

# THE CASKET.

\$1 Per Annum.

A Catholic Journal Non-Partisan in Politics.

\$1 Per Annum.

Sixty-first Year

Antigonish, Nova Scotia, Thursday, July 3, 1913.

No 27

## THE CASKET.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS, \$1.00. Subscriptions discontinued until all arrears are paid. Subscriptions in United States are discontinued at expiration of period paid for.

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ONE INCH, first insertion, SIXTY CENTS second, TWENTY CENTS. Special Rates for periods of two months or longer. Advertisements in Local Column inserted at the rate of 10c. per line each insertion. Changes in Contract advertising must be made Monday.

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THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1913.

A writer in the June Atlantic tells a story of Judah P. Benjamin, the famous lawyer and member of the government of the Confederate States, writing to his wife to be economical, and of her reply, which was: "Do not speak to me of economy; it is so fatiguing." A great many people have no better reason for not practicing economy. They "cannot be bothered."

A subject in which the whole country is interested is that of forest fires. An expert stated the other day that "Canada is losing three times as much timber every year by forest fires as she is cutting for commercial purposes. This is a very grave situation. Of course there are forest fire and forest ranger laws; but the matter is too serious to be left entirely to a few officials; and the dangers are too numerous, and the subject-matter too wide to justify us in expecting that a few officials can exercise complete preventive control. The exhaustion of the forests of the country raises very grave problems, both for the present and the future. All our people should take a personal interest in aiding in the preservation of forests, or at least in the prevention of fires.

The crisis in the affairs of the Asquith Government in Great Britain seems to have been passed in safety. The facts are not easy to collect, because despatches concerning British politics at present, are usually colored one way or the other. The Marconi Company, in the shares of which some members of the government had speculated, was not, we understand, the same Company which was seeking contracts with the government. The British House of Commons is more sensitive to attacks on governments than the Colonial Houses are; and an adverse vote in the house is still among the real dangers of politics in that country. In the present case, it seems that the Liberal majority might have broken away, had the Opposition leader, Mr. Bonar Law been a tactician instead of the "bull in the china shop" rumpster that he is. He succeeded in lining up the wavering Liberals solidly behind the Premier. He is not the first leader who has wrested defeat out of the very jaws of victory.

In the despatch referred to elsewhere in this issue, concerning the expulsion of some leaders of the "Industrial Workers of the World" from the Town of Ipswich, the Chairman of the Board of Selectmen, an official similar, we take it, to a Mayor in Nova Scotia, is quoted as saying at the mass meeting in the town hall:

"We have had too much of the red flag in Ipswich, too much of these so-called leaders, and we have got to do as we did in the days of 1776, and in 1861—we have got to meet force with force. We are going to run this town as a clean and law-abiding community if we have to railroad such men as Puigree and Herman and the rest of the 'never-work gang of leaders.'"

This means, we suppose, that the principal official of that town made himself the leader in throwing the law overboard and going in for forcible and violent action. He is wrong. He has no more right to do that than strikers have to destroy property; no more right to do it than crazy Socialists and other extremists have to break the legal and moral rules which bind the whole people of a Christian and civilized community. He has no more right to appeal to 1776 or to 1861 than any mob has to appeal to the precedents of great wars or revolutions. 1776 and 1861 stand on their own merits; but those times and conditions have no resemblance to our times and conditions. We do not know what the men in question did in Ipswich; and it makes no difference what they did.

Samuel O'Neil, writing recently in the Fortnightly Review, said:

"Take the case of a young man re-

moving from one city to another. He may be irreproachable in morals, and a constant attendant at Mass for years, yet he remains unknown to those with whom he is fitted to associate, unless he forces himself upon strangers, who show no sign of wishing to make his acquaintance. Is it a wonder, then, that young men find their friends among Protestants and eventually marry outside the Church. Then take the case of a Catholic family moving into a strange parish or city. . . . Protestants are invariably left to show them the usual social courtesies."

There is a great deal of truth in this. The neglect of Catholics in such cases is an old grievance and a very real one. It does not justify anyone in giving up his religion or the practices of his religion; but it is, nevertheless, a just cause of complaint and a source of danger and temptation to those who are neglected. Hundreds of Catholic young men have experienced this neglect, which looks like unfriendliness, but which is really only the absence of a definite habit of showing friendliness, an absence of thoughtfulness and consideration. The persons neglected, however, do not draw any such distinction. Lonely, and longing for companionship, they sometimes attribute the neglect shown by those who, by very slight acts might do so much for them, to a deliberate intention of treating them contemptuously or unkindly. We certainly need some additional means by which Catholics can get acquainted with each other. It need not follow that all of them should become intimate friends or companions.

A despatch from Marshfield, Oregon, June 25th, says that business houses closed for an hour on that day while proprietors joined several hundred men in driving "Two Industrial Workers of the World" leaders out of town with warning never to return. On the same day we learn from a despatch in the Boston Post, a mass meeting of the citizens of Ipswich in the Town Hall, with 500 men and women present, — to discuss the appointment of a citizens' "vigilante" committee. We are informed that it will be the duty of this committee to "railroad," (as they call it), out of that town the "Industrial Workers of the World" leaders who have been in charge of the strike of 1000 men and women workers in the Ipswich hosiery mill. Now, if we understand the facts of these two cases, these men both in the Marshfield case and the Ipswich case, without lawful authority have been dealt with by means of mob force and therefore in an illegal and improper manner; and we take the same objections, exactly, to this treatment of them that we have taken to the illegal and improper acts of workmen or the friends of workmen against employers and their property. We have been, on a former occasion, accused of favoring employers against workmen. It is now the other way about. Someone will now perhaps come forward and accuse us of favoring the abominable ideas of "Big Bill" Haywood, and of giving a certificate of character to the "Industrial Workers of the World."

There is a tendency on the part of some newspapers which are themselves decent enough, to discourage and criticize and yapp at the censors who are endeavoring to carry out the new moving picture laws in Montreal. The old, old story! Forces which are decent lined up with forces that are vile to resist reform! Deliberately? No. Not deliberately, but through failure to grasp the situation as it is. Suppose the censors suppress, amongst many bad films, some that are harmless. What difference does it make? Is the existence of the moving picture business dependent on a half dozen films here, or a dozen there? But the censors are in this position: All that they do is displeasing to those who want to make money by blackening the souls of children, and on the other hand, there are decent papers ready to abuse them if they do not display perfect judgment. Those who traffic in souls never have any doubts as to what they want. They want freedom to do as much evil as they choose. And every now and then, to their great delight, they find decent people playing their game, for the mere love of splitting a hair, or for the joy of showing how much superior their judgment is to the other fellow's judgment. On the one hand, even a ten per cent. execution of their duty will earn them hatred and slander. On the other hand, not even a ninety-five per cent. execution of good judgment will save them from the jeers and jibes of a press which should support them solidly. To talk of errors

of judgment, when a great and growing evil is to be dealt with, is a mere waste of time. In a thousand years of civilized administration of our criminal law, we have not yet reached the stage where we can be sure there will be no innocent men hanged or sent to prison. Nor are we troubled very much about that. Of what use to worry? All we can do is our best. We must act. The same truth may be stated of our laws for the payment of debts. It is only because moving picture censorship is a new remedy, or is being applied to a new subject-matter, that all this hubbub is being made. Why require perfection here which has never been dreamed of in other public affairs?

That excellent journal, Rome, on June 7th, told us that signs indicate that the "anti-clericals," or certain of them, in that country are preparing to spring a "fake" of considerable dimensions in the probable shape of a bogus "clerical" scandal. This is election year, and there has been an extension of the franchise. It has been the rule for Catholics not to vote, in passive protest against the robbery of the Pope's temporal possessions. But this year it is expected that many will vote. Therefore, this year is a likely year for "fakes." With this in mind, our readers have a possible clue to the motives behind a story despatched to the New York Tribune from Rome last week, and from New York despatched all over Canada. In the Montreal Star it is headed "Progressive Cardinals would depose Del Val and De Lai."

This despatch is a very good sample of the modern "fablegram." It is commenced with the words, "For some time past reports have been current." Dear, dear! And now, we suppose, the correspondent has got the facts. He would not repeat mere "reports." Is that it? Let us see: "These reports, emanating from circles known to be hostile to the Vatican, were first set down as mere anti-clerical scandal, and nobody paid much attention to them. Now, however, it seems that they are far from fully covering the gravity of the break between the Liberal and ultra-Conservative Princes of the Church."

Now, then, of course, the correspondent is at the point where he must produce the goods. Rub your glasses then, and be ready:

"Cardinal Merry Del Val is the accepted leader of the latter party. Cardinal Rampolla is the leader of the Liberals."

Wait a moment, please. Observe this little "trick of the trade." He wants the reader to take it for granted that it is a settled fact that there are two such parties amongst the Cardinals; whereas the fact is that it is a new yarn, and we are now hearing it for the first time. We pause on this; because it is a plain instance of the "fablegrammatic" method of humbugging the public. He puts this lie into his despatch with a casual air, as one who would say—"Everyone knows that." But let us suppose that it is so; that there are two such parties. What then? Is the "fablegram" writer in touch with both, or either of them? Let us see:

"Through the visit yesterday of Cardinal Rampolla to the Pope the facts in the case are partly available, and these come from sources which can be considered almost semi-official."

Is it any wonder that thoughtful readers are growing sick of the whole miserable, fraudulent, lying, and ridiculous system by which "news" is dished up to the public of North America? In the above statement, there is only one statement which any reasonably careful man could accept as a fact; only one point on which the writer of the despatch probably had information; and that is, that Cardinal Rampolla paid a visit to the Pope. That is probably true. The correspondent says the facts are "partly available." What part? How much? "And these come from sources which can be considered almost semi-official. Here we are left guessing. What does he consider an "official" source? What does he consider a "semi-official" source? What, in the name of common-sense are we to understand by "almost semi-official"? And, official, semi-official, or almost semi-official. What is the source? A correspondent in the remotest frontier district might well be ashamed to send in such bosh as this, even in the heat of an election campaign. The affairs of the Pope, the Cardinals, and the Church, have been dealt with in exactly this way for centuries. This childish absurd despatch will be reprinted in every city town and village in North America, as authentic news from Rome cabled to an important New York paper, and possibly some more

moving-pictures similar to those we referred to last week, will be manufactured on these supposed facts. We wonder whether this is an effort of the tricksters referred to by Rome!

A reader in the west sends us an extract from the Calgary Herald of June 16th, headed "Independent Philippine Church," and says: "Kindly let us have your version." The truthfulness of the statements in this article may be gauged by the following words:

"The Independent Philippine Church which in a decade has gained a membership of some five millions, in a field formerly occupied by the Roman Catholic Church to the exclusion of all others."

The Statesman's Year Book for 1911 gives the population in 1903 as 7,635,423, of whom 6,987,086 were civilized and 647,740 uncivilized; (These latter are stated by another authority to be "wild"); Americans and Europeans 25,000; Chinese 50,000. The Americana (1906) gives the population as only 6,975,000. Our friend remembers that the islands were taken over by the United States in 1898. Great claims have been made as to conversions made by Protestant missions since that time. The story in the Calgary Herald is therefore too good, as stories intended to hit the Catholic Church usually are; for it gives five millions to Aglipay's church, and only leaves whatever may be over and above that for the Catholic Church and the Protestants. Moreover, the Statesman's Year Book gives the death rate for Manila as higher than the birth rate; and if similar conditions are found elsewhere, the population cannot have increased much since 1903. If we give Aglipay five millions, and give the Protestant churches some portion of their large claims, where does the Catholic Church come in? There are an Archdiocese with an Archbishop, and four dioceses each with a bishop; one Vicariate Apostolic, and one Prefecture Apostolic; and there are over 1000 priests. Bulls are issued for four more dioceses. What are they all doing there? Moreover, the Church has been there for about 350 years, and the Spanish priests converted millions of savages; raised them from abject and degraded savagery to a condition of which Hon. Dean C. Worcester, who travelled there in 1887-88 and 1890-93, and who was, later, one of the American Commission sent there after the change of owners, wrote:

"Hardly less noticeable than the almost universal hospitality are the well regulated homes and the happy family life which one soon finds to be the rule. Children are orderly, respectful and obedient to their parents. The native is self-respecting and self-restrained to a remarkable degree. . . . He is a kind father and a dutiful son. His aged relatives are never left in want."

Such was the influence of the priests that it was not until 1822 that a Spanish garrison was kept in the archipelago. This record is unique in Eastern countries. Now about Aglipay. He was a native who was ordained to the priesthood. He took the field as an insurgent general in the war which Aguinaldo began against the Americans, after the American occupation. He surrendered in 1901. In 1902 he set himself up as head of an independent church; and got some other natives who had been ordained priests to go in with him. One of the laymen who was a pillar of the movement is now in a penitentiary serving a twenty year sentence for murder and rebellion. His church made headway in the north for a time, as a mixed political and religious movement; but it flattened out soon, and is now of no importance. He gave the Catholic Church a great deal of bother in this way. His native priests held on to the church buildings and property, and obliged the American bishops to resort to long and expensive legal proceedings to get possession of them. Some of the cases are still pending. The Statesman's Year Book, 1911, disposes of Aglipay's Church as follows:

"The dominant religion of the islands is the Roman Catholic. . . . In Luzon an Independent Filipino Church has come into existence."

That is all it has to say about Aglipay's Church. The "World Almanac" for 1911, p. 191, says: "The civilized tribes are practically all adherents of the Catholic Church." The Catholic population is stated by some authorities residing in the islands as about six millions. We fear that some of them are now poor Catholics, not because of Aglipay's church, but because of other things. In the last rebellion under Spanish rule, led by Aguinaldo, who, later, gave the Americans so much trouble,

the Spanish clergy were, to a great extent, driven out. A powerful factor in this rebellion was a secret society, called Katipman. It imitated Masonic paraphernalia and ceremonies, but was not a Masonic society. The larger and more important parishes were then taken charge of by the native priests; and this left many parishes vacant. The American bishops have not been able to fill them all, even yet. Bishop Dougherty of Jaro is now appealing to the Christian world for alms to recover forty parishes in his diocese which have been without priests for fifteen years, the children in which are growing up untaught, and the people are without Mass and the Sacraments. We trust that his appeal, made through the Catholic Church Extension Society, (1133 McCormick Building, Chicago), will be heard. But matters were much worse for a time. The rebellion of 1896 left 100 parishes in that diocese alone without priests. The American occupation has fixed the American Godless school on the people of the Islands. Protestant missions are active, and in many cases are none too scrupulously conducted, and are backed by the unlimited funds of American Protestants. All these forces, and other things, consequent on a sudden change of rulers, and an inrush of foreigners never before known in these Islands, have tended to handicap the Church in her work there. The wonderful thing is, all matters considered, that the Church is still predominant there. How much she has lost, it is impossible to tell. She has made gains in some directions. If our friend has access to The Catholic Encyclopaedia, he will find the story of the Church in the Philippines told in the articles "Manila" and "Philippines."

### Causerie de Jeudi.

(By W. P. M. Kennedy.)

Many readers of THE CASKET may have heard of "Bishop" Mathew, the renegade Catholic priest who received Jansenist consecration as a bishop and set up in England as Patriarch of the West. Recently the Holy See has reason to warn Catholics against his claims, and this warning appears in The London Times. The "Bishop" used for a time to give evidence on behalf of the defendants. Among them was Father David Fleming, the learned Franciscan who was a member of the Commission appointed by Leo XIII, to inquire into Anglican Orders. The Times writes their case and the "Bishop" has to pay costs of the action. I learn that Mathew has been taken up by the Protestant Alliance. His religious career is rather interesting—a priest, a Unitarian, an acting Anglican clergyman, a "bishop" and now Protestant Alliance propagandist. The Protestant Alliance is a collection of all religious cranks—and such like. When a new cause ceases to bring grist to the mill, lectures, etc., he usually finds looking for another religion; if goes on at his customary rate, soon have exhausted them all. . . . member when the five English clergymen left the Anglican Church some years ago, he sent out a circular got up with seal, etc., and the appendages of an Episcopal document, saying that he had, as Patriarch of the West, examined Anglican orders, and found them null and void, ab initio. He invited these clergy to join the true Catholic Church, of which he was the head in the West. He has descended somewhat in the ecclesiastical world now.

