

# THE CASKET.

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## THE CASKET.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1913.

The Presbyterian Witness remarks upon the length of our series of sketches of Irish Catholic history, and sees no good in "histories of hatred," and makes sundry other comments; referring, of course to "Bloody Mary" and "the fires of Smithfield." We have collected in these sketches some of the facts concerning the history of the Irish Catholics and of the effects on them of the hatred borne towards them by the minority in Ireland, for several good reasons: (1) The case of Ireland is, at this very moment, a live political question in the Supreme Parliament of this Empire; (2) It has been, during the past year, the subject of much discussion in the press of all nations, and has been the subject also of much misrepresentation and falsehood, sometimes through deliberation, sometimes in ignorance. (3) The history of Ireland is one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of the Church of God. Ireland is in this respect different from every other nation—that nine-tenths of all her woes have been the penalty for keeping the Faith. No generous-minded man, of any race, will deny this. We feel sure that our Highland Scottish readers recognize it with a feeling of generous pride in the fact that Scots and Irish are all Celts. (4) The new Parliament of Ireland will begin a new era in the life of that country, and the present time is the right one for recalling the main facts of her sad but grand story. As citizens of the Empire, Canadians must feel some desire to understand the causes of the present conditions in Ireland, and the events which led up to the long Parliamentary struggle now drawing to a close. (5) In a word, we do not know of any subject which could more naturally have found a place in THE CASKET during the past few months; and we have no apologies to offer to the Witness or to anyone else. We did not hope to hold the interest of all our readers all through the series; and we cannot suppose that we have done so. THE CASKET is a Catholic paper, however; and, when a country which has an unique record from the Catholic point of view, is, after a long and weary struggle, in the course of which she never surrendered one inch in her Catholicity, coming at last before the interested and sympathetic gaze of all the world, into the possession of the rights of self-government, the recalling of a little of her history is, in our opinion, timely. Anyone who thinks otherwise must permit us to enjoy and act upon our own opinion.

### A DISCREDITABLE SITUATION.

The Association for the Propagation of the Faith gives an account of its work for 1911 in a booklet entitled *Our Duty to the Heathen*. We feel obliged to say that Canada's position with reference to this association is very unsatisfactory. Indeed, "unsatisfactory" is a very mild word to use, if we understand the situation aright. At page 7 is given a list of "Diocesan contributions received during the year"; and at page 11 we find under the heading "Canada," the contributions from ten dioceses of this country, including Montreal and Quebec, amounting in all to the beggarly sum of \$286 17s 9d; or less than \$1500 in our money. (We presume the other dioceses did not remit in time to be included in the report). Making an approximate calculation, based on these ten, we judge that Canada's whole contribution was less than four thousand dollars. England and Wales, with fewer Catholics than Canada, gave twice as much as that, Ireland, with only half as many more as Canada, and a poor country, gave eighteen thousand dollars. Switzerland gave about the same as Ireland. But page 17 of the report gives us

"The allocation of alms"; and at page 25 we get information which, unless we or someone else be in great error, is absolutely discreditable to the Catholics of Canada. On that page we find that this great association, which received less than four thousand dollars from Canada, gave Canada thirty-three thousand dollars for Canadian missions. Unless we are making some error, and we cannot see how we can be, this is a disgraceful state of affairs. We Canadian Catholics, by the census of 1911, number very nearly three millions. Cannot we support our own missions in the North-west without being a drag on the hard-worked and hard-up Association which has all Asia and Africa, as well as the outposts of the Church in other lands, to attend to? It is a shame and a disgrace that the diocese of St. Albert and the diocese of Prince Albert and the Apostolic Vicariates of Kewatin, Athabasca, etc., and even some missions in Manitoba should have to draw on an Association, to which all Canada gives a beggarly sum of four or five thousand dollars. Can we not at least look after our own Canada? Even if we can be content to see the one diocese of Baltimore give as much as all Canada to the Association; even if we are satisfied to see the few but plucky Catholics of Scotland give as much as ten dioceses in Canada; even if we can be satisfied to see the Archdiocese of Dublin give as much as all Canada; still, let us be manly enough to say that Canada will at least not ask the Association for any alms; that Canadians will pay the expenses of sending and keeping missionaries in the far places on the frontiers. Let us pay our own bills, at least.

### THE ORANGE SENTINEL PLEASSED WITH A CATHOLIC.

We do not know Mr. A. B. Crosby, and know practically nothing about him. We presume the Catholics of Halifax know him; for he has served in the Mayor's chair and in Parliament as a Catholic representative; and therefore the following facts are between him and them; and to them he should account for his extraordinary conduct. We cannot, however, allow the incident to pass without stating the facts, and calling attention to the remarkable situation in which Mr. Crosby has seen fit to place himself. We are not his teacher or his guide; but the matter is one of public interest to Catholics, and a proper matter for comment in these columns. That a Catholic, and one whose public position, heretofore, has marked him out as a leading or representative Catholic, should go to an Orange gathering, and be hailed by the *Orange Sentinel* as broader than his Church because of what he said there, is an extraordinary situation on the face of it.

In the Halifax Evening Mail of Saturday, February 15th, appeared the following:

"ORANGEMEN HELD BIG MEETING LAST NIGHT."

There was a public session last night of the Acadia Loyal Orange Lodge, 1586, in the Sons of Temperance Hall, Cornwallis Street. The Rev. W. J. Wright was in the Chair. The object of the gathering was to bring into prominence the principles of Orangeism and emphasis was laid on their belief in equal rights for all and special privileges to none.

The feature of the evening was an address by ex-Mayor Crosby, who had a rousing reception. In his speech he told of a desire he had always had to meet the Orangemen and expressed the hope that the time would come when the fraternal spirit between all organizations, especially those whose qualification to membership was a particular religious creed, would be demonstrated by lodge visits. He said he was in favor of one school for the education of children and declared that it was the business of the State to look after the State, and the business of the clergy to look after souls.

In the *Sentinel* of February 27th, we find an account of this affair under the heading:

"ROMAN CATHOLIC OPPOSES SEPARATE SCHOOL SYSTEM. EX-MAYOR CROSBY ADDRESSES AN ORANGE GATHERING IN HALIFAX—FINDS NO FAULT WITH OUR PRINCIPLES—PROTESTANT CLERGYMEN MAKE STRONG ADDRESS."

Mr. Crosby's address is referred to as follows: "Ex-Mayor speaks." "Ex-Mayor A. B. Crosby's address was a very fine one indeed. Of course being, as he said, a Roman Catholic, he did not know much about the Orange Order, and therefore could not talk along that line, but he said: 'If the principles of the Order were as previous speakers said,—Equal rights to all and special privileges to none,—

he did not see anything against the Order, as those were his views exactly, he differing, he said, from many of his Catholic brethren. He believed in one school for the Dominion, not his boy going to one school and other boys to another school, because one was Catholic and the other Protestant. It ought not to be," said Mr. Crosby. (Applause). Continuing, he said that a previous speaker mentioned that A. B. Crosby would give the audience the meat of the sandwich, 'but,' said Mr. Crosby, 'if you wanted me to give you meat, you should certainly have invited me any other day but Friday.'" (Applause).

The *Sentinel's* account goes on: "Venerable Archbishop Armitage's address was a splendid one. He spoke of the fall of the nations, such as Spain, Italy, Portugal and France, where the Roman Catholic Religion was dominant, and compared them with such Protestant countries as England, Germany and America. He also spoke of the many thousands who had been put to death in Spain at the time of the Spanish Inquisition."

"Rev. C. H. Pennoyer's address was listened to with great interest. He spoke of the marriage law, and school questions of the Dominion, and said that until the time comes when there is one marriage law and one school system for Canada, there will be trouble between Catholics and Protestants."

If Mr. Crosby was still present when Mr. Pennoyer spoke, he, no doubt, was one of those who listened "with great interest," and, we hope, with a guilty feeling in his heart.

If we had nothing but the *Sentinel's* account of the matter however, we should have ignored the matter, for we do not take the *Sentinel* or its correspondents as a reliable source of information; but the *Mail* certainly could have no object in misrepresenting Mr. Crosby; and, from the *Mail's* account of his speech, it is evident that he made a fool of himself. To be exactly fair to him, we believe the *Sentinel's* account of his speech misrepresents him so far as it seems to make him say that many of his Catholic brethren did not believe in "Equal rights to all and special privileges to none." What is probably meant is, that he said that many of his Catholic brethren believed in separate schools and he did not. His speech, taken in connection with the place where he made it, and the company he was in, is sufficiently bad; we have no desire to see the *Sentinel* make it worse. We depended only on the *Mail's* account of the matter.

We quoted the *Sentinel* only to show more clearly Mr. Crosby's folly. The Catholic who finds that he has pleased an Orange Lodge or an Orange paper has some need to examine his conscience.

As we have said, we do not know Mr. Crosby. He may be a stupid man. Under the circumstances we should prefer to think that he is. But he surely has enough sense to realize the queer position he is in when he reads the following, which we take from the same copy of the *Sentinel*:

"If you do this, you will be led to resist every extension of racial and sectarian schools, and to use your influence to secure compulsory attendance laws in all the provinces. We believe you will also be led into a movement whose main object will be the establishment of a national school system. This will be a difficult undertaking, but in it you will have the cooperation of many Roman Catholics who sincerely deplore separatism and racialism. Among these, we believe, would be included such men as ex-Mayor A. B. Crosby, of Halifax, who told an Orange mass-meeting last week that he felt his church was making a great mistake in its policy of separate schools. In any case, make the fight."

This extract is from an article on the first pages of *The Sentinel and Orange and Protestant Advocate*, (to give it its full title), headed "To the people's parliamentary representatives."

Mr. Crosby will notice that every time the *Sentinel* refers to his unfortunate speech, it makes it a little worse. That is part of the penalty he will have to pay: the *Sentinel* will not only keep him in mind as a liberal Catholic, but will perhaps begin, at last, to fancy he is heart and soul an Orangeman.

Decidedly and emphatically, Mr. Crosby has made a fool of himself.

### FALSE IMPRESSIONS ABOUT QUEBEC.

We have dealt in our last two issues with false statements concerning school attendance in the Province of Quebec. Below, we now give some further information in the form of a comparison, in that matter, between Quebec and several other provinces. The text book containing out-of-date information about the divisions of Canada has been eagerly snapped at by the *Presbyterian Witness*; and the explanation which we gave two weeks ago, and which is confirmed

in the letter hereinbelow published, will, we fear, be a sad disappointment to that paper.

The incident reminds us of a rather amusing fact we met with some years ago. We had an office boy who was bright and faithful, who had had to leave school before learning the things that most boys of his age knew, and we bought him some school books and undertook to teach him some of the rudiments. Not having time to go through the books with him from cover to cover, we used to set him such questions in geography as this—"Where does the Intercolonial Railway run; what provinces does it pass through; what are the chief towns and cities on the line in those provinces?"

We asked him one evening where the I. C. R. ran. He answered,—"From Lewis to Halifax." As the I. C. R. was then running from Montreal to Sydney, and had been running from Lewis to Sydney for ten years or more, and from Lewis to Mulgrave for more than twenty years, we were surprised at his answer, and we said so. But he had the book to show us, and the book said "Lewis to Halifax." Which shows that Quebec is not the only place in which out-of-date information has ever been preserved in school text-books.

Recently, we addressed a letter to Sir Lomer Gouin, Premier of Quebec, and, in his absence, one of his secretaries replied as follows:

QUEBEC, March 1st, 1913.  
R. T. Phalen, Esq., Editor "The Casket," Halifax.

SIR,—In answer to your letter addressed to Sir Lomer Gouin, who is absent in Europe, I have the honor to inform you that the statement made in the "Antigonish Casket" relative to the percentage of the school attendance of the Province of Quebec is absolutely correct. Here are the figures taken from the different official reports of Public Instruction in the different Provinces.

### PERCENTAGE OF THE AVERAGE ATTENDANCE AT SCHOOL.

Comparison between the Province of Quebec and the other Provinces of the Dominion taken from official reports:

SASKATCHEWAN.	
(Report of 1910, page 17).	
Rural Schools.....	53.00%
Urban Schools.....	52.30%
ALBERTA.	
(Report of the Department of Education, 1911, page 18).	
Scholars of all classes.....	52.08%
ONTARIO.	
(Report of 1911, page XXIII).	
Scholars of all classes.....	60.84%
NOVA SCOTIA.	
(Report of 1910, page VI).	
Scholars of all classes.....	64.03%
NEW BRUNSWICK.	
(Report of 1909-1910, page XI).	
Scholars of all classes.....	60.33%
BRITISH COLUMBIA.	
(Report of 1911, page 24).	
Scholars of all classes.....	71.27%

QUEBEC.  
(Report of 1910-1911, page XXI).

Elementary Schools.....	73.82%
Model.....	81.85%
Academies.....	84.82%
Average of the three classes of schools.....	77.53%

As to Dr. Drouin's history of England certain newspapers have made a great noise on the subject which is not at all warranted. The exact facts are as follows: The chapter entitled "Histoire des colonies anglaises," at the end of Abbe Drouin's book, is not on the programme of Catholic schools, as may be seen at page 106 of the Consolidated By-Laws of the Catholic Committee.

The History of England itself is absolutely correct. The chapter "Extra programme," which has caused the complaint in question was tolerated in the volume last year, because 1st.—The Drouin Manuel was the only one on the History of England published in the French language, and 2nd, that the students of the eighth year who are the only ones to study the History of England are not required to take up this matter.

It may be further noted that a very limited number of students, those of the eighth year, study the history of England from the text book and that all these scholars have previously learned the entire History of Canada and the Geography of the five divisions of the world, particularly that of their own country. Consequently the few geographical errors found in the chapter (outside of the school programme) of which I have spoken, are of no importance, seeing that geography is studied from up-to-date and absolutely correct text books.

It should be remembered too that the history of England is taught orally in connection with the teaching of the History of Canada.

Believe me to remain,  
Yours very sincerely,  
DOUAT GEFROIN,  
Assistant-Private Secretary.

King George of Greece was assassinated at Salonki on Tuesday afternoon, while walking the streets. He was shot through the heart, and died within a half hour. The assassin is a Greek, of about 41 years of age. King George is an uncle of King George of Britain, and a brother of the Dowager Queen Alexandra.

