

THE CASKET.

A Catholic Journal Non-Partisan in Politics.

\$1 Per Annum.

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Sixty-first Year

Antigonish, Nova Scotia, Thursday, August 7, 1913.

No 32

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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THURSDAY, AUGUST, 7, 1913.

A "eugenic marriage," entered into on June 16th, has gone to the bad already. A little Christianity helps some after all.

Bishop Byrne, of Nashville, Tennessee, has put the ban on the animal dances. His order was read from every Catholic pulpit in his diocese.

A London suffragette is trying a "sleep strike." A socialist gathering in Germany heard from one speaker for a "birth strike." The lunatics have the floor. Next.

Judge Gemmill of the Chicago Court of Domestic Relations, heard 3699 cases during the past year, nearly 7000 in two years. He says that intoxicating liquor is the cause of 42 per cent of these domestic troubles.

Some weeks ago we published an item about the new Lord Ashbourne, a Catholic convert. From a despatch in *Le Devoir* we learn now that his father, the late Lord Ashbourne, left him only \$4,000, and left \$150,000 to his younger son. Has he lost a quarter of a million or so by becoming a Catholic? Well, if so, it was worth it.

The press says that American schoolboys visiting England were surprised to find that beating was not out-of-date in English schools. The very general rudeness and impertinence of Canadian and American children leads one to the opinion that a little more beating in the schools would be beneficial.

Cardinal Mercier, primate of Belgium, and all the Belgian bishops, have issued a letter warning parents of the danger to their children from certain kinds of so-called art and from moving picture shows. There is too much laxity in these matters. One of the saddest facts in our day is the extent to which the minds of the youthful, which should be pure and clean as the new fallen snow, are contaminated with filth.

There is no sense in heaping up flowers on coffins; but there is much sense in giving them to cheer and soothe the living. In Montreal baskets are put out in public places to receive gifts of flowers, which are sent to the hospitals. The humble flowers of the fields, plucked by children, are being placed in these boxes, side by side with the costly hot house flowers, bought by the rich. All are welcome. It is a sweet and beautiful idea.

The House of Lords rejected the bill to abolish plural voting. At present, with their system of deferred elections, one man may vote in many counties. The vote in the Lords was 163 to 42. The people of Great Britain must be getting very tired of those mossbacks. And how quickly the moss grows! Some of the worst cases of "immovability" in the House of Lords are men who were made peers not long ago. And some of the holders of old hereditary peerages are in favor of the popular measures.

The German Catholics of western Canada have made a start in organizing on the lines on which the Catholics of Germany have done so much for the advancement of religion. The following are some of their "planks":

1. Adherence to "the faith of our fathers," and filial obedience and respectful subjection to the Pope and the bishops.
2. Religious teaching in the schools.
3. Combination with organizations of Catholics of other nationalities.
4. To further the press.
5. To care for German Catholic immigrants.
6. To interest themselves in municipal and educational matters, and, where possible, to unite in favor of a Catholic candidate.

The Montreal Star recently had an

editorial praising a novel—not a new one—which it says was, fifty years ago, regarded as immoral. We happen to know of the case of a young man whose career was, to a great extent ruined by his reading that book; to say nothing of the black and deadly sins he committed. One fact is worth a lot of theories. If that book had never been written would anyone have lost anything? One young man lost much by it. How many thousand others? *The Star* is not bad at some things; but there are some things concerning this life—and the next—which it does not fully comprehend. Perhaps a little reflection upon the comparative importance of any one novel, or any hundred novels, on the one hand, and of the saving of a soul on the other, might help to clarify its ideas.

An American secular newspaper asks whether fathers know the songs their daughters are singing, and says:

The suggestive song is one of the developments of a day when there seems to be a general loosening up in the matter of modesty. Publishers put it out because the public absorbs it. But do the people really want such stuff, or is it that in the ill of the music the sinister nature of the words is not apparent? And yet young and old sing and shout the smut song in great glee. If the young are innocent, their elders can hardly be ignorant. Their indifference and example may be calamitous. There is more danger to the young from the suggestive songs than from the fashions of the day. Probably nine out of ten girls take no thought of what they idly sing at their piano, but what of the tenth? Many an old-fashioned parent would be shocked to analyze some of the song hits of the day. Chicago is after the smut song hard, and so ought other cities to be. People should be ashamed to listen to it, publishers to print it and parents to tolerate it.

The scene at the Montreal railway station, when the three young nuns were starting for their station in a leper colony in China, was graphically described in the press. A bystander asked, "When will they come back?" "Never," was the answer. "Never!" he exclaimed, "I did not know there was such heroism left in the world." There is, thank God, and the Catholic Church arouses it, as she has aroused it in all ages. Canadian Catholics are not very fully informed concerning the foreign missions of the Church. We have, from time to time, published a good deal of information concerning them; but Catholic foreign missions are not boomed nor boosted. Reports are laconic; the poor missionaries have something else to do besides writing letters and there is no satisfactory system that we know of, except in Rome, of collecting together and publishing, accounts of foreign mission work. But we hope to furnish more information from time to time.

We shall give our readers next week a brief account of the condemnation of the Orange society by two select Committees of the British House of Commons, after investigation brought about by the discovery of a plot to make their Grand Master in England, the Duke of Cumberland, King, and to set aside the Princess Victoria, whom the Empire lovingly hailed as Queen for 64 years. Those investigations were made into the history of Orangesim up to that time. The society then had 500,000 members, and had control of 50 regiments of the army, though the military rules forbade lodges in the army. These investigations were made by Protestants, amongst Orange and Protestant witnesses, and the report included copies of lodge records and correspondence of high Orange officials. The Grand Secretary of England defied the Committee and the House, and being ordered to jail, fled. The Orange Society collapsed in England and has never since been so powerful.

Mr. William J. Bryan, former Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States, and now Secretary of State under President Wilson, is being criticised a good deal just now for delivering lectures and taking pay for them. If he does this in time which he is bound to give to the work of his office, he is in the wrong. If he can do it without using such time, we think he is justified in doing it. The talk of the unseemliness of it is nonsense. It is not a bit more unseemly than it would be for him, if he were a physician hired to examine a man's heart for a fee. We dare say a Cabinet minister might get into an awkward position by getting a client around him through, or by whom, he might be affected in the discharge of the duties of his office. But that is only another form of the question as

to whether it interferes with his official duties, which should, of course, come first. What is there to prevent Mr. Borden, today, from giving a legal opinion now and again for pay, if he should happen to have the time to spare, and the matter and the parties concerned were altogether apart from his duties as Prime Minister? It would not do for him to go out and practice law generally, because he would then form connections and associations which might embarrass him officially. But in the case of Mr. Bryan's lectures, we do not see how they could be expected to occasion him any embarrassment as Secretary of State.

The wealthy and titled society women of England do not all waste their time on frivolity. We are told that there are some signs that many even of those who gave all their time to "society events" are getting more sense. An invitation which would have been considered most tempting a few years ago, is now turned over many times before being accepted. Indeed, some of the old-fashioned pursuits of women still flourish in the highest circles of Society. Thus the Queen of Norway spins, and the Dowager Duchess of Argyll and Lady Arberdeen are both experts at the wheel. The Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe works tapestry. Geraldine Lady Bristol does dainty embroidery, and Lady Anglesy excels in ribbon work which she outlines in threads of gold and silver. Lady Bathurst embroiders cleverly, and Lady Scarborough also works at a frame. Lady Falkland and Lady Peel do much fine needlework. Lady Caroline Gordon-Lennox, sister to the Duke of Richmond, is an artist with her needle. Among other society needlewomen are Lady Cynthia Graham and Lady Ulrica Baring, daughters of Lord Faversham; those gifted sisters, Lady Elcho, Lady Glencomer, and Mrs. Adeane, Lady Carew and Lady Clifford Cory, and Lady Aileen Roberts, eldest daughter and heiress of Lord Roberts. In addition to this, Royalties are often clever milliners. Princess Patricia has a turn that way, can trim hats and make pretty wreaths and sprays for dress trimmings. She it was who made the daisy wreaths worn by the bridesmaids of her sister, Princess "Daisy," now the Crown Princess of Sweden. Lady Chylesmore, wife of a military peer, is a first-rate milliner, and won the first prize at a hat-trimming competition at a gymkhana at the Cannes Polo Club. Lady Maitland shows taste in trimming hats. Some of our Nova Scotia girls who are beginning to look down on work of this kind might make a note of these facts.