I have just heard from England that Father Bernard Vaughan's lecture on his tour in America has been an immense success. There are few priests in England more fearless and enthusiastic. His zeal for conversions is marvelous in its apostolic energy. Not long ago he turned an automobile into a motor chapel and started off through East Anglia—Norfolk, Suffolk and Essex. It was quite a surprise for some sleepy village to see a huge car pulled up on its old world "green"; the back of it quickly dropped, displaying an altar with cross and candles, and Father Vaughan going round with a hand-bell, calling all men, women and children, to come in the morning to the Holy Mass. "First time in your village since the Reformation." Several new churches and many convents have been the result. Father Vaughan is not a learned man nor a natural orator; but his sermons have behind them the invaluable force of strong personal conviction. He can talk fearlessly of "society" at the Jesuit Church, Farn Street, London, for the simple reason that his faith is fearless. He is, in addition, a real friend. I have known him after a hard Sunday at Farn Street take a car away into the dim, old-laden poverty-stricken slums of London, in order to have a smoke and talk with some brother priest wringing perhaps single-handed amid scenes of appalling depression. His large souled optimism, his cheerful, manly Catholicism, and his ready humor, have broken the monotony and eased the burden in many a Catholic presbytery of the East End and the dark area south of the Thames.

Father Vaughan's apostolic zeal brings to my mind another promise-

priest in England—Father Philip Fletcher, whose portrait may be seen in the Catholic's Who's Who for 1913. Father Fletcher is President of the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom, a missionary society for clergy and laity, the aim of which is to lecture on Catholicism in the parks and public places of English cities and towns, where Protestant agitators pour forth their slanders. Everywhere, where unwarranted assertions are made about the Catholic Church, "Fletcher and his band" appear on the scene not only to defend, but to take war into the enemies' camp. Outside Hyde Park—at the Marble Arch—is marked the infamous spot known as Tyburn Tree, where 105 martyrs were done to death with inhuman torture between 1535 and 1681—a spot hallowed for all time to Catholics. Within a few yards stands the Convent of the Perpetual Adoration, where, night and day, above the dizzy roar of modern London, is raised aloft the Adorable Body of our Lord, and two nuns kneel in prayer for the conversion of England. Away citywards some few miles, stands the site of old Newgate prison, where the martyrs were confined, chained to the walls, and bereft of all human succour. Along that blood-stained road at the last feast of martyrs, marched Philip Fletcher and 5000 Ransomers—a band strong enough to make the traffic of modern London stop, as they knelt on the old scaffold field and called on the English martyrs to bring England back to the Faith by their prayers. Then they passed four by four to the Chapel of Adoration to adore the Sacred Heart of the King of Martyrs. It was a sight to move strong men to tears. Philip Fletcher is a force in England. He is a man of primitive simplicity and of almost bohemian habits; big hearted, like all apostolic men, he has a place in his heart for all the down-trodden and broken as well as for the conversion of England. Few men can control a crowd in a controversial meeting better than Father Fletcher. On one occasion, in a London Park, he was addressing a mixed audience on some part of Catholic faith and practice. One of his hearers was proving rather troublesome, and indeed at one time it seemed likely that he would lead the meeting into open disorder by his ceaseless interruptions. Suddenly Father Fletcher stopped, and pointing to the man, he shouted with a good-humored smile, "Now, my good fellow, one fool at a time. You'll have a chance when I'm done." The meeting shook with laughter, and Fletcher was able to show them that the Pope was not so bad as popular history painted him.

A strange side light has been thrown recently on Anglican divisions. The Rev. C. H. Sharpe, an Anglican clergyman, has published a book called Catholicism and Life. Incidentally he says that the Catholics of former times

Now, I have had a very interesting story told me by an Englishman who has been in those days of the Bishop of Rome, and a national Church in England such as the Anglican Communion is today, and that the statutes in question speak of the "Pope." It would be well for the Archbishop to take the trouble to read the statutes in the original manuscript, and at the same time he would find Bishop Grosseteste's letters interesting reading. Grosseteste was in the thick of the early fight in the reign of Henry III over papal taxation and over the "provision" of foreign clergy to England by the Holy See. He refused to enter an ecclesiastical appointment in England on a papal nominee, but his letters hardly support the Archbishop of Canterbury's position, as he protests and emphatically declares his loyalty and devotion to the Holy See.

Now is the Statute of Provisors ready referred to a very practical drawback for the Archbishop's story is surrounded with chicanery and it merely tinkering into an advantage. The subsequent story advances— as it is playing fast and loose with the law, and even after being retracted in England, it has not been entirely forgotten.

There is a great deal of talk about the "Bishop" Mathew, and how he has been taken up by the Protestant Alliance. This is a curious story, and one that is not likely to be of much interest to the general public. The "Bishop" Mathew was a man of considerable energy and ability, and his career was a remarkable one. He was born in Ireland, and he spent much of his life in America. He was a member of the Anglican Church, and he was ordained a priest in 1841. He was a member of the Commission appointed by Leo XIII, to inquire into Anglican Orders. The Times writes their case and the "Bishop" has to pay costs of the action. I learn that Mathew has been taken up by the Protestant Alliance. His religious career is rather interesting—a priest, a Unitarian, an acting Anglican clergyman, a "bishop" and now Protestant Alliance propagandist. The Protestant Alliance is a collection of all religious cranks—and such like. When a new cause ceases to bring grist to the mill, lectures, etc., he usually finds looking for another religion; if goes on at his customary rate, soon have exhausted them all. . . . member when the five English clergymen left the Anglican Church some years ago, he sent out a circular got up with seal, etc., and the appendages of an Episcopal document, saying that he had, as Patriarch of the West, examined Anglican orders, and found them null and void, ab initio. He invited these clergy to join the true Catholic Church, of which he was the head in the West. He has descended somewhat in the ecclesiastical world now.



He Promised His Mother.

When Captain Jack Crawford, the poet-scout, was the special guest at the Allied Trade Press banquet at the new McAlpin Hotel, he was asked at 2.30 a. m. to drink a toast to the ladies. Despite the fact that there were no ladies present and wine had been flowing freely, he did a brave and manly act when he said to the fifty or more editors: "Gentlemen, undoubtedly you have noticed that my wine glasses have been turned upside down, and, although it may not be considered altogether in good taste, there is only one toast that I can give, and which I gave at the Governor's banquet in Boston some years ago. A beautiful, laughing, blue-eyed society girl passed a glass of wine across the table to me and asked me to give a toast to the ladies. Flowers between us hid my upturned glasses, hence she did not know that I had not been drinking wine. I stood up, took the glass from her jeweled hand and said: 'Miss, your father, the coastmaster, is my comrade. This is a difficult task you have given me, and I shall drink a toast to Woman—not in that, however, which may bring her husband reeling home to abuse where he should love and cherish, send her boy to a drunkard's grave, and perhaps her daughter to a life of shame. Not in that, but rather in God's life-giving water, pure as her chastity, clear as her intuitions, bright as her smile, sparkling as the laughter of her eyes, strong and sustaining as her love—which I did amid profound silence.

ever looked upon. Bill looked up after he got his pipe going and said: "All right, Jack, unhitch yer jaw an' let her go. I'll bet she's a bird of a story. Keep still, Scotty."

Her Hint.

MUCH YAWNING IS A GOOD YAWN.

Yawning may be true, especially in company—but it is a good thing for you to do.

For one thing, it ventilates the lungs. When you take an ordinary breath the lungs are not completely filled, nor are they thoroughly emptied by an ordinary expiration. There is a certain quantity of air left in the lungs at every, which physiologists call "residual air."

This air in time becomes foul and affects the blood, and through the blood the nervous centers. Carcinomas get tickled, as it were, and the result is a yawn, stretching the lungs to their fullest extent, filling them with clean, fresh air and driving the foul air out.

That's one reason why it is good to yawn. For another, yawning opens and stretches and ventilates all the various passages leading to the lungs. You will perhaps be surprised to know that yawning is even beneficial to your hearing.

The cracking sound which you so often hear when an extra big yawn is due to the stretching and opening of the eustachian tubes. These tubes communicate between the ear and the back of the throat. If they are congested, which happens when you have a bad cold in the head, people complain of deafness.

If you feel inclined to yawn, then, go to it. It is Nature's way of cleaning out your lungs and air passages.

SUMMER DANGERS.

Thousands of lives will be needlessly sacrificed through dirty food and dirty water, during the summer, and the laughter of infants will greatly increase the toll.

The fly is the most dangerous distributor of filth and disease, and householders are cautioned to screen their homes against this pest and to

clean up the piles of offal where it breeds.

Dust covered and fly fouled foods are deadly. Buy your foods from groceries and markets that protect their stock from dust and flies.

Dirty milk is poison to babies and kills hundreds of them every summer. Safety demands that all milk fed to babies be pasteurized and kept in clean, cool places.

Germ-laden ice cream is another factor in summer diseases. You can't exercise too much care in buying ice cream. Caution your children against "bokey pokey."

Street soda fountains are always dangerous. With every drink you consume street filth.

The public is further warned against drinking impure water and bathing in contaminated streams or lakes.

The Silver Madonna.

Majestic yet serenely sweet in mien the Virgin held in her arms the Divine Child. It was a goldsmith's masterpiece. And this marvelous statue was the property of an atheist, an antiquarian, who valued it only for its artistic beauty.

Little Lucille, the antiquarian's niece, discovered the silver statue among the curios on one of her uncle's shelves. "Tell me, uncle," she said, "if you do not love Our Blessed Mother, why do you have her statue? And since you have it, why not put it in your room and say your prayers before it every night?"

"It is only children who say their prayers," said the uncle. "When you are grown up you will forget yours."

"Oh, no, I won't. Mamma says we must say our prayers every day as long as we live. Don't you ever say the Our Father and the Hail Mary?"

"Then I know what awful thing will happen to you," said the child, with big tears in her eyes. "We must keep the promises we made at our first communion if we wish to go to heaven."

The atheist was uncomfortable. "Be quiet, child. Only naughty boys on the street talk about hell."

"But you don't want to go there, do you? That would be awful, awful! Didn't you have a mamma who made you kneel down, and put your hands together, and talk to God when you were small?"

The antiquarian was deeply touched. "Go to bed, little one, and remember that I told you that saying prayers was all nonsense."

"Uncle, since you don't love Our Blessed Mother, since you never talk to her, will you let me have her statue? May I have it now? You can't want it, since you don't love her, and I want it much for I love her dearly."

The antiquarian opened the glass case and placed the statue in the child's arms. "Now go," he said, "and sleep soundly until morning." An hour later the uncle was still pondering on his niece's words. His childish reasoning had quickened tender memories of the past. His heart grew tender. Suddenly he arose and went to the child's room. He opened the door gently, then paused, astonished.

On the table spread with a clean cover stood the beautiful statue, and around it were vases of flowers and lighted candles. Before it, in her dainty white nightgown, knelt Lucille, her head bowed on her arms. She had fallen asleep in the midst of her prayer. The picture was a charming one.

The old man gently lifted his niece and placed her in bed. The half-awakened child murmured the prayer she had been repeating when sleep overtook her: "Dear Blessed Mother, obtain for Uncle Herman the grace of conversion. In the name of the Father of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

"Amen," said the antiquarian. And he gently covered his niece, then knelt in turn before the silver statue. —Catholic News.

Better Mothers.

The old truism: "Show me the daughter and I'll tell you what kind of a mother she had," can be verified any day, anywhere, with precious few exceptions. Children always reflect the spirit and atmosphere of the home—any school teacher can always see the varied pictures of home life in the faces and conduct of the pupils before her.

Mrs. Ruggles, attempting for the first and only time in her life to give her seven children an hour's training in "manners" that they might "act decent" at the big dinner party, remarked, "I wouldn't care if people would only say, 'Children will be children,' but they don't. They'll say, 'For the land of goodness, who fetched them children up.'" Judging from the conduct of the average child nowadays, the crying need in this day and generation is not better schools but better mothers. Too many modern mothers are so busy with their housework or church work, club work or other duties, that they have little time to know where their children are, whom they're with, or what they're up to. And so these children grow up wholly untaught.

Instead of an added department to teach our high school girls general housekeeping, it would seem more fitting to advance a department for free, able lectures, a Mother's Congress, or Mothers' Club, some enterprise to interest and benefit mothers, and make them comprehend that the very highest duty on earth is to be able to "train up a child in the way he should go."

She—"But how do I know you love me?"

He—"Why, I can't sleep at nights thinking of you."

She—"That proves nothing. Pa can't sleep at nights thinking of you, but I hardly think it is love."

ENQUIRE THEN PAINT!

Seek endurance truths first. Then you can paint or let a contract with discernment.

Do you know how vital quality and quantity of White Lead are in Paint? Do you know that only one paint firm in Canada corrodes its own White Lead? You ought to know what an unique effect these two facts have on the endurance of

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Ultimum in Parvo.

In 1835 Belgium had a population of 4,000,000 and a general commerce of \$34,500,000 imports, \$27,000,000 exports, and \$4,500,000 transit trade. In 1906 its population had doubled and its general commerce had run up to \$593,584,045 imports, \$471,148,126 exports, with its transit trade above \$321,500,000. Among commercial nations Belgium holds the fifth place, but in proportion to its population it ranks first.

Is it because of its rich soil? It is true that it has coal mines which employ 150,000 workmen, but it is not fertile; every inch of it, however, is made to yield something. It has no diamonds; the diamonds of South Africa go to Antwerp, where there are 75 laboratories, with 4,000 workmen. Naturally, one asks: Why not elsewhere? It is all due to Belgian enterprise, and diamond cutting is only one of its many enterprises. In brief, it is not necessary for a nation to have vast territory and an immense population to be great. Belgium proves it, and would be still greater if its Liberal and Socialist politicians had not striven for the past thirty years to ruin its industries. The recent strike is a specimen of their methods. At any cost they are determined to rule. Fortunately the rule or ruin policy of their enemies has brought out the best fighting qualities of the Belgian Catholics. They have made their little country great in spite of their treacherous fellow countrymen and are determined to increase its greatness. It used to be the fashion to point to Catholic nations as examples of failure in commerce and industry. Belgium gives the lie to the charge.—America.

The Fate of a Hero.

The name of the Russian General Stoessel, the defender of Port Arthur, once stood high on the scroll of fame. But Port Arthur surrendered and Stoessel was court-martialed and condemned to death. He was pardoned by the Emperor after a long imprisonment; but it was too late. It would have been better to have left him in his cell. He faced the world again. It knew him no longer. He was stricken with paralysis and was speechless and blind. He would have died of hunger had not an old army companion given him the shelter of an humble dwelling. He died there the other day in wretchedness and want, and yet perhaps history may some day reverse the verdict passed on him by the military tribunal.

Little Things.

Little birds with cheerful voice Make the summer vales rejoice; Little tasks our time employ; Little frettings waste our joy; Little quarrels stir great strife; Little cares corrode our life; Little prayers, when none are near, Give us courage, banish fear; Little hymns of grateful love Pay our debts to God above; Little deeds in lowly ways Win our Lady's smile of praise; Little duties, one by one, And our little life is done.

A French Church.

An Anglican thus describes his impressions of the Holy Mass as offered in a Church in the workmen's quarter of an old French town: "Squalor and evil smells formed the environment of the old church, and stucco and striped statuary of very inferior modeling were the most noticeable things in its outward aspect. It had stood for a century or two in the workmen's quarter of the old French town, where everything was poverty-stricken and wretched, and at the hour of Mass it was filled entirely with an audience of workmen. The dress and the hands of the worshippers left no doubt on that score, and the smell of garlic in the church was stronger than incense.

The interior was commonplace, and, like any number of churches in France, there was no choir, and the organ would scarcely have passed muster in a village church at home.