### HISTORY OF HATRED.

XXI.

#### THE DEPTHS OF DEGRADATION.

The laws to ruin the trade and manufactures of Ireland originated in pure selfishness on the part of England. Religious hatred played no part there, it would seem; for Protestants were ruined by thousands and driven across the Atlantic by those laws. The ancestors of those eminent Americans, Andrew Jackson, John C. Calhoun and James Buchanan, were driven out of Ulster by those iniquitous laws.

Gradually, almost all branches of Irish trade and manufacture were destroyed,—beer, malt, hats, cotton, silk, sailcloth, gunpowder, ironware; and the trade in salted beef and other commodities.

The result was, that during the first half of the 18th century Ireland was in a state of frightful misery; famine and disease swept the country, the drain of money by absentee landlords; the abominable penal laws; the lack of home industries; all contributed to utterly impoverish a land naturally capable of supporting a prosperous and happy population of from twelve to fifteen millions.

The evil consequences have come down to this very day. And, during all the time when these laws were being enacted, Ireland had a Parliament; a Parliament, however, open only to the Protestant minority, and, by reason of an inadequate and absurd franchise system, not fairly representing even that minority. Such as it was, this Parliament lent itself to ruin Ireland. With the exception of a few years, when Grattan raised it to a higher plane, it was in the hands of the English politicians. The Parliament was, until 1767, elected at the commencement of each reign and never went to the people till the Sovereign died. After 1767, the term was eight years. Parliament voted money, but had nothing to do with the spending of it. In the middle of the 18th century the pension game began. Members of Parliament and others, men and women, who made themselves useful to the party in power in England had the revenue of Ireland squandered on them in the form of pensions. Bribery was common, after the middle of that century.

But, perhaps the strongest reason that moved "the colony" in Ireland to agree to ruin Irish trade and manufacture was, that it was part of the price of England's support in maintaining the minority in the position of tyrants and dictators over the majority. During the panic of the Stuart war in Scotland in 1745, Lord Chesterfield was made Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. He made minute inquiries as to signs of a Stuart outbreak in Ireland, finding, of course, nothing; for nothing of the kind ever crossed the minds of the people. He declared that a Miss Ambrose, a famous beauty, was the only "dangerous Papist" he had met in Ireland. A man came to him to give him the dread warning that his coachmen went to Mass. "Is it possible?" said Chesterfield; "then, I will take good care he does not drive me there."

"The Papists are rising in Connaught," said an excited courtier, running into his bedroom one morning. "Well," said Chesterfield, "'tis nine o'clock; time for them to rise." In his time, as Lord Lieutenant, the Penal Laws were relaxed. Whether this was due to Chesterfield's own good sense and fairness, or to an agreed policy to be carried out whilst Scotland was in a blaze for "Bonnie Prince Charlie," we cannot tell; but so it was. Mitchell says "The people were perfectly tranquil, not much seeming even to know or to care what was going on in Scotland, enjoying greatly their unwonted exemption from the actual lash of the penal laws, and even repairing to holy wells again without fear of fine and whipping. It is true the lash was still held over them, and they were soon to feel it; true also that they were still excluded from all rights and franchises as strictly as ever, not one penal law was repealed or altered; but there was at least forbearance towards their worship and their clergy. They might see a venerable priest now walking, in daylight even, from his 'registered' parish into another, to perform some rite or service of religion, without fear of informers, of hand-cuffs and of transportation. Nay, bishops and vicars apostolic could venture to cross the sea, and ordain priests and confirm children in a quiet way; and it was believed that not even a monk could frighten Lord Chesterfield, who, in fact, had lived for years in France, and respected a monk quite as much as a rector of the Establishment."

The toleration did not last. The Penal Laws were enforced again; but

the interruption in the reign of terror proves two things; first that the rulers of the day considered mildness and conciliation the best preventative of hostile outbreak amongst the people; and, therefore, secondly, that the fears of rebellion which the Protestant minority had always alleged as a reason for their oppressive laws were, in reality, the reflections of guilty consciences, the nightmare of prejudices, or a dishonest substitute for their real reasons, namely, greed for money and power. No doubt, all these were, in some cases, hopelessly jumbled together in their minds. This, is, absolutely, the most charitable view that can be taken of the matter. The long-lived bogey of Stuart intrigue in Ireland was effectually laid, for all clear-minded men by the speech of Archbishop Stone in the Irish House of Lords in 1762, in which he said that after the suppression of the "Forty-five," he saw, in England, all the papers that had been seized, including a mass of letters found in possession of "Bonnie Prince Charlie's" secretary, and found not a line to connect any person in Ireland with the Stuart movement; and, what surprised him still more, not a word to connect the Pope, nor any cardinal or bishop, or any Irish priest, directly or indirectly therewith.

And Chief-Justice Marlay, addressing the Dublin Grand Jury after the "Forty-five," spoke to the same effect, and rather humorously attributed the peaceful attitude of the Irish Catholics to their being "fully sensible of the happiness of being blessed by living under the protection of a monarch, etc., etc."

In 1750, a bill was introduced in the Irish House of Commons to vacate the seats of such members as should accept a pension or civil office of profit from the Crown; and it was defeated by a majority of 26; which event was, indeed, an ominous warning; a warning not heeded however; for the evil went on increasing.

The degradation of the Catholics under the Penal Laws is very well illustrated by a story told of Mr. Kedagh Geoghegan, of Donover, in the County of Westmeath, a Catholic. Though excluded from public service, even as a grand juror, he used to attend the sittings of the court at Mullingar and dine with the other gentlemen of the county there. On one of these occasions, a Mr. Stepany, a man of considerable fortune in the county, came up to him and said,—"Geoghegan, that is a capital team to your carriage. I have rarely seen four finer horses—not better matched. Here, Geoghegan, are twenty pounds. You understand me. They are mine." Everyone present knew what that meant. One of the Penal Laws enacted that no Catholic could own a horse worth more than £5, and if he had such, a Protestant could take it on tendering £5.

"Hold, Stepany," said Geoghegan, "Wait one moment." He went out of the room; and directly afterwards, four shots were heard. He had shot his beautiful horses. The old man continued to visit the county seat for many years; but always after that occurrence, he drove a team of four oxen.

Our readers have now some idea of the wretched condition of Ireland in the 18th century. One subject we have not yet mentioned, and that is, tithes; and, when we shall have dealt with that, we shall have given a fairly good account of the conditions which obtained when the Catholics began once more to think, in a vague and hazy way, at first, whether they were doomed to endure all these things forever, or whether something ought not to be attempted to relieve themselves from this awful burden. How they began, in a desultory and uncertain manner; proceeded to the formation of secret societies; were maddened and goaded into a brief but bloody insurrection, only to become the objects of the most cruel and brutal vengeance; how the pretended Irish Parliament passed away, lamented by Catholics who had no share in it, merely because it had long sat in Ireland, and in some manner pretended to represent the country; how Ireland was absolutely and utterly ignored in the English Parliament, except when the landlords or the Anglican Church wanted anything, until generations of Parliamentary strivings, under O'Connell, under Butt, under Parnell under Redmond, down to this day, brought about, by slow degrees, and with long and painful intermissions, with many disappointments and many a setback, the changes which we see about to take effect in our own times,—all this we shall relate, as briefly as may be, in a few sketches to follow.



Our Sixty-Fourth Volume.

(By Rev. Ernest R. Hull, S. J., in the Fomby Examiner.)

The Office Boy and Apprentice Post was looking over the Editor's shoulder (as usual) when this heading was penned. "I challenge you to write anything original this time," he exclaimed. "The challenge is declined," I replied—"I have absolutely nothing original to say."

The fact is, routine is the deadly enemy to originality. It is not a very strenuous piece of routine to repeat the same thing only once a year; but still it is routine just because it does come round every year. And the shorter of it is, the year seems to get shorter and shorter every time.

"That," interjected the O. B. and A. P., "is an infallible sign of advancing years—the approach of second childhood."

"I wish you would not interrupt," I said peevishly. "I had just thought of something original, and now you have put it entirely out of my head."

I began biting my pen—metaphorically, of course, in this age of typewriting—and scratching my head—literally, in this age of materialism—but it was all in vain.

"Well! well!" suggested the O. B. and A. P. "Failing the original idea, you might launch out into a diatribe on originality. Tell us why some things are original, and why other things are not."

"Fancy a philosophical disquisition for a preface to a new volume! That would be something original, indeed."

"No, I don't accept it. I want merely to tell our readers that things are going on quietly as usual; that several promises made in the last year's preface are still unfulfilled; that we do not mean to make any more in future; that 'The Dynamics of History Series, Part One: Archaic Religions,' has just been reproduced in reprint form; that the Galileo series will follow shortly; that we have been writing twelve columns per week of 'original matter' for the last ten years, and sometimes experience a despondent feeling as if there were precious little left to write about; that the Editorial Syndicate has not had its annual holiday-tour yet, and having seriously neglected its duty of late, is not likely to get one at all."

"Bah!" said the O. B. and A. P. "The explanation is easy. We have been neglecting our duty because we have not had our holiday. We go on the principle of holidays first and work afterwards!"

"A fine idea," I exclaimed. "Well," he replied, "if you were the philosopher you pretend to be, you would find that our principle is a sound one. Ask any employer why he gives holidays—as a reward for past work, or as a preparation for future work?"

"I should say both."

"There you're quite wrong. If men could go on working forever there would be no question of holidays. A man gets a holiday simply because he needs it—because he cannot go on working unless he gets it."

"All right," I said sharply. Let us have an end of arguing. Several correspondents have been asking about you lately. They want to know whether you are still on the staff, and if so, why they have heard nothing of you for so long a time. They evidently find you amusing. I can only tell them that you are getting older and, therefore, improving in sense."

A look of pain came over his face. "Please do not tell them anything so injurious. I may be growing older, but it is nothing short of a libel to say that I am improving in sense. I think it would be difficult to prove that I ever had less sense than I have now."

"It would, perhaps, be equally difficult to prove that you have more sense now than you had before. Is that what you mean?"

"No, what I object to is the fallacy of imagining that people get more sense the older they are. I don't want to be personal, of course, but take yourself for instance—"

"Myself," I exclaimed, "why, I constantly stand astonished at my increasing reasonableness as years go by! When I was as young as you are—"

The O. B. and A. P. suddenly sprang to his feet—"Just wait a jiffy," he shouted. "I've got an inspiration."

In half an hour he returned and handed in the following lines.

PART I.  
To think that folks improve in sense  
As years roll by, is all pretence;  
Of course, the elders take that view,  
And censure all the young ones do;  
And every time the young press on,  
The old ones put the damper on,  
And think unless they place a check  
The juveniles will break their neck.

Though this is what one might expect  
Their attitude is not correct.  
We rising generations find  
Our elders lagging far behind  
We do not try to push them on—  
Their time for moving fast has gone—  
We let them keep their sluggish pace  
And run in front to win the race.  
We try some arduous path to find  
And if we blunder, never mind.  
'Tis better far to strive and fail  
Than credit some old woman's tale,  
And crouch at home afraid of bogeys  
And gravitate into old fogeys.  
Warm youthful blood runs in our veins,  
High aspirations stir our brains,  
Immense improvements loom in sight,  
A thousand things want putting right—  
Which would be done if only they  
Would step aside and clear the way.  
But there they stick as grim as death,  
And will do till their dying breath—  
All hope of progress vanishing!

You bet! Excuse these limping rhymes.

As soon as I had finished reading he pushed another MS. in front of me. "This is a sort of appendix," he said. I proceeded to read on as follows:

PART II.  
I scarce had penned the previous line  
When lo! strange creeps ran down my spine!

From some dark corner of the room  
An angry noise began to boom  
A tense and rasping voice rang out  
And asked me what I was about—

"Young man (it said, just wait and see  
What happens when you're forty-three.

If you continue to revile  
Your elders in this graceless style,  
The time will come when you get old,  
And then in turn you will be told  
To give up work just when you're fit  
For starting to accomplish it.

"One half of life at least it takes  
To learn to see one's own mistakes;  
The other half is left to rue them  
And try if possible to undo them.  
You've hardly reached the former stage,  
And this explains your persiflage.

"Experience is a painful school,  
But nothing else will teach a fool.  
So my advice is: Hold your tongue  
About your elders while you're young;  
And above all please never mention  
That horrid scheme about a pension!  
So now write down what I have said  
And hand it over to the Ed.

(For publication in your next—  
Yours, et cetra. "PERPLEXED.")

As I read to the end and put the paper down with a smile, he sidled up in the most persuasive and winning manner, looked meirresistibly straight in the face, and said, almost in a whisper: "Now, what about my holidays?"

The Little Maid for Me.

I know a little maiden,  
Whom I always see arrayed in  
Silks and ribbons, but she is a spoiled  
and petted elf;  
For she never helps her mother, or  
her sister, or her brother,  
But, forgetting all around her, lives  
entirely for herself,  
So she simpers, and she sighs,  
And she mopes, and she cries,  
And knows not where the happy hours  
flee.

Now let me tell you privately, my  
darling little friends,  
She's as miserable as miserable can  
be,  
And I fear she's not the little maid  
for me.

But I know another maiden,  
Whom I've often seen arrayed in  
Silks and ribbons, but not always;  
she's a prudent little elf,  
And she always helps her mother, and  
her sister, and her brother,  
And lives for all around her, quite  
regardless of herself;  
So she laughs and she sings,  
And the hours on happy wings,  
Shower gladness round her pathway  
as they flee.

Now need I tell you privately, my  
darling little friends,  
She's as happy as a little maid can  
be?  
That is surely just the little maid  
for me.

—Exchange.

The Mission of Singapore.

A century has nearly passed since the first Catholic missionary landed in Singapore and found little but a wilderness. How different its appearance to-day. Beyond a few jungle forests, there is nothing to remind one of the days long gone by. Its strategic position is noteworthy, and it is one of the most important of the British Crown Colonies. The city is thickly settled with human beings of every race and hue. Its commerce is enormous, and few cities can boast of greater importance to ocean-going steamers, which make Singapore a port-of-call going north and south, east and west. The traveler, too, who breaks his journey, finds the city and the island worth his inspection, and he can thoroughly enjoy himself motoring on splendid roads through plantations of rubber, coconuts, and pineapples, in a temperature of 85 degrees average, and within 1 1/2 degrees of the Equator. He finds also the Catholic Church resplendent in all her glory, and the spires of her sacred edifices dotting the sky-line in no small numbers. He also finds her institutions of learning for male and female second to none, and presided over by men and women, who have consecrated their lives to Almighty God, and the education of his children, irrespective of color or belief.