Sir Henry Hawkins, the famous English lawyer and Judge, tells in his "Reminiscences," of a case in which he noticed that a woman, giving evidence as to the signing of a will, said over and over, "she signed it with her own hand." He cross-examined her closely, and found that the woman was dead when the will was signed, and that the pen was put in her dead hand. The witness fell down in a faint as she admitted it. The case is striking as an instance of an attempt to make the same words at once the truth and a lie; a desperate effort to tell without letting go all hold on the truth. We sometimes wonder whether there are not quite a few people like the woman referred to in the world. Our American contemporaries are giving space, just now, to the following:

Down in Philadelphia, the Guardians of Liberty, stirred by the avidity of Holy Name men and others against that un-American organization, have resurrected a venerable forgery which has been denied a thousand times. Rev. Mr. Bartlett of the Reformed Episcopal Church in the present disseminator of the musty lie. He charges that the late Archbishop Ryan once said in an address, "If Catholics ever attain, which they surely will, though at a distant day, the immense numerical majority in the United States, religious liberty will be at an end." What the Archbishop said was this: "If Catholics ever attain which they surely will, though at a distant day, the immense numerical majority in the United States, religious liberty, as at present understood, will be at an end—so say our enemies." Of course, it will do no good to print the truth in this instance, for the liars will keep on lying. It seems to be impossible for a Guardian of Liberty to tell the truth.—*Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.*

Someone, the first who started this, garbled the quotation. Did he have a conscience like Sir Henry Hawkins' witness, one which could be soothed, wholly or in part, by reflecting that, after all, Archbishop Ryan did say those very words. The question is an interesting one; because a very large number of the quotations made by

Protestant writers from Catholic authors are garbled in this way.

Our town and county councillors and constables seem determined not to worry about the speed of automobiles; so we must make up our minds to see some lives lost. All that any paper can do is to protest against public wrongdoing and to warn those who have responsibility in the matter. A recent editorial in the *Star* is in point:

DEADLY "JOY-RIDING."
The menace of reckless "joy-riding"—too often by people in a condition when they should not be trusted to run a baby carriage—is one which the various municipalities on this Island which are concerned, must take hold of resolutely before it has killed or maimed any more of our people. A carefully-driven automobile is a vehicle of civilization which has come to stay and must be given the freedom of the roads under fair conditions. But a motor-car in the hands of a drunken man, or of any other species of fool actuated by a disregard for the safety of his fellows, is an engine of destruction—a potential murder-car which should no more be allowed to roam about loosed than a mad dog.

A man who drives a motor car down a street, when his faculties are not alert and in a condition to quickly avoid danger, is as guilty as a man who should shoot a mile down that same street. Neither of them may kill any one. But either of them is about as likely to kill as the other. Men caught at this business should be severely punished. Nothing less than a jail sentence is at all adequate. A railway which sent out a train with a drunken engineer at the throttle, should be indicted for potential manslaughter. A runaway motor, driven by a similar engineer, would have less responsibility in the case of its human freight; but it would be far more likely to imperil chance passers-by.

This is a problem of the motor-car question which the authorities should take up at once. They owe it as much to the same and sober motorist as to the pedestrian or the carriage-party. Few people desire their cars to be used in this way, and they are commonly so abused by unauthorized persons. These unauthorized persons should be heavily punished, and a determined effort made to put a stop to this dangerous evil.

From *The London Times* (Weekly); of July 11th, we learn that the Representative Church Council concluded its sittings at the Church House, the Archbishop of Canterbury and York again presiding jointly. Sir Alfred Cripps, M. P., moved a resolution requesting the Archbishop to consider the advisability of appointing a committee to inquire what changes are advisable in order to secure in the relations of Church and State a fuller expression of the spiritual independence of the Church as well as of the national recognition of religion. He pleaded for greater freedom for the Church in matters of Church reform. The Dean of Canterbury said the Government of the country had the strongest obligation to watch, and if necessary to control, the action of any great religious body placed in such a position as the Church. He thought the reason why the Scottish people were ready to give a measure of freedom to the Scottish Church was because they had reason to believe that the Church would remain true to its principles. He was sorry to say that it could not be said that if the clergy of this country had power they would remain true to the Reformation. ("Oh," Lord Halifax said that if Churchmen were united instead of separated by miserable religious differences, they could get all they wanted. The resolution was carried, Sir Edward Russell alone dissenting. The Dean of Canterbury's views are interesting. He thinks that it is Parliament and the law that keep the Church of England "true to the Reformation." That is to say, after about 400 years that Church cannot be trusted to remain Protestant unless held to it by law. After a long and erratic journey of 400 years, the situation is somewhat disappointing, is it not? The Church "by law established" is in danger of turning back to the Church that was by law crushed and persecuted so long in England. Therefore she still appeals to the law, even at the time she is crying out for more freedom. Heresies start out boldly; but they finish badly.

The *Pilot*, commenting on a sad case that occurred recently in Germany, calls attention to the responsibility resting on those who excite and arouse violent feelings of religious antipathy. Canada, unfortunately, is not free from evil-doing of that kind. *The Pilot* says:—
And as a little example of the pass to which this fanaticism may bring men we quote the following from *The Liverpool Catholic Times*:
"The terrible tragedy which has taken place in a Catholic school at Bremen is an illustration of the danger of fomenting fanaticism. Often enough the mental condition of the fanatic is but slightly removed from madness. If his excitement is fed, the moment arrives when the mind becomes entirely unbalanced."
"This is what happened in the case of the maniac Ernest Frederick Schmidt, of whose terrible deeds an account is given by our special correspondent. A member of the Evangelical sect, he showed his sympathy with agitation against the repeal of the anti-Jesuit law in Germany. The subject engrossed his attention. He read all the absurd and silly stories about the Jesuits that bigots of late resurrected in the German papers. In his work of teaching his mind was subjected to a strain and he lost his reason."
"On Friday morning last he armed himself with revolvers—he had no less than six—and a thousand cartridges, and suddenly commenced a fusillade at Catholic school-girls of six and seven years in a class-room. In a moment or two he had killed three of them. Until he was disabled he continued the horrible attempts to massacre the children and their teachers, and as a result there have been five deaths, whilst the wounded number even a score."
"Bitter at present must be the remorse of those whose wild tirades against the Jesuits caused Schmidt's fanaticism to develop into madness."

The working of the Small Landholders Act of 1911 in Scotland was recently under discussion in the British House of Commons: The Vote to be considered was that for the Board of Agriculture for Scotland the Department constituted under the Small Landholders Act of 1911. In a statement of a general character, Mr. McKinnon Wood explained the reason which accounted for the slow progress made with the provision of holdings. The difficulty of obtaining suitable land was the principal cause of the delay in meeting the

demands of applicants. He announced that the staff of the land department of the Board was to be increased. An additional sub-commissioner and four assistant sub-commissioners were to be appointed, so that there would in future be eight officials instead of three to look for suitable land. The Treasury had also agreed to strengthen the clerical staff by the addition of 11 officials.

In the discussion that followed complaint was made that the work of land settlement was proceeding far too slowly to check the tide of emigration from Scotland, and that the funds at the disposal of the Board of Agriculture were sufficient. An amendment for the reduction of the Vote, which had been moved from below the gangway on the Ministerial side, was rejected on a division by 104 votes against 9. There was much laughter when the result was announced.

There is no other institution in the world, from a baseball club to the British constitution, about which newspaper men would not be deeply ashamed to show such ignorance as they show concerning the Catholic Church. *The Montreal Star*, last week, published a despatch from Rome respecting the supposed intention of the Pope to define the doctrine of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. The despatch is a long one, and much of it might have been written by a well-informed Catholic, but towards the last of it, it said:—

"It is this infallibility of the Pope—this affirmation that every act of the Vicar of Christ, is the direct inspiration of God," &c. &c.

The definition of the doctrine of infallibility is as public, as easy to get and read, and as plainly written, as last year's Acts of the Legislature. Even the *Encyclopaedia Americana* has a substantially correct statement of it. There is absolutely no excuse for such ignorant and ridiculous blunders. We have printed the text in these columns frequently. The text must have passed through the hands of the *Star* people fifty times. But it is like the case of the man in Newman's story, "I will not," said he, "give up my old Mumpsimus for your new Sumpsimus." Define a doctrine how he will, scatter over the world how he will, the official text, our Protestant friends will still define his definition to suit themselves. And this not necessarily dishonestly; or, not deliberately so. Prejudice, preconception,—walls of stone and mortar were never half so strong. If the doctrine of Papal Infallibility had been defined in every city in the world, the Pope being present and lighting up in electric letters every word of the text of his definition where all men could see and read, the very same misrepresentations would have been made and would today be made. Nothing can prevent them from being made, save that gradual breaking down of prejudice, which will only take place with the lapse of much time.

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"Bitter at present must be the remorse of those whose wild tirades against the Jesuits caused Schmidt's fanaticism to develop into madness."

"We were brought into touch with a similar, though less tragic, example a few days ago. While waiting for our car, a woman somewhere about fifty years of age came along with a bundle of papers. She put one in our hand. A glance at it showed the character of the sheet as one of the vile anti-Catholic papers. We passed it back to the old woman with the remark that she could hardly expect a Catholic to buy such a paper.