"But when the service began, the absence of outward aids to worship ceased to attract notice, for the worshippers took up their share in their service with a masculine vigor that compelled attention, and by and by carried one along with them. It was their service, and the priest half appeared as if he were assisting rather than conducting. 'In Nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.' 'Introibo ad altare Dei,' chanted the priest, in clear, though hardly powerful tones. 'Ad Deum qui lactificat juvenentem meam,' came the response in a rolling body of sound, which somehow seemed to carry the faith of the worshipping centuries in its volume. All the responses were taken up without book or any aid but that of memory. The service was a spontaneous and real act of worship which could have come only from those that believed.

"Robert Browning, standing in St. Peter's at the Elevation of the Host, said: 'It is too good not to be true.' And at the words, 'Hoc est enim Corpus Meum,' the feeling that stirred him to utter these words came uppermost in the heart. Worship and faith and the moving of the soul to God were in that humble crowd of French workmen."

"Why do you want a new trial?" "On the grounds of newly discovered evidence your honor."

"What's the nature of it?" "My client has \$400 that I didn't know he had."

"So you claim to be a literary man eh?" "Yes sir, I wrote that book: 'A Dozen Ways to Make a Living.'" "And yet you are begging!" "Yes, sir, that's one of the ways."

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We also make window weights of all sizes as well as sectional weights, and can quote very low prices on these. Can also supply wagon boxes and long pipes, as well as cresting for fences and tops of houses.

Write for catalogue showing a complete line of stoves and ranges, with kitchen utensils, and also farming implements at very low prices.

Bridgetown Foundry Co. Ltd.

Lock Box 249.

Bridgetown, N. S.

FOR SALE.

A wood lot of 1 1/2 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 farther particulars, apply to MRS. CATHERINE MCADAM, St. Joseph's

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D. C. CHISHOLM, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC. Agent for North American Life Insurance Company. Also for Fire and Accident Companies. Office: Town Office Building. MAIN STREET, ANTIGONISH, N. S.

Joseph A. Wall, K. C. BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC. Agent for Fire, Life and Accident Insurance. MONEY TO LOAN ON SATISFACTORY REAL ESTATE SECURITY. Office over Canadian Bank of Commerce. ANTIGONISH, N. S.

D. A. McISAAC VETERINARIAN. ST. ANDREWS, N. S. TELEPHONE CONNECTIONS!

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CET AN ENGINE WITH A REPUTATION THE FRASER. Gasoline Engines are built for long and satisfactory service, and can be bought on easy terms of payment. Write for catalogue

A. COLIN CHISHOLM Agent for Antigonish

SYNOPSIS OF DOMINION LAND REGULATIONS. Any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta.

Write for catalogue showing a complete line of stoves and ranges, with kitchen utensils, and also farming implements at very low prices.

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FOR SALE. A wood lot of 1 1/2 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 farther particulars, apply to MRS. CATHERINE MCADAM, St. Joseph's



The Marigold.

O flower in the garden bed,
You are not sweet as others are;
You can not balm and sweetness shed,

JACQUELINE.

In 1835 Henry Wadsworth
Longfellow published his "Outre
Mer" sketches. Our readers will
appreciate a reprint of this sweet,

It was a bright, cloudless morning in
August. The dew still glistened on
the trees; and a slight breeze wafted

At length the bells ceased.
Jacqueline crossed herself, kissed a
pearl crucifix that hung around her

At first it was low, solemn, and
indistinct; then it became more
earnest and entreating, as if interced-

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Of this Jacqueline herself seemed
conscious; and toward evening she
expressed a wish to receive the last
sacraments of the church.

The question is asked, Who is the
good man? The question has been
asked often before; in one form or
another it is as old as the instinct of

The essence and the motives of
moral goodness do not change with
time. They are today what they were

The simplest dictates of justice and
of gratitude bid him turn toward God,
in profession of his dependency, in

The fulfillment of duty toward the
Almighty God is the most important
since duty to God is and must ever
be the paramount motive of

Human interests, in the last
analysis, reveal themselves as selfish
interests. The service of society or of

The good man has his duties to him-
self. Chief among these is the utter
cleanness of heart, the righteousness

Clean of heart, clean of mouth.
Clean of heart, the good man will be
clean of mouth. Vulgar and obscene

Good habits mark the upgrade; bad
habits, the decline. Break off the bad
habits at once. Don't attempt it by

There's a perpetual spring—perpetual
youth; No joint-numbing cold, nor scorching
heat, Famine, nor age, have any being

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The good man's relations with his
fellowmen within the social organism
will be characterized by absolute
justice and charity. "Avoid evil."

To be poor through slothfulness,
wastefulness, or wilful ignorance is a
sin and a disgrace. But throughout
justice must prevail, nothing must be

The unrest of poverty and of labor
is a happy omen. But here, as else-
where, justice must be the rule. There
must be no hatred of the wealth in the

Henry Watterson on Votes for
Women.

ROBESPIERRES IN PETTICOATS AND
DANTONS WITH DYNAMITE WILL
RIDE A WHIRLWIND OF HYSTERIA
UNTIL THEY HAVE WRECKED THE

In his Louisville Courier-Journal
Henry Watterson, the last of the
journalists of the old school, has the
following to say about "Votes for

"If by miracle all women could be
invested with the ballot overnight,
without further agitation or ado, the
franchise would quickly adjust itself

The notion that the ballot is a cure-
all—or a cure for any single evil—is a
figment of the fancy of dreamers and
the filippany of demagogues. To those

The end, if not the aim, of the
suffragette leaders, is to make the
women as rough and tough as the
men, society already breaking down

The scheme involves a revolution,
and revolutions never go backward.
With one voice a certain class of suf-
frage shriekers pleads for sex justice

In all the revolutions of the world the
female of the species has been more
deadly than the male. Within two or

These things seem merely the pre-
lude to the repudiation of religion.
The cry against man-made laws
precedes a cry against a man-made

It is full time that the real issues
behind the demand of 'votes for
women' should be made fully known
and be plainly discussed. The man-

Because you can feel absolutely certain that wearing value
is never sacrificed to cost of manufacture. You get solid
leather boots at a price no higher than "shoddy" footwear.

who and what's what; that is, they
will ride a whirlwind of hysteria until
they have wrecked the old world and
established a new world not only

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

Advertisement for "Beaver" Flour. Includes image of a woman at a table. Text: "Best Food in the world is good Homemade Bread, made of 'Beaver' Flour"

Advertisement for Amherst Shoes. Text: "SOLID LEATHER SOLES INSIDE AS WELL AS OUTSIDE THE inner sole of a boot comes in for many attempts at cheapness."



THE CASKET,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY THE CANADIAN PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, ANTIGONISH, N.S.

Subscription Rates Payable in advance.

Canada and Newfoundland... \$1.00 United States and Foreign... 1.50

Subscription moneys should be remitted by Express Money Order, Bank Money Order, Post Office Money Order or Registered Letters.

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THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1913.

OFFICIAL.

The Spiritual Retreat for the Reverend Clergy of the diocese of Antigonish will be held at St. Francis Xavier's College, opening on Monday evening, July 14th, and closing on Saturday morning, July 19th, 1913.

JAMES MORRISON, Bishop of Antigonish

The following parishes and missions will be visited on the dates respectively assigned herein, when the Sacrament of Confirmation will be administered:

- July 4th, p. m., Port Hawkesbury. 5th, a. m., Creignish. 5th, p. m., Judique. 8th, a. m., Port Hood. 8th, p. m., Mabou. 7th, a. m., Inverness. 7th, p. m., Broad Cove. 7th, p. m., S. W. Margaree. 8th, p. m., N. E. Margaree. 8th, p. m., Margaree. 9th, a. m., Fria's Head. 9th, p. m., Cheticamp. 10th, p. m., West Lake Ainslie. 11th, a. m., Brook Village. 11th, p. m., Glencoe. 12th, a. m., Glendale. 12th, p. m., Princeville. 12th, p. m., Lower River.

JAMES MORRISON, Bishop of Antigonish.

Causerie de Jeudi.

(Continued from page 1)

protested against them. However, Mr. Sharp's book and the Archbishop of Canterbury's "history" make interesting reading when read side by side.

Mrs. Besant, the High Priestess of Theosophy, has got into trouble with the Archbishop and priests of Madras, India. Recently one of her male followers has been giving moral (?) advice to young men of a highly dangerous and gross character. While Mrs. Besant disowns this advice as having neither her personal approval nor that of the Theosophical Society, she states in the Madras Times of May 15, 1913, that her follower learned his advice "from the celibate priesthood of the Roman Catholics," and that he brought it over from there to the Society. A letter of protest was at once written to that paper by Father Hood of the Archbishop's house, Nungambakam. This letter was published in a garbled form by the paper, and now Father Hood declares that with the aid of his fellow priests in Madras he is "ready and willing to seek relief and redress from the Criminal courts." I have read the garbled version of Father Hood's letter and the letter itself as he wrote it. The differences are not vital; but both are bold, clear-cut denials of Mrs. Besant's iniquitous libel on the clergy. In addition the laity are aroused. Mrs. Besant has been publicly challenged for her authority. The Catholic Graduates Union, Madras, held a protest meeting on 18th May, when a detailed resolution was passed emphatically condemning Mrs. Besant's letter as "a most unwarranted and malignant calumny against the sacred dignity of the Catholic priesthood and offensive to the sentiments of the world-wide Catholic community." Copies of this resolution have been sent to all the Indian newspapers and to the Archbishop of Madras. The days are gone when the priesthood of the Church can be used as the dumping ground for evil-minded abuse.

Even in the summer season there are many new books to which I should like to draw your readers' attention. In history there has appeared *Indices to the Ancient Testamentary Records of Wesminster*. (Eyre & Spottiswood, London) Edited by A. M. Burke with an invaluable introduction on the jurisdiction of the ancient abbey, whose last abbot, Feckenham, was a staunch Catholic when Queen Elizabeth "settled" Anglicanism. Dr. Cox has written a most readable volume entitled *Church Wardens' Accounts from the 14th century to the close of the 17th century*. (Methuen's "Antiquary's Series"). It is hard to believe how much fascinating history crept into these old accounts. Odds and ends of bygone gossip slip in, and now their publication helps us to build up the long-dead past. For the student of Ancient History Dr. Reid of Cambridge provides a fund of profound scholarship in his new book, *The Municipalities of the Roman Empire*. (Cambridge University Press.) Perhaps the most interesting recent book for readers in general is the Hon. Stephen Coleridge's *Memoirs*. (John Lane.) It is full of good things. From it we learn how unmoved Gladstone was by social conditions in England, while "foreign atrocities" let loose all the floodgates of his masterful eloquence. There is also interesting reference to Cardinal Manning, sometimes a guest at the Coleridge table. He is represented as

a great ecclesiastic, inspired by an all-absorbing enthusiasm to make the Church great in England, as a man of high nobility and lofty purpose—"a great statesman," "a prince of the Roman Church," who carried out the duties of his great position "so conspicuously and faultlessly that to the public eye he seemed to challenge a comparison with the more comfortably fed and sumptuously housed or rather 'palaced' prelates of the English Hierarchy, which left them somewhat depressed, undistinguished, and rotund." I should also like to mention a suggestive volume issued by the Catholic Social Guild which is of practical value. It is entitled *Catholic Studies in Social Reform*. (King & Son, London), and deals with Housing, Eugenics, Destitution, Sweating; also the Abbe Grimand's new book *Defendants Nous*—"Let us defend ourselves" against irreligion, prejudices, the secular press, socialism and many other things. This book will provide charming class reading for young French students—a language and plenty of good teaching combined! Finally with regard to books, I forgot last week to mention MONSEIGNOR Ward's *Eve of Catholic Emancipation* (Longmans, Green & Co., New York), which I just had time to finish before leaving England. It is written in a very cramped unattractive style and it shows distinct marks of hurry in compilation, but it is a book of great interest and wide research. Bishop Milner's character is drawn in excellent detail, and the history of the Jesuits in these difficult times is written with honesty and accuracy. The figure of "The Liberator," Daniel O'Connell, moves in and out among the shifting scenes with the "Clare Election" as the *piece de resistance*. MONSEIGNOR Ward has made good use of his material and his work will in the future stand side by side with his colleague's *Life of Bishop Challoner*.

I have left myself little space to deal as I promised last week with the Poet Laureateship. *The Tablet* gives a list of fourteen "candidates"—among them being Kipling, Mrs. Alice Meynell, of whom I wrote last week, William Watson, Henry Newbolt, Austin Dobson, Thomas Hardy, Stephen Phillips, W. B. Yeates—and votes for Mrs. Meynell, whose claims are also advocated by *The Daily Citizen*, and by the dissenting paper *The British Weekly*. For many reasons I should personally like to see Mrs. Meynell appointed, who, by the way, was the guest of the Poetry Society on June 1, when Father Bernard Vaughan delivered a glowing tribute to her work; but I have no hesitation in saying that Yeates is the highest gifted of all the possibles. It would be disgraceful to appoint Kipling. William Watson's best work was done years ago in the volume that contained *Wordsworth's Grave* and *The Dream of Man*. Henry Newbolt's note in *Admirals* is not sustained enough. Austin Dobson has hardly a wide enough range; Thomas Hardy is the poet made not born; Stephen Phillips seems to have gone back since *Herod*, which once inspired me by its bold imagery and Marlowesque characterization. If W. E. Henley had been alive I should almost have been inclined to say that he was best suited, as he had a special gift for national poetry. Take his *England my England*. "Mother of ships whose might, England, my England, Is the fierce old Sea's delight, England my own, Chosen daughter of the Lord, Spouse in chief of the ancient sword, There's the menace of the word In the song on your bugles blown, England— Out of Heaven on your bugles blown!" Henley could move men's hearts. But W. B. Yeates stands in my opinion head and shoulders above any one for lyric intensity, perfect music, dramatic force, mystical depth, and deep pathos. I am quoting from memory, but I think the concluding lines of his *Countess Kathleen* are of Elizabethan grandeur: "The years like great black oxen tread the world, And God, the goadsman girds them on behind, And I am broken by their passing feet." Some of his shorter poems are today part and parcel of the deathless heritage of English song. His poem *The Lake Isle of Innisfree* found its way into the charming household in the South Seas, and Robert Louis Stevenson, himself a poet of no mean order, wrote a special letter home in praise of it, especially the haunting music and vivid suggestiveness of the line "I hear lake water lapping with low sound on the shore."

I place that line for technique and sound on the same plane as the line which Tennyson selected as his best: "The mellow ouzel fluted in the elm." Mr. Yeates will in all probability succeed my master and life-long friend, the late Edward Dowden, as Professor of English Literature in Trinity College, Dublin, and I can only say that he is equally fitted to fill that chair and the Poet Laureate's. He will never give us halting, artificial verse. Even his poems, brought to order in the days of *Cheshire Cheese* *Rhymer's Club* in London have more poetry in them than half the spontaneous volumes of aspirants to the laurel crown, and than much of the poetry produced by Laureates. I had intended to give a criticism of Alfred Austin's work and a short history of the Laureateship, but other interests have drawn me aside. However the recipient of the few hundred dollars will not want for inspiration in the heights reached by some of his predecessors to mention only Wordsworth and Tennyson—he can never get as low I hope as one of them—Nahum Tate—the author of the worst adaptations of Shakespeare ever written. Still there are not many names of renown in the list of Laureates. We cannot claim Spencer, Daniel, and Drayton as "official national poets" since the first appointment seems to be that of Ben Jonson in 1616. "Ben's" fame is secure enough in literature, but like Alfred Austin he too gave up

the Faith, though not born a Catholic. Then comes Divanant who, by the way, became a Catholic. Dryden followed, secure in literature and a stout Catholic. From Dryden's day the laureateship became the appendage of a party system—Shadwell, Tate, Rowe, Eusden, Cibber, Whitehead follow one another in the off-se—a phalanx of poetical dullness and of political astuteness. Thomas Warton was at least a man of culture though incapable of writing poetry. Then came Henry James Pye with his "set work" always full of "groves and birds." George Stevens' impromptu "When the Pye was opened The Birds began to sing; Wasn't that a dainty Dish To set before a King."

has at least kept his name alive among children—mercifully unconscious that their nursery rhyme immortalizes a Poet Laureate! Pye, however, had an eye to business. He did not want a but of wine—"money" was "his suit"—and he arranged a commutation for \$135 annually. He died in 1813, and Robert Southey succeeded, followed by Wordsworth and Tennyson—three names sufficient to restore the lustre of the offices held by Jonson and Dryden. The post lay vacant from 1892 to 1899 when Lord Salisbury with the approval of Queen Victoria appointed Alfred Austin. I have been looking through some of his "official poems" since I wrote last week, and on the whole I am disposed to consider them quite "respectable." With the exception of the work that I previously mentioned, Austin's poetry never reached anything higher than "respectability," and as Poet Laureate he certainly maintained this characteristic note.