As far as is known the first Catholic missionary to visit Singapore was Father Imbert, of the Societe des Missions Etrangeres of Paris, who, while en route to China, in 1821, was requested by the Bishop of Siam to report on matters Catholic in the newly established colony. Father Imbert remained but a week, discovered a nondescript dozen of the fold, and continued on his journey. Sixteen years later, while Bishop of Corea, he suffered martyrdom, like so many of his confreres, at the hands of infuriated natives, who tortured and beheaded him. This ended at the early age of forty-two a life whose work was but just begun.

The next missionary to visit the Island was a native of Malacca, in 1822, but nothing came of it, although he applied for and received permission to build a "Catholic place of worship."

In 1824, six years after the colony was founded, the number of Catholics having materially increased, they petitioned the bishop of Siam for a priest to look after their needs, but the former having few priests, and fearing lack of jurisdiction, did not see his way to grant their request. In 1827, however, the bishop took up the matter of jurisdiction with the Sacred Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith in Rome, and a decree giving him that right was issued by the then Pope—Leo XII.

Then followed a long series of disputes, the Portuguese claiming that, not only Singapore, but India, Ceylon, and even Africa, belonged to them in virtue of the famous bull of Alexander VI., which divided the newly discovered world between Spain and Portugal. The controversy continued until 1886, when Pope Leo XIII. gave ordinary jurisdiction to the French mission, while it exempted the Portuguese Congregation and their property.

There was no "Catholic place of worship" until 1833. The year previous a plot of ground, free of quit-rent, was given by the Government for the purpose of erecting an edifice, and provided it was always used in the interests for which it was given. A general appeal for help was issued, with the result that the corner-stone of the first Catholic edifice in Singapore was laid on December 9, 1832, and on the 9th day of June, 1833, the church was blessed and opened by the then Vicar, Father Albrand, who died a bishop at the age of forty-eight, at Kouy-Tcheou, having spent twenty-one years in Siam and the newly-founded colony. Thus the real mission work was begun in this little 60x30 chapel.

Rev. John Tschu, a Chinese priest, arrived from Siam the year following his ordination—1833. He began work amongst the Chinese community, and built up a large and influential congregation after nine years' service, and while still a young man, he, too, passed to his reward on July 13, 1843, to the great regret of his people and the Church. Meanwhile, the Chinese built, at their own expense, a small building wherein they could receive religious instructions. In the early years of the mission each succeeding pastor encountered trials and difficulties, and the small but growing community needed constant spiritual care, and had a hard struggle with the material necessities.

In 1840, the Mission of Siam was subdivided; Dr. Courvez was appointed Vicar Apostolic of the Malay peninsula (Singapore is separated from it only by a narrow strait), whereas the Coadjutor of Siam became bishop of that diocese at once. From 1832 to 1839, there were 130 baptisms, 64 deaths, and 20 marriages. The expenses of the mission were maintained by the Sunday collections, and by subscriptions. By this time the little chapel had outlived its usefulness, and in 1840 the bishop appealed for funds towards the construction of a larger and more suitable building. The succeeding four years realized over \$5000 (\$1.00 in those days was equal to 87 cents, gold; to-day, however, \$1.00 equals 57 cents, gold) for this purpose, and most of the amount was subscribed by Protestants. Queen Amelia of France donated 4,000 francs in 1841, and the Bishop of Manila about \$3000 in 1842. This latter sum unfortunately was placed in the hands of some American merchants who failed, and but \$215 of the amount was recovered. The congregation thought the loss due to want of care by the bishop, and it was the cause of much dissatisfaction and hindered the building of the church for some time.

An application for a site on which to build was endorsed by letters of many of the leading Protestants, and after some difficulty the Government allotted a strip of land (since added to) 211x313, on the condition that it be used for no other but ecclesiastical purposes; the term of the lease 999 years. Plans were immediately prepared, and on June 18, 1843, the corner-stone of the church of the Good Shepherd was laid. Dr. Courvez officiated, supported by Father Beurel, and the Chinese priest, Father John Tschu. The gathering at 6 a. m., was an impressive one, and long to be remembered, as on that day was laid the foundation of the church which was to exist for many years to come. To-day it reflects the work and the time, and reading the various inscriptions carries one back to that scene seventy years ago, when a temple worthy of the name was founded for the greater honor and glory of Almighty God.

The amount realized towards the construction of the new church fell far short of the actual requirement, and further efforts had to be made in order to realize this as nearly as possible, hence the sum \$2557 was obtained by subscription, and simultaneously \$1467 was sent by the Foreign Missions in Paris, on account of the loss of the \$3,000 referred to above, and which had caused so much trouble. Father Galy, who journeyed to Bourbon, returned with \$1,000, and again in August of this year, \$800 was collected from the congregation to build the steeple.

An accident, that might have endangered many lives, but fortunately did no more than render unsafe the little edifice, which was fast outliving itself, was caused by the ceiling of the old chapel falling in, immediately after Mass, on the occasion of the Feast of the Epiphany, 1846. Forthwith, Father Beurel set out for Manila and China, and returned later enriched to the extent of \$1,800. In the same year also was erected the first chapel for the Chinese—St. Joseph's, Rev. Father Manduit—a Frenchman—had charge of that congregation, and for the fifteen years spent in Singapore lived their life, and died in April, 1858. He was succeeded by a Father Issaly, who succumbed in 1874, at Hong Kong, whither he proceeded to regain his health, after twenty-eight years service in the Straits.

The Catholic population of Singapore to-day is roughly 10,000, three thousand of whom are in the special care of Father Nain, of the Cathedral of the Good Shepherd. The rest is made up of Portuguese, Chinese, and Tamils, who have independent missions, splendid churches and flourishing congregations.—America.

It is rather unexpected to find one of the few Catholic M. P.'s we possess exerting himself in defence of the Turks. A great deal has been written by an inspired press regarding renowned Bulgarian and Serbian "atrocities" during the recent victorious march of the Christian troops. Now Mr. Mark Sykes comes forward with a long communication to the "Times," in which he affects to think that if the atrocities had been committed by the Turks Europe

would have been on fire, and he seeks to prove his broadmindedness by calling on a common humanity to condemn these atrocities and take steps to stop them. Why did not Mr. Sykes come forward and rouse the community in those many years during which the Christians of the

Balkans have groaned under horrors which can never be adequately pictured to human mind. The Turks have many allies amongst the Jews and Freemasons who control the European press, and the Turk, as we have already seen, does not mind what excuse he uses to gain time when the fortunes of war are going against him.

Advertisement for Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Features an illustration of a child and a box of cereal. Text includes: "Thank You Mother!!", "See that the name is Kellogg's CORN FLAKES".

Advertisement for Fertilizers for Farmers. Text includes: "Sydney Basic Slag is the the only slag sold in Nova Scotia on a straight guarantee of available Phosphoric Acid, which is the only guarantee of any value to the farmer." "THE CROSS FERTILIZER CO, Limited SYDNEY, N. S."

Advertisement for The Record Breaker. Features an illustration of a Standard cream separator. Text includes: "The Standard cream separator has justly been named 'The Record Breaker' by creameries and dairymen. It has certainly made some remarkable skimming records on Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, at Dominion of Canada Experimental Farms, Ottawa, at Wiarston Creamery, at Stratford Creamery, and others. The report of the records made by the Standard at the Eastern Dairy School at Kingston, and at the Kerwood Cheese and Butter Factory, were published a short time ago. They proved, conclusively, that the standard cream separator was unequalled for close skimming. They go to show that right here in Canada is made the 'World's Greatest Separator'—a fact, we believe, all Canadian dairymen will be proud of. If you are not familiar with the skimming records established by the Standard cream separator write us. We will gladly send you particulars. But the best record of all will be the record the Standard will make for you in every-day use in your dairy. It will do the same for you as it has done at Experimental Farms. All Standard Separators, of the same capacity, are identically alike. One Standard is as good as another, no matter who owns it."

Professional Cards. R. R. Griffin, B.A. BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, and NOTARY PUBLIC. W. R. TOBIN Barrister and Solicitor. Allan MacDonald, M. A. Barrister and Solicitor. DR. L. MacPHERSON. DR. J. L. McISAAC. E. L. LAVIN GIRROIR, LL. B. D. C. CHISHOLM. Joseph A. Wall, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC. DR. C. S. AGNEW, DENTIST.

Advertisement for Farm for Sale. Text includes: "For sale at a bargain, the very desirable homestead farm at Maryvale, formerly owned by the late James G. Ross, containing 125 acres more or less. New house, two barns and outhouse on property. Farm is very well wooded and watered. Title is good. Church and school close at hand. There is right of way by deed across lands formerly of Colin Ross from November first each year to first of following May to woodland on property for purposes of hauling wood. Apply to MRS. EILEEN ROSS, Box 131, New Glasgow. Care of John McDonald, Tanner, Or to J. A. Wall, K. C., Antigonish, 2-13, 2m."

Advertisement for The Renfrew Machinery Company, Limited. Text includes: "The Renfrew Machinery Company, Limited HEAD OFFICE AND WORKS, RENFREW, CANADA. Agencies everywhere in Canada."



BESS.

HOW FAITHFUL LOVERS, SEPARATED BY HEARTLESS DECEIT, ARE REUNITED AFTER YEARS OF PATIENT YEARNING.

We said our last words in the old orchard, her face upturned to mine among the apple blossoms, tears on the blooming cheeks and in the hazel eyes. She was seventeen and I was twenty-one, and we were parting.

My father had died bankrupt, and hers, besides being poor, had become blind. I was going to Canada, and she was to continue to be eyes to her father till a younger member of the family should be old enough to take her place.

There never was a girl so sweet, so gay yet so serious as my Bess. Her face among the orchard blossoms shone on me all through the ten years that followed our parting. Every spring I saw it afresh among the pinks and whites of the apple blossoms on the ranch where all seemed to go well, till one day my partner (he had the money while I did the work) told me we were ruined. He had been betting and drinking, while I was toiling. I was adrift, and had to seek a new employer—my years lost, my hopes blasted, the star of my dreams quenched under clouds of impossibility.

And then an amazing thing happened. A man who had made a fortune in Canada died unexpectedly, leaving me all he possessed. Thus suddenly I became a millionaire.

I was free to go home now and marry Bess.

I was still weak from illness and had to attend to business left in my charge by my new employer, who was absent, so that in my rapturous letter to my darling I had to explain why some two or three months must yet elapse before I could return to claim her as my wife. And after that I suffered more and more from impatience as the days went on.

Weeks passed like the last of a term of imprisonment, so hard was that little longer of waiting after all the years, the sunburst on the future casting temporary darkness on the immediate and the present.

One morning I left my shanty in a clearing of the woods, telling myself that the return mail was due, and that Bess' letter in reply to mine with the joyful intelligence must soon be in my hands.

It was springtime and I was in the orchard, conjuring up once more that tender, girlish face among the apple blossoms, when raising my eyes, I saw the woman of whom I was dreaming hastening toward me. I stood and stared in bewilderment. It was Bess, and yet it was not my Bess. A handsome young woman, with the features I remembered so well, enlarged and coarsened, and with an expression painfully unfamiliar to my memory. She hurried to me with outstretched hands, eagerly demanding to be welcomed.

"Are you not glad to see me?" she said reproachfully. I answered "yes," but I felt dizzy with surprise and disillusionment. How, or why had she come? I had not asked her to come, I had wanted to go home for her. My Bess of seventeen would have waited to be sent for.

"You do not look glad," she said. "Have you ceased to love me?" "Never," I replied, "but you know you ought not to have come here."

"You were ill, and I wanted to nurse you," she urged. "When we are married I will take care of you."

Though the words were good, the tone seemed to me unlike her letters; but then, had not my letters been utterly unlike the thoughts that were now in my mind? The truth must be owned that ten years of development in separation had made us strangers to each other. The thought was un-derly and kept violent hold of me, but I struggled to speak and act as my duty required.

"We can not be married here," I said. "I will take you to Tohagganham and place you with a worthy woman there. We will talk matters over on the way."

I made ready a trap and drove her to the town. I felt that she ought to have reproached me. My own heart bled for my infidelity, but my love was dead. She must know how it was with me, and she seemed quite content. Yet she did not look like one accustomed to be either meek or patient, nor could I see any trace of the old tenderness in her eyes, only a hard satisfaction at the successful conclusion of a bargain.

Our talk soon subsided and I sank into a mood of morose stupidity. The face among the orchard trees kept flitting before my eyes and vanishing. The flame that had warmed and cheered me sprang up fitfully and fell again, till it finally sank extinguished in the ashes of a burnt-out hope.

At the end of the drive I took her to a humble, good woman who had been one of my first helpers. "This is my affianced wife," I explained. "Be a mother to her till I return for our marriage."

"Marry me now," cried Bess urgently. "If you leave me again you may never come back. I have staked everything on your honesty."

"It is all a nightmare," I said, "but I must suffer it, and perhaps there may be an awakening." The sun rose and gilded the corn-fields. I mounted my horse and rode back to the town, and the next day Bess and I were married. It was a marriage of mere ceremony, for she made me aware immediately that she only wanted my money and my name and intended to go to some city and amuse herself without control. She was tired of poverty and bondage (so she spoke of her service to her blind father) and would indemnify herself for all while youth remained to her. I made an effort to remind her of our early love.

"That is all nonsense," she said. "You do not love me now. Your face showed it to me at once. Why should I love you? You have paid your debt to me honorably, and for that I am obliged to you. But I recognize no other obligation."

I gave her a liberal allowance and let her go. But I could not bring myself to feel indifference to her fate. I followed her to Toronto, and took a lodging near her. She was leading a gay life and flinging away my money right and left in dissipation.

I knew that I was weak in allowing this marriage and no marriage, this squandering of money to no purpose, but I consented rather than struggle for something that could never again be desired.

I shudder to look back on this bitter and desolate period of my life. While keeping my wife in view by following her from one city to another, I tried to engage my mind in some other interests, studying ways and manners of people around me, making excursions into parts of the country hitherto unknown to me, seeking worthy means of employing my wealth, or all of it that the reckless extravagance of a woman might ultimately leave to me—and all the time haunted by the sweetness of a faith and hope and trust that had once been so real, but had proved themselves to be in league as one ghastly cheat.