That was the signal to the lady. Her eyes flashed fire, and then such a snarling abusive tirade as she levelled against us, and against the Irish and the Pope and everything connected with the "idolatry" of Rome. She made no secret of her hatred for Catholics; yet she evidently thought that by peddling such papers on the street and from house to house she was doing a service to religion. She was a fanatic.

"Now fanatics mean all right—as do all crazy people. But crazy people are dangerous forces to let run wild. Some day the fanaticism becomes worse than words and then you have a tragedy like the Bremen affair. And it is hardly the poor maniac that can be blamed, but rather the men—oftentimes educated and apparently religious—who, when perhaps they knew it not, foster hatred in the hearts of their hearers and their readers against fellow Christians.

THE SONGS AND MOB CRIES OF ORANGISM AND PROTESTANT CONDEMNATION OF THE ORDER.

Two weeks ago we published some Orange Songs. A contemporary has since published another selection, from *A Collection of Orange and Protestant Songs*, as follows:

"Come, all ye geese of Peter's flock,
Who worship idol, stone, and stock,
Your purses you must now unlock
For the King of the Emerald Island,
Because his mother had a dream
(dream)
St. Patrick's wife. . . ."

Here is another:
"They wanted us to cross ourselves,
and learn their Popish tricks,
To bow before their images and to
worship a crucifix,
To kneel and nod to a wafer god, and
recon our prayers on sticks.
The ground was strewn with
rosaries and relics lying there.
You would have thought of Papist
Saints the Pope had held a fair,
There was Bridget's nose, and
Peter's toes and Appollonius' hair;
Our fathers having won the day,
they did divide the spoil,
They burned some scores of wooden
saints to make their kettle boil."

This is a choice example:
"They are training the Popish youth
my boy,
In that hot-bed of sin, Maynooth,
my boy,
Far from His word, and His truth,
my boy."

On page 132 there is a fine specimen:
"The Devil came—half dead with
fear,
He cried: 'No Pope shall enter here;
You who on earth did eat your God,
Feeding on His flesh and blood,
I cannot admit upon my peril,
Lest when in hell you'd eat ma'sel.'"

From page 130 this is taken:
"Farewell to the Mass—'tis a lie and a
cheat—
What! worship a wafer the vermin
may eat?
The offspring of Satan, invention of
hell,
The gods made of wafers forever
farewell.
Farewell to your worship of
muttering tone,
And offering fools in a jargon
unknown
A service where jolly and nonsense
combine,
A mock and a mimic of worship
divine."

And from the preface:
"These songs, many of much
literary merit, embody not only the
sentiments of loyalty, the heroic and
historic deeds of our Protestant fore-
fathers, but forcibly teach and enjoin
the great fundamental truths under-
lying and supporting the grand super-
structure of Civil and Religious
Liberty."

O Liberty! What crimes are com-
mitted in thy name.
"Slitter, slaughter, holy water,"
is quite prominent in that popular
chorus:
"Oh Dollie's Brae,
Oh Dollie's Brae,
Oh Dollie's Brae's no more!
And the tune we sang was kick the
Pope
Right over Dollie's Brae."

Is it wonderful asks our con-
temporary that an odd Orange pate is
cracked? The Catholics of Ireland
are the most self-controlled people
alive.
Now that efforts are being made to
increase the membership of this
scandalous society in this Province,
we invite the attention of all decent
Protestants to its beautiful Christian
spirit; its obvious respectability; its
manifest charity; its elegant good
manners, and its merits and charms in
general.

Here is another Orange ditty:
"Scarlet Church of all uncleanness
Sink thou to the deep abyss,
To the orgies of obscenity,
Where the hell-bound furies hiss;
Where thy father Satan's eye
May hail thee, blood-stained Papacy!"

(Continued on page 4)

Angus Mac Gillivray presents the first year of his at

Dunmore.

(By Drummer on Foot.)

A sketch of a few families in my course I defer for another time, as I am not yet possessed of the necessary information.

What is now called Dunmore was formerly known as Big Brook, (An t'alt Mor). Round about 1800, Angus McGillivray was yet in the old country, married, with his family, I believe, all born. His wife's name was Flora McEachern. He had there a fond neighbor, a McDonald, whom he called Alastair MacRoanull. Mac 'ic Dughall happened to be raising a company and called for recruits to drill. These two middle aged men decided to apply for enlistment. He raised the objection that they were too old, whereupon one of them (I am not sure which), urged their plea as follows:

"Fir mh'ora, garbha, dubha. Fir coala, and a buidhe, "Maise na'n daoine! Mhic 'ic Dughall, Sir's na seachainn iad."

His ready appeal was irresistible and they were forthwith enrolled.

I do not think they remained long in this service, however, for Angus McGillivray at least came to Nova Scotia some time between 1800 and 1805. New comers invariably sojourned along the shores, already partly settled, for a year or so, before selecting a place for a permanent abode farther inland or near the Landing, Antigonish, on a place later known as "The butcher's farm." Thence he moved to Middle South River and settled at Big Brook, on the West Side. He was thus called Aonghas an Uillt Mh'or, and this designation attaches to his descendants, wherever situated, down to this day.

His family consisted of six sons, Donald (Mh'or), John, Hugh, Allan, Angus and Alexander. The last two died at a comparatively early age. His daughters were two, Catherine and Christy, the former, as previously stated, married to old Angus Boyd, and the latter to Donald Csermon, (Ewen), who lived at Springfield, Ant. Co. This family were large, brawny, powerfully built men. Donald, commonly called Dombnull Mh'or, was particularly so. Some wonderful stories of his great strength have been current. It was related that on one occasion, whilst dragging a stick of timber from the woods with a pair of oxen (young steers, perhaps), it became fast and the oxen could not proceed. He released the chain from the yoke, took it in hand himself, and dragged it over the impediment. I do not vouch for the truth of this, and perhaps the man never authorized the story. It is undoubted, however, that he was exceptionally strong, yet unpretentious, peaceable and quiet as a lamb. Bishop Fraser, an admittedly powerful man himself, is said to have stated he was the strongest man who came over. He has been quoted as saying to himself,—"O, a Dombnull Mh'or's tu duine's treise a thainig a nall."

Donald was twice married. His first wife was Mary McGillivray, a daughter of Andrew, (Gillaindris), the ancestor of the late Father R-nall, Fr. Andrew and Father Alexander. By this marriage he had a family of three sons, Angus, Alexander and Andrew, and two daughters, Mary and Flora. His second wife was Flora Gillis, daughter of Duncan Gillis, the latter I think, of the Gillis (Kinloch) branch. By this union he had a family of four, —John, Duncan, Margaret and Christy, all dead. A sketch of further descendants is left for another chapter.

John, (an an Uillt), lived and died at Lakevale, Ant. Co., where several of his descendants are located.

Hugh, (Eoghan an Uillt), lived at the East side of the South River, adjoining the farm occupied, in his time, by Donald McDonald, (Muller Ban), referred to in the first of these sketches. He was married twice. His first wife was Mary McLellan, daughter of Archibald McLellan, a family to speak of later. His first family were John, Donald, Catherine, Mary, Isabella and Christy. His second wife was Ann McDonald, daughter of John McDonald, (Ban), —"Jan Ban Og," of Cape George, Ant. Co. His family by this union were John (Curly), Angus, Alexander, Allan, John (Junior), Hugh; and two daughters, Flora and Mary. A further reference to these is reserved for the present. It will be remembered that Donald (Mh'or) lived and died on the original homestead at Big Brook.

Allan, (Allien an Uillt), also lived for some years on a part of the same place, that part now occupied, I believe, by John H. McDonald, a grandson of old "Donald." Allan was married to Catherine Cameron, (Ewen) He moved to some part of the shores of Bras d'Or Lakes,—East Bay—if I mistake not. His descendants are still there.

Allan (An Uillt) was one of the many happy souls of his day, extremely good natured and entertaining. He, too, seems to have had some of the peculiar traits of "Old Angus Boyd."

On one occasion, his good mother being somewhat indisposed, and becoming tender minded with advancing years, sent her devoted son Allan to see the Bishop. Full of faith, she thought not of medical skill, if indeed such were available at the time. She sought spiritual assistance. Allan departed on his mission, quite cheerfully of course, for his was the spirit for appreciating a trip and a "day off," and as he evidently did not regard his mother's illness as being of a very serious nature, he was in no great haste to return. However, he did return, as kind and attentive to his mother's every wish as when he left, and quite ready to answer her every question, as the following dialogue shows:

"An d'thainig thu, Allien, n' cheist"
"Thainig, thainig, 'reagair Allien."
"Am faoi thu au t'asbhig?"
"Chunnaig, chunnaig, 's mi chunnaig."
"De thu 'it e riut, Allien, mo chial?"
"Thu 'it e,—Palbh thusa 'dachaidd, Allien bochd, falbh thusa 'dachaidd, 's an diabol 'eagal dh'ad 'mthair."
"You go home poor Allan, you go

home, and the devil a fear of your mother."