Monument to the Late Bishop Cameron.

In the matter of the proposed monument to the late Bishop Cameron of revered memory, in behalf of which an appeal was made to the Diocese last December for subscriptions, the amounts received from parochial and other sources are as follows:— Creignish, \$8.10 Mulgrave, 25.00 Do., C. M. B. A., 31.00 Assumption Society, Grand Etang, 5.00 West Arichat, 7.00 New Aberdeen, 50.00 Antigonish, 100.00 Havre au Bouche, 52.62 Rev. M. Doyle, P. P., 10.00 Reserve Mines, 176.00 Inverness, 65.00 A. O. H., Bridgeport, 10.00 M. A. McInnis, Bridgeport, 5.00 Mabou, 200.00 St. Joseph's, 35.40 Mainadieu, 14.00 Trappist Monastery, 20.00 St. Andrew's, 38.00 Tracadie, 45.00 Lakevale, 27.00 Heatherton, 15.00 Pomquet, 16.00 Syro-Maronite Church Sydney, 25.35 Bailey's Brook, 10.00 Lochaber, 20.00 Christmas Island, 60.00 Iona, 48.68 New Waterford, (No. 14), 37.00 Lingan, 13.00 New Glasgow, 30.00 Port Morien, 20.00 Polish Church, Whitney, 4.00 S. W. Margaree, 30.00 East Bay, 27.40 North Side, 9.60 Friar's Head, 25.00 W. Lake Ainslie, 8.00 Glencoe, 7.00 Cheticamp, 16.50 D., L. of C., 5.00 Broad Cove, 28.50 Larry's River, 9.20 Charles Cove, 7.00 St. Peter's, 40.00 Thorburn and West Merigomish, 50.00 Biddeck, 18.00 Georgeville and Maryvale, 15.00 Arichat, 35.65 Arisaig, 20.00 Sydney Mines, 352.10 Port Hood, 40.25 Bras d'Or, 149.60 Whitney Pier, 75.00 Sydney, 60.00 St. Francis Harbor, 8.36 Gysboro, 12.11 Gysboro Intervale, 15.72 Salmon River Lakes, 17.68 Boisdale and Frenchvale, 25.00 North Sydney, 147.25 Glace Bay, 150.00 Grand Mira, 12.00 Port Felix, 20.00 Rev. E. Noel, P. P., 5.00 Unknown, 1.00 \$ 2385.07

JAMES MORRISON, Bishop of Antigonish.

Our London Letter.

LONDON, June 6, 1913.

CATHOLIC PROCESSION ATTACKED IN LONDON. For the first time in the history of outdoor processions in and around London, there was a regrettable disturbance last Sunday, when a procession at Stamford Hill was attacked. The procession started from the Jesuit Church at Stamford Hill in the afternoon and traversed the neighbouring streets amidst admiring crowds. There were over 1000 persons taking part, and several Guilds were represented, in addition to the school children, Children of Mary, League of the Cross Guards, etc. A beautiful statue of our Lady was carried at the end of the long line, just before the Clergy. There was nothing unusual in all this, but the police were present in some force, having received information of a possible organised attack. However, this resolved itself into a scrimmage. At one point in the line of route, a man, probably a Kensis stalwart, sprang out from among the spectators and planting himself before the bearers of the statue shouted at the top of his voice "What heresy is this?" The procession was stopped but the man was soon surrounded by indignant Catholics. A free fight ensued which held up the procession for a few minutes, but eventually the intruder and his supporters, who were not numerous, were scurried off

the route with shouts of triumph. The incident was a slight one but unpleasant, and may be the first of an organised campaign against these public acts of devotion.

A NEW CATHOLIC MAGISTRATE.

A very well known Catholic takes his place upon the bench of London police magistrates this week. Mr. Lister Drummond has been appointed a Magistrate in place of the late Sir Curtis Bennett. Mr. Drummond, who has acted recently as revising Barrister for the London circuit, is a Barrister of the Inner Temple, and a convert of many years' standing, whose energy and devotion to the cause of the Church are known in every Catholic parish of the Metropolis. With Father Fletcher, another convert, he was co-founder of the Guild of Ransom for the conversion of England, to which we owe the revival of so many old Catholic customs, including numerous pilgrimages and the outdoor processions of which we have just been speaking. He is Chairman of the Westminster Catholic Federation, and is a familiar figure at every great Catholic demonstration. Coming of an old Scottish family, he has had the happiness of seeing his mother received into the Church since his own conversion. He is a man of great charm of manner and graceful tact and the Bench certainly gains a wise and conscientious member in him.

THE PROCESSIONISTS OF LONDON.

Of demonstrations and processions we have had numerous examples these past few days, and are to have many more. The funeral of the misguided Suffragette who endeavoured to turn Epsom into a shambles on Derby Day caused great excitement in London last Saturday. Despite police advice thousands of women dressed in white, purple and green, each carrying flowers, marched before and after the hearse from Victoria to Euston Station. They were constantly stopped and diverted in order not to impede the traffic which was nevertheless held up in several places for some time and became hopelessly congested. Regrettable scenes were witnessed outside the Bloomsbury Church, where a service was held and at the Station. Vast crowds, mainly composed of roughs, had gathered at both points. These yelled, hooted, and sang comic songs as the procession passed; pepper was thrown in the women's faces, and there ugly rushes which broke down the police cordon so that the hearse itself was only saved by being suddenly diverted to another entrance. Many of the more respectable element in the crowd, who would not insult the Dead, resented the banners carried. On these were scriptural texts and such words as "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!" Next Sunday we are to have another big procession. This will consist of London Anglicans, who are going to march to Hyde Park with their Bishops at their head to protest against the Welsh Disestablishment Bill. This Bill, as you know, takes from Anglicans what they declare to be their inherited property, but what is really property left by Catholic ancestors for the use of the Catholic Church and so alienated once already from its true mission. In so far as the protest goes against the secularisation of Church funds we can sympathise with it, but when it is proclaimed as a protest against injustice, we can hardly do so, since hatred of injustice should be followed by restitution to the rightful owners, and that course is furthest from the thoughts of the agitators.

"A CARDINAL'S ROMANCE" AT THE SAVOY.

We have been deeply interested in a new play which has appeared in London this week entitled *The Cardinal's Romance*. As the scene is laid in Oxford in recent years all sorts of rumors got about which caused us to pause and wonder whether a protest would be necessary. The play proves to be pure romance, quite unconnected with any real characters. Although we may regret that Catholic ecclesiastical figures should be mixed up with an unpleasant story, there is really nothing in the piece which is offensive to Catholics, and after all, the circumstances are due to the actions of a non-Catholic character who does not appear. A young man intended for the Priesthood, studying at Oxford, falls in love with a girl, and despite the entreaties of his Tutor, a Priest, and his friend and even of the girl herself, who dimly sees that he has in reality a vocation, he marries her. Shortly after he discovers that he has apparently married his own sister, and flies the house with the priest; intending to have his marriage annulled and pursue his vocation once more. This he does, and the last scene shows him, after many years, a Cardinal, a very gracious figure. But the characters have just discovered through the finding of an ordinary that the tragedy of their lives was all a mistake. The Cardinal turns out to be the son of the priest who has been his tutor so many years, and who was married before he entered the priesthood. For one moment the erstwhile wife and her friend think that he may return to her. The Cardinal does return, but only to bless his daughter's engagement, and he and the woman he has loved both appreciate that he has found his true vocation and that there is a higher than earthly love. The plot is rather complicated, but the play itself is rather charming, and the dignity and grandeur of the Priestly life are very finely emphasized.

LONDON PROTESTANTS AND HOME RULE.

There was a huge demonstration of Protestants at the Albert Hall on Tuesday evening to protest against the Home Rule Bill. The meeting was declared to be non-party and non-sectarian! Yet it was called by the United Protestant Societies, and every speaker was some kind of a rabid hater of Rome. A resolution declaring Home Rule would be "dangerous to the religious and spiritual well being of Ireland" was passed with acclaim, and it was decided to demand the immediate withdrawal of the Bill and to resist it "by every legal means." One speaker said that the

Continued on page 5.

Sears & McDonald, Limited, HARDWARE, PLUMBING, HOT AIR, STEAM AND HOT WATER HEATING. Our stock of Enamel and Tinware including milk cans, creamers, pails, pans etc., is now complete, also tarred lanyard and boilers, in rights and lefts, Salmon twine and Manila ropes. We are agents for and carry a large and complete stock of the famous Martin Senour 100 per cent pure paints and varnishes. Genuine English raw and boiled Linseed Oils, and Church's celebrated cold water Alabaster. Before purchasing a range or cook stove of any kind be sure and get our prices. We are agents for the Frost & Wood farming machinery, and carry a full line of plows, and plow repairs in stock. Henceforth our terms will be strictly cash 30 days. By adhering strictly to the rule of 30 day payments, we will be enabled to sell you goods cheaper and will not have to ask you to pay the upkeep of other peoples bad debts.

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

Agent for the McGill patterns and magazines. A. KIRK & COMPANY. BANKING BY MAIL. Is a great convenience to those who live some distance from town. Deposits may be sent in, cash drawn, or other business transacted by MAIL without any trouble or delay. THE MANAGER OF The Royal Bank of Canada SOLICITS YOUR ACCOUNT. Interest paid on Savings Accounts at the highest current rate. Correspondence invited. W. M. SIMPSON, ANTIGONISH, N. S. Manager. TOTAL DEPOSITS EXCEED \$141,000,000.00

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



Our London Letter.

Continued from page 1
submission of the minority to the majority was a cardinal principle of the democratic Government...

A REMINISCENCE.

An interesting tablet has just been unveiled in the ruined Chapter house of Reading Abbey. It was presented by Dr. Jamieson Hurry...

"Sumer is icumen in
Lhude sing cuccu
Greteth send and blowthe med
And springeth the Wude nu
Sing cuccu.

which shows that pronunciations have very much changed in the seven centuries that have elapsed since the good monk sang of the return of summer.

"GLAD RAG" FUNERALS FOR THE ATHEISTS.

The latest fad of the atheists, theosophists and spiritualists who infest Society to-day is what they call bright and hygienic funerals. The first of these took place this week at Manchester.

EXPANSION OF THE CHURCH.

Not a week passes without fresh evidences of the continued expansion of the Church in this country. Last week the noble Priory Church of the Carmelites dedicated to SS. Luke and Teresa at Wincanton, Somerset was consecrated by the Bishop.

A Letter From the West.

To the Editor of the Casket:
DEAR SIR, - In a recent issue of your paper I noticed a communication recommending readers of THE CASKET to preserve back numbers...

Seven years ago I met in British Columbia a young man named Norman McDonald, a native of Whyoccomagh, C. B., who had been brought up a strict Protestant...

in erecting a church for the Micmacs of Whyoccomagh. Much credit is due to him and to the good people who helped and are still helping him by their charitable contributions.

I have learned that the good priest is to have a bell installed in the Micmacs' house of worship next August. I hope his generous friends will see to it that it is paid for before it shall be rung for the first time in honor of Almighty God.

I am glad that you are not allowing the grass to grow under your feet or the dust to accumulate on your pen when Freemason fallacies have to be exploded.

If Protestants had a true conception of the nefarious work in which the leaders of this sect are employed they would denounce it as vigorously as you do.

DIED

At Merland, Mr. John Haley, son of William and Kathryne Haley, in the 73rd year of his age. He bore his illness with patience and resignation to the Divine Will...

At Taylor's Road, Pomquet, on the 29th ult., CATHERINE CAMERON, after several years' illness, borne with patience and resignation to God's Holy Will...

At the cottage hospital, Antigonish, June 28, consoled by the last rites of the Church, ALEXANDER MACDONALD, of Lakeville, in the 49th year of his age...

At Sydney Mines, on June 29th, of a relapse of pneumonia, JNO. FRANCIS, eldest and only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. McNeil, Covent Street, aged 7 years, 4 months and 13 days.

At Baker Park, Dorchester, Mass., on June 7, PATRICK F. MURPHY. He was a man of kindly disposition, upright character, and a devout Christian.

At Briery Brook, Antigonish County, on the 21st day of June, 1913, JAMES McDONALD, in the 47th year of his age. In his early days he went out West where for a number of years he was engaged at mining business...

Mr. E. W. Jory of Ottawa, an official of the Capital Life Insurance Company, and Mr. William Collins of Halifax, Provincial Representative of the Company, were in Antigonish last week.

Miss Anna McKinnon of Antigonish is at North Sydney, spending her vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Macdonald of Antigonish arrived home yesterday from their wedding tour.

Miss Agnes Chisholm of Brookline, Mass., is spending the summer months with her mother at Caledonia Mills, Antigonish.

Mr. Leo LeBlanc, principal of the Main Street School, Antigonish, left on Tuesday for Ottawa to take the three weeks' musketry course.

Miss Agnes McIsaac, of Dunmore, Ant., Vice-Principal of Glace Bay schools, has returned to her home to spend the vacation.

Mr. E. W. Jory of Ottawa, an official of the Capital Life Insurance Company, and Mr. William Collins of Halifax, Provincial Representative of the Company, were in Antigonish last week.

Young lady wants room and board with a private family. Write stating particulars to "A," care of Casket office.

For sale, a number of window sashes with glass, already for house use. They can be seen at Peter McDonald's carriage shop, Town.

Colton Swell having met with an accident, will be unable to make his regular trip this week. Patrons will find him at the owner's stable on Main St., Antigonish.

Remember the old saying, "Keep cool." It's easy with our home drinks. All flavours, fruit, syrups and lime juice. Call at our store for an iced drink.—Bonner's.

A suit case taken by mistake from wagon in yard of Donald McDonald, corner of Victoria and St. Mary's street, will be thankfully received if returned to Donald McDonald.

Picnics—Here, there and everywhere; small, medium and large; private, school or church, all supplied by the picnic emporium. We know the business. Bonner's.

Picnics—Again to the front as the big picnic people. All drinks supplied at factory prices, and of the best quality. We can fill any order and know just what you want. All goods left over in good condition taken back by us. We run the risk. Bonner's, the picnic people.

GENERAL NEWS.
Mr. David Pottinger, of the Intercolonial Board of Management, will retire on superannuation on completion of his fiftieth year of service, next month.

The campaign to raise \$40,000 for St. Mary's College, Halifax, started last week, promises to be successful. Only eight thousand dollars were wanted Monday evening, and yesterday's work will very likely result in leaving but a small amount to collect.

The flow of the election tide in Britain in direction of the Unionists was again shown Friday in a by-election at Leicester. The Liberals retained the seat but by a greatly reduced majority, the vote being, Hewart, Liberal, 10,803; Wilsheer, Unionist, 9,279; Hartely, Socialist, 2,580.

Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, daughter of Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, the suffragette leader, led an attacking party to Downingstreet, London, on Sunday, for the purpose of imprisoning the cabinet ministers. The attempt failed, but the victory of the police was not won without a series of fierce scrimmages in which both policemen and women were injured. Miss Pankhurst headed the march. Between 1,000 and 2,000 persons followed her banner, singing the Marseillaise. Having started the attack the suffragette leader left the active direction of affairs to her supporter. The police hastily gathered reinforcements and cordoned both ends of Downing street.