At last the crisis arrived. I had followed my wife to Paris. One memorable night I saw her in a box at the theater. She looked splendidly handsome, was glittering with jewels, and surrounded by a group of frivolous men.

I left my place when she left hers, and as she came down a stair I stood below, waiting to see her pass. Suddenly a shot rang out, cries arose, and the movements of an excited crowd blotted her out from my vision. I pushed forward, the crowd parted, and her body rolled over at my feet.

She was dying. I bent over her, feeling that she would have something to say to me, and that it would comfort me a little to forgive her. I was not mistaken. But her words were not what I expected to hear.

"I am not Bess," she gasped. "You never knew me. I am her sister. I was at school. I hated home and the service Bess did—which I should have to do when she was gone. I was engaged to marry a man who was wildly in love with me, but I did not care for him, and he was poor. When I heard of your good fortune I coveted what belonged to Bess. I suppressed the letter she wrote in reply to yours. We were wonderfully like each other and you had not seen her for ten years. I started for Canada to personate her."

"How—how—?" I stammered. "I sent her the announcement of your marriage, giving a strange name to your bride. She does not know what became of me."

I asked one more question. "The man who has murdered me?" she answered. "He is the man I killed. He pursued and threatened me. He said I had driven him mad."

I could not wait for her last breath to write to my Bess. But all I could say was "Darling, I have not been false to you. I am coming home for you."

Arrived in England, I hastened to the old, well-remembered green nook in Devonshire, where stood the little homestead, where bloomed the orchard that had enshrined my young love, now again grown real and delightful to me. There were signs of change that made my heart stand still, but I pressed on by the winding path within the gate, across the little wood, the lawn, through the orchard where the trees were now red and gold with fruit, and to the door. A farmer's wife in a sunbonnet met me on the threshold.

"All gone away," she said. "The old gentleman died, and the family broke up. The young lady went to London to be a nurse, or a teacher, or something. No, I couldn't get you her address, sir."

I hurried to London and began a fruitless search. I engaged a detective, advertised in the papers, but all was of no avail.

After a few years of seeking and wandering I began to fear that my love was dead, but I felt that so long as I was not assured of her death I could not give up hope. At last I came back to Devonshire, and look advantage of an opportunity which unexpectedly arose, to buy the estate on which stood the little homestead in which Bess was born, where I had first met her, and which was now in the hands of strangers. Here I took up my residence in a handsome mansion with its park, and here I brought the books and the many curious and valuable objects which I had picked up on my travels. But having made myself a beautiful and interesting home, I could not feel at peace to settle down and live in it, neither could I break it up again, or desert it while the hope still lived within me that one day my darling might enter it. After weeks of absence I would return, merely because I was glad to be near the spot where Bess and I had met and had parted. And then I would linger and dwell on the past, until the morbid state of my mind became unbearable, and I fled back to the busy world of men, to escape my regrets and my solitude.

It happened that the people who had occupied the little farm left it to go elsewhere, and the place that was so sacred to me fell absolutely into my hands. I took a pleasure in keeping it in order, cultivated the garden with care, and enriched the soil of the little orchard, which still seemed

to me haunted by the spirit of Bess, whithersoever that spirit might now have its abode, whether in this world or of our fleshly experience, or in that other world that is beyond our ken. Those who looked on at my improvements remarked that the new landlord was making a charming place of the little old farm, and that he would probably expect a big rent for it in future.

I was not thinking of letting it, however. I scarcely knew what I was doing. But at all events the happiest hours I knew at this time were those I spent in beautifying the sacred spot where Bess had dwelt.

It was in the fifth spring of my suspense that one morning I walked in the old orchard filled with poignant recollections of the two other springs of my life in which at a crisis these blossoms had framed the face of Bess, first in a tragedy of love and truth, secondly in a tragedy of hate and falsehood.

As I stood there, shaken by the force of a painful memory, I was suddenly aware of another presence in the acre of bloom which a moment ago had been as lonely as a prairie.

I raised my eyes and saw my Bess. We gazed at each other, there under the apple-blossoms, just where we had parted, gazed as two spirits meeting in another world might gaze and remain mute. But we were not disembodied spirits. Here was I, and there was Bess, in the flesh.

When we could speak and draw near to each other, our stories were quickly told in words that faltered and rushed on again. Bess had for some years past been a nurse traveling in the East with an invalid. Only just returned to England, she had taken a holiday for the purpose of looking once more on her father's house, her old and once happy home.

It was long before she perfectly understood the story of my seeming unfaithfulness. She had learned simply that I had married another woman. Of what had become of her selfish and eccentric sister she had never heard.

As I looked in her sweet face under the nurse's veil I saw it pale and a little worn, without the splendid beauty I had learned to hate, but with a spiritual loveliness that assured me she was still the Bess who had parted from me here, in this very spot of our meeting again, under the apple-blossoms.—Rosa Mulholland in Ben-ziger's Magazine.

The Maid of Orleans.

What is to be thought of her? What is to be thought of the poor shepherd-girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that—like the Hebrew shepherd-boy from the hills and forests of Judea—rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings? The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an act, such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender; but so did they to the gentle girl. Judge by the voices of all who saw them from a station of good-will, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes. The rose to a splendor and a noontide prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a by-word amongst his posterity for a thousand years, until the sceptre was departing from Judah. The poor, forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang together with them the songs that rose in her native Domremy, as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances at Baucouleurs which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was then silent. No! for her feet were dust. Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for thy side, that never once—no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honors from men. Coronets for thee! Oh, no! Honors, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domremy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, king of France, but she will not hear thee! Cite her by thy apparitions to come and receive a robe of honor, but she will be found in *contumace*. When the thunder of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd-girl that gave up all for her country, thy ear, young shepherd-girl, will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life; to do—never for thyself, always for others; to suffer—never in the persons of generous champions, always in thy own; that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. "Life," thou saidst, "is short, and the sleep which is in the grave is long." This poor creature—pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious—never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was travelling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aerial attitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end on every road pouring into Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there, until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraint; these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future. But the voice that called her to death, that she heard for ever.

Great was the throne of France, even in those days, and great was he that sat upon it; but well Joanna knew that not the throne, nor he that

sat upon it, was for her; but, on the contrary, that she was for them; not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust. Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries had the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea; until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them; but well Joanna knew, early at Domremy she had read that bitter truth, that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for her. Flower not bud, bell nor blossom, would ever bloom for her.

On the Wednesday after Trinity Sunday, in 1431, being then about nineteen years of age the Maid of Arg underwent her martyrdom. She was conducted before mid-day guarded by eight hundred spear-men, to a platform of prodigious height, constructed of wooden billets, supported by hollow spaces in every direction, for the creation of air currents. "The pile struck terror," says M. Michelet, "by its height." . . . There would be a certainty of calumny rising against her—some people would impute to her a willingness to recant. No innocence could escape that. Now, had she really testified this willingness on the scaffold it would have argued nothing at all but the weakness of a genial nature shrinking from the instant approach of torment. And those will often pity that weakness most who in their own person would yield to it least. Meantime there never was a calumny uttered that drew less support from the recorded circumstances. It rests upon no positive testimony, and it has a weight of contradicting testimony to stem. . . . What else but her meek, saintly demeanor won, from the enemies that till now had believed her a witch, tears of rapturous admiration? "Ten thousand men," says M. Michelet himself, "ten thousand men wept; and of those ten thousand the majority were political enemies." What else was it but her constancy, united with her angelic gentleness, that drove the fanatic English soldier—who had sworn to throw a faggot on her scaffold as his tribute of abhorrence that did so, that fulfilled his vow—suddenly to turn away a penitent for life, saying everywhere that he had seen a dove rising upon wings to heaven from the ashes where she had stood? What else drove the executioner to kneel at every shrine for pardon to his share in the tragedy? And if all this were insufficient, then I cite the closing act of her life as valid on her behalf, were all other testimonies against her. The executioner had been directed to apply the torch from below. He did so. The fiery smoke rose up in billowy columns. A Dominican monk was then standing almost at her side. Wrapped up in his sublime office, he saw not the danger, but still persisted in his prayers. Even then, when the last enemy was racing up the fiery stairs to seize her, even at that moment did this nobler of girls think only of him, that one friend that would not forsake her, and not for herself; bidding him with her last breath to care for his own preservation, but to leave her to God. That girl, whose latest breath descended in this sublime expression of self-oblivion, did not utter the word *recant*, either with her lips or in her heart. No, she did not, though one should rise from the dead to swear it.—Thomas de Quincey (Miscellaneous Essays).

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As I looked in her sweet face under the nurse's veil I saw it pale and a little worn, without the splendid beauty I had learned to hate, but with a spiritual loveliness that assured me she was still the Bess who had parted from me here, in this very spot of our meeting again, under the apple-blossoms.—Rosa Mulholland in Ben-ziger's Magazine.

The Maid of Orleans.

What is to be thought of her? What is to be thought of the poor shepherd-girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that—like the Hebrew shepherd-boy from the hills and forests of Judea—rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings? The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an act, such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender; but so did they to the gentle girl. Judge by the voices of all who saw them from a station of good-will, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes. The rose to a splendor and a noontide prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a by-word amongst his posterity for a thousand years, until the sceptre was departing from Judah. The poor, forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang together with them the songs that rose in her native Domremy, as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances at Baucouleurs which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was then silent. No! for her feet were dust. Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for thy side, that never once—no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honors from men. Coronets for thee! Oh, no! Honors, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domremy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, king of France, but she will not hear thee! Cite her by thy apparitions to come and receive a robe of honor, but she will be found in *contumace*. When the thunder of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd-girl that gave up all for her country, thy ear, young shepherd-girl, will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life; to do—never for thyself, always for others; to suffer—never in the persons of generous champions, always in thy own; that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. "Life," thou saidst, "is short, and the sleep which is in the grave is long." This poor creature—pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious—never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was travelling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aerial attitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end on every road pouring into Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there, until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraint; these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future. But the voice that called her to death, that she heard for ever.

Catholic Immigration Bureau And Home Established in Montreal, Canada.

At the suggestion of the Most Reverend Paul Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal, a Catholic Immigration Society has just been formed—Reverend Francis J. Shingleton has been appointed the Chaplain. The Association has for its primary object:

(a) The helping of all Catholic Immigrants who arrive in Montreal.

(b) The reception of the Immigrants.

(c) The establishment of a Home to which Immigrants may be brought, where they may stay pending the securing of employment.

(d) The establishment of a Registry office and Employment Bureau where a list of reliable Catholic situations will be kept.

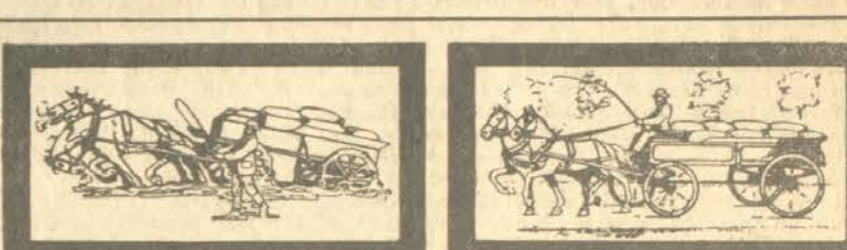
Immigrant steamers and trains will be met by the Chaplain or one of his assistants. In this manner all Immigrants will be assured proper Catholic protection from the time they leave their homes in Europe until they reach their destination or are placed in good Catholic families in Montreal.

A most suitable property has been secured and it is expected that the Home will be in readiness for the reception of the Immigrants at the opening of navigation.

The building is a most spacious one, and is centrally located at No. 450 Loguechete St. West—near the Canadian Pacific, Grand Trunk and Canadian Northern Railway stations.

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St. John Roads and Motor Show. St. John, March 29th to April 5th, in Queen's Rink.

You can't afford to miss this exhibit and it would be worth your while to come to the Show for this alone. A more interesting exhibition of modern road-building methods, was never gathered together.

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If you cannot visit the show, write us for complete information and literature on good roads. It will show you how and why Concrete is solving the world's road problems.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1913.

Our London Letter.

LONDON, March 7th, 1913.

The past few days have been full of testimonies to the goodness, greatness, or courage of others.

Another tribute to bravery was rendered at the Convent, Brentwood, which has unfortunately been the scenes of two recent fires.

At Plumstead, in the East of London remarkable demonstrations of public grief accompanied the funeral of Father Staunton, an Irish priest who was buried this week.

The National Union of Teachers and the London Teachers Association have passed unanimous resolutions to oppose any attempt to make sex hygiene a subject in the curriculum of elementary schools.

To turn to a very different scene, their Majesties the King and Queen were very successfully entertained by Prince Lichnowski and his wife on Tuesday evening at dinner at the German Embassy in Carlton House Terrace, overlooking the Green Park.

of the brilliant German singers who are at present giving such a remarkable rendering of "The Meistersinger" at Covent Garden.

Appropos of the Sovereigns, it is interesting to note that Mr. Lavery, the well known Irish painter, has been commissioned to paint a portrait of the King and Queen which is being presented by an anonymous donor to the National Gallery.

Not alone the events of last week point to a great wave of interest in the subject of the reunion of Christendom. The first number has appeared in London this week of an unique publication entitled the "Constructive Quarterly."

Another proof of the change which is gradually coming over public opinion is the protest issued this week against a new playlet based on the prejudiced and inaccurate classic of King-ley's "Westward Ho!"

Commenting on the recently issued circular of the Government of India to the Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces, when that official was rebuked for the "loose phraseology" of referring to Catholics instead of "Roman" Catholics and exhorted to repeat the offence, the Editor of the "Catholic Herald of India" points out that when King George was in India recently, His Majesty was guilty of very loose phraseology for he never once used the unnecessary prefix "Rome" when speaking to or of his Catholic subjects.

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Some striking scenes have been witnessed in London this week, scenes which strike the beholder with a sickness of horror of what is to come. The situation caused by the Suffragettes is an impossible one. The writer saw a crowd of some thousand men and boys surrounding two defenceless women the other day.



ST. MARTHAS HOSPITAL, ANTIGONISH

St. Martha's Hospital.