In short, the last sentence conveyed the message from the Bishop, as delivered by his mother by Allan. We have no reason to doubt Allan's sincerity, doubtless he carried out his instructions and interviewed the Bishop, and the nature of the return message is quite credible, but we can reasonably doubt that His Lordship couched his message in the identical words used by Allan. It is safe to attribute the words to Allan himself, that they were of his own careful selection, just for the sake of emphasis, to make the gratifying assurance doubly sure, and to more fully convince her of the complete success of his mission. There can be no doubt that Allan saw the Bishop, for didn't he tell him,—"You go home, poor Allan," and perhaps it was time for Allan to "go home."

I must take this opportunity of sincerely thanking the many friends, consisting of several priests, natives of the County and others, who have written me kind words of encouragement and valuable information. Some of them, indeed, have enclosed more than words in their letters to assist the work.

Besides the clergy to whom I refer, I must mention the name of a most helpful correspondent in furnishing necessary information, namely Jos. A. Chisholm, K. C., ex-Mayor of Halifax, and a native of St. Andrew's parish. Here is something he writes, too good to withhold:

"I am glad you have taken the matter up. The good old pioneers who came from the old country are deserving of all the attention that can be given to them. If the immigrants of our own day were of the same sterling material, the future of the country would be assured." D. O. F.

The Paris Seminary.

[A priest in Maine has sent us an appreciation of the Paris Seminary made some years ago for the "Brooklyn Eagle" by Coles Harris, a Protestant missionary.]

All the various Protestant denominations are hurrying forward zealously with plans for the "evangelization" of our millions of new brothers. One naturally asks, Are these willing and ardent workers thoroughly prepared for the task that confronts them? It is possible that something may be learned from the Catholic Church, which has for long centuries been giving her best thought and her best material to foreign missions.

A missionary must have a vocation and he must have a training. The first comes from God; the other the Church undertakes. The aim is to sift out the vocations from the dreams; to send back to common life those who cannot stand the fire. And the fire she makes pretty hot from the beginning, that there may be no mistakes.

The science taught in her seminaries is not attractive to flesh and blood. To teach a man to die to his own people and his father's house; to die to his spiritual comrades, those among whom he is being trained for this death; to die to his country, for he is going to a land of different sun and skies, of a strange language and strange usages that in no point recall his own, where very often man himself seems to have nothing in common with man, as he has known him, save only the grossest vices and the most unimagined misery; to die to himself, not only to all the refinements and needs of the body, but to all the ordinary demands of the heart and soul—that is the curriculum.

I had long wondered vaguely about this relation of calling to training, of purpose to practice; it did not seem easy for a stranger to learn anything about those great arsenals of the Catholic Church out of which are sent only weapons without flaw, tempered steel. They are not advised, they are not down in Bodeker, they do not interest the traveling public; they seem to march along out of one generation into another with an even tread, to the sound of which the world has grown accustomed and no longer listens.

But two or three years ago I met in Paris the Princess—who casually gave me the information I wanted, and supplemented it with an offer to take me the following day to the Paris Foreign Mission Seminary. I agreed to meet her there at four o'clock.

The day was grim, a Paris winter day, dark with fog and rain, and treacherous with slimy mud. The cab stopped at the great, gloomy gates of the seminary, 128 Rue du Bac, the opposite corner from the Bon Marche, which was even now, at this hour, ablaze with lights and thronged with people busy on their absorbing errands. Their carriages were crowded up almost to the solemn gates of the seminary; footmen waited for their mistresses at the entrance to the famous shop; men in uniform called out the numbers of carriages, others ran to seek them for their owners—all was noise and confusion.

Within the gates a sudden silence seemed to fall. The porter led me into a great stone court. I told him whom I was to meet and asked him to take me to the chapel to wait for her. The Princess was late. I had a half hour to wait in a gloomy sort of adjunct of the chapel under a gallery. The body of the building was reserved for students. I thought, dispassionately, that it was the ugliest place of worship I had ever seen. It seemed to me, if the faith of men trained here could stand up against such barrenness, it must be robust indeed. The seminary was founded in 1663; the chapel looked as if it had had a perfunctory coat of paint twice in each century and that there the matter of decoration had ended. The altar showed care and the whole place was clean.

There was no service going on, but young men came in now and again, and knelt or sat in their stalls saying their office or making their meditation. They seemed of all ages from twenty to thirty-five. There was no restlessness, no depression, no exaltation on their faces or in their attitudes, neither did they look inattentive, dreamy or dull. They looked intelligent, but calm, very calm, almost

matter of fact. After all, though, what should be more matter of fact than the bearing of men "whose business 'tis to die!"

At last the Princess came and committed me to the guidance of a young brother, and I went with him to a great room, the heavy door of which he opened with a key which hung at his girdle. The light was dim, but he held up a taper and showed me the sacred souvenirs of those sixty or seventy of his brethren who had been condemned and had died from the hands of savages—who had gone into their own—their own in point of brotherhood before God—and whose own had received them not. These souvenirs of lives laid down were many and varied. There were garments, cut and blood-stained, and lances, and knives, eaten with reddish rust; there were worm-eaten breviaries and tarnished beads and the poor little kit of the travelling missionary. There were rude pictures of death scenes painted by native converts, and rude records of dying words taken down by them. There were so many; we went from one to the other, our steps echoing on the bare floor, the young guide holding the taper, now high, now low, for me to see. I could hear the faint rumble of carriages in the street outside, a faint echo from the shrill-voiced footman calling out the numbers. What differences in the destinies, the desires, of human beings!

I remember one of the pathetic things he showed me. It was a soiled and creased letter from a young priest, judiciously condemned, written the last night of his life, when he knew that he was to suffer death in the morning. It was meek and full of regret that he had not accomplished more. He sent love to his brethren and asked their prayers and thanked God for letting him die for Him. It was as simple and calm as the faces of the men in the chapel, and as the face of the one who was holding the taper up for me to read it through the glass of the cabinet in which it was kept. I showed a little feeling as I finished it and he said quickly, "It is very beautiful, is it not?" I told him I found it "very sad." I had a feeling of irritation toward him, he seemed so un-moved. I thought perhaps he was a teacher or that he had something to do with the temporal affairs of the college; that, like the abbot in Marmon, when his brethren went forth:

"Safe he sat in Durham aisle
And prayed for their success the while."

When the Princess came for me and we were going down the steps into the court, she asked me if I had noticed him, and told me he was one of the ten missionaries who were to be sent away next week. She wondered whether he were destined for a "bloody mission" or not.

The Paris Foreign Mission Seminary is only one of many, but it is the foremost in France for the training of secular priests for foreign missions. The course is four years, except for men who enter it already priests. In their case only one year is required for training. From the day a man enters until the day he departs on his mission, he never leaves it, never goes to his home and people. They are as if dead to him. At frequent intervals a little band is sent out. These vary in numbers; sometimes there are fifteen, twenty, sometimes only three or four. They are sent to Korea, to Thiber, to Japan, to Indo-China Empire, to Oriental China and to the East Indies. Some of these stations are more or less settled centres of work and education. Others are dangerous, wild, "bloody missions" being pushed further each year into the enemy's country. Till the day before he starts, the missionary does not know to which mission he is to be sent, but whether he goes to a bloody mission or to one of the more peaceful stations, he is reasonably sure that his life will not be a long one, and that he will never see his native land again.

The climate and the hardships will in no long time do for him in the one what the arrow and lance of the savage would do quickly in the other. The little pamphlet which is sent to any young man applying for admission to the seminary contains simple and concise information. The postulant comes empty-handed; his clothing, support, education, are all the care of the society. By his admission he becomes a son of the family, and till his death it is charged with providing for him. The plan of studies and the internal regulation of the seminary are similar to those in all the great French seminaries, with this difference, that the spiritual training and the philosophic and the theological training are specially adapted to the practice of the sacred ministry in pagan countries. "It is required that the applicant have a well-natured determination to consecrate himself totally to the service, in a life of self-abnegation, of poverty, of obedience; he must have solid virtue, a good judgment, no eccentricities of character, talents not below the average and health sufficient for the ordinary demands of life."

At the end of his four years there comes a retreat for a week, on the final day of which he winds up, as it were, his past life, and stands free, ready to depart on the morrow. On that night his people and his friends come to bid him good-bye. The chapel is full. There is no pomp, there are no ornaments on the altar, but everywhere a poverty truly apostolic. In the audience, too, there is not much but poverty; among a few of the higher class, one sees soldiers, servants, workmen, some Christian Brothers, three or four priests.