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Resolution of Condolence.

At the last regular meeting of St. Anthony's Branch, I. O. O., the following resolution was unanimously adopted:
Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God to take unto himself the beloved brother of our former pastor, Rev. A. MacKenzie;

Resolved further, that copies of this resolution be sent to Father MacKenzie and THE CASKET, and that a copy be spread on the minutes of the meeting.

P. F. ROCHE, President.
H. LIVINGSTONE, Secretary.

Acknowledgments.

- Dan D. McIsaac, Giants Lake, \$1.00
D. W. Grant, Heatherton, 1.00
Angus Brown, Livingston's Cove, 1.00
P. V. Roche, Dominion No. 1, 1.00
Duncan McIntosh, St. Andrew's, 1.00
Mary McNeil, Newton Centre, 2.00
John Ready, Halifax, 2.00
Leo Frunty, Sunnyview, Sask, 2.00
Jennie C. McCormack, Colusset, Mass, 1.00
Alex McInnis, Granvilleville, Vt, 1.50
Rossland Council E. of C., Rossland, 2.00
Rev. Stephen T. Phelan, Georgetown, P. E. I, 3.00
Mary McDonald, West Warrington, 1.00
Angus McNeil, Halifax, 2.00
Mrs. Joseph Tapp, Gaspe, P. Q, 1.00
W. W. Dunn, Dorchester, 1.00
Dr. W. H. Macdonald, Halifax, 1.00
Ray Boylan, New Ross, H. I. C, 1.00
C. F. Johnston, Arden, Man, 1.00
W. W. Page, Halifax, 2.00
Alex Boyd, West Lakevale, 1.00
D. W. Chisholm, Lower South River, 1.00
Wm Forbes, James River Station, 1.00

Eyes are Bread Winners

Take care of them, they are the only ones that you will ever have. All your energies count for little if your Eyes give out. I test Eyes and fit glasses and guarantee reliable work and moderate charges.

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY promptly and carefully repaired. Old Gold and Silver taken in exchange for work or bought at market prices also old coins and stamps. I will shortly carry a complete stock of Jewelry.

P. R. SANDERS, D. O.
Optician and Jeweller
ANTIGONISH, N. S.

LAND SALE

1911, A No. 1021
IN THE SUPREME COURT
BETWEEN
JEREMIAH LEVANGIE, Plaintiff
—AND—
MICHAEL LEVANGIE, Debtor
an Absconding or Absent Defendant

To be sold at public auction by the sheriff of the County of Antigonish, or his deputy, at the Court House, at Antigonish, in the County of Antigonish, on
MONDAY
The 4th day of August,
A. D. 1913
At the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon

all the estate, right, title, interest, claim and demand of the above named defendant, at the time of recording of the judgment herein, or at any time since, of, in, to, upon, or out of those certain lots, pieces, or parcels of

LAND

situate, lying and being at Harbour Boucher, in the County of Antigonish, bounded and described as follows:

(1st lot) that lot bounded on the North by the old post road; on the East by lands of Charles Levangie and Elias White; On the south by lands of William Decoste; and on the West by lands of Alexander Decoste, containing twelve acres more or less. (2nd lot) That lot bounded on the North by lands of Norman Levangie, on the South by lands of the Late John Drew; on the East by lands of Augustus Levangie; on the West by lands of Michael Levangie, containing eight acres more or less. (3rd lot) That lot bounded on the North by lands of Jeremiah Levangie; on the South by lands of the late John Drew; on the East by lands of Augustus Levangie, on the West by lands of Alexander Levangie, containing eight acres more or less.

The same having been levied upon under an execution duly issued by leave of this Honourable Court upon a judgment herein, which was duly recorded, for upwards of one year.

TERMS:—Twenty per cent deposit at time of sale; remainder on delivery of Deed.

Dated Sheriff's office, Antigonish, N. S., June 28th, A. D. 1913.
DUNCAN D. CHISHOLM, Sheriff of Antigonish County.
WILLIAM CHISHOLM, Plaintiff's Solicitor.

Expert Watch Repairing

LEAVE YOUR WATCH, JEWELRY OR EYE-GLASS REPAIRS WITH MY AGENT, J. P. MCKENNA, DRUGGIST, ANTIGONISH

to be sent us and you will receive just as thorough satisfaction as though you personally visited our beautiful Glace Bay Store.

T. J. WALLACE
OPTICIAN & JEWELER
Main St. GLACE BAY.

Your July Funds!

Whatever funds you will have available for investment in July can be very profitably employed in a purchase of the 7% Cumulative Preferred Stock of the Maritime Nail Company.

By conservative appraisal there are assets (exclusive of good will) covering the comparatively small amount of bonds outstanding, all of the Preferred Stock issued, and margin sufficient to give the Common Stock a book value of nearly \$60 a share. One-half share of this Common Stock is included as a bonus with each share of Preferred at par.

This prosperous Maritime industry is now entering upon a new era of progress as the result of having recently obtained an independent source of supply, and because of extensive improvements to its St. John plant.

We will gladly send you a circular describing the desirable features of this attractive industrial and convenient plans of payment.

J. C. Mackintosh & Co.
Established 1873
Members Montreal Stock Exchange
Direct Private Wires

Y. P. C. A. Bldg., New Glasgow
Also at Halifax, St. John, Fredericton and Montreal

West End Warehouse
A Short Boot and Shoe
Talk to Men and Women
On the advantage to you in wearing Good Quality Footwear
You can waste money on shoes as quickly as on anything—perhaps quicker. Shoddy materials that look like leather are made up over stylish lasts and the shoes have a fine appearance; the price is very low, and you buy a pair. One week's wear proves better than words how expensive it is to buy those cheap shoes. Our shoes may not be cheap in the first price, but the long wear, the better appearance, and the complete satisfaction you get out of every pair makes them the cheapest shoes you can buy.
Try us for Your Shoe Wants

Chisholm, Sweet & Co.
The Store That Satisfies.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE
CAPITAL, \$15,000,000 REST, \$12,500,000
MONEY ORDERS
Issued by The Canadian Bank of Commerce, are a safe, convenient and inexpensive method of remitting small sums of money. These Orders payable without charge at any bank in Canada (except in the Yukon Territory) and in the principal cities of the United States, are issued the following rates:
Over \$5 and under ..... 3 cents
Over 5 and not exceeding \$10 ..... 6 "
" 10 " " " 30 ..... 10 "
" 30 " " " 50 ..... 15 "
REMITTANCES ABROAD
should be made by means of our SPECIAL FOREIGN DRAFTS and MONEY ORDERS. Issued without delay at reasonable rates.

ANTIGONISH BRANCH
W. H. HARRISON, Manager

The D. G. Kirk Woodworking & Cont. Co.
Manufacturers of DOORS, WINDOWS, MOULDINGS and FINISH OF ALL KINDS, BIRCH and SPRUCE FLOORING, SHINGLES BRICK, LIME, LATHS, PLASTER Etc. BUILDING MATERIAL OF ALL KINDS FURNISHED AT SHORT NOTICE. ESTIMATES GIVEN ON APPLICATION.

Consider Comfort
Only a properly made shoe can give that feeling of comfort. Why sacrifice it by wearing cheaper footwear merely for a saving in first cost. INVICTUS shoes are made so carefully and so true to natural foot requirements that they are bound to give you comfort and satisfaction. Why not try a pair?
GORMAN, The Shoeman
ANTIGONISH, N. S.
Telephone 67
P. O. Box 359



**FLEET FOOT**  
Outing Shoes  
For Everybody  
**THE PERFECT SHOE FOR SUMMER SPORTS**  
ASK YOUR DEALER.

**YOUNG CALVES WANTED FOR FOX FEED**

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

**FARM FOR SALE**

That very desirable farm at the North Grant, known as the Grant farm, containing 250 acres, well wooded and watered and within 4 or 5 miles of the Town of Antigonish. Suitable for a Dairy or Sheep farm. Can be sold as two farms. House and barn on one. Orchards on both.

8000 feet of lumber and frame for a large barn can be purchased with either of the farms. Terms made to suit purchaser.

For further particulars apply to C. F. Grant, 284 Poplar Street, Rosindale, Mass., or to

F. H. MACPHIE, Agent.  
Antigonish, N. S., April 16th, 1913.  
4-17-13.

**FARM FOR SALE**

The subscriber offers for sale the 150 acre farm, with house and barn thereon, owned by Allan D. Cameron, at Springfield. It is well wooded and watered. Situate within one mile of School, Telephone and Post Office, and about three miles from Church and Stores. Good title can be given. For price and terms apply to

J. C. McNAUGHTON, Agent,  
Antigonish, May 14, 1913.

**Teamsters and Laborers Wanted**

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

**HIGHEST WAGES PAID**  
KIRK & COOKE  
Contractors

Most people would be benefited by the occasional use of  
**Na-Dru-Co Laxatives**  
Gently, thoroughly, and without discomfort, they free the system of the waste which poisons the blood and lowers the vitality. 25c. a box, at your Druggist's.  
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**The Poet-Priest of the South.**

(By Mary Brabson Littleton, in The Daily Times, Chattanooga, Tenn.)

"Forget-me-not!" The sad words strangely quiver  
On lips like shadows falling on a river.  
Flowing away,  
By night, by day,  
Flowing away forever.  
The mountain whence the river springs  
Murmurs to it, "Forget-me-not."  
The little stream runs on and sings  
On to the sea, and every spot it passes by  
Breathes forth a sigh,  
"Forget-me-not, forget-me-not."

No danger, I think, of the gentle priest-writer of these lines being forgotten while the old confederates meet together, and the Daughters of the Confederacy chant his sublime songs. The very flowers are bathed in dew as though our Summer time had not forgotten the stirring scenes of long ago, and where the mountain lifts its remembering summit, the clouds are mystic gray. If you will listen with your heart in tune to this occasion, you will hear the winding river singing the old war songs, luring our guests to stay. Yes, the old confederates come this way—they who know the land better than we; they who saw heroic America unveiled in battle, and learned the honour due the American soldier, whether he wore gray or blue. They helped to write this epitaph upon every monument erected to the "deathless dead":

"This America never did nor never shall  
Lie at the proud feet of a conqueror,  
But when it first did help to wound itself."

The old confederates come this way with young fair maidens on their staff to strew the war-worn path with lilies of sweet peace. And yet, and yet, the "Sentinel Songs" "bring back the swords that flashed in vain":

"And the men who wore the gray shall seem  
To be marshalling again."

And on they come, the living and the dead, to share our love-crowned banquet of love. The echo of the past is always here; it only louder sounds when gray or blue are met together; from Stringer's ridge and Orchard Knob; from Lookout's clouds of gray and gold; from Chickamauga's swirling, sobbing tides of blood, echo whispers, "We are here." Voiceless and silent, the shadows come, misty and dim the tears that were shed over the graves of heroes fallen; bugle call and tap of drum; Dixie's inspiring dance of death and the bonny blue flag all gory; Bragg is here and Rosecrans, Croston's brigade, and the wizard Forrest's cavalry; Cleburne against Baird and Johnston; the charge of Breckinridge; Granger and Steedman and Longstreet's stubborn fight; the rebel yell of victory, and then the weary tread of retreating feet.

Grant—the furling of the conquered banner and from Lookout's highest point the Stars and Stripes floating upward to meet the dawn—and with the shadowy shouts comes ever the minstrel with flowing hair and Tara's harp to sing defeat into the starry realms of immortal beauty—Father Ryan, the poet priest of the confederacy.

He bore the name of two war Presidents—Jefferson was for the great Virginian who fought the spectre of a strongly centralized government, dreading nothing so much as the ancient tyranny of empire and interference with state and individual liberty. Abram was for the priest of Israel, of whom God asked but did not require the sacrifice of his son, Isaac. Alas! Father Ryan was not so spared; the confederacy was to him as an only son, and the sacrifice was consummated.

"Beneath my feet ten thousand children dead—  
Oh! how I loved each known and nameless one!"

There has been some controversy as to where Father Ryan was born. Ireland claims him—by the strange witchery of his temperament. Maryland says he first saw the light at Hagerstown, Norfolk, Va., emphasizing its claim as his birthplace by a beautiful monument erected to his memory. Louisville, Ky., keeps sacred the room where he died. Mobile, where he lived for thirteen years, would not consent to his grave in Kentucky, but sent and had his remains brought to Mobile, where he sleeps beneath an imposing monument by the U. D. C. and the U. C. W. To this monument not only the South, but the whole country, contributed. Recently another classic monument was erected to Father Ryan and three other Southern writers, in Augusta, Ga., by Mrs. E. W. Cole of Nashville, Tenn.

In Tampa, Fla., the Daughters of the Confederacy have placed a magnificent memorial window to him in the Catholic Church there. It is thus everywhere that his poem, "Forget-Me-Not," is answered.

It was in Augusta, Ga., that he edited the Southern Banner, and in New Orleans the Morning Star. In these and other Southern journals were published most of his poems, his "Sentimental Songs" and "In Memoriams."

"Ten great cities contend for Homer dead  
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

I will not dispute with any one as to Father Ryan's birthplace, nor ask for his grave, but Tennessee is justly entitled to "The Conquered Banner" and "The Sword of Lee." It was in a Tennessee regiment—the Eighth Cavalry—that Father Ryan served as chaplain during the most of the four years of war. Where else could he have learned to feel with his pen

"What the old hero's sword hand felt,  
The heart of the hate that flashed into flames against wrong,  
The thrill of the hope that rushed like a storm on the foe?"

Where else could he, the "chastised soldier" and the "sentinel priest," have learned the innermost spirit of comradeship save around the campfires of his Tennessee regiment?

"Wherever the brave have died  
They should not rest apart;  
Lying, they struggled side by side,  
Why should the hand of death divide  
A single heart from heart?"

Monsignor M. Lucy, in the Arkansas "Gazette," quotes Father Ryan as saying that "The Conquered Banner" was written in Knoxville, Tenn. "It was night when news of the surrender of Lee came. I was in my room in a house where many of the regiment of which I was chaplain were quartered, when an old comrade came to me and said: 'All is lost—General Lee has surrendered.' I knew by his whitened face that the news was true. Then a thousand thoughts came rushing through my brain. That banner was conquered, but the story must be told. We were very poor in the days of the war. I looked around for a piece of paper to give expression to the thoughts that cried out within me. All that I could find was a piece of wrapping paper that lay on the table about an old pair of shoes a friend had sent me. I seized this piece of paper and wrote "The Conquered Banner."

Mrs. Chambers, of this city, says she remembers Father Ryan very well when he was in Knoxville—that she has often sat in the house in which the "Conquered Banner" was written. She relates an incident of his life that kind of grips one's heart. It seems that during the latter years and immediately after the war there was a great lack of food and clothes in Knoxville, so that when an enterprising New Englander by the name of Flanders opened a small department store, people came from far and wide to buy especially shoes. They would come in and buy and put on the new shoes and leave their old ones there.

Now, Father Ryan would come and ask for these old shoes, and Mr. Flanders would always save them for him. The priest would take the shoes and give them to the prisoners of war, who were barefooted and glad to get anything. Mrs. Chambers says she has often seen the frail, sad-faced priest pass along the street with a great bag of old shoes thrown over his shoulder, and frequently met him at the prisons, where he ceaselessly ministered to the inmates. This instance gives additional interest to the statement that he wrote the "Conquered Banner" on a piece of wrapping paper around an old pair of shoes sent him by a friend.

Sidney Lanier, in a letter to a friend, writes: "I suppose you know that with us of the younger generation in the South since the war, pretty much all of life has been merely not dying."

Father Ryan was in Clarksville and Nashville for a time, and after the war he was stationed in Chattanooga as assistant to Father Brown. He was frequently entertained at the home of my father and mother, Gen. and Mrs. Cleary, and was godfather to their son, Dr. A. P. D. Cleary. Gen. Cleary says some of his most beautiful poems were written here. "The Sword of Lee" is a Chattanooga production, and was read to Gen. Cleary in manuscript.