On the 15th of December last, the new St. Martha's Hospital was formally opened for the reception of patients. The building is a substantial three-story wooden structure, measuring 85 by 40 feet, and was erected and equipped at a cost of less than \$18,000.

The operating room, on the third floor, deserves special mention. In point of up-to-date equipment and arrangement it is not excelled even in much larger hospitals. The floor is of blue and white vitrified tiling, while the lighting facilities are all that could be desired.

will not rest with either the mob or the Suffragette so much as with a Government, which senselessly permits the violence of these senseless females to continue unchecked.

doors open from the several wards. Patients are thus enabled to obtain a maximum of fresh air and sunlight and enjoy landscape scenery which is not surpassed in anywhere.

The location of the building, which crowns a hill overlooking the town and surrounding country, is ideal for hospital purposes. The grounds are spacious, consisting of 30 acres already in a fair state of cultivation.

The Turkish war is proceeding vigorously now, though peace proposals are being considered by the European powers. The Allies are determined to capture both Scutari and Adrianople before peace is arranged.

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### Keep Healthy.

"There are some illnesses and periods of acute suffering which no amount of foresight and knowledge and common sense will stave off, I suppose," said the doctor thoughtfully. She was giving a little talk on her specialty before the members of the Domestic Circle. "However, it's my candid opinion (no charge for this one, so don't look alarmed) that culpable ignorance is responsible for a good many cases of colds and grippe and tonsillitis and rheumatism, not to mention boils and tuberculous and some other things. People won't take the trouble to learn how to care for themselves. They've been given the most perfect and delicately adjusted bit of machinery in the world and they let it rust out for want of care, run down for want of winding, and so on. If you leave the hoe and spade out in the garden instead of putting them away in the shed with the other tools and they are eaten up by rust, it's wasteful of you, of course. But it's not a calamity. You can get new ones for thirty cents any day. You can't do that with your body. You've got just the one and if you want to get the best results out of it, you'll have to take care of it. You may neglect it or abuse it for awhile but it will take its turn presently and make you wish you hadn't."

"Still, I suppose it's never quite too late to mend. The tissues of the body wear out and are replaced every few weeks. It used to be supposed that once in seven years we had a complete new body, but now science tells us that we have one every month or so, so of course you can to some extent give these new cells the training you neglected with the old ones. "Of course you know it's my hobby that if mothers knew a good deal more about the body and its needs and care, and drilled these facts into the habits of their children so thoroughly that they would give proper attention to their physical selves quite automatically, and without thinking and talking about it, there would be less illness among people who can't afford it. It struck me a while ago that it's mostly those who can't afford medicines and doctor's bills who have most call for them. Since then I've been watching out for the key. I don't think it's a difference in constitutions. In fact my poor patients usually have stronger, tougher constitutions than the well-to-do. If they hadn't they'd have died long ago. The same sieges of illness would carry the well-to-do into the great beyond. But these sick spells with consequent debt and inability to work and earn money help to keep them poor. Ignorance of how to care for the physical temples of their souls cuts a big figure in social problems, I imagine."

"One rainy day I sat at my window and watched the people passing. I could almost decide on their occupations by their rubbers or lack of rubbers. First to come along was a man, middle aged, rather heavy and a bit slow, but vigorous. Storm rubbers encased his shoes, his trousers were neatly turned up so that no water splattered on them. His long rain coat almost completely covered him and he carried an umbrella. He has a prosperous little grocery around the corner. Another man came along, spoke pleasantly, and the grocer shared his umbrella. The second man had old shoes, no rubbers, and his wet trousers were slapping against his ankles, no raincoat, no umbrella. He's a carpenter and works about half time. His wife came around to see me next day to get some medicine for his cold. I suggested that she take the dollar I charged her and get him rubbers. They are the best remedy I know for a cold. But no, Jim classes rubbers and such as effeminate or capitalistic or something. He's letting his machine rust out for want of care."

"Then Marie Whalen came along, radiant and sparkling, hanging on her father's arm. A month at a hospital or a sanitarium with an army of nurses wouldn't make the slightest dent in her purse, but she wore a raincoat, her skirt was pinned up underneath, and rubbers and spats protected her feet and ankles. As if for my special benefit, Jennie Smith and Eleanor Burns turned the corner from the factory a minute later. Both wore transparent stockings, and low shoes. One had velvet oxfords. No rubbers, no raincoat. If either gets sick it means disaster. There was no excuse for their carelessness. It was raining when they started for work in the morning."

"Any girl may have rubbers. Good heavy shoes and velvet oxfords are about the same price. If she can't have a raincoat she can keep an old heavy skirt for rainy days. Make it button all the way down the front side seam and put it over her regular dress. It can be removed when she enters the house or factory and her dress pinned up will be dry underneath. "Then there is the little medicine closet which ought to be in every home, and is in mighty few. The mother who knows when and how to administer a few very simple remedies will head off much suffering and illness and save a good many dollars which otherwise might swell the doctor's purse. And maybe as doctors have to live as well as other folks I ought to keep this hint to myself. I know my grandmother never thought of calling the doctor for anything short of a broken back. She had a shelf full of home-made salves and ointments and cold cream, dandelion cordials, dried red clove, and horhound and honest and a host of homely herb remedies. "Instead of this assortment of wholesome herbs, country folks nowadays load up with patent medicines whose base is alcohol or some fiend-making drug. If it were only their pocket-books which were the worse off it wouldn't matter so much, but unfortunately a continuous diet of the country store's drugstock makes them wreck physically and morally. But of course that isn't what I mean that we should hark back to grandmother's herbs exactly, but there are a few simple remedies which everybody ought to know how to use. But I think I'll have to leave the medicine closet until next time. —Aunt Bride in the S. H. Review."

### Easter in The Holy Land.

LANDING AT JOPPE.—FIRST IMPRESSION OF THE HOLY LAND.—THE JERUSALEM OF TODAY.—THE WAILING PLACE OF THE JEWS.—THE GREAT NUMBER OF THE PILGRIMS.—THE RUSSIAN CELEBRATION AT THE RIVER JORDAN.—THE LEGEND OF ADAM AED THE "PLACE OF THE SKULL"—THE REVERENCE OF THE PILGRIMS.

Travelers, and those who desire to travel, can not but acknowledge that there is no country that possesses the fascination of the Holy Land. Not only does this apply to us of the Faith, Infidels and heretics stand mute and awed before the sacred spots dedicated forever to holy thoughts by the presence of our blessed Lord. They appeal to the imagination, arouse interest even in the scoffer, so that if he does not "remain to pray," at least his tongue is silenced. Easter is by far the best time for a visit to the Holy Land. The weather in March and April is delightful, although the nights are quite cool. It is the time to see the people at their best, and to observe the bewildering array of men of all countries who assemble here for the celebrations. It is impossible, on arriving at Jaffa, to land direct. There is no harbor, and the ship is compelled to anchor half a mile from the shore on account of the surf and rocks. The passengers are landed in rowboats, and it is quite interesting to watch the native boatmen handle their craft when passing through the surf, especially if the sea is rough. One great disadvantage of having to land at Jaffa, however, is the fact that if the sea is very turbulent it is quite impossible for passengers to be put ashore at all, and the ship has to proceed to Haifa, the next port of call. As Jaffa is the only place from which Jerusalem can be reached direct, it is most annoying when travelers are compelled to go to Haifa. The same applies when the passenger is embarking, it being necessary at times to wait at Jaffa two or three days before a boat can safely reach the ship.

There is not much to interest one at Jaffa—the Joppe of the Bible. It was at Joppite St. Peter lodged, when Cornelius the centurion had the word: "And now send men to Joppe, and call hither one Simon, who is surnamed Peter." St. Peter was staying at Lydda when that holy woman who was full of good works died in Joppe. "And forasmuch as Lydda was nigh to Joppe, the disciples, hearing that Peter was there, sent unto him two men, desiring him that he would not be slack to come unto them."

A stroll through the famous orange-groves is attractive, and one is surprised at the vast amount of this delicious fruit growing in the neighborhood. The train leaves for Jerusalem once a day after one o'clock, and although it is only fifty-four miles, the journey occupies nearly four hours—this being explained by the fact that the railway is a Turkish one. During the first few miles the train proceeds through numerous olive-groves, these being followed by a succession of high hills, which continue, practically, all the way to Jerusalem.

Then comes the Holy City itself. To one whose mind is filled—as every Catholic mind must be—with thoughts of the past history of this sacred spot, with reverence for its traditions, and tenderness for the events which took place within its environs, the first impression is a little disappointing. Imagination leads one to expect a stretch of stately buildings, green fields, fertile valleys, picturesque with figures in the garb of the Orient. But the best quarter of Jerusalem is distinctly European, while the native quarter is equal. Viewed from any point the city can not look as imposing as it did during the time of our blessed Lord. But in spite of this first disappointment one soon overcomes the feeling. We are not here to satisfy our eyes or our senses, but our hearts, our souls.

Archaeologists tell us that the Jerusalem of the time of Christ is some twenty or thirty feet below the surface of the ground, and they are finding the ancient pavements deep hidden in the earth. Two or three times has the city been absolutely overthrown, "not one stone left upon another" of its buildings. Solomon's Temple stood on the very summit of the mountain. Nothing of that left. The splendid dome of the mosque which has taken its place covers "the dome of the rock," a portion of the original summit—the summit of Mount Moriah, regarded by both Jewish and Moslem tradition as the foundation-stone of the world. This is where Abraham brought Isaac for sacrifice—one of the places unchanged in all the centuries, a bit of everlasting rock. As the temple was built on the top of a mountain, there was not much level space for it, and so a great terrace was made, a paved court stretching out over the natural contour of the hill. The terrace is supported by stones, which form the retaining wall of the vast platform of the Temple. Many of these stones are inscribed in Jewish characters, and here the Jews come every Friday afternoon. It is as near as they are ever allowed to their holy place. It is the Wall of Wailing. The dark-robed figures press against the precious stones saluting them with kisses, and laying hands of blessing upon them. And the chant goes up:

"We sit alone and weep,  
 Because of the great Temple  
 Which is destroyed;  
 We sit alone and weep,  
 Because of the walls  
 Which are broken down;  
 We sit alone and weep,  
 Because of the glory  
 Which has departed."

The pilgrims begin to arrive in Palestine some weeks before the Easter festivals. They come from Egypt, from all parts of Syria, from Armenia, and Asia Minor, from Stamboul, Roumelia, from the province of the Danube, and all the Russia. Most of these people bring

with them some article of merchandise—not in a spirit of mercenary speculation, but rather through an effort to meet the expenses of the journey, in this case, considering the means of most of them, very great. They generally travel in families, for the women are more ardent than the men, and both could not come without the children, of whom there always seems to be a goodly number. The space fronting the Church of the Holy Sepulcher soon becomes a bazaar. Every shade of complexion and every style of dress is represented, and each day adds to the multitude. As the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, as we see it at present inside the Walls of Jerusalem, was built by the Crusaders in 1103, but includes the older chapels which were rebuilt in 1037 on the sites of the earlier churches put up by Constantine as early as 335. Constantine's first buildings were destroyed by the Persians, rebuilt, and again in the tenth century were partly destroyed by fire, and ruined by the Moslems in the eleventh. Godfrey of Bouillon and Baldwin I. are both buried within its walls.

The center of this vast group of buildings, which belongs to the Latins, Greeks, Armenians, and Copts, is a little shrine, built over what has, for centuries, been considered the Holy Sepulcher. This lies within a small chapel twenty-six feet long by eighteen feet wide, under the very middle of the rotunda—the rotunda being common to all the Christian sects. Opening into it are all the various other churches and chapels. As visitors enter the building, they are shown the "stone of anointment," on which, it is said, the body of Our Lord was laid when anointed by Nicodemus. There is a vestibule to the east called the angels' chapel, in the center of which is a part of a stone said to have been rolled away from the mouth of the tomb on Easter morning. Communicating with this is the sacred tomb itself. The Franciscans celebrate three Masses here every day. Mass is celebrated on Easter Sunday by the Archbishop of Jerusalem, after which he and his attending clergy, all robed in gorgeous vestments, go in solemn procession about the holy tomb. As the Greek Church still uses the old calendar it celebrates Easter later than we do.

Perhaps one of the strangest Easter-day sights in Palestine is the gathering of the Russian pilgrims—chiefly Russian, though there are many from other parts of the world—upon the banks of the River Jordan to bathe in the same waters in which Christ was baptized. As the rays of the rising sun gild the tops of the mountains of Moah, a shout of Hosanna bursts forth with one accord from every throat, followed by song. Clean robes have been already donned, and all rush into the stream. The Russian Government has erected hospices for the pilgrims all along their line of march. On Palm Sunday morning, when the celebration begins, there is a procession formed of the dignitaries of the Church and all the congregation. Along the line of march the way has been strewn with palms, and small floats are carried. The floats show angels, and the prettiest children to be found are always seen in the procession, which ends in front of the church, where hymns are sung.

On Good Friday there is another procession, the entire spectacle being one of somberness, and all are dressed in mourning. On Easter, at dawn, comes the last procession. At its head are women dressed to represent those who discovered that Christ was risen, and a figure showing the resurrection of Christ is also carried. Besides the Russian celebration there are many peculiar to the other sects, more or less elaborate, and all under the supervision and control, really, of the Turkish Government. Unfortunately, there is some rivalry between the various denominations, each being anxious to out-do the other in paying homage to the sacred places. The Greeks have, as a characteristic part of their Easter celebration, the washing of the feet, in memory of Our Lord's washing of the feet of the apostles, and the imposing procession of the Armenian patriarch and priests is a sight worth seeing. The Turks, too, celebrate the Feast of Moses on this day.

The Church of the Holy Sepulcher also covers Mount Calvary, the actual spot on which our Saviour died on the cross. A legend has it that when Adam was driven out of paradise he took refuge in Judea, was buried here, and that afterward his head was placed in a spot called Cranion, whence the name Calvary, or "place of the skull." Although these holy places are in so many hands, the Turks dominating over all, no one can help being impressed by the fervor and devotion of the pilgrims, both women and men.

