatican from Giuditta Tavani-Arquati windows, from the Breach, from the ruins in the Orto Botanico; of your loaded stick or revolver armed ruffians who loaf round dark corners to attack quiet priests who have come to Rome to see the Pope—who do your manifesters and your manifestations represent? "Rome" you will tell me. Not a bit of it. In spite of the scum that you have scattered on her Rome is, underneath, the same old Rome.

I will make you an offer, if you like, to prove it. I'll give you a manifestation if you'll give me an earthquake. The first is often possible by permission of a trucking Government; the second is always possible by ordination of a somewhat higher Power. Where will your manifesters scurry when the earthquake comes? First to the nearest available open space—for choice the Piazza d'Armi, keeping clear of the ruins of the still, up to that moment, standing Exhibition building, arthen it may be news to you, but it is nevertheless a fact—ninety-five per cent. of them to Church. Forgetting all about "Down with the Vatican, Down with the Church, Death to the Priests" that is written on the banners and that you have been trying to instill into them for years. Possibly it is not news to you, else you would not find it necessary to shout so loud or so often.

ever, undefiled by the now as ever floating scum. And the hundreds of thousands in the Cortile of S. Damaso, first on their knees then on their feet singing 'Noi vogliamo Dio,' cheering the universal Father representative of That they wish and claim—whom do they represent? Rome, sir, though they come from Europe, Asia, Africa, America, the same old Rome. I would make you another offer if it were possible. Group yourself, yourselves, and your Bloc—all the whole lot of you—on the Campidoglio, and let Pius X. stand at the door of Aracoeli. Oh, I know well it is not possible. For one thing there would be a revolver or two among your crowd—"Death to the Pope" is your motto, isn't it? But if it were possible, which steps would be avoided? And, when one comes to think of it, when the Pope is at Aracoeli you won't be on the Campidoglio. It will be the same old Rome only scumless.

A Good Recipe For Fudge. One-half a cup of milk, two squares of chocolate, two teaspoonfuls of butter, one third of a cup of Karo corn syrup. Flavor with vanilla and boil for six minutes. Then pour into a shallow tin and beat with a tuck us.

The Value of Politeness. If those who are doubtful as to the correct course to pursue in any given situation will remember that even the wrong thing is overlooked, one is but absolutely polite in the doing of it, their belief might be great. A gentleness of demeanor and courteous response or question can never be out of place. A man may wear a business suit of clothes to an evening wedding less noticeably than a truceful air of insolence. If he is perfectly well bred as far as behaviour goes, it matters not so much about his outward garb, although by an unwritten law of social observance certain clothes are the correct thing for certain occasions. Politeness is never wrong. Its practice goes nearly all the way towards the gold of the right thing in the right place. We hear of polite insolence, but insolence is never polite, and it is never under any circumstances to be insolent.

Soft ; yet strong? Soft as a baby's cheek; soothing to tender skins. Yet strong men cannot wear it out quickly! STANFIELD'S Unshrinkable UNDERWEAR

THE CASKET

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1913.

OFFICIAL.

have to be absent from for a few weeks, I hereby...

313-1913.

(Continued from page 4)

importance of the events of the year 313, which we are commemorating in this Jubilee of 1913.

The Almighty God sent abroad in the world two poor men of humble origin and lowly birth...

Consider what that meant. The ruling power of the world was the Roman Empire, and the Roman Empire was pagan, and bowed down before false gods.

Judea was a small, far-away spot in the far-flung possessions and conquests of Rome, and lowest amongst the people of Judea, the proud sovereigns of Rome counted Him who was entered on their records as an obscure and unimportant malfactor.

With what feelings of amazement did the proud Romans see a Jew named Peter set up in Rome a religion which denied the power and truth of the gods of Rome!

The haughty Romans looked for the speedy collapse of this absurd movement. With increased astonishment they found that it did not collapse, but grew and flourished.

The story of the first 300 years of the Church is one which every Catholic should read. Not one of the too numerous story-tellers of our times has ever been able to spin-out of the five threads of fancy, a story to be compared for one instant to that story, even in mere human heart-interest.

The time came when Christians were to be found in high places of power. The time came when veteran legions of the unconquerable Roman soldiers were Christians and refused to bring their brother Christians to death.

fused. They did not resist or take any aggressive attitude. They had received an order which they could not obey; they knew what disobedience meant; and they stood in their ranks and awaited their doom; and there, in the shadow of the Alps, the doom fell.

From this period of oppression and of frequently recurring persecution by slander, torture and death, the Emperor Constantine delivered the Church in the 313; and that is the event we are celebrating this year, 1913, sixteen hundred years after it took place.

Next week, we shall write something further about the great event of the year 313.

Prejudices.

To The Editor of The Casket:

Prejudices die hard; but they die. For several centuries no Jew or Catholic could sit in the Parliament of Great Britain, or hold any office under the Crown.

About a week ago Sir Rufus Isaacs, an eminent lawyer of Hebrew origin, was raised to the lofty rank of Lord Chief Justice of England.

Benjamin Disraeli, also a Jew, achieved the Premiership of Great Britain. This was due largely to the exigencies of party politics.