"Father Ryan," says Gen. Cleary, "was the bitterest rebel I ever met, and my warmest personal friend. None of the photographs published of him is in the least like him. His face was beautiful, with an ethereal fascination indescribable and irresistible. In character he was bold and fearless as a lion and outspoken in his convictions. He was the most companionable man I ever met, genial in manner, often jovial in conversation, with an unending flow of anecdote and humor. As a speaker he was eloquent and magnetic, and liked by everyone who knew him. I said to him one evening as we sat around the fire chatting: "Father Ryan, the South had no sufficient cause or excuse for seceding." The face of the priest, generally pale and sad, suddenly became luminous like lightning in a thunder-cloud—"The South needed no cause and no excuse for secession. She had the inherent constitutional right to secede. She has no apology to make for her action."

There is, in fact, no apology in any line Father Ryan has ever written. To him the Lost Cause was the cause of right against wrong, the soldiers were martyrs, and he believed as he wrote:

"The world shall yet decide  
In truth's clear, far-off light,  
That the soldiers who wore the gray  
and died  
With Lee were in the right."

The elegiac rhythm of the "Conquered Banner" surrenders the confederacy to nothing short of extermination:

"For there is not a man to wave it,  
And there is not a sword to save it,  
And there is not one left to lave it,  
In the blood that heroes gave it."

The spirit of the confederacy he never admitted as dead. Higher and higher rises the inspiration of the poem, until it breaks through the starless night and boldly seeks prophetic comfort to his people:

"Furl that banner! True, 'tis gory,  
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory  
And 'twill live in song and story,  
Though its folds are in the dust,  
For its fame on brightest pages,  
Penned by poets and by sages,  
Shall go sounding down the ages,  
Furl its folds, though now we must."

May we not say that Father Ryan is the standard bearer of that literary activity which, like an angel-struck rock in the wilderness, gushed pure and sparkling to refresh and invigorate the South soon after the "Conquered Banner" became everywhere so immensely popular? Many anecdotes are related of the "Rebel Priest," whom they say never took the oath

of allegiance. Fame does not require that a poet, priest or soldier, be also a statesman; they have their limitations—

"Their's not to reason why,  
Their's but to do and die,  
Into the valley of death  
Rode the Six Hundred."

When Johnson was military governor of Tennessee, he ordered Father Ryan to appear before him to answer to the charge of expressing too freely his secessionist sentiments.

"If you don't stop this talk, I am going to put you in jail," said Johnson. Father Ryan replied that the governor might as well put him in jail then and there, as he would never agree to suppress his honest convictions. The governor then told him to return to his home, but to report to the capitol every morning. "I will do nothing of the kind," said the fearless rebel. "You know where I live and where to find me if you wish to have me arrested for freedom of speech." It is said Gov. Johnson dropped the discussion.

In a letter written by Father Larkin while he was chaplain of the National Soldiers' Home, he says: "Father Ryan was brought before Gen. Butler on a charge of having refused to officiate at the burial of some federal soldiers. As a matter of fact, the charge was false; but Father Ryan's reply was that he would have been glad to bury the very last man of them, even to the general himself." Butler's sense of humor enabled him to see the point, and so the matter ended.

Literary critics have not been silent as to the poet of the confederacy. Upon the whole he has fared well at their hands. The Catholic Encyclopedia says: "In the hour of defeat he won the heart of the entire South by his 'Conquered Banner,' whose exquisite measure he told a friend was taken from one of the Gregorian chants. The Marcellaise as a hymn of victory, never more profoundly stirred the heart of France than did this hymn of defeat the hearts of those to whom it was addressed. It was read or sung in every Southern household, and thus became the apostrophe of the lost cause. His poems, patriotic, religious and miscellaneous, have reached a twenty fourth edition."

"I don't think there is in the English language a poem so deathless in heroic beauty as the 'Sword of Lee.' It is as if the great confederate commander surrendered only his scabbard to Grant at Appomattox, and gave the gleaming blade to Father Ryan to be sheathed in immortality."

The poet's love for his mother has been often commented upon. "After the lapse of many years," writes John Moran, "we may find his heart still fresh and loving, pouring out upon the grave of his mother the wealth of his rich mind, and chaste affection. He tells us that he had placed his poems upon her grave as a garland of appreciation. His two memoriams of his brother, David I. Ryan, C. S. A., are exquisitely pathetic and sympathetic of his mother."

"The March of the Deathless Dead," "C. S. A.," "Prayer of the South," "The Sentinel Song," etc., are all bathed in the glow of the lost cause, and re-echo its glory with sadness that takes hold of the heart like personal woe. Whatever and wherever, he wrote, he said, that his genius never once incited war, unpromising in his convictions to the end, he yielded not to defeat of battle nor to the dark spirit of passion ruling in the high places, but later all his bitterness against the Union melted at the touch of sweet charity.

During the awful visitation of yellow fever, when a sorrow-stricken land was once more buried in ruin and desolation, the North came to the rescue of the South. Then Father Ryan took down again his harp that had long hung in the weeping willow and wrote "Reunited," a poem that swept the North and South into a union of sentiment and mutual love and confidence.

Wherever the names of the mighty men of the Civil War are honored, where Grant and Lee, Stonewall Jackson and Sheridan are toasted, there a goblet will be lifted to the poet priest of the confederacy. The sword of Lee has the honor sheen of every American soldier and the "Star Spangled Banner" floats far and fair over a reunited country.—"Esto Perpetua."

**The Power of a Song.**

Madame Lillian Nordica, the singer, once upon returning from a concert tour, decided to go straight to her villa in France, accompanied only by her maid. She knew there were no servants there at the time, but felt no alarm. They arrived in the early evening, and enjoyed being "home again." Towards midnight they sat softly talking together, with only the mellow moonlight flooding the rooms, when they heard a window off the south balcony being raised, and an instant later steps were heard in the hall.

Almost paralyzed with fear—no one to help, no weapons at hand—there flashed over the prima donna a realization of her power of song. "It has moved thousands," she thought; and with trembling notes she began to sing what had been uppermost in her thoughts before the entrance of the intruder: "Home Sweet Home!" The exquisite voice grew steeper, and it rang out in its sweetest, purest strains. Then followed "Old Folks at Home"—but her audience had gone. The maid saw a dark figure creep through the window and steal across the lawn and out of the gate.

Some weeks later Nordica received the following letter:

"Dear Madame: On the night of the 19th I entered your home to relieve you of all your diamonds, jewels and money, but an angel's song rang out in the sweet words of Mother's songs, and my hand and heart were arrested; and I vowed never, never again to do aught that would sorrow that so loved one. I am now engaged in honest work. God bless you!"

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**SHERIFF'S SALE**  
1903, C No. 433  
In the County Court of District No. 6  
BETWEEN ROY ROY GRIFFIN,  
—and—  
DANIEL MORIARTY,  
Defendant

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

**FRIDAY,**  
The 25th Day of July, A. D. 1913

At the hour of 11 o'clock in the forenoon,  
All the estate, right, title, interest, property and demand of the aforesaid defendant at the time of the recording of the judgment herein, or at any time since, of, in, to, upon, or out of that certain lot, piece, or parcel of

**LAND**

and premises situate lying and being at Fairmont, in the County of Antigonish, and bounded and described as follows:

Bounded on the North by land formerly of Donald Melsaac, on the East by land formerly of Donald Macdonald, on the South by land of John Moriarty, and on the West by the Walsh lot (so called), containing 70 acres more or less and being the land of the late Michael Moriarty, together with the privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging, the said lot of land having been levied upon under execution issued by leave of the Honourable Court upon the judgment herein, which judgment has been duly recorded in the Registry of Deeds office for the said County for upwards of one year before the issuing of execution.

TERMS: Twenty per cent deposit at time of sale, remainder on delivery of deed.

Dated Sheriff's office Antigonish, June 24th, 1913.

D. D. CHISHOLM,  
Sheriff of Antigonish County.  
R. R. GRIFFIN,  
Solicitor in person.

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Belfast on its Knees.

Editor Eastern Chronicle:

SIR.—Will you be kind enough to insert the following despatch, which appeared in a late issue of the Montreal Star? I read a good deal in your interesting paper, but it is mostly from the Home Rulers' point of view. I know there are many persons in Pictou County who will read the despatch with interest. I know that there are many persons in New Glasgow and other parts of Pictou County who do not favor Home Rule for Ireland in any form and very many who do not favor it in the form now proposed. I do not intend to argue the case just here, but I think the cause of the Ulster men is just as sincere and just as sound as that now being espoused by the Eastern Chronicle and a large body of leading men in the Presbyterian Church in Canada concerning the question of union. If one is right the other is wrong. If one is wrong the other is right. If one is right the other is wrong. ORANGEMAN. Halifax, June 20, 1913.

THE DESPATCH.

LONDON, June 17.—James Douglas, the well-known Radical writer, having just revisited Belfast, says in the Ministerial Daily News and Leader: "At this moment Belfast is a city on its knees, not to man, but to God. The simple folk with whom I've talked are not politicians; they are Presbyterians, Methodists, Episcopalians, Baptists, Congregationalists, and Friends. They are filled with a mystical faith in God. They believe he will by some path lead them out of their darkness."

"The city is a city of prayer. There are dregs at the bottom of this vessel of piety; there is scum on the top of it; but the governing truth is as I have stated it. Belfast is a puritan city, almost a Cromwellian city."

"The men we have to persuade are not rough rowdies who throw stones and bludgeon Catholics, but ironies on their knees, whose battle hymn is the great chant of 'O, God, our help in ages past.'"

"To some it may seem a surly hymn. They may despise as hypocrites these roundheads of the twentieth century. But its passion is in our blood as well as theirs. As it sounds in our ears it behooves us to strive at last to find a way to peace, so that all Irishmen may tread together as brothers, comrades and Christians."

WINDMERE.

The above communication with its enclosure came to us from a very dear friend who does not see eye to eye with us on the Home Rule question. If we thought for one moment that the Catholic majority in Ireland would by word or act persecute a Protestant in Belfast or elsewhere, or deprive an Orangeman, Methodist or Presbyterian of any of his British rights and privileges, we would be opposed to Home Rule in Ireland. That is not our opinion of Irishmen. It is not our opinion of Catholics in Canada. Is it not a fact that the Catholics in Canada are divided politically, as are the Presbyterians, Methodists, Anglicans and Baptists? In Canada for the past one hundred years, is it not a fact that the Catholic voter has cast his ballot on the side of freedom and the liberty of the subject? What has the cause of freedom to fear in Canada from the Catholics of Quebec? Absolutely nothing.

Is it not a fact that Catholics in England are divided politically, have been divided politically for three hundred years? One of the most remarkable facts of the Irish agitation for self-government during the past thirty years has been the wonderful fidelity with which the Irish in Great Britain have stuck to their native country and the cause of Home Rule in the teeth of English Catholic opposition. The curious spectacle was witnessed during the recent vote in the British House of Commons of Orange and Unionist "die hards" following that sturdy English Catholic, Lord Talbot, the chief Tory Whip, into the division lobby against Home Rule, while Irish Catholics and British Non-Conformists stood together in support of the second reading. Greater than that, and of more significance, is the fact that the Irish vote has been behind all the reform movements in which the British democracy has been interested. The Irish have set the pace in land and other legislation and in social reform. The Irish in the Commons have stood shoulder to shoulder with the Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists and Non-Conformists generally on behalf of the poor. Without the Irish vote England would have fully developed into a land of the prince and the pauper—in fact to the Irish vote is due to the amelioration that has come about in the condition of the poor in England and to every reform of the past century. Is that vote going to be used to crush the Protestants of Belfast? We cannot believe it for a moment.

We are not for an instant to doubt

the sincerity of the British Protestant or of the Protestants of Ulster. For centuries they have ruled Ireland, have looked down on and despised Irishmen. There are elsewhere privilege dies hard. What we believe is not that liberty and freedom is to be taken away from the Protestants of Ulster, but that the time is fully come when they should in justice share those glorious privileges with their Irish fellow countrymen. The way to peace is for the Ulster Protestants to accept their Irish brothers as neighbors, as comrades, and as Christians. If after that the Irish Catholics prove themselves treacherous and unneighborly what has been done can be undone.

Finally we wish to say and to say emphatically that we turn a deaf ear to the allegation that when Home Rule becomes law, the Belfast Orangeman cannot take care of themselves in Parliament or out of it.—The Eastern Chronicle, New Glasgow.

Fraser's Mills.

(By Drummer on Foot.)

I cross the bridge here to the west side of the river, and enter the McDonnell settlement. Donald McDonnell (Donnnull Mac Alasdair ic Seumais), who immigrated in 1814, was the first of these settlers. He was married to Catherine, daughter of Angus Gillis, of Cape George. They had a family of five sons and two daughters, who grew to maturity. The sons were John, Alexander, Angus, James and Ronald. John was married to Margaret, daughter of Donald McIsaac, Upper Glen Road; Alexander was married to a McDonald woman from Merigomish, Angus to Mary, daughter of Alexander Fraser, (Miller), James to Mary, daughter of Donald Cameron, (Ewen), and Ronald to Catherine McIsaac of Morristown. Of the daughters, Mary was married to Hugh Gillis (Big Duncan), and Margaret to D. R. McDonald, Bailey's Brook.

Of John's family, Angus resides on the old homestead, John at Afton, and one or two brothers in the United States. Alexander with his family moved to Pictou Co. many years ago, where he died. His farm is now occupied by John J. McDonald of Dunmore. James' family of three sons and three daughters live in the United States. Ronald's widow and son Dan R. reside on the old place. Angus survives. Of his family, two sons and two daughters are living, William in Dunmore district, Alexander, lately returned from the West and purchased the McKinnon farm and other adjoining properties at Middle South River, Margaret at home, and Annie, wife of D. D. McDonald, Merchant, Antigonish.

Old Angus is certainly an honored survivor of several generations at Fraser's Mills. If he lives till January next he will be ninety-two years of age, and, from a late interview with him, I can say there is nothing in his appearance, still less in his faculties, to indicate an early dissolution. His mind is clear, and his memory, I should say, perfect. He readily reads ordinary print without the aid of glasses. A sound and happy mind, I believe, conduces to a sound body. This was always his, and is to-day. In a happy hour's conversation with him, it seemed marvellous to me that a man of ninety-two could laugh so frequently, and in fact more heartily than I could, though I am by no means averse to merriment.

Ninety-two years may look small in figures, but the chief changes in this place occurred during that period. Very few were settled round about at that early time. A few Sundays ago this venerable gentleman was present in St. Andrew's Church at the confirmation service by his Lordship Bishop Morrison. He himself received that sacrament at the hands of Bishop Fraser. Their Lordships the late Bishop McKinnon and Bishop Cameron, as well as Bishop Fraser, have passed away in the meantime, and each one of them had many fruitful years in the Episcopate. God has given him many days, but no idle ones in his case at least. In his early manhood he taught school for seven years, then engaged in merchandise for twenty years or more, afterwards in trading and farming, or any other work that he could turn his hand to, yes, and still does what he can. He represented his district in the Municipal Council from 1888 to 1897, and is as intelligently keen and observant in public matters to-day as he was then.

Why do I thus dwell upon this character? Because such, alas, are becoming rare, and they are to us living lessons that we should strive to seek and study characters whose very conversation, besides being instructive and always edifying, actually reflects the moral kindness, the human sympathy, and purely Christian attributes of the people of seventy to one hundred years ago.

"Honour old age," for what so worthy of honour and respect as a long and blameless life? If we can do naught else, if we cannot stop the blade that draws nearer and nearer to the slender thread of life, we can try to comfort them in the end, make them happy, strew roses on their way, and help them gently down to their graves.

A brother of Donald, named Angus (Aonghais MacAlasdair) came out to this place some years later. He settled on the West or rear of Donald's land. He had sons, John, James, Alexander, Donald, Ronald, Duncan, Roderick, Angus, and two daughters. Of the sons, only one, John, seems to have remained at or near the old homestead. He was married to a McGillivray woman (nighean a' còirneal) as he was better known, who resided at Dunmore. His family consisted of one son, who is now in the West, and several daughters.