From the site of Pontius Pilate's house to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher the route is known as the Via Dolorosa or Way of the Cross, the fourteen stations having been erected thereon.—Benziger's

### Poverty's Privileges.

There are advantages in being poor. You wear out your clothes. You are not troubled with many visitors. You are exonerated from making calls. Boors do no bore you. Spongers do not haunt your table. No one thinks of presenting you with a testimonial. No tradesman irritates you by asking "Is there any other little article to-day." Begging letter writers leave you alone. You practise temperance. You swallow infinitely less poison than others. Flatterers do not shoot their rubbish into your ear. You are saved many a debt, many a deception, many a headache. And if you have a true friend in the world you are sure in a very short space of time to learn it.

You will never be sorry for living a white life; for doing your level best; for your faith in humanity; for being kind to the poor; for looking before leaping for hearing before judging; for being candid and frank; for thinking before speaking.

## JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

Used 102 years for internal and external ills.

A sure relief for coughs, colds, sore throat, cramps, cholera morbus, diarrhoea, cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, etc.



### Cheaper Living

Do not pay extravagant prices for butter (use Olive Oil). We guarantee Olive Oil is cheaper and is just as good for all kinds of cooking. "Come and ask about it." For sale in quantities at C. B. WHIDDEN & SON, Antigonish, N. S.

### MAKE MONEY

Boys and girls, any age, in spare time, all over the Country make lots of money. Buy beautiful assorted cards: comics, views, Easter, St. Patrick's, etc., mailed free, \$1.00; sell to your friends at regular price, 2 for 5; make \$1.00 clear profit. Just think! Invest \$1.00 with me and make 150 per cent. Borrow \$1.00 from parents, or a friend, lend to us, get 100 cents, sell 2 for 5c, nets you \$2.50; pay your \$1.00 back and have \$1.50 left clear money! Invest again your own \$1.00, keep going now and you are started in an easy, pleasant, honorable and honest business. Make you sharp and bright and full of business. Don't delay. Begin today. Don't let every boy and girl get ahead of you. Enclose \$1.00 to us and get 100 beautiful assorted cards, post free, \$1.00. AGENTS SUPPLY CO., Antigonish.

## RAW FURS WANTED



I am now getting a consignment of furs together for the June sales in London

I can pay you as high for your furs as anyone in the business.

Send Your Fur to me and get Satisfaction.

Lots kept separate on request till shippers are heard from.

If I can not suit you on prices I will return your fur at my own expense.

CHAS. G. WHIDDEN

Exporter of Raw Furs ANTIGONISH, N. S.

## Men Wanted

For railroad construction work in Kings County, near Kentville, Nova Scotia. Highest wages paid.

KIRK & COOKE, 10-10-11 Contractors

## HUSBAND AND WIFE BOTH TROUBLED

GIN PILLS Cured Them

Lachute Mills, Que, March 11th, 1912.

"I was troubled for many years with Kidney Disease, and a friend told me to take GIN PILLS. After taking a few boxes, I was greatly relieved, and after finishing the twelfth box, the pain completely left me.

My wife is now using GIN PILLS and finds that she has been greatly relieved of the pain over her kidneys.

I can safely recommend anyone suffering from Kidney Trouble to give a fair trial to GIN PILLS."

THOMAS STEPHENSON.

We allow you to make this trial absolutely free of cost. Simply write National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto, and they will send you a free sample of Gin Pills. Try them. They will do you so much good that you will gladly get the regular size boxes at your local dealer's a box, 6 for \$2.50.

## "BEAVER" FLOUR Makes the True Home-Made Bread Your Mother Used to Make

"Beaver" Flour is a blended flour—really two flours in one. It contains the quality, nutriment and flavor of Ontario fall wheat and the strength of Western wheat.

"Beaver" Flour is a perfectly balanced flour. It makes baking easy because it is always the same in strength, quality and flavor. Your grocer has it. Try it.

DEALERS—Write us for prices on Feed, Coarse Grains and Cereals.

THE T. H. TAYLOR CO., LIMITED, CHATHAM, Ont. 140

C.F. POOLEY, 6 1/2 Kent Street, Halifax, N. S.



Travelling Sales Agent



**THE Keeley Cure**

**FOR LIQUOR DRUG USING**

It Destroys the Craving No Nausea or Sickness No Confinement No Prostration or Collapse

General health improves from the beginning. Healthful surroundings, skilled physicians, rational and honest methods and a comfortable home.

**The Keeley Institute**  
151 Congress Street  
PORTLAND, ME.,  
Printed matter on request

**Prayerbook Sale**

Child's Prayerbook, 5 cents  
Child's Prayerbook, 10 cts.  
Vest Pocket Prayerbook, 40c., 50c., 75c., \$1.00  
\$1.25, \$1.50  
Prayerbook with Cross in Cover, \$1.00  
Assorted Prayerbooks, From 50c. to \$2.00

**J. J. M. LANDY**  
Catholic Church Goods  
405 Young St., TORONTO, ONT.

**T. J. WALLACE**  
OPTICIAN.

Requests all those who wish to have their eyes examined to call at his Antigonish store between

**SATURDAY, 22nd Feb.**


—AND—

**MONDAY, 3rd March.**

Mr. Wallace will be at

**PORT HOOD**, on March 4th  
**INVERNESS**, on March 5, 6th  
**HAWKS BURY** on March 7th

These dates will be adhered to



**West End Livery Stable**

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

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

**C. B. WHIDDEN & SON,**  
Head of Main Street, Antigonish  
Telephone 20.

**NOTICE**

All persons having legal demands against the estate of John MacDonald, late of Pomquet River, in the County of Antigonish, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

**ARCHIBALD A. CHISHOLM,**  
Pomquet River, Executor  
October 29th, 1912.

**Dalhousie University**  
Faculty of Dentistry

FORMERLY  
**Maritime Dental College**

Advantages for Canadian Students  
For information and calendar address  
**DR. FRANK WOODBURY, Dean**  
318 Pleasant St., Halifax, N. S.

The University has teaching facilities in Arts, Science, Engineering, Law and Medicine also.

**In Panama**

A VENERABLE AMERICAN PRIEST AND HIS WORK ON THE ISTHMIAN WORKS LIKE A DAY LABORER.

When a priest leaves one church behind him as the fruit of his ministry, he rightly thinks that his life has not been lived in vain. There is a priest in the Isthmus of Panama, who is working down there among the Indians. He is an old man now, and a feeble one, but he has built twenty churches, schools and colleges in the course of his life, and now he is building another school. He has not contracted with a firm of builders to erect it for him. He is building it stone by stone as he has done before. He is building with his own hands, like a common day laborer. Father Volk was born in Kentucky and his labors there were no less heroic than his work in Panama. Work has always been a passion with him, and now in the evening of his life he can not change. He must work for there is enough of it to keep a dozen priests busy.

But he is not one to sit down and wring his hands waiting for help. He is laboring for these people with a zeal that is truly apostolic. The people are heart rendering in their indifference, and even the bright flame of his spirituality has ignited but few souls. He is Chaplain to the Government hospital and is paid \$100 for fulfilling the duties of that post. Every morning he says Mass at 5 o'clock at the hospital, and with instructing and visiting the sick and the poor he is busy until late at night. One hundred dollars a month would enable him to live comfortably but his hands are never closed to the needs of the poor and the money goes to them very quickly. A friend from the Isthmus who writes of him says: "His main food consists of a little fruit. He sleeps on a cot back in the sacristy. He has not even a housekeeper to look after him. In addition to his other labors he takes it upon himself to go on a missionary journey each year to the poor Indians in the mountains. And he does not realize that he is even a profitable servant."

It is said that one must die that the many may live. The seeds of sacrifice that he has sown must blossom forth into fair fruit but others than he will eat of it. The country is ripe for priests—young, healthy priests and especially those with a great love for apostolic work. Father Volk has made straight the path for many a missionary. When the Catholic Church Extension Society heard of his destitution the society immediately espoused his cause.

**The Church's Care of Children.**

The decline in church attendance in England is attributed by the "British Weekly" to the pastoral neglect of the children. Nearly all Anglican and Nonconformist churches have shown a falling off in the past year; the Catholic Church alone finds itself in a condition that warrants self-congratulation. Dr. Robertson Nicol lays almost the whole blame on the pastors, who seem to make no effort to bring the children into the fold. "We may talk as we like about the forces that militate against church attendance," he writes, "but when all is said and done, the truth is that the pastoral heart is cooling and the work of the shepherd is not being done." He seems to find the activities of the clergy tending too much in another direction, for he adds: "If it were otherwise, those responsible for our conferences and assemblies would tear up their programmes and know no politics and no theology and no criticism until the lambs were in the fold." One Sunday in December Liverpool undertook to see how bad the case was, and took a census of those in attendance at the churches, chapels and mission halls of that city. This was the fourth census taken since 1881 and the combined showing is a marked indication of tendencies. In 1881, 146,469 people were found in church on the Sunday in question; in 1891, 157,846; in 1902, 178,777, and in 1912, 160,721. Though the population of Liverpool has increased in the last decade by about 45,000, being now 752,021, this period shows a decline. The Methodist position there is helped by its "Central Hall," that attracts an evening attendance of 2,340. Looking elsewhere:

"At the Presbyterian churches the morning attendance has gone down from 5,300 in 1891 to 2,604 in 1912; and the evening attendance from 6,200 to 4,820. The Congregationalists have suffered a severe loss in morning attendance, but there is only a slight difference in the figures for the evening, being 5,614 in 1912, and 5,813 in 1902. The Baptist decrease is attributed mainly to the removal of Dr. Aked, Pembroke Chapel, where he preached in Liverpool, had a morning attendance in 1902 of 1,375, which has now gone down to 214. The evening attendance in 1902 was 1,973, and is now 564."

The British Congregationalist finds "little cause for rejoicing in the figures relating to church membership." Last year it decreased 2,221, and in the year books for the past five or six years one finds "decrease after decrease." Sunday-school statistics are in keeping with those of church attendance. Losses are partly accounted for by declining birth rate, "increasing emigration,"

and the "adoption of up-to-date methods," that have "involved the cutting down of the membership." We read on:

"The total number of scholars—692,676—is 8,178 below the figures for last year. The summary shows that England and Wales are responsible for 2,787 of the decrease, but a closer analysis reveals the fact that in Wales and Monmouth there is an increase of 1,474, which swells the total of the English decrease by that number. The figures for Scotland show a decline of 371, and those for Ireland a decline of 20."

"London leads the way, but in the wrong direction, with a diminished membership of 1,324, and the metropolis is closely followed by Suffolk with a decrease of 682 and Staffordshire with 588. Shropshire, on the other hand, has increased by 428, and Herts by 408."

"There is an increase of 269 Sunday-school teachers, due, undoubtedly, to the more general adoption of up-to-date methods in the primary and junior departments. The total number of teachers is 71,530."

The explanation that the Catholic gain in Liverpool is due to immigration is dismissed by the "British Weekly," which writes of the contrastingly pleasing prospect of this Church:

"We prefer to take the explanation given by Archbishop Whitehead, and it is so important that we hope it will be deeply pondered. The Archbishop says that it seems likely that the twentieth century will be called the century of the Blessed Sacrament. He looks around him, and sees the wonderful renewal of the spiritual life which has resulted in a very short time from the two decrees of the Holy See—the one on frequent communion and the other on the first Communion of children. As a result of the first decree, the number of communions made in the diocese has risen by leaps and bounds from about 1,900,000 made annually four years ago to over 4,000,000 made during the past year. We invite particular attention to what the Archbishop describes as the consequences of the second decree about the first communion of children. In the year following its promulgation the Easter communions in the diocese rose from about 198,000 to about 221,000, an increase of 23,000 in one year, due in the main to the number of little children who, for the first time, fulfilled the Easter precept. The Archbishop adds: "Not only do the children approach the Holy Table in large numbers, but from all sides there comes the same gratifying account of the wonderful faith, and of the recollection almost beyond their years, with which the little ones receive our Lord. The silent work that is now going on in the souls of all, both young and old, through early and frequent communion, is a great consolation to pastors of souls, and inspires great hopes for the future. Every Sunday about 189,000 persons in the diocese hear Mass. We may assume that about a third of these are school children, the large majority of whom also attend the children's service on the Sunday afternoon.—The Literary Digest.

**Girls in Steel Works.**

That girls under sixteen are standing more than ten hours a day of work that is heavy for men, in the plant of the Oliver Steel Company, Pittsburg, was found in a recent investigation by the National Child Labor Committee. Girls of all ages were operating rapid machinery that puts threads in nuts and turning out ten to fifteen thousand nuts a day. For this they were paid from five cents a thousand to nine cents a thousand according to the size of the nuts; but the wages were so adjusted that a rapid worker would earn about 75 cents a day. In the more difficult work of putting threads on bolts, they were paid 12 cents or more per thousand, but the smaller daily output kept the daily earnings down, so that one strong girl earned about 84 cents. Each girl tends two or three machines, moving rapidly from one to another, taking out the finished bolt, putting in the rough bolt, pulling forward that part of the machine which holds the bolt so that the thread shall be cut, and all so quickly that it was difficult to follow the motions she made. The arms and clothing of the girls were covered with the solution that pours over the bolts as they are being ground. On cold winter mornings this cracks their hands, and getting into the cracks in the flesh causes such pain that the girls cry at their work. In general, conditions of such work are so severe that the National Child Labor Committee says it is urgently necessary, as the least possible demand of common humanity, to prohibit the employment in foundries, of all boys under sixteen years, and of all girls under twenty-one.

**Lactare Medalist of 1913.**

The thirtieth Lactare Medal is this year awarded by the faculty of the Notre Dame University to a most prominent Catholic scholar, litterateur, and layman, Dr. Charles G. Herbermann of New York City, Editor-in-Chief of the Catholic Encyclopedia, says the Notre Dame Scholastic.

A German by birth, Mr. Herbermann has resided in America since 1851. He was a graduate of St. Francis Xavier's College in New York City, in 1858, and has since had many scholastic degrees conferred upon him by various institutions of learning throughout the United States. As instructor to his Alma Mater, and since 1869 Professor of Latin Language and Literature in the College of the City of New York, many have become acquainted with his sterling qualities.

He is the author of an interesting consideration of ancient activity—"Business Life in Ancient Rome." This genius as the editor of many literary productions is well known to students of the classics.

He has been signally honored by the Church on two occasions: the first in 1910 when he was designated Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory, and again this year by the Medal "Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice," from the Holy Father. His work in connection with the Catholic Encyclopedia will stand as imperishable evidence of his ardent Catholic spirit, and as an accomplishment most important in the world's history.