The prayers are said and the evening office is conducted according to the usage of the order,—prayers for benefactors, for enemies, for the poor, for travelers, for prisoners, for the sick, for the dying, for all under oppression or in sorrow—prayers for the dead—examination of conscience. After the prayers the points of meditation are given, taken from the gospel of the following day. When this is ended the ceremony of leave-taking begins.

*The students are allowed to go to their homes for a short rest just previous to their departure. (Ed.)

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There is first a short address from the superior, simple and direct, like everything else in this college of few words and great deeds. Bossuet, in the early dawn of his celebrity, once preached here to the little band going out the next day. There is nothing preserved but the text of his discourse. "My heart is ready, O God, my heart is ready." The young missionaries stand up before the altar; the choir chants the beautiful words that belong alike to the old law and the new. "Quam speciosi pedes evangelizantium paces, evangelizantium bona!" "How beautiful are the feet of them that bring good tidings and that preach peace!" Then during this chant all come and, kneeling, kiss these happy feet that will carry afar the good tidings and the peace of the Lord.

It is a scene not easily forgotten; the mothers who have borne them, the fathers who have toiled for them, young sisters whom they have cherished, brothers whom they take their place, friends of childhood, all kneeling, weeping at their feet for one moment—the last. It is well ordered that the parting should be borne before the altar; this immolation nature alone could not brave.

The thoughts suggested by this "Departure" came back to me the following summer. We were at Muerren, above Lauterbrunnen, one of the most cosmopolitan resorts of the higher Alps. The table d'hote was a daily comedy in three acts. There were Anglican bishops and canons and curates with their wives and daughters and sweethearts; there were foreign ambassadors; there were sun-burned mountaineers; there were Jews—I don't know about Turks—but undoubtedly plenty of infidels. Among the changing crowds at the table we became accustomed to the sight of a Catholic priest, somewhat over thirty, well-made and manly, with rather a military bearing. His face was German and he wore blue glasses. He never talked to his neighbors and generally brought a book under his arm and read between the interminable courses. I often contrasted him with the delightful English bishop who was my agreeable neighbor.

Finally, in some way we got to know him, and he told us he had been sent to Muerren to serve the Catholic chapel for a fortnight. He seemed glad to be spoken to, though his English was imperfect. We found he was a naturalist and a mountaineer. He took us up the Blumenthal the day before he went away. What myriads of growing and living things he saw where we saw nothing! What instinct what culture he possessed! Then he was fond of children and patient, as was shown by his forbearance toward a spoiled child of six, who was an unwelcome addition to our party at the last moment. Midway up the mountain she professed fatigue and the priest lifted her up on his arm and carried her all the rest of the way.

The next morning on the terrace I talked with him awhile before he went away. Gay crowds were walking up and down; some were gazing through the telescopes at climbers on the Eiger; a young Anglican curate in his mountain clothes, was balancing himself on the balustrades talking to a pretty girl. He was so pleasant to look at—"human nature's daily food." I glanced at my priest in his black soutane; there was such a difference. I wondered, and in my wonder I asked him some questions. He told me, after a moment's hesitation, the things I wanted to know. Probably he had never met an American before. He was born in the Jura Mountains. He had served his time in the army, and then, "having always meant to be a priest," he went to study at the Propaganda Fide in Rome. He was there six years. Yes, the life was hard, very hard for the first two years. Did he mean the cold and the food and all that? No; he had been in the army, and he knew all about physical privations. What he meant was detachment and probing for defects and weak points of character. After two years they probably found he was the right stuff and his life became more bearable. At the end of six years he was ordained and sent to his native village as parish priest. His parents were living here, he seemed fond of the place and proud of the large church that had just been finished. "And you will always live here?" I asked. "No," he answered, "after the debt is paid I shall offer myself to the foreign missions. I have always had it in my mind to do that."

That was the secret of it; he had "always had it in his mind," through the rough service in the army, through the six hard years' training in the Propaganda, through the enervating Italian summers, through the sharp frosts of Jura winters. That was a vocation. I remember his face as he said, "I have always had it in mind," looking from the gay terrace where we talked across the deep chasm of the Lauterbrunnen, to the stern black Monch facing us, up to the Jungfrau standing in all her white glory, the sky radiantly blue about her.

It is a strange distinction, this being "called of God." A man must pay for it with his life, or with all that makes life sweet. To go out from the herd of the easy-living, low-aiming fellows he needs to be hardened by a process unknown to them, as he will tread a path unfrequented by them, per aspera ad astra.—The Field Afar.

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The Prevention of Tuberculosis.

Dr. Fraser Harris, M. B., C. M., M. D., B. Sc. (London), D. Sc., F. R. S. E., Professor of Pathology in Dalhousie University, Halifax, N. S., in Journal of Education.

(Written and published for the schools of Nova Scotia at the request of the Halifax Anti-Tuberculosis League.)

Now no domestic process is more familiar to us than "dusting," which in its usual form consists of the dust on the carpet being thrown up into the air by means of a switch or broom. Falling out of the air in due time it settles on the furniture, ornaments, etc., from which it is removed by a "duster" or dry cloth and thus thrown back on to the floor again. Some that adheres to the cloth may be carried from the room that has just been "dusted." Hygienically, dust lying undisturbed is better than dust floating in the air. The ideal of a dustless room and of dustless air is outside of a surgical and operating theater, unattainable. The old domestic device of throwing wet tea-leaves on to the carpet, or wet saw-dust on to floors (as in the case of schools, halls, etc.) certainly lessens the dust-raising nuisance by making the dust adhere to the wet particles. Science has, however, provided us with a covered, rotary brush which collects the dust instead of driving it up into the air, and still more lately there has been devised the method of extracting dust by suction—the "vacuum" method—from all sorts of materials.

Such dust as lies on hard surfaces which would not be injured by being wetted, ought to be removed by a wet sponge which, of course, can quite easily be cleaned. It need only be wrung out of water; a bacillus wet, not merely in damp air, is a bacillus imprisoned. Out-of-doors dust is by no means blameless in the spreading of disease; there is the London sore throat caused by the bacilli in the dust blown up from the wood-paving blocks of the streets. In dry weather in the country a septic sore throat prevails when the wind blows over manure-covered fields in Spring. Recently several diseases of children have been traced to road dust raised by the draughts of motor-cars. There is a tendency now to use wall-papers, for instance, of such a smooth surface that they can be washed with-being destroyed. Rough soft papers should always be avoided as able to harbor much dust and germs. But even in a room, dustless so far as the eye is concerned, a person could be made tubercular provided the air was never changed and it never got any sun.

An indoor life is much more liable to lead to tubercular infection than an out-door one; in fact, we can put it positively and say that those who live in the open air do not contract Phthisis, and that if persons who are already tubercular live in the open air they will almost certainly be cured, unless indeed their cases have entered on the incurable stage.

It is to be remarked that aboriginal tribes—Red Indians for instance—living a wholly out-of-doors life do not contract Phthisis, but not from any special immunity therefrom, for, as soon as they begin to live in the badly ventilated houses of cities they contract Phthisis more readily than the civilized dwellers.

As every one knows, tubercular patients are nowadays treated by the open-air cure which simply consists in their breathing as much previously unbreathed air as possible; the Sanatorium is the modern representative of the cave or open air dwelling of our prehistoric ancestors who spent their days under the expanse of heaven surrounded by ozone and bathed by the sun.

"Overcrowding" is the great cause of tuberculosis in cities, and overcrowding really means, (1) too many people for the available space, (2) poverty and (3) its attendant imperfect nutrition. It is this low nutrition and depressed vitality that is the so-called predisposing cause of Phthisis.

No doubt it is true that the microscopic bacillus is the real or physical cause of the infection, but there is the susceptibility to be infected, the constitutional weakness or predisposition.

The predisposing cause—lowered vitality—is a real thing; for vitality is a real thing, and in this connection it means power to resist infection, therefore reduced vitality means lessened power to resist infection.

Certainly we have to recognize the kind of soil as well as the kind of seed. But as acorns will give rise only to oaks, so the bacillus tuberculosis will give rise only to Tuberculosis; and just as acorns will not germinate on a dry rock, neither will the bacilli of Phthisis multiply in perfectly healthy and, therefore, resistant tissues.

It is this factor of resistance to disease which is so exceedingly important; healthy tissues are resistant to, refractive or inert towards the bacilli of Tuberculosis; were this not so, we should all be tubercular in very early youth.

Some of us inherit constitutions more resistant than others; but supposing that our inherited susceptibilities were all equally slight, those who lived out of doors would strengthen and those who lived indoors would weaken the natural resistance toward the bacilli of this disease. Of course, out-of-doors the chances of infection are infinitely small as compared with those indoors.