Not many years ago Sir Charles Russell—Lord Russell of Killowen—was appointed Chief Justice of England. He was the first Catholic who was permitted to rise to that high distinction.

In the interim between Lord Russell and Sir Rufus Isaacs, the holder of the English Chief Justiceship was Lord Alverstone, who has just retired.

Chief Justice, given by reliable British publicists. Lord Alverstone visited America not many years since. From the Canadian standpoint, I fear this mission on that occasion will not add a cubit to his stature.

On Tuesday the Guild of Ransom for the conversion of England, which was the pioneer in their revival of outdoor processions and local pilgrimages to processions in Westminster at Caxton reunion in Westminster at Caxton Hall.

Yours Respectfully, J. D. MACDOUGALL

Our London Letter.

LONDON, Oct 17th, 1913.

This week Westminster Abbey has echoed once more to the sound of many Catholic feet. Monday was the Feast of St. Edward the Confessor whose body reposes in the sacred fane of Westminster, though his once glorious shrine has been robbed of most of its adornments.

At Westminster Cathedral the day was also that on which the traditional Red Mass is celebrated before the opening of the Courts after the Long Vacation. It is a Mass of the Holy Ghost to ask a blessing the work of the Session, and its name comes from the appropriate vestments used.

The Red Mass was not the only function of a particular section of the community held at the Cathedral this week. The Guild of St. Luke Cosmos and Damianus comprises the majority of the Catholic actors of London.

Tuesday morning saw the departure from Charing Cross Station of the English Pilgrimage to Rome. Some 150 persons, wearing the badges of the Catholic Association, were accommodated in reserved carriages.

Perugia. The pilgrims are granted a dispensation from fast and abstinence during the whole time their journey lasts. Quite a large number of persons were gathered to see the pilgrimage off, amongst them being the usual newspaper photographer, for Catholic doings greatly interest the general public of late years.

The Emigration branch of the Catholic Women's League sent a party of young Catholic women out to Canada this week. All are going to situations already secured for them and will be welcomed by the Canadian representatives of the League on arrival.

Archbishop Walshe who has only just returned to Dublin to find it still in the throes of a strike, has lost no time in offering his assistance. In a letter to the press he makes a plea which everyone with a knowledge of such disputes will endorse.

The "Good Samaritan" Matinee at the Coliseum on Saturday night, organised by Mme. Sara Bernhardt for the French Hospital and the Charing Cross Hospital, the first a truly Catholic charity in whose wards the nurses are French nuns, was a magnificent success.

Catholic charities have again benefited under the will of Mr. J. F. Potts Chatto, of St. Mary Church, Torquay, who died recently at the early age of forty-six. Out of an estate of £77,220 he left several bequests to servants, and a reversion of £10,000 on the death of his wife, to the Mother Prioress of St. Mary's Priory near the little Devonshire village where he lived, and the Bishop of Plymouth jointly, in trust for charitable and other works in connection with the chapel of Our Lady and St. Denis at St. Mary Church, a name which breathes of the old Catholic days.

A little Catholic boy of Leeds has the honour of being the youngest organist in England, and one of the most gifted child prodigies. Henry Alban Chambers, has been appointed organist of the Cathedral Church of St. Anne, Leeds, although he is only eleven years of age.

Before buying your Stoves and Heaters, Robes, Horse Blankets, Axes, Lanterns, etc., etc call and get our prices.

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References - Bishop Morrison, Antigonish, N.S. Rev. F. W. Kelly, P. P. North Sydney Rev. J. W. McIsaac, Bras d'Or, N.S. The Catholic Clergy of P. E. Island.

The World's Peace Palace.

With the blare of trumpets and with stately ceremonial, last August... the great Temple of Peace was opened at The Hague.

Governments on their honor and good faith. Should an appeal to force be required to support the Court's decrees...

The Church in Mexico.

C. E. D'ARNOUX, in The Fortnightly Review. Now we read so much about Mexico, and the old question of Liberals vs. Catholics...

throughs of men and women take the direction towards the churches on Sundays, the ladies all in unobtrusive black with black silk veils...

Detraction.

It is doubtful if, in the sins covered by the commandments, there is a more frequent offence committed than that of detraction.

by peasants in the woods or on uncultivated land and sold to the rose-growers. Those whose sole occupation is to grow roses on a large scale for profit have been known here to bring out many new varieties...

Put it in Writing.

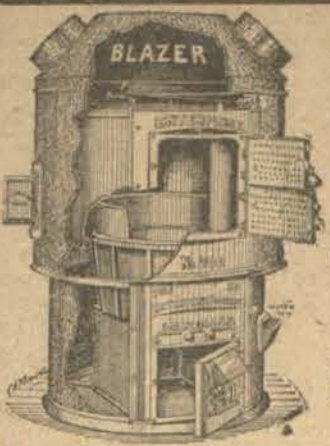
It does not matter how honest people are, they forget, and it is so easy for misunderstanding to arise that it is never safe to leave anything of importance to a mere oral statement.

Schools Spread Diseases.

How would you like to wipe your hands and face upon the same roller towel that had been used by seventy or eighty other people for a week?

A Famous Rose Country.

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