**Spring House-Cleaning.**

A bag of flaxseed soaked in water for some time makes a good wash for varnished paint and keeps the paint bright.

To clean mirrors sponge them perfectly free from all dirt, drying with soft cloths, and when quite dry rub a little powdered blue over the glass, polishing it finally with a soft old silk handkerchief. Paint can be removed from glass by rubbing it with hot strong vinegar.

Equal parts of linseed oil and spirits of turpentine well shaken together in a bottle make an excellent polish for furniture. The articles to be polished should be first washed and thoroughly dried. The polish is then rubbed in with a linen rag, and last of all the furniture is rubbed with woolen cloths until it shines with the requisite lustre.

Fuller's earth is a whitish, powdery clay, another name being kaolin, by which, in fact, it is known in pharmaceutical books. One can take stains out of carpets with it by using it as French chalk. In other words, spread it over the soiled spot and let it lie there. Carpet cleaners use it as one of the ingredients for some preparations which they have in their cleansing rooms.

**The Cooking of Tough Meats.**

(By Professor Lucy H. Gillet.)

In these days when prices are high and still soaring, we welcome anything which will help us to keep down the cost of living. There are a few facts regarding meat which, if known would help materially to reduce the cost of supplies in homes where meat is considered an essential part of the diet.

If we believe meat to be absolutely necessary for daily sustenance, then let us consider how we may get the most good from it for the least money.

Strange as it may seem, the price paid for meat matters much less than the way in which heat is applied—that is, the method of cooking. An understanding of the reasons for this statement will enable the home maker to get the maximum food value from meat at a minimum cost. It is not the cost of our steak, as just stated, which makes it valuable—it is the way in which it is prepared. And yet a tough steak could not be cooked in the same way as a tender steak with equally good results. Each kind must be prepared in its own individual way.

There is more nourishment in a pound of well-cooked round steak costing twenty-two cents than in a porterhouse at thirty-six cents. On account of the exercise of the muscles from which the round steak is cut, more blood, carrying a proportionate amount of nourishment, is forced through these tissues than through the muscles from which loin or porterhouse is cut. This extra exercise toughens the muscles of the round steak so that the nourishment is more difficult of digestion. These fibres must be softened before the nourishment will be of use to the body. As ordinarily prepared, these fibres are toughened and dried rather than softened, and consequently the food value is lessened because the digestive organs can not do what the cooking should have done.

Protein, which is the chief constituent of meat, is also hardened by high heat. Long, slow cooking is best for tough meat, as this softens the tissues which hold the meat juices and does not toughen the protein.

Acids such as vinegar and tomato, will soften the tissues wonderfully. They may be used in a variety of ways to make the tougher cuts of meat more valuable. Flank steak may be made appetizing and nourishing as follows: Take a flank steak which will weigh about a pound or a pound and a half. With a sharp knife slash across the fibres at short intervals, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and pour a can of tomatoes over the meat. Add other seasoning, such as celery, green pepper, onion, or bay leaf as desired. Cover and cook slowly for two or three hours. Uncover for the last half hour.

Another pleasing preparation for a piece of tough meat is stuffed round steak. Purchase a slice of round steak cut about three-fourths of an inch thick, trim it, and salt and pepper one side of it. Prepare a stuffing mace of buttered bread crumbs (not too old) with salt, pepper, chopped celery, green pepper, tomato, onion, or other vegetables desired. Spread this dressing over the steak, roll, and secure with twine or skewers. Put it into a pan into which one-half cup of water should be added, cover, and cook slowly for two to two and one-half hours. Sliced vegetables placed on the bottom of the pan make a nice foundation for the roast. The meat should be basted frequently if the pan is not steam tight, as the evaporation of the moisture will leave the meat fibres tough and difficult of digestion.

In both of the recipes given, the acid in the tomato will help to soften and make more digestible the tough fibres of the meat.—N. W. Christian Advocate.

**\$2 Worth for \$1.00**

The 2 in 1 Automatic Awl is a combination of the two best known dollar tools in the world, the Awl using a waxed thread and the Awl using a copper wire. This illustration shows the inside working of the 2 in 1 Automatic Awl. There are several dozen different kinds of Automatic Awls on the market, but this is absolutely the only Awl in the world that will sew with both waxed thread and copper wire. Did you ever try sewing with copper wire? If you haven't, get some for a 2 in 1 Awl and you will be delighted. Some of the other improvements to be found only in the 2 in 1 are: special hollow dies to prevent the thread from cutting, patented needles for sewing shoes, a 2 in 1 Awl and try it—you will be delighted. We will send the 2 in 1 Automatic Awl complete, with three extra needles, including the patented needle for sewing shoes, a large roll of best waxed thread and a skein of our special process copper wire. We will send the whole outfit complete, by mail, charges paid, to any address for \$1.00.

**FISHER-FORD MANUFACTURING CO.**  
DEPT. 55 31 Queen St. West, Toronto, Ont.  
AGENTS WANTED

**Winter Supplies**

Now is the time to buy your winter supplies.

Standard Granulated sugar 5 1/2 cents.  
Extra Quality Barbados Molasses, per gallon 45 cents.  
Large Fat Herring, per dozen, 18c.  
Choice of Dry Hake, 3 1/2 cents.

Also, Flour, Feed, Meal, etc., at the lowest possible prices.

**DAVE McDONALD,**  
Ballen's Cove.  
1.30.3m

**FOR SALE.**

A wood lot of 110 acres, with heavy timber, both hard and soft. It is about two miles from James River Station and will be sold at a reasonable figure. For further particulars, apply to

**MRS. CATHERINE McADAM,**  
St. Joseph's

**COMPLETELY CURED OF DYSPESIA**

By Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets

We are continually hearing from grateful people who have had experiences like that of Miss Alice E. Cooper, of Niagara Falls, Ont., who writes:

"I wish to express my gratitude to you for the benefit I received from your most wonderful Dyspepsia Tablets. Having taken other medicines without having received the slightest relief, I heard of your Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets and thought I would give them a trial. I have been completely cured of dyspepsia. I will be only too pleased to advise any one troubled with dyspepsia to give them a fair trial."

Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets not only give the immediate relief from heartburn, flatulence, acidity of the stomach and biliousness, which is so much needed, but if taken regularly for a few days or weeks they completely cure the most aggravated cases of stomach trouble. When for 50c. you can get a box from your druggist, why go on suffering? National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

**Home Dyeing**

Has no terrors for me - It's simply my delight

Even Professional Dyers can't equal my Perfect Results That's because I use

**DYOLA**

ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

It's the CLEANEST, SIMPLEST, and BEST HOME DYE, one can buy. Why you don't even have to know what KIND of Cloth your Goods are made of. So Mistakes are Impossible. Send for Free Color Card, Story Booklet, and Booklet giving results of Dyeing over other colors. The JOHNSON-RICHARDSON CO., Limited, Montreal, Canada.

**FISH! FISH!**

We have some extra choice Herring in stock. But the supply is limited, so call and get yours before they are all gone.

—ALSO—

**Best Boneless Codfish, Finnan Haddies, Fillets Dry Codfish and Hake.**

In meats we have Hams, Breakfast Bacon, Sausages and Fresh Beef.

We would like your orders for any of those lines, also for Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Oil, Canned Goods of every description, etc., etc.

We guarantee the quality. All kinds of produce taken in exchange

**D. R. GRAHAM**  
Butter and Eggs Wanted.

**Inverness Railway & Coal Co**  
INVERNESS, CAPE BRETON  
Miners and shippers of the celebrated

**Inverness Imperial Coal**

**SCREENED RUN OF MINE SLACK**

First-Class for both domestic and steam purposes

**COAL! COAL!**

Shipping facilities 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**  
Inverness, C. B.  
McGillivray, Superintendent, Inverness, N. S.  
**T. J. SEARS,**  
Agent for Antigonish

**CHEAP SALE**

During the month of March the subscriber will sell at cost for cash the balance of his Winter Foot Wear, including some good Men's and Women's Overshoes. Also, will sell at a bargain a Lot of Sweaters, as he does not wish to carry them over.

**JAMES BROPHY,**  
Morristown.

**HOGS and VEAL WANTED**

Cash paid for nice fresh killed hogs, and good veal calves dressed with pelts on.

**SEARS & McDONALD, Ltd.**  
Antigonish, N. S.

**Colonial Granite Co. Ltd.**

**New Glasgow.**

Monuments of all styles manufactured and erected.

Building Stone supplied rough or finished.

Carving:—A specialty.

Orders left with our Antigonish Agent, P. S. Floyd, will have prompt attention.

**Gate's Nerve Ointment**

**C. GATES SON & CO.**

GENTLEMEN:—I had the misfortune to freeze my toe which caused me a great deal of suffering, and although I had it treated yet without success till I used your Nerve Ointment which has completely cured it. And I have no hesitancy in recommending it to others as the best I ever used.

Yours Sincerely,  
**MATTHEW WOOD,**  
Port Philip, N. S.

**Colonial Granite Co. Ltd.**

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Port Philip, N. S.



NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Spring Announcement—D. D. McDonald, page 8  
 New Spring Suits—Chisholm, Sweet & Co  
 Savings Accounts—Royal Bank of Canada  
 Jewelry Bargains—T. J. Wallace  
 Bonds—J. C. McTavish & Co  
 Piano Tuning—H. W. Bliss  
 Farm for Sale—J. C. McNaughton  
 Millinery Opening—Mrs. Wm. L. O'Neill  
 Mail Contract—G. G. Anderson  
 Cheap Sale—D. G. Kirk

LOCAL ITEMS.

**THE TREASURER of the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul** gratefully acknowledges a donation of \$1.00 from a friend in Town.

**THE MARRIAGE of Miss Ellen McIsaac, of Antigonish, and Mr. Arthur Ormond Phillip, manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia, at Antigonish,** is announced to take place on April 3, 1913.

**THE I. C. R. STATION Agents and Telegraph Operators** have been given an increase of pay and a shorter working day recently. The increase in pay averages about 11 per cent., and the working day hereafter will be but ten hours. The old working day for these officials was twelve hours.

**LARGE SHIPMENTS.**—There were heavy shipments from the steel and dependent industries on Saturday. One hundred and thirty-five cars of rails, chemicals and basic slag were delivered to the Intercolonial for haulage west. The shipments will continue this week in larger quantities. —*Sydney Record.*

**AN EARLY SPRING.**—Present indications denote an early spring. The weather is warm and bright, and a feeling of spring is in the air. Flocks of wild geese, the first of the season, passed over the Town last Friday, going north. Another sign of an early spring is the arrival of some of the song birds.

**SHOT AND KILLED.**—Ronald McDonald was shot and killed at Winnipeg on Friday, 14th inst. Deceased was a son of Allan McDonald of James River, Antigonish. No particulars of the occurrence have been received here. It is understood deceased was at work in the C. P. R. Railway yards. The shooting was done by a policeman. The body is expected home to-day.

**WEDDING BELLS.**—A happy wedding ceremony was solemnized at the church of St. John the Evangelist, Winthrop, Mass., on Tuesday, February 4th, by Rev. John H. Griffin, Rector. The principals were Miss Marie McIsaac of Upper Glen Road, Antigonish, and Mr. Angus J. Chisholm of North Grant. They were attended by Miss Margaret McIsaac, the bride's sister, and Mr. John McDonald of Woburn, Mass. A wedding breakfast was enjoyed at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. J. W. Flanagan of Winthrop, after which the happy couple left by the evening train for New York, where they will reside. Many useful gifts testify to the popularity of the newly-married couple. Their many friends wish them a long and happy wedded life.

**AN ANNUAL cause of discomfort to residents at the East End of our Town, and even of damage to our streets and to property, is the spring freshet. Conditions lately were very favorable for a bad freshet, and one was expected. Deep snow covered the ground. Only a sharp thaw with rain appeared to be needed. Happily these circumstances did not obtain, at least to any extent. Last week we had bright warm days and the snow melted quickly, yet not rapidly enough to cause the rivers to overflow their banks. Sunday, however, we had some rains, and on that day we had a freshet. It was not nearly as bad as in many former years. The streets and fields at the East End were flooded with the river waters, and of course cellars were filled. The water was not deep on the streets, and no damage was done to them. It now looks as if any danger of a bad freshet is over for this season. The snow has vanished, to a great extent, and the rivers are all open.**

**DR. JOHN M. McDONALD,** at one time a well-known medical practitioner in this County, died at Minneapolis, Minn., on March 4, inst. Dr. McDonald was born in this Town on June 25, 1844. He studied at Edinburgh University, graduating from that institution in 1869. The next six years he spent in Durham, England, practising his profession. In 1875 he returned to Nova Scotia, to enter on the practise of his profession in the County of Antigonish. In 1880 he was appointed physician at Acadia Mines, remaining there for six years, when he again moved, going to Minnesota. The honor of a Fellowship in the Royal Surgical Society, a distinction granted to but few, was conferred on him. Of late years he had been an instructor in the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Hamilton University. Mrs. J. H. Thomson of West River, Antigonish, is a sister of deceased.

**ACCIDENTAL DEATH.**—The death of Peter Gillis, son of Michael L. Gillis, West Main Street, Glace Bay, took place on Wednesday, March 12th, 1913, in Dominion No. 2 Colliery, New Aberdeen, under peculiarly sad circumstances. The deceased was but 17 years of age last August. He was engaged in the mine as a chain runner, and accidentally came into contact with a live electric light wire. Although it did not carry so high voltage as would, under ordinary circumstances, cause death, the young man instantly dropped and all efforts to revive him were futile. He was a splendid character, and was greatly esteemed by all who knew him. He leaves a father and mother, seven brothers and three sisters to mourn the loss of a most dutiful son and an affectionate brother. His funeral on Friday afternoon, when the remains were brought to St. Ann's Church and thence to the Catholic cemetery for interment, was one of the largest ever witnessed in Glace Bay. R. I. P.