Another of the early settlers of this place was Duncan Gillis, Big (Dannachadh Mor). His wife's name was McPhee. His sons, all able-bodied and sturdy men, were Alexander, Donald, William, Angus, Hugh, John, and Allan. I believe these have all passed away excepting the last, who resides with his family in the United States. John J., John's son, resides on the old homestead, and his mother Margaret, daughter of Donald Cameron, Ewen Donald McGillivray, Allan, lived on the next farm to McDonnell's at Fraser's Mills. He was married to Mary, daughter of the late Donald Cameron, who was settled at what is now called Springfield. He was the eldest son of Ewen Cameron. Two sons of Donald (Allan), John and Angus, and one daughter, Christy, reside on the home, and a daughter, Janet, died.

Further reference to this and one or two other families, I must defer for another chapter, as their parents came from the old country, and must be localized in other districts. I desire to begin with the stem of the tree, where first planted, and trace out the branches, not always an easy matter. This is the usual system in writing even brief historical notes, and this is why I shall be glad to visit aged people, if I am encouraged to pursue the work.

I must intimate here again that my circumstances will not enable me to continue this, without more or less encouragement in my little business. There is nothing useless in what I have to offer, and if my notes are at all appreciated, I should naturally expect patronage enough to help pay for paper, postage, etc., etc. I do not charge for these, or for extra time entailed, but give full guaranteed value for any patronage received. From observation I am led to think that if I were a stranger to the County, "drumming" around with hired teams at three or four dollars a day, which comes out of the people, instead of a native, "drumming on foot," I would meet with more encouragement and success.

Some people may imagine that I am in receipt of newspaper salary, but I am not. THE CASKET has merely consented, under restrictions as to space, to publish such notes. There is not a dollar in it for THE CASKET no more than there is for me, but believing that it would be, or rather should be, interesting to its readers in this County, it places limited space at my disposal.

I am glad to find that natives of the County, absent for many years, appreciate these notes. By last mail a letter came to me from one of these addressed to "Drummer on Foot," if you please, which tried several post offices before it found its mark. I quote a few passages from it:

"DEAR DRUMMER ON FOOT.—It is with the greatest pleasure I read your very interesting letters to THE CASKET of late. I knew the places and nearly all the people you mention as well, as I went to school at Fraser's Mills to Richard Carroll and Big Andrew McGillivray. Those were the happy days. It makes me feel sad when I think that nearly all you mention are gone, I hope to Heaven. I assure you that no one will read your letters with more interest than I."

How many more, like this man, are absent from the various districts of the County, and would be equally interested in having recalled to them "those happy days" of years ago! Every place has its history and should be written. The history of Antigonish County is worth writing and perpetuating. Would that it were in better hands.

Districts not giving, at least, a reasonable share of patronage, I must omit from these sketches, for my obligations to my employers will not permit my delaying for the purpose of investigating, and obtaining data necessary for such notes, if there be nothing forthcoming for the little business, itself.

All districts, bestowing a fair patronage, and thus enabling me to

do justice to my employers, and myself, I will cheerfully attempt to "write up" to the best of my humble ability based, of course, upon the facts I am able to elicit in travelling, a process requiring considerable time.

In one word, I should like to write a connected sketch of all districts as I go, but you must readily see that I am not allowed to do so, if I thus neglect my engagements. These notes would be in the nature of a premium to purchasers of our wares and to purchasers only. D. O. F.

The Present "Silent Panic."

The tightness of money, the gradual decline in stocks on the New York Stock Exchange for the last nine months, and the difficulty lately experienced in floating bond issues, indicate a condition in our finance which the New York World call a "silent panic."

The underlying cause according to a New York Sun writer, is simply that "at present there is not enough money in the world to supply the wants of the borrowers." That is, "available supplies of capital are insufficient to provide for all the financing that borrowing governments, municipalities states colonies and corporations have undertaken."

Wall Street, explained several editors, suffers most because of foreign influences. For it is impossible, declares the New York World, to attribute the "silent panic" to home affairs. "The crop outlook has rarely ever been better than now. Speculative excesses have been absent. Surplus bank reserves are unusually large. Business long since accepted the popular decree that illegitimate monopoly must cease, and is acting accordingly. The number of people who have so misread history, or so misapplied knowledge as to believe that panics and hard times are inseparable from acts of tariff reduction is now comparatively small."

"Wall Street has had its silent panics before, and under the highest of tariffs. But it has never had one before so clearly resulting from foreign influences and so little due to home conditions."

And The Sun, in a leading editorial, after dismissing a number of popular explanations of the stories of hard times tells us that "What is going on in Wall Street is primarily the reflection of Europe's need for money."

Similar conditions prevailing in London are explained by the editor of the London Statist as due to the fact that whereas investors in America, France, and Germany have of late years subscribed huge amounts for new enterprises since the war in the Balkans, these countries appear to have lost their nerve."

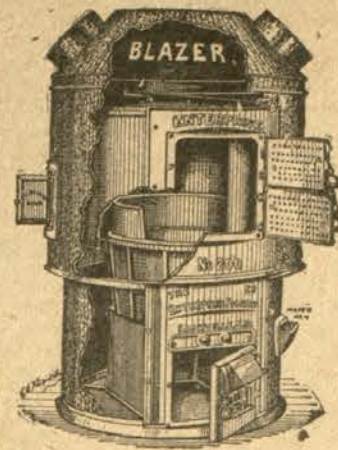
That means that "borrowers have had to resort to the London market" to an almost unprecedented extent. But all the world, according to The Economist, is overloaded and over-armed, and all the great financial centers are feeling the strain. Many recent loans have been undersubscribed and left largely on the hands of the underwriters. London banking underwriters, The Sun hears, "have agreed to discourage further bond issues until the present surplus is absorbed and the congestion in the investment market relieved." Wars and rumors of wars, with expensive military programs, have had their influence, but after all, thinks The Sun, the trouble is that the bond market is oversupplied:

"Under the tremendous outpouring of bonds of all varieties interest rates have been driven down and investment capital commands a higher price and is worth more the world over. . . . The reactionary tendencies of investment markets everywhere are traceable to this influence. All alike are feeling the effects of a world-wide credit strain, of the state of saturation in the market for capital. In time no doubt the situation will change, but in banking circles it is believed that the change can be brought about only by enforced economy, for at present there is not enough money in the world to supply the wants of borrowers."

Despite the "fundamentally good" conditions in this country which our papers and leading capitalists continue to emphasize those who are in the best position to know now believe, according to Vice President Talbert, of the National City Bank of New York, "that we have entered into a period of dear money the duration of which is indefinite." To the question, "What should we do?" Mr. Talbert answers: "First, that while critically scrutinizing credits, we should continue to lend freely to legitimate manufacturers, dealers, importer and exporters;" and "secondly that new financing on a large scale wherever possible should be postponed and all forms of enterprises involving fixed investments of capital should be discouraged if not entirely denied."

A HOT TIME IS A GOOD TIME 2 Prepare 4 a Cold Time

We have a Furnace The Enterprize Blazer



Which will ensure your having summer weather in your home from November to March; and now is the time to have the work done before the weather grows cold and everyone is rushed.

The BLAZER with its PATENT FIRE POT embodies the very latest ideas in the furnace line.

It is made in 4 sizes, burns wood or coal, and gives more heat with less fuel and care than any furnace we know of.

Sold by leading furnace men everywhere. Write us for illustrated circular with full description.

THE ENTERPRISE FOUNDRY CO.

MANUFACTURERS

SACKVILLE, N. B.

Summer Excursion Fares Via The Intercolonial Railway.

Facts and figures regarding summer vacation tours are always interesting to those who are on travel bent; and these are to be found in the booklet, "Summer Excursion Fares" just issued by the Intercolonial Railway. The details of special round trips through Eastern Quebec and the Maritime Provinces are given, and routes are defined and rates quoted in a systematic and comprehensive manner. The booklet will be mailed free to all who write the General Passenger Dept., Moncton, N. B.

Gate's Nerve Ointment

G. 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.

Property for Sale

The undersigned offers for sale his property at Malignant Cove, Antigonish Co., by the salt water. It has a good finished house, containing 13 rooms and excellent cellar, with hot air furnace, out-houses, a store, and large barn, all mineral rights and his whole interest in cold storage. For further particulars apply to D. J. CHISHOLM, 31 3rd Ave., Viauville, Montreal.

FARM FOR SALE

The 130 acre farm situated at Fairmont, within three miles of the Town of Antigonish, and known as the Mac-Gillivray farm. Has good house and barn and abundance of hardwood, hemlock, and poles. Good soil. Terms easy and made to suit purchaser. Apply to ANGUS MACISAAC, Georgeville, N. S. Or to F. H. MACPHIE, Agent, Antigonish, N. S., June 18th, 1913. 6-19-tf.

GLACE BAY RESIDENTS

Have a splendid chance to buy Diamonds Watches & Jewery at less than the factory costs by attending our sale from June 15th to June 21st. Our Stock worth \$10,000 is one of the best in the province and comprises Jewery that anyone would be proud to wear. \$50 Watches sell for \$25. 25 " " " " 13. 13 " " " " 7. We do not want to run this sale but we need cash and our need is your gain. Sale will stop at the moment our receipts equal our cash credits, until then goods will be sold for whatever you offer. Private Sale morning and afternoon Auction Sale every afternoon at 4 p.m. every open evening at 7 p.m.

T. J. WALLACE OPTICIAN Main St. GLACE BAY.

Sharples Tubular Cream Separators At Cut Prices

While my stock lasts I will sell the above machines at the following prices:

- No. 2, 300 to 325 lbs., \$40. No. 3, 400 to 425 lbs., \$45.

I will deliver to your nearest railway station in the Maritime Provinces. Cash with order.

One car of the New Brunswick Wire Fence Co.'s Goods at prices that beat all, less than 3c. per lb. by weight, woven wire.

THOMAS SOMERS

Antigonish, April 16, 1913.

Homeseeker's Excursions to Western Canada.

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

Massey Harris Farm Implements

Having taken the agency for the above firm I am now ready to order machinery or fixings for anyone wanting some.

CHAS. G. WHIDDEN Antigonish, N. S.

AERATED WATERS

We manufacture all kinds of aerated waters and temperate drinks. Our ginger ale, iron brew, etc. are leaders.

Special attention given picnic orders. THE A. LAPIERRE CO., Antigonish, N. S.

FARM FOR SALE

That well known farm, situated at the Upper South River, Antigonish County, and known as the Cummings farm, containing 200 acres, 30 of which are intervals, a good house and large barn, cheese factory and general store, on the place, and a creamery within three miles. For price, terms and further particulars apply to ALEXANDER MACGREGOR, On the place.

Or to the undersigned, F. H. MACPHIE, Agent, Antigonish, N. S., June 5th, 1913.

Garden and Flower Seeds

We have just received our new stock of Garden Seeds in bulk and in packages.

New Maple Sugar and Maple Syrup right from the bush. Guaranteed Pure.

A few half barrels of those good herring still unsold. We have a good stock of Hams, Bacon, Beef, Ham, Codfish and all kinds of Canned Goods.

We have just received a supply of the Celebrated Har s Marmalade and S.

Our Tea and Coffee are the best value on the market.

We have lines usually carried in a first class grocery and we want your trade. Give us a trial and we are confident we can give you satisfaction.

We want eggs and butter and other country produce at highest market prices.

D. R. GRAHAM ANTIGONISH, N. S.



NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

Asst. Gen. — F. H. MacPhie, page 8  
Optical and Jewelry Repairs — T. J. Wallace, page 3  
South River Picnic — page 8

LOCAL ITEMS.

WALDREN'S STUDIO will be open till Friday evening.

BULL GOES HORSES.—Last Thursday two young horses belonging to John Chisholm of Ashdale, Ant., were viciously gored by a bull. One of the horses was killed and the second was very badly injured.

THE MILITARY CAMP at Aldershot is breaking up this afternoon. The Antigonish Battery of Artillery is expected home at 9 a. m. to-morrow (Friday). Antigonish owners of horses are expected to be at the I. C. R. station at Antigonish at that hour to take over their horses.

THE ACHILLE colt purchased at New Glasgow by Mr. John McDonald of Antigonish, mention of which was made in this column last week, is apparently highly regarded by horsemen, as Mr. McDonald has received from Dartmouth, N. S., an offer for him, at a big advance on his cost.

AT THE ANNUAL HIGH SCHOOL EXERCISES at Malden, Mass., recently held, Miss Gladys M. McMillan, formerly of Ballentyne's Cove, Antigonish, was a leader among the 144 happy graduates. Particular interest was taken by the large gathering of admiring friends who were present in the announcement of the alumni scholarships. The principal one, \$150 for Boston University, was won by Miss McMillan, who was also the valedictorian of her class.

JUNE WEATHER did not materialize in Eastern Nova Scotia this year. In fact the weather had an April sting to it for the greater part of the month. Cold days and frosts at night were about the prevailing features throughout the month. This unseasonable weather, of course, has had a bad effect on vegetation, and the outlook to-day for a good crop of hay or grain is unpromising. Up to Tuesday, July 1st, we had cold weather. Yesterday, however, there was a decided change, the thermometer going up to 80 degrees in the shade.

THE SOUTH RIVER, CREAMERY turned out its first product on June 20th, 300 pounds of butter. It is of prime quality. Yesterday's churning resulted in an output of 600 pounds. Cream is coming in in increasing quantities, and the promoters of the enterprise have every reason to feel confident of its future success. Ere the year is over they expect to have an output of ten tons of good creamery butter. A market for the product is within easy reach. Sydney and the other centres of population in Cape Breton County are ready to purchase a large quantity. Care has been taken in the erection of the building and in the installation of the plant to ensure quick and sanitary handling of all the cream that may be offered in the near future. The building is 60x30 feet, with concrete foundation and floor, while the plant includes the most modern ideas in creamery machinery that are obtainable.

RURAL TELEPHONES.—The Local Government has engaged the services of Mr. A. S. McMillan, Warden of Antigonish County, to assist in putting into operation the Rural Telephone Act passed at the last session of the Legislature. This Act provides that any community, now without telephone connection, may organize in a very simple manner, and obtain connection with the nearest central exchange of the Maritime Telephone Company, by a payment of a switching rate of five cents per message. The Government will assist the enterprise by a bonus to the amount of twenty dollars (\$20.00) per mile. Mr. McMillan has had considerable experience in telephone affairs, and has been for some years the manager of the Antigonish and Sydney line. He will visit any place where his services may be demanded, and help the farmers to organize and take advantage of the new Act. It is hoped that many sections of the country will put themselves in communication with Mr. McMillan.—The Eastern Chronicle.

DR. MACÉCHEN RESIGNS PROFESSORSHIP TO ENTER UPON PRACTICE OF LAW.—Friends of St. Francis Xavier's and particularly the students of the past five years will learn with regret that Dr. A. J. G. MacÉchen, Professor of English Literature, Law of Contracts and Torts, is severing his connection with that institution and will again enter upon the practice of Law. Dr. MacÉchen's interest in the College is not confined merely to the five years during which he held a professorship. From the time he began the practice of his profession, some twenty years ago, Dr. MacÉchen has always been one of its most earnest and enthusiastic helpers. Indeed perhaps no meeting of Alumni ever took place within that time at which the Doctor did not take a conspicuous part. He always gave freely of his time and means to assist the institution whose welfare he had constantly in view. His work during the past five years was not less zealous than scholarly. To his work in English Literature he brought a wide-ranging knowledge and an excellent critical faculty. His labours in this department, we are confident, will bear lasting fruit. His lectures in Law were exceedingly thorough and fully justified the high reputation which he brought to St. Francis Xavier's as a legal scholar. A man of unusual capacity for work, of varied and brilliant attainments, he took a deep and constant interest in every department of college activity and the students always found in him a cheerful friend and counsellor. Dr. MacÉchen, we understand, will, for the next few months, take a well-earned rest, after which he will enter upon the practice of Law in Halifax or one of the Western cities. In leaving he carries with him the sincere wishes of the Faculty and students, who, while regretting his departure, well know that in him they will have in the future as in the past a warm and sympathetic friend.