There seems to be no doubt at all that tubercular bacilli flourish best in air which has been breathed over and over again, that is, has practically not been changed. Ventilation consists in the coming in of fresh air and the going out of impure air without causing a draught, and a draught is the carrying off of one's bodily heat by moving air at such a rate as to be unpleasant and, it may be, injurious to the health.

When a couple of thinly clad, over-heated dancers leave the ball-room and stand on the door-step on a frosty night they do not complain of a draught, and if they do not stand there too long they will not get any

harm; but if a person who was not at all hot were to stand beside them in equally thin clothing he would almost at once complain of a draught and say he was being "chilled to the bone." He has far less heat to lose than those who have been exercising themselves. Now a draught by taking away heat lowers the resisting powers of the tissues to any kind of infection. A draught is local cold produced by cold moving air; but local cold produced in any fashion would lower vitality just the same.

Pasteur proved in a very interesting fashion that local cold could predispose to a general infection. He had a certain strain of the microbes of fowl-cholera of such lessened virulence that they did not affect a healthy bird, but if he inoculated them into a healthy bird whose feet had been kept for some time in cold water, it took the disease in quite a serious form. Cold, in all except quite slight degrees, depresses vitality. It is cold that mankind wishes to avoid. People do not prefer bad air to good, but they do prefer warm air to cold—however much "hatless brigades" and other schools of cheerful sufferers desire to persuade us to the contrary. If it comes to a choice between bad, warm air and good, cold air, the former is almost always preferred. Thus it happens that Tuberculosis is exceedingly common in such windswept but cold places as the Islands of the Scottish Hebrides and Newfoundland, where the fisher-folk in the winter shut themselves up in cottages tightly closed to "keep out the cold." Here they live quite warm in air continually re-breathed and otherwise polluted in which the bacilli of Tuberculosis multiply exceedingly. Altho, then, the inhabitants of these and similar places are surrounded by the purest air on the globe, they are suffering from Phthisis to an extent truly deplorable.

All windows should be made to open from the top, and the upper sashes should be accessible by means of rope-pulleys. If there is a fireplace in the room it should never be blocked by any obstruction—sack, "damper" or any other device emanating from below. An open chimney ventilates a room even when no fire is burning, and, of course, more so windy than in still weather. No one should ever sleep in a room which does not in some way or other communicate with the open air. Architects should be implored to give a little more attention to the ventilation of private dwellings. The problem of the ventilation of large buildings seems solved, if we may judge by the admirable system installed in the Chateau Laurier Hotel at Ottawa.

Now not only cold, (exposure), but insufficient food, (poverty) great fatigue, mental worry, or debilitating emotions and the having had certain other infections, notably Influenza and Pneumonia, all predispose to tubercular infection.

Hence persons who have been underfed, children imperfectly fed, persons who have undergone prolonged strains—nursing for instance—or who have just had a severe illness are sent into the country to get plenty good food, complete rest and fresh air and sunshine.

The good food fortifies the natural resistance to Tuberculosis, the fresh air gives the ozone which cannot be got indoors, the rest re-vitalizes the nervous system and that of itself increases one's resistance to infection, and finally the sunshine is an antiseptic or destroyer of germs.

One exceedingly important precaution against tubercular infection is to avoid being a mouth-breather. By mouth breathing we short-circuit the germ laden air into the throat and tonsils, voice-box and lungs, a very fruitful source of infection of these parts. In normal breathing the germ-laden air has to travel over the moist, warm, mucous lining of the nasal chambers, on which it deposits its dust and bacteria and where it is warmed to the temperature of the body.

In consequence of the infection of the tonsils and throat, the lymphatics in the neck become involved ("strumous" glands) and when they break down they have to be cut out, which leaves an ugly scar in the neck.

Now some one may say: "Well, this is all very unfortunate, but could it not be avoided if we could destroy all the tubercular bacilli around us?" Quite true; no matter how susceptible to Tuberculosis people were, they would not get infected if there were no bacilli; but seeing that these are omnipresent it is a practical impossibility to kill them all off.

Luckily we can, however, control some of the sources of supply of these micro-organisms. In paved cities one source of supply is the drying of the sputum from infected persons, sputum expectorated on to the stones which has dried and allowed its bacilli to be wafted about by every wind that blows. Until floating in the air, the bacillus is powerless for evil. The sputum of all persons suffering from pulmonary consumption should be received in some sort of receptacle which can be burned in a fire or furnace. Nothing short of complete cremation can put an end to tubercular bacilli; hence the corpses of persons and lower animals dying of Tuberculosis had better be burned; at least this is best in the interests of the living. Indeed, we might put an end by fire to very much more of useless, dirty, worn-out material than we do. It is far too much the habit of the lower orders, in England at any rate, to wear the cast-off clothes of the upper classes rather than a costume suited to their occupation and surroundings. They begin in fact with dirty clothes and make them dirtier; clothes made of strong and washable material adapted to the requirements of working people would be very much better.

We are now in a position to summarize what we have learned about Tuberculosis and its prevention. The disease, which may be chronic or acute, and may attack every organ of the body, has, as its physical cause, an extremely minute vegetable, a parasite fungus, which can live in the tissues of man, provided they are susceptible or debilitated.

The most resistant constitution can

be made susceptible by underfeeding, improper feeding, feeding it with milk containing the bacilli, living in sunless, ozoneless rooms, sleeping in un-ventilated rooms, working in imperfectly ventilated factories, etc., or by having had a serious illness. "Overcrowding" is the term given to the disadvantageous social conditions just named.

The sources of supply of the bacillus tuberculosis are—the milk and flesh of tubercular cows, the corpses of all animals and persons dead of Phthisis, and the dried sputum of tubercular patients.

The distribution of the responsibility in the precautions which may be taken against this so-called "white plague" may be stated under the following headings.

PERSONAL OR INDIVIDUAL, DOMESTIC, MUNICIPAL AND NATIONAL.

The most important personal precautions are general cleanliness and breathing thru the nose.

As regards Domestic precautions, we could mention covering all our milk and cream, if necessary "pasteurizing" milk, dusting either by some wet method or by covered brushes or by the vacuum method. Under the domestic heading would also come, opening windows from the top, seeing that no fire-place or chimney is closed, and always sleeping in a room which communicates with the outer air.

Municipal. The inspection of all food-stuffs, especially of milk, the seizure and cremation of all tubercular meat, the keeping of cows, horses, etc., in well ventilated, well lighted, clean places; the inspection of schools, public halls, churches and railway carriages; the enforcing of regulations against spitting in the streets, etc., the provision in hospitals for cremating all tubercular sputum.

The Municipality would have to permit the erection of no buildings which were not efficiently ventilated and heated.

National. The subject of hygiene to be made a subject of instruction in Secondary Education, children to be got to understand that air is as real a thing and as easily contaminated as food or drink. The Nation would have to ensure that architects during their training were compelled to study the problems of ventilating and heating all sorts of buildings, small private houses as well as schools, halls, theaters, and churches.

The erecting of Sanatoria either as a municipal or national matter is, of course, more a curative than a precautionary measure. Fewer Sanatoria would be needed were more intelligent precautions taken individually, domestically, municipally, nationally.

19th April, 1913

Healthy Complexions.

Dear Louise. Aunt Bride believes there is nothing in the world so good for the complexion as good health. There should be no clogging of the bodily sewers. Every organ of elimination must be kept active. Learn how to take proper care of your physical self. Read a good book on hygiene and follow its rules. Then when you have formed correct physical habits, if you didn't have them before, stop thinking about your little ills and your complexion. Many people who are always feeling half sick, would have plenty of energy if they would only keep their minds on something else besides their little pains and aches. If they could forget themselves they would be as well as the rest of us. It's quite important to learn the trick of switching your thoughts on some other track when you find them continually sticking to ill health. Get busy and interested in something. Also get enough sleep. You can't stay up until after midnight at a party, or reading a novel, and get up at six the next morning feeling bright and active. Mighty few of us can get along with less than eight hours sleep. And the hours between nine or ten and six are the most restful. Young people sometimes cheat themselves out of proper rest for weeks and months but they pay up later, usually with heavy interest. Those who have learned to take care of themselves properly go further in the race. The others fall behind, burdened with real not imaginary physical troubles.

It is much better to keep the bodily sewers open through dieting than with drugs. Kidneys, bowels, and skin should all do their part in throwing off the waste matter which would otherwise poison the system. Give up tea and coffee for a few months. Cut out all pie and layer cakes and similar sweets. Eat plenty of "greens" and lettuce dressed with olive oil and lemon juice; let the meats you eat be not too well done, and drink plenty of milk if it agrees with your stomach. Many people really can not digest milk easily, although usually the addition of a spoonful of lime-water helps. Take plenty of exercise, breathe deeply and bathe frequently. A sponge with soft tepid water takes only a few minutes in the morning and it will keep the pores of your skin in good condition. When your pores are clogged so that the waste, which the body tries to push out through the tiny skin ventilators, can not get out, the kidneys are more heavily taxed than they should be. Drink plenty of water and get out of doors all you can and you will find the yellow all washing out of your face, and your fretful nerves steady down until you can really enjoy a good laugh.