**PETER S. ARCHIBALD of Moncton, N. B., died on Sunday morning last. On Thursday previous, while taking a walk, he was seized with a fainting spell. He recovered somewhat, but**

on Sunday had another attack, and gradually sank. The body was brought here for interment, arriving by Tuesday night's express. The funeral took place yesterday morning, at 10.30 o'clock, from the home of Mr. W. B. McMillan. Mr. D. Pottinger and other prominent I. C. R. men were in attendance. Deceased was a brother of Mr. L. C. Archibald and Mrs. W. D. McMillan, both of Antigonish. His parents, the late Mr. and Mrs. William Archibald, also resided here for years and both are interred here. The late Mr. Archibald ranked high in his profession. As a civil engineer he was a member of several arbitration boards, prominent amongst which was the dispute between the Reids and the Newfoundland Government. For many years he was in the service of the I. C. R., as assistant engineer, resident engineer, chief engineer and consulting engineer. He was a member of both the American and Canadian Societies of Civil Engineers.

**THE SERVICES at the Cathedral on Palm Sunday** were very impressive. His Lordship Bishop Morrison occupied his throne and blessed the Palms. The celebrant of the Mass was Rev. Dr. H. P. MacPherson, with Rev. Dr. M. Goady as deacon and sub-deacon. The deacons at the singing of the Passion were Revs. M. Tompkins, A. H. Cormier, and M. A. McAdam, one representing the Christ, another representing His enemies, and the third representing the Evangelist, St. Matthew. Rev. M. Gillis was Master of Ceremonies. To-day His Lordship will celebrate Pontifical High Mass and bless the Holy Oils, services beginning at 9 o'clock. After Mass the Blessed Sacrament will be carried in procession to the Repository in one of the side chapels, where it will remain till to-morrow morning. The Mass of the Presanctified will begin to-morrow at 9 o'clock. His Lordship being the celebrant. On Saturday the services begin at 7 o'clock with the blessing of the New Fire. The Exultet will be sung and the baptismal font blessed. On Easter Sunday His Lordship will again be the celebrant.

**THE SEED FAIR ON MARCH 23.**—As announced some time ago in these columns, the Antigonish County Farmers' Association is holding a Seed Fair on the above date, and it is hoped that a large number of our farmers will exhibit seeds in one or more of the departments. Interest in the Fair is not so widespread among our farmers as its importance deserves. The Fair is open to farmers of Antigonish, Guysboro and the eastern portion of Pictou Counties, and entries should accordingly run into the thousands. Instead, they number little over two hundred each year. The importance of the selection of superior seeds and the growth of such seeds by our farmers can hardly be exaggerated. Thousands of dollars go out of the County annually for new seeds when our farmers themselves should select and grow them. It sometimes appears to us that our farmers are not sufficiently in earnest about their work. The Fairs held here in previous years have amply demonstrated that by judicious selecting and a proper course of cultivation, home-grown seeds are much superior to the foreign. A visit to the Fair shows that grain, vegetables and roots can be raised in this County inferior to none in Canada. Farmers interested in this very important feature of farm work, even if not prepared to exhibit, are cordially invited to visit the Fair and see what is being done by their neighbors. The rules of the Fair are as follows:

1. All seeds intended for competition must have been grown by the exhibitor within one year previous to the Fair. All exhibits of seeds shall be held representative of the total quantity of such seed offered for sale by exhibitor.
2. No seed admitted for competition unless a quantity of the seed as per sample is owned and for sale by exhibitor.
3. No premium shall be awarded exhibits containing impurities which in the opinion of the judges are of a noxious nature. No exhibitor shall receive more than one prize in any section. Judges will not necessarily award a prize on any exhibit unless such exhibit is deemed worthy of the prize.
4. All samples of seed must be labelled with the name and address of the exhibitor, the name of the variety, the amount of seed for sale and the selling price.
5. A statutory declaration that the above rules have been complied with, may be required from any exhibitor.
6. All exhibits entered for competition must be at Celtic Hall, Antigonish, by 10 a. m., March 28th, 1913, and shall not be removed until close of Fair. Seed sent in day before the Fair will be cared for.
7. Quantities to be shown of oats

and barley 1½ bushels; wheat and buckwheat 1 bushel each. Potatoes, beans, peas and timothy, 3 bushel.

Copies of the prize list can be obtained from Allan Macdonald, Antigonish, Secretary of the Association. It may be noted that an error occurs in the prize list requiring 1½ bushels of potatoes to be exhibited. The correct quantity is 1 bushel.

**THE INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATE.**—One of the most interesting entertainments of the season was the Intercollegiate Debate, between the University of St. Francis Xavier here and the University of New Brunswick. The discussion was in the Celtic Hall on Tuesday evening of this week. The speakers representing St. Francis Xavier were Mr. W. F. Chisholm, (nephew of Hon. C. P. Chisholm, lately Commissioner of Public Works and Mines), Mr. J. D. Keane of New-Castle, N. B., and Mr. A. L. McDonald of Port Hood, C. B. Those representing the University of New Brunswick were Mr. A. N. Carter, Mr. E. C. Rice, and Mr. R. Murray. The judges of the debate were: Hon. Mr. Justice White, of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick, the Hon. Judge Patterson of New Glasgow, N. S., and Mr. C. E. Tanner, barrister, leader of the Opposition in the Provincial Legislature. The subject for discussion was: "Resolved, that for the cities of Canada, a 'Commission form' of government, based on the Des Moines system, is preferable to the Mayor and Council system now prevailing in Canada." The discussion was a most interesting one. The first speaker for St. F. X. was Mr. A. L. McDonald, who in a clear-cut, concise, and comprehensive manner outlined the Des Moines plan of civic government. He added five or six cogent arguments in favor of the Commission plan. Next came Mr. Carter of U. N. B., who showed much originality and ingenuity in his reasoning in favor of the Mayor and Alderman system. Mr. J. D. Keane of St. F. X. followed, and answered several of the arguments of Mr. Carter, and proceeded to show that the Commission plan was taking hold of American cities, and that the leading cities of Canada had of late years been approaching the Commission plan of civic government by adopting Boards of Control. Mr. Rice followed, and in a neat address endeavored to show that the Mayor and Council system had undoubtedly done excellent work in the past. Mr. W. F. Chisholm came next, and showed much adroitness and ability in the way he met the case of his opponents. Mr. R. M. Murray, of the U. N. B. followed. If his presentation had been equal to his argumentative power, perhaps, in the minds of many, his speech would have been considered the speech of the evening. The rebuttal by Mr. Chisholm of St. F. X. was excellent, — terse, to the point, comprehensive and logical. Mr. Carter's rebuttal, altho' good, was not quite equal to his main speech. A few minutes after the debate ended, Hon. Senator Gerrard, the very acceptable and genial Chairman for the evening, announced that the three judges had unanimously decided that both in argument and presentation the St. Francis Xavier students were superior, although not by any large

margin, to the very clever debaters of the New Brunswick University. Then followed addresses by Honorables Mr. Justice White, Mr. Justice Patterson, and C. E. Tanner, in which all three, while highly complimenting the U. N. B. students, recorded their still more favorable impressions of the speakers in favor of the Commission form of civic government. After the debate was over, the judges and visitors were entertained at an informal luncheon in one of the College dining-rooms. Both debating teams left for Sydney by the midnight express, and in the Lyceum there the debate was repeated last evening — a doubtless to the edification of a large and appreciative audience such as the city of Sydney always furnishes to a first-class literary treat. It seemed to be generally agreed that while U. N. B. showed fluency, unusual talent, and much ingenuity and adroitness in argument, the St. F. X. boys excelled in their logical presentation, and especially in their clear-cut, simple, vigorous and scrupulously correct English. In point of style and form the speeches of the winners would have done credit even to seasoned experienced public speakers.

Personals.

Miss Lizzie Macdonald and Miss Lilly Turnbull, of Antigonish, are in St. John, N. B., this week selecting their spring millinery and novelty goods.

Maple sugar—1200 lbs just received right from the bush. Bonner's.

**J. H. W. BLISS**  
PIANO TUNER

**MERRIMAC HOUSE**  
March 25th to 27th.

**Farm for Sale**

The undersigned will receive offers for the interest of Ann Chisholm, widow of William Chisholm, Harbor Bouche (an insane person) in 85 acres of land, more or less at Harbor Bouche, aforesaid, up to and including April 19th next. As the undersigned must safeguard the interests of said insane person the highest or any offer will not necessarily be accepted. Antigonish, March 19th 1913  
 J. C. McNAUGHTON,  
 Legal Guardian of the said Ann Chisholm.

**Millinery Opening**

A nice display of up to date Millinery will be shown by  
 MRS. WM. L. O'NEILL  
 Mulgrave,  
**March 21 and 22.**

**STEAM ENGINE FOR SALE**

For sale, one upright twenty horse power steam engine, only been in use ten months. Is in perfect working order. For particulars apply to  
 CAPTAIN PETER DeCOSTE,  
 Harbor AuBouche, N. S.

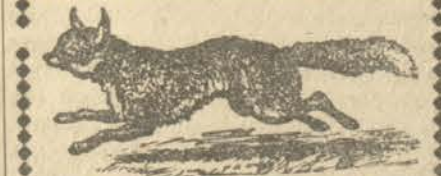
**FARM FOR SALE**

The fine farm at Briley Brook, Ant., owned by subscriber, is offered for sale. It is about three-and-one-half miles from Town. It consists of eighty-eight acres, good upland and interval land. It is well watered. The buildings have been recently improved. It is regarded as a first-class farm and is in a good state of cultivation. For further particulars apply to owner,  
 JAMES McDONALD,  
 313, 1f Briley Brook, Ant.

**Green Oats and Hay For Sale.**

For sale, a lot of green Oats and Hay. Good quality. Prices and terms reasonable. Apply to  
 W. P. McDEARMID,  
 Clydesdale.

2-20, 1f



**F. H. RANDALL**  
 Buyer and direct Shipper of  
**RAW FURS**  
 HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID.  
 10-31, 1f.

**ENGINES**

**Marine and Farmers**  
 Don't fool yourselves paying high prices for Engines. The market has not advanced with up to date concerns. Read our prices with a 5 years guarantee against defective materials or workmanship, fully complete with coil, batteries shaft, propeller, Tank, piping etc. and freight prepaid to your Station

**Marine Farmers 4 Cycles**  
 2 1/2 h. p., \$81; 3 to 4 h. p., \$95; 5 h. p., \$114; 6 h. p., \$139

2 1/2 h. p., \$115; 4 h. p., \$135; 6 h. p., \$185; 8 to 12 hp on request. If you want lighter instead of Coil and Batteries cost is a little more Our line of Engine is second to none on the market and for high grade Engines our prices are very low. If you buy without consulting us you make a mistake

**T. J. BONNER**  
 Agent for N. S. and Cape Breton

**Hay for Sale**

For sale, 100 tons hay to be pressed in the Ethridge farm at Salt Springs, March 1st.  
 P. R. TROTTER,  
 Antigonish.

**Morrison Brothers**  
 Monumental Works  
**PICTOU, N. S.**

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

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

**Cheap Fishing Gear**

- Hand Mounted Nets \$7.75
- 5 Gross Arthur Jane's Hooks, No. 16.....90c
- 14 Cod Lines.....60c
- 4 T. C. Lines.....20c

**DAVE MacDONALD**  
 BALLANTYNE'S COVE.

**SPRING ANNOUNCEMENT**  
 McDonald's Clothing and Shoe Store  
 Ready Pay and Small Profit

**WE** beg to announce that we are now in a position to answer more fully to your requirements in

**FOOTWEAR and CLOTHING**  
 as 50 per cent. more stock is being added to meet increasing business.

**FOOTWEAR**  
 A very extensive line from the more costly high class footwear in black or tan, either laced or buttons, on newest lasts, to the ordinary everyday footwear.

**Furnishings for Men, Youths and Boys**  
 Ready made suits in Blue, Brown and mixed goods. Spring Hats and Caps, newest designs and pattern negligee shirts in fancy stripe, blue or tan with or without Lounge Collars and everything found in an up to date Clothing store. Agents for Art-Kraft Tailors. 300 samples of cloths to select from. Fit and workmanship guaranteed.

Reliable goods Value Unsurpassed.  
**D. D. McDONALD**

**EASTER OUTFITTING**

**ON EASTER SUNDAY** there will be a dress parade of everybody, and the majority will be on view in couples. Don't overlook the fact that every woman wants her escort to be as attractively dressed as herself.

You will find at the home of good outfitting the very style of garment and the very color effect that will make you look your best we've many beautiful styles in new spring fabrics and in new colorings. The early selector will fare best for he will get the pick of the bunch.

**SUITS THAT ARE IN A CLASS BY THEMSELVES**  
 \$6.00, \$8.00, \$10.00, \$15.00.

**OVERCOATS, THE FINEST IN TOWN,**  
 \$6.00, \$8.00, \$10.00 and \$15.00.

**LATEST STYLES IN MEN'S, WOMEN'S and CHILDREN'S BOOTS and SHOES.**

**EASTER HATS, TIES, GLOVES, SHIRTS, CAPS,**  
 All new and all different from the ordinary sort. Buy your Easter outfit here and you will be noticed for your good appearance in the parade.

The **PALACE CLOTHING CO.**  
 THE OUTFITTERS

**CUT PRICE SALE**

We have a few lines we want to close out, and we are placing same on sale at the following cut prices to clear,

21 Washing Machines, Regular \$2.50. Sale price \$1.25 each.

10 Dozen Wash Boards  
 Regular 15c. Sale price 10c. each 3 for 25c.

27 Santoy Sad Irons,  
 These irons have a slot in one end for ironing around buttons.  
 Regular 60c. Sale Price 30c. each

500 lbs; Cold Water Paint for outside use, just the paint for barns, fences, etc.  
 Regular 7c. per lb, Sale Price 3 1/2c. per lb.

500 lbs. Flax Rope.  
 Regular 12c. per lb. Sale price 7c. per lb.

One ton mixed cut nails small sizes in 50 lb. lots 1c per pound

**Don't miss this sale**

**D. GRANT KIRK**  
 Antigonish, N. S.

**Our Motto:—Purity, Accuracy**  
**THE NEW DRUG STORE**

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

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

**THE MOST SATISFACTORY AND INEXPENSIVE WAY OF SECURING**

**Player Piano Music Rolls**

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

**J. A. McDonald Piano and Music Co.**  
 EASTERN CANADA'S GREATEST MUSIC HOUSE 46 Barrington St., HALIFAX, N. S.  
 St. John, Amherst, Moncton, New Glasgow, Sydney, Glace Bay