THE POSITION of Collector of Customs at Antigonish is still vacant. Senator Girroir has recommended the appointment of W. Chisholm, Heatherton. A protest has made to this, on behalf of Mr. Boyd.

GRAND TEMPERANCE ADDRESS AT NEW WATERFORD.—Sunday evening, June 22nd, at Mount Carmel Church, New Waterford, a Temperance address, inspiring and masterly, was delivered by Rev. J. A. M. Gillis, Grand Spiritual Adviser of the L. O. C. At 7.15 P. M., the deep-tongued bell summoned the people to Benediction and every Catholic family answered that call with their usual faith and devotion. The spacious church was filled to overflowing. As the congregation entered, the Choir rendered that solemn and holy hymn, "The Sacred Heart of Jesus." The Pastor, Rev. J. A. Nicholson, recited the rosary, the little Acolytes joining in the responses. After the rosary, Fr. Gillis spoke. He began his lecture with an appeal to the Catholic heart and home, saying, "I am with you this evening to speak on the subject of Temperance, a subject which has been ably discussed from the platform and public meeting house, even in the sacred pulpit. I do not endeavor to tell you anything new but I mean to speak to you as 'Man to Man,' to appeal to your Catholic hearts in this noble cause in the name of your children and Catholic homes." For fully two hours Father Gillis held the interest of his hearers. Clearly he showed the baneful effects of intemperance upon the home, society and civilization. Speaking of intoxicants as a health destroyer, Father Gillis quoted the words of some of the world's greatest medical men, whose lives have been given to the study of Alcohol and its effects upon the human system. After convincing his hearers of the devastating ruin and destruction just now visited over the world by intemperance, Father Gillis made an appeal on behalf of the "Total Abstinence Pledge." He called upon the L. O. C. Members to renew their pledge and asked all those present who had not the pledge to join and unite themselves with that Banner so proudly floating throughout the Diocese of Antigonish. Fully four hundred knelt at the altar-rail and promised by the Sacred Thirst of Jesus Christ to abstain from the use of alcohol. With all the gratitude of his heart, Father Gillis thanked the new members and imparted to all his blessing. Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament followed, and at the singing of the "Laudate," as Christ was again imprisoned from their view, the hearts of the Catholic people of New Waterford went out in prayer and thanks. One by one the candles were extinguished and soon Christ was again alone in the Sacrament of His love, but the memory of Father Gillis and his stirring address shall long live in the Catholic hearts of New Waterford.—COM.

CONFIRMATION.—After having a well deserved rest at Christmas Island on Sunday evening, June 22, His Lordship Bishop Morrison left Monday morning for Grand Narrows. He was escorted thereto by over sixty teams, led by two of the best baggage players in Cape Breton. At the Narrows, he was received by Rev. Fr. McKenzie of Iona, Fr. McIntosh of Beddeck, and the members of the Catholic societies of Iona. Here the steamer Richmond awaited His Lordship to convey him to Marble Mountain. A splendid excursion party, composed of the members of the C. M. B. A. and the League of the Cross, from the parishes of Iona and Christmas Island, about two hundred strong, wearing their respective badges, had been organized by Fathers McKenzie and A. R. McDonald and the Presidents of the Societies. After a delightful trip through the Lakes, the steamer reached her destination about twelve o'clock. The broadmindedness of Mr. Campbell, the manager of the Marble Mountain Quarry, and his consideration for his men, prompted him to give the miners a holiday for the occasion, and enabled them, to a man, to extend His Lordship a most cordial welcome. The miners, together with the excursionists, formed in procession, marching from the wharf to the Church. Fifty children, of various races, English, Italians, Poles, and French, received Confirmation. On the boat's arrival at Iona, at 3 p. m., the excursionists led the march to the Church, where His Lordship confirmed 172 children. After the ceremony he congratulated the parishes of Iona and Christmas Island on the great Catholic Benefit and Temperance Societies they had the good fortune to possess, and he gave them all the encouragement they expected in the noble work which they purpose to accomplish. At five o'clock, Father McIntosh, P. P., of Baddeck, Father McKenzie, Fr. A. R. McDonald and His Lordship took passage by the SS. Blue Hill for Baddeck, arriving there at seven o'clock. The people who were awaiting His Lordship, formed in procession, and, led by bagpipers, escorted him to the church, where he confirmed about forty-five candidates. Tuesday morning, at seven o'clock, a special steamer, procured by Rev. Fr. Beaton of Bay St. Lawrence and Father Dan. McPherson of Glendale, left Baddeck wharf with His Lordship, Fr. Wm. Kiely of North Sydney, Fr. J. McNeil of Dom. No. 4, Dr. McDonald, M. D., and Mr. Campbell, merchant of Baddeck, for Ingonish. They were met at Ingonish by a flotilla of motor boats carrying Father R. Rankin, P. P., of Ingonish, and Father D. J. Rankin of Mira. At 3 o'clock p. m., 147 candidates for confirmation met His Lordship at the door of the glebe and conducted him to the church. After Confirmation, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by His Lordship. Wednesday morning, Capt. Dunphy, one of the many enterprising fishermen of the Ingonish coast, placed his motor boat at His Lordship's disposal, and motored him to Neil's Harbor, where he arrived about one o'clock. His Lordship was received here by Fr. Angus Beaton, P. P., of Bay St. Lawrence. From Neil's Harbor the journey was made by coach to Dingwall, a small mission of Bay St.

Lawrence. Dingwall had thus the honor of receiving a bishop for the first time in its newly-built church. After he had confirmed the sixty candidates of the parish, it was a source of no little joy for the parishioners to hear His Lordship's praise of their undertaking and his sympathetic encouragement with regard to the bringing-up of their children as strongly as possible in the sublime Christian faith. The ceremony over, His Lordship crossed the Dingwall ferry to Aspy, from where a procession of teams led him, to the strains of the bagpipes, across the Sugar Loaf Mountain to the beautiful nest of Bay St. Lawrence. Here, as well as at Ingonish, eight years had elapsed since the people had seen a bishop, and the reception in both places was a most touching one. Tuesday morning Confirmation was administered to 68 children. Mr. Young, manager of the Bras D'Or Steamship Lines, was kind enough to have the steamer Aspy extend her Friday trip to Dingwall, where His Lordship boarded her on Friday noon for North Sydney. He arrived in Antigonish by Saturday noon's train.

WEDDING BELLS.—The marriage took place at St. Mary's church, Calgary, on June 11th, of Miss Florence MacDonald and Joseph M. Terry, both of Calgary. Rev. Father Dalton performed the ceremony and celebrated the nuptial mass. The bride, who looked charming, was attended by Miss Tina Mann, Mr. George Earhart acting as groomsmen. After the ceremony the young couple left for Banff and points west on their honeymoon. Both bride and groom are very popular and their many friends wish them life-long happiness.—The Morning Albertan Calgary. [The bride was formerly book-keeper in the office of THE CASKET. She was a valued employee, faithful and trustworthy. We join her many friends in Antigonish in wishing her and her husband a long and happy married life.]

Dr. P. Somers Smyth, of 69 Newbury St., Boston, was married on June 25, 1913, to Miss Irene Louise Kennedy of Haverhill, Mass. Dr. Smyth, after his graduation from St. Francis Xavier's, Antigonish, in 1897, entered the Harvard Medical School, where he completed a brilliant course, graduating among the first in his class. He then specialized in diseases of the eye and ear and opened an office at Newbury St., Back Bay. Dr. Smyth occupies a foremost place in his profession, and though but a young man takes rank with the very best specialists in the city of his adoption. Dr. Smyth is son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Smyth, Port Hood, C. B., and nephew of Dr. John E. Somers, Cambridge, Mass.

On June 9th, 1913, Rev. John J. McKinnon, P. P., united in marriage Mr. Angus A. McDonald, of Ardness, Pictou, and Miss Catherine MacGillivray of Dunmaglass, Ant. The attendants were Mr. John Angus MacKinnon and Miss Florence McKinnon, both of Ardness. All join in wishing Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald a happy wedded life.

On June 18, 1913, at St. Cecilia Church, Boston, Miss Christina MacKenzie and Mr. W. W. Dunn, formerly of Antigonish Harbor, were united in marriage by Rev. Dr. J. J. Supple. The bride was attended by her niece, Miss Margaret MacKenzie, and the groom by his brother, D. A. Dunn. They will reside at 58 Percival St., Dorchester, Mass.

St. Peter's Church, Tracadie, Ant., was the scene of a very pretty wedding on Tuesday, the 24th, ult., when John A. Boudrow and Nellie Putnam were united in the holy bonds of matrimony, Rev. Fr. Lafin officiating. The bride was given away by her father, and Miss Margaret McDonald acted as bridesmaid, while Alex. Boudrow supported the groom. After the ceremony the happy couple drove to the home of the bride's parents, where dinner was served to a number of friends and relatives. Amid showers of rice and good wishes the happy couple left on the noon train for their honeymoon trip. The many and useful gifts they received testify to their popularity. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Boudrow a long and happy wedded life.

On Tuesday, the 24th of June, 1913, at 5.30 a. m., John A. Kennedy of Inverness, C. B., and Sarah Bell Beaton, of the same place, but formerly of Ballentyne's Cove, in the County of Antigonish, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by the Rev. A. L. Macdonald, P. P., Inverness, in the Convent Chapel of the Congregation de Notre Dame of that town. Notwithstanding the very early hour of the nuptials, the young couple were attended by quite a number of the towns-people. After breakfast, provided for them and their guests at The Imperial Hotel, they departed on the 6.55 o'clock a. m. train on their honeymoon moon accompanied by various expressions of good wishes and copious showers of rice. Their itinerary embraced various interesting points of our Province and of P. E. Island. Mrs. Kennedy's extreme popularity was amply attested to by the numerous and costly gifts presented to her on the eve of her marriage. All their many friends wish them a long, happy and prosperous union.—COM.

The church of St. Mary's, Glendale, C. B., was the scene of a very pretty wedding on Tuesday, June 24th, when John A. McIsaac, son of Daniel McIsaac, of Port Hastings, and Miss Margaret MacDonald, daughter of Hugh A. McDonald, of Glendale, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. The ceremony was performed by Rev. D. McPherson. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Katherine McDonald, and the groom by Mr. John McDougall. After the ceremony the wedding party repaired to the home of the bride where a wedding breakfast was served to a hundred and fifty guests. The groom's gift to the bride was a twenty dollar gold piece. The bride's gift to the groom was a pair of gold cuff links. The groom presented the best man with a gold stick pin and the bridesmaid with a ring set with pearls. The bride received numerous gifts of cut glass and silver. Mr. and Mrs. McIsaac left on

the morning train for Halifax, on a short wedding trip. On their return they will reside at Port Hastings. Both the bride and groom have a host of friends who wish them all the joys of wedded life.

Card of Thanks

Mrs. James McDonald wishes to convey her sincere thanks to friends and neighbours at Briley Brook and Antigonish for kindness and sympathy extended to her during the illness and death of her husband.

The new management of the Inter-colonial purposes making many improvements on the railway, chief of which is the re-grading of the line from Montreal to Sydney, so that a sixth-tenth grade can be obtained. This will mean re-building a section of the line between Point Tupper and Sydney, some twenty miles. There are extremely bad grades from Mulgrave to New Glasgow, and many sharp curves. Certainly there is room for vast improvement on this section.

AUCTION

To be sold at public Auction, on the farm until recently owned by Mr. Alexander Copeland, Sutherlands River, Pictou County, on

Wednesday, July 9, '13 commencing at 1 o'clock

P. M. Sharp:  
A considerable number of well bred young cows, lately freshened probably 10 or more.  
Steers, heifers and calves.  
1 registered Guernsey bull, 5 years old, quiet and active.  
1 Jersey Bull, 2 years old.  
1 yearling Bull, exceptionally good.  
1 six months Guernsey bull, very promising.  
1 three year old horse 900 lbs. weight, trained.  
A lot of miscellaneous farming gear, including bobbeds, buggies, sleigh, plows, etc. etc.

The owner having purchased several farms, with their equipments, finds that he is overstocked, hence this auction. Any enquiries will be gladly answered by the undersigned. Stock, etc. can be seen, at any day before the date of sale.

TERMS: 5 months' credit on notes with approved security for all sums over \$5.00. Discount of 5% for cash.

Sutherlands River, Pictou Co., N.S., June 28th, 1913.

E. W. HEURTLEY, F. H. MACPHIE, Auctioneer.

AUCTION

To be sold at public auction on the premises of the undersigned, at Head Lochaber, (West Side), Antigonish Co., on

Monday July 7, 1913 commencing at 10 o'clock a. m.

3 Milch Cows, lately freshened.  
2 Heifers, four years old, good beef in August.  
3 Yearling Heifers, 3 Yearling Steers.  
3 Two-year-old Heifers.  
1 Mare, 10 years old, Jackson, due to foal July 18th. Good sucker and roadster.  
1 Simon W. Mare with sucking colt, 9 years old, good roadster and worker.  
1 Set Double Working Harness.  
2 Sets Buggy Harness.  
1 Spring Tooth Harrow.  
2 Sets Bobbeds, one almost new.  
2 Truck Wagons, one has pole and shafts.  
1 Express Wagon, nearly new.  
1 Riding Sleigh.  
1 Pitching Hay Machine with rope and blocks.  
1 Dump Cart. 1 Spike Tooth Harrow.  
1 Buffalo Robe, almost new.  
The sowing of 20 bushels of Oats and 10 bushels of Potatoes, and a quantity of turnips now growing on the farm will also be sold, with the privilege of removing when grown.  
TERMS:—8 months' credit, on approved notes for all sums over \$5. A discount of 5 per cent. off for cash.  
DAN CAMERON, Head Lochaber, West Side. F. H. MACPHIE, Auctioneer.

GRAND PICNIC

A Grand opening of the South River Creamery will be held near the Creamery grounds on

Thursday July 10th

Speeches will be delivered by Hon. G. H. Murray, Prof. Cummings Harvey Mitchell and W. A. MacKay.

Picnic Begins at 2 p. m.

Good program of sports will be conducted. Seasonable refreshments served on grounds. Admission Free

Lambs Wanted

HIGHEST PRICES

Haley's Market

Crown Tailoring Co.

For your spring and summer suits and overcoats order from the

CROWN TAILORING CO.

where you will get cloth right, prices low and styles up to the minute.

J. C. Chisholm, Agent Main St., Antigonish.

DISCONTINUED LINES ODDS and ENDS SHOE SALE

Save money while the season is ahead. A clean up of our

BOOT and SHOE STOCK

We are going to get up some Spring Shoe Excitement. We do not intend to carry over a single pair of our broken and discontinued lines if cut prices will move them. Every odd and end line is offered less than cost, and in some cases one-half original price. Here are some of the bargains. Can you resist them? Guess not, if you intend to continue wearing shoes!

150 Pairs Men's Black and Tan Bals, good fitters, regular price \$4, \$4.50, and \$5, sale price to clear, \$2.50.

One lot women's low shoes, regular price \$2.50 and \$3.00, Now \$1.50.

One lot Women's Button and Bal Boots, regular price \$2.50 and \$3.00, to clear now \$1.50.

20 per cent. off.

Our entire stock of Misses and Children's Slippers, color tan and black, also other bargains in our shoe department. Don't pay the long price. Call at the bargain shoe store.

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

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Sherwin-Williams Ready-Mixed Paint  
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MAIL CONTRACT

Sealed Tenders, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on

FRIDAY The 25th July, 1913

for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, twelve times per week each way, between

Havre Boucher and Havre Boucher Railway Station

from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Havre Boucher and Frankville, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector at Halifax.

G. C. ANDERSON, Superintendent Post Office Department, Mail Service Branch, Ottawa, 9th June, 1913.

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