Many women have an idea that blackheads are a sort of "flesh worms." These skin troubles are merely the daily accumulation of dust and grime collected in the pores of the skin and held there by a failure to work the skin properly. Perspiration is nature's cleanser. If your face is covered with perspiration during hot weather you'll hardly have a speckled complexion provided you use plenty of soft water to remove the refuse cast out by sweat glands.

One of the best beautifiers for the skin is oatmeal cream. Pour a pint of boiling water over a handful of fine oatmeal. Let it stand several hours. Rub the mixture over your face and hands and arms and allow it to dry on. It will make the roughest skin smooth and white. This beauty cream costs very little and it is just as effective as the sort you buy in a tiny jar at the

drug store and pay fifty cents and a dollar for.—The Sacred Heart Review.

To Walk Well.

Don't drag your feet or fling them, or lag or stride. Learn to glide into a room gracefully.

It is impossible for a woman to be awkward in her walk if she walks straight and keeps her knees stiff. The act of swinging the feet out gives one a graceful gait.

Walk slowly. Skirts wind around your calves when you walk rapidly, and all semblance of grace is lost. Walk in a leisurely manner, as if you were a princess, not a hurried, worried, overworked woman.

Don't swing your shoulders. Don't swing your arms. Don't twist yourself in sinuous motions. Don't contort. Don't wiggle.

Hold your chin in. This is the most important thing of all.

Don't walk or look or act like an old person. There are no old persons in these days. Touch the ground first with the balls of your feet, with the heels striking an instant later.

For everything you have missed you have gained something else. The whole story of earthly existence is one of compensations. Many a gift we craved and were denied held in its train ills we are glad to have been spared. Many a sorrow that has darkened our way, though its memory still remain bitter, has wrought some change of character or conditions that we would be unwilling to give up. The allotment of joys and griefs is more carefully measured than we are accustomed to think, and the lives of men more nearly equal.

Franz Joseph Plans Jubilee.

Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria is planning to celebrate the sixty-fifth year of his reign next December in great style, should he live until that time. He succeeded his uncle, Ferdinand I, as Emperor of Austria, December 2, 1848. Kaiser Francis Joseph will be eighty-four years old next August, but despite his age enjoys fairly good health.

Talent is something, but tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable; tact is all that, and more, too. It is not a seventh sense, but is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles.—W. P. Scargill.

Fayerweather—This crying child is enough to drive me crazy. Wife—Wait a moment and I will sing it to sleep. Fayerweather—On second thought, you had better let it cry.

Chief Editor—Look here, Sharpe, here's a fiddler been hanged for murder. How shall we headline it? Musical Editor—How would "Difficult Execution on One String" do?

Publicity.

An epidemic of suicides, with bi-chloride of mercury as the poison, is sweeping over the country. The daily press gives harrowing details of lingering deaths, where the unhappy patient, the temporary frenzy of self-destruction over, struggles to regain the life that has been thrown away. In some States proposals have been made to restrict the sale of the drug by law. The whole sorry and pitiful subject only emphasizes again the dreadful wrong of an unbridled publicity in such matters. Weak or disordered minds are too receptive of the morbid suggestions they receive from sensational newspapers and too apt to re-enact the tragedy for themselves. The details of murders, thefts and suicides are moral poison, more damaging and

more subtle than the drugs that kill the body; and to publish wantonly whatever comes to hand of horror and crime is a flagrant offence against the public welfare. The newspaper accounts of old-time suicides by drinking carbolic acid suggested to many unfortunate folk the idea of using that means of self-destruction. Now bi-chloride of mercury will become a synonym for poison in the popular mind. The whole matter points to the responsibility of the press—which wields so lightly such tremendous powers of influence and suggestion for weal or woe.—America.

Read The Ad Eh? "Perhaps you are familiar with the works of Ingersoll," smiling inquired the book salesman, as he reached under his coat for the sample bindings. "Sure I am," replied Mr. Goldberg, the jeweler; "and it's a good watch for der money!" The virtue of silence under trial is one of the rarest virtues and the most difficult to acquire, therefore it is more pleasing to God and most conducive to strength and beauty of Christian character.

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 The D. G. Kirk Woodworking & Cont. Co. Lists products like doors, windows, mouldings, etc.

Large advertisement for Canada Cement Company Limited. Features a circular logo with "CANADA CEMENT MONTREAL" and text: "Look for this label on every bag. IT means best quality—tested quality—full measure and thorough satisfaction. It is on every bag of CANADA Portland CEMENT. UNLESS you have facilities for testing cement, you must depend upon the manufacturer for Cement that is reliable—Every car of Canada Cement is thoroughly tested, and unless it passes every test it is not allowed to leave the mill. You can depend upon Canada Cement. Be sure you get it. Canada Cement Company Limited, Montreal."

THE CASKET

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY THE CASKET 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 Orders, Bank Money Orders, Post Office Money Orders or Registered Letters

Communications

Communications intended for publication will not be returned unless accompanied by the required postage.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1913.

OFFICIAL.

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

- August 15th, Whycoocomeagh. 16th, Port Morien. 18th, Grand Mira. 19th, Louisburg. 21st, Mainadie.

A further programme of visitations will be announced at a later date.

JAMES MORRISON, Bishop of Antigonish.

THE SONGS AND MOB CRIES OF ORANGEISM AND PROTESTANT CONDEMNATION OF THE ORDER.

(Continued from page 1)

"Harlot! cease thy midnight rambles Prowling for the life of saints, Henceforth sit in hellish shambles Where the scent of murder taints Every gale that passeth by— Ogre, ghoul of Papacy!"

This is almost a matter for the Board of Health.

Let us examine now some gems of Orange oratory:

- "Breeds treachery." "Treachery is m'ide duty." "The sworn enemy of the Bible." "The sworn enemy of progress." "The sworn enemy of science." "The sworn enemy of popular education." "By nature and necessity a persecutor." "It is no murder to kill Protestants." "Setting her engines of death in motion." "All her priests are sworn to use the sword." "Seething errors, superstitions, abominations." "Abominable," "monstrous," "detestable," "soul-destroying," "degrading," "pestiferous," "ghoulish," "hellish," "devilish," "fiendish." "The barbarous rites of Rome." "The peculiar ethics of Rome debauches human character." "Simply pope devotion, and only on the surface, not from the heart."

When the aged and saintly Pope Pius IX died, an Orange writer in execution of the maxim, "speak nothing but good of the dead," applied to him the following language:

"The Pope is dead. Amen, Hallelujah!" "Huge impostor;" "gigantic humbug;" "an immoral fashionable fop;" "a libertine;" "a spiritual tyrant;" "an endless beggar and ceaseless bore;" "cheat;" "miser;" "conspirator;" "liar;" "gambler;" "curse to mankind;" "this beast;" "Antichrist;" "man of sin;" "the mystery of iniquity;" "the wicked one;" "a product of Satan's working;" "abomination of the earth."

This was written by Rev. D. T. Taylor and circulated in the Orange lodges in Victoria, Australia. He wound it up with the statement that Pope Pius was gone to Hell, "and may a merciful Heaven rid the earth of the last vestige of a Pope of Rome. Amen."

Other favourite Orange phrases are: "Keeping the masses in ignorance." "Teaching on the ignorance of the people." "Direct encouragement to murder."

But it is when Orangeism turns its attention to Catholic religious orders of women that the real stench arises. Then indeed, the boldest holds his nose for a while.

We ask decent Protestants one question.—Is this kind of thing good religion or good citizenship?

Further, a usual and well-settled Orange practice is to assure its deluded followers, that Catholics are, "steeped to the lips in treason."

"Murderously inclined towards Protestants." "Ready, and bound, to kill Protestants at the bidding of the Pope."

And, as to this last, they are not awkward in hinting that the Pope might do it at any time. Orangeism is itself the assassin of good name and good will. This is brotherhood, as the Orange Society understands it. The ruffians of the "Reign of Terror" in the French Revolution adopted as one of their watchwords—"Fraternite." "Fraternite!" said a writer, "Fraternite comme Cain avec son frere."—Brotherhood such as Cain showed to his brother. This is the kind of brotherhood Orangeism shows to the Catholics.

Orangeism is one of the most vicious, and at the same time one of the shallowest frauds and shams the world has ever seen. We are going

to expose the thing completely, immediately, and in a manner which will afford our readers some information most of them have never had a chance to see or hear.

PROTESTANT CONDEMNATION OF THE ORDER.

We shall use no epithets, and make but few comments. We shall use only Protestant authority. How many people in Canada know that the most complete and damaging case ever made out against any Society in the world exists in the cold, hard, undeniable records of the British Parliament against Orangeism. Two Select Committees of the House of Commons, one of the House of Lords, three Royal Commissions, a dozen sets of court records, seven Acts of Parliament, one address of the Commons to the King, one letter from the King; numerous State Proclamations, sworn evidence from Protestants of all ranks and degrees; all this, aimed at and condemning in the most unsparring terms the Orange Society. In addition to all that, we shall quote Protestant writers, in numbers; we shall quote the sworn evidence of Orangemen, dragged out of them most unwillingly; we shall quote Orange lodge resolutions and Orange official correspondence.

From first to last we shall not quote one word from a Catholic.

The character of Orangeism is a matter of Parliamentary and judicial record; not a matter of controversy. We shall cite the evidence, evidence of the highest kind known in this Empire.

Loyalty! Our readers shall judge of it, when they read the facts we shall relate.

Respect for law! We shall tell, and prove, that there has not been one year, in a century, when the Orangeism was not engaged in open, deliberate, brazen violation of the laws of God and those of man.

Decency! The very animals would turn up their noses in disgust could they appreciate and understand some of the things that Orangeism has done and has gloried in.

Briefly, we charge the Orange Society, with,

- (1) Murders, many, many murders (2) Treason, not once, or twice, but many times. (3) Robbery. (4) Arson. (5) Rape. (6) Conspiracy to corrupt the army. (7) Perjury, a thousand times. (8) Disaffiance of Parliament. (9) Military mutiny. (10) Disloyalty and sedition.

We charge these things upon the Society, because we shall prove them to have been, in many instances, (1) premeditated in the lodges; (2) in many instances defended in and by the lodges.

All this we shall prove and prove on Protestant authority of the highest class.

Letter From Gael.

On June 24th I left the city of Walla Walla for Portland. The distance is about 246 miles by the O. W. R. R. and we made it in about nine hours. As I travelled at night I have nothing to say of the beauty of the scenery that is in view by day along the south bank of the Columbia; neither do I make mention of the "fine" dust that one encounters along Pendleton and other dry portions of Oregon.

Although times are said to be duller in Portland now than during the past three years much building has been done there since I was there a year ago. In the portion of the city east of the Willamette River, which contains about two thirds of the residences, I was told that there are 5,000 vacant houses. Notwithstanding, the people are not despondent; but it were to be desired that many would learn a lesson from the ups and downs of city life to go back to the land and cultivate it so that the cost of living may be diminished and the idle find honest and healthful employment.

In Portland I met Rev. W. A. Daly, a native of Sturgeon, P. E. Island. He is the pastor of St. Mary's parish, where he is much beloved and greatly admired for his zealous labours in the Lord's vineyard. He is the author of a booklet containing questions and answers useful to converts.

From Portland I came to San Francisco by steamship. The distance from Portland to Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia, is 100 miles, and from there to the city of the Golden Gate we traverse 550 miles on the broad Pacific. The voyage was a pleasant one, for Neptune was so pacific as the ocean on which we rode and Aeolus was mild as a summer zephyr. We made the 850 miles between the metropolis of Oregon to that of California in 4 1/2 hours.

On the river-sea trip I had the good fortune to have as traveling companions a band of cultured gentlemen, natives of P. E. Island. They are Christian Brothers who were on their way to commence their annual retreat on July 21st. Their names and the localities of their nativity are given herewith: Brothers V. Andrew (Rollo Bay); George (Soutis); Fabian (Rollo Bay); Damian (Fort Augustus); Victorick (Fort Augustus); and Daniel (Uardigan). To travel with such men was to me quite agreeable, for I appreciate, at least in part, their usefulness to the Church as auxiliaries to the clergy in teaching the youth Christian Doctrine, and the benefit they confer on society by training its growing members to be upright and moral citizens.

In Berkeley, which adjoins Oakland, I met Rev. F. J. Morrison, D. D., of

St. Joseph's Church. He is well and doing zealously the good work the Lord demands of all who have been consecrated to do on earth the work of angels. He has two assistant priests who labor so indefatigably with their pastor that the spiritual needs of the numerous parishioners are well attended to. To THE CASKET readers who do not know it, I may state that Dr. Morrison is a brother to the Bishop of the Diocese of Antigonish.

Taking in a part of Berkeley and a part of Oakland is St. Augustine's parish, of which Rev. Bernard J. McKinnon is pastor. He is a native of P. E. Island, which place he visited last year. With one assistant priest he ministers to 500 families and leaves nothing undone that can contribute to the glory of God and the salvation of souls. In my visit to him I found that his youth is but slowly departing and that as a representative of his clan in dispensing hospitality he has but few equals and no superiors.

If I do not lose my way in the July fogs of San Francisco I may write a few words more for THE CASKET before I leave California's shores.

GAEL MEETS SEVERAL CAPE BRETONIANS IN CALIFORNIA; FINDS THEM WELL, AND TALKS GAILOG TO SOME OF THEM.

In the latter part of June Mrs. Annie Zecconi and her two youngest daughters arrived in California from Boston. This lady is the widow of the late Francis Zecconi of Sydney, C. B., and the daughter of the late Neil McNeil of S. S. Boulardrie. For the past 25 years she made Boston her home and when she came west she left one son and two daughters in that city. At the time that I met her Mrs. Zecconi was staying with a friend of her school days, Mrs. Mary Rose, daughter of the late Donald McDonald of S. S. Boulardrie. She finds the summer climate of the San Francisco Bay too cool, but if she finds an agreeable place further inland she may make this state her home.

Miss Kate McDonald, who visited Cape Breton with Mrs. Zecconi last year, is now a resident of San Francisco, although she is a native of

(Continued on page 5)

Our London Letter.

LONDON, July 25th, 1913

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Following on the excitement of the Irish grant to secondary schools from which Catholics are practically excluded by Mr. Birrell, we have the entrance of the new English Education Bill made on Tuesday. Its principal features are the declaration that "the freer atmosphere of the provided school, i. e., Board school, must be brought to every child or the child brought to the school;" that local authorities must increase the salaries of teachers and "provide intermediate schools between the secondary school and the University; that grants will now be given on the aggregate attendance in a school area and not at specific schools, and that the school age shall be raised. Not a word was said on the subject of religion, but the propositions of the bill strike deeply at the religious school. True, Mr. Pease declared that for the present the voluntary school must remain part of our educational system, mark the words. But increased salaries to teachers, the building of Board schools in every parish and the placing of the grant from Government in the hands of the local education authority to ladle out as it sees fit, are all so many deadly blows aimed at our schools. We are awaiting indications from our leaders as to what action to pursue in regard to this new and preliminary measure against us.

The interesting and picturesque ceremony of the first Chapter of the Knights of the Bath held in the historic Henry VII, chapel of Westminster Abbey this week was full of colour and beauty, as it could scarcely fail to be in such surroundings, and based as it was on old Catholic ceremonial. Many of us may regret that the old tattered banners which hung above the wonderfully carved stalls of ancient knights have given place to the banners of the present knights of the Bath, none of whom have yet written their names very large in history, but we are interested to see the old rite of consecrated swords once more revived, although the alar on which each knight in turn laid his glittering blade is no longer an altar of sacrifice, and the act of raising the sword with hilts pointed to the sanctuary was not so significant as it would have been in the days when an every sword had a cross handle and the oath was taken to fight to the death for Church and King. Nevertheless, there was a Catholic note in the service which must have been very distressing to the Kents stalwarts had they been present. There was more than one Catholic knight also amongst the distinguished service men, who took their places in the historic stalls, including Gen. Sir O'Moore Creagh, Admiral Sir Michael Culme Seymour, and Field Marshall Sir Evelyn Wood.

THE KING HOST TO TEACHERS.

Despite the wretched weather of the morning, Saturday afternoon turned out bright and sunny for the Royal Garden Party to teachers in the grounds of Buckingham Palace. All the guests were manifestly delighted with everything, and certainly nothing could have been more graceful than their reception by the Royal hosts. The King and Queen spent two hours walking amongst their guests conversing here and there with people whom they knew, receiving teachers and headmasters presented specially to them and talking to the choir of children who rendered some charming music, including that old monkish glee "Sumer is icumen in," to which we referred some weeks ago. Amongst the guests was Cardinal Bourne and one or two well known priests, and the Sovereign was observed talking for some few minutes to His Eminence, who has been several times a guest at Buckingham Palace.

CARDINAL MANNING COMMEMORATED.

The London County Council decided at its meeting this week to place a commemorative tablet on one of the five London houses associated with the name of Cardinal Manning. After a brief discussion of the claims of each residence it was decided to affix the tablet to the house at the corner of Francis street and Carlisle place, where the great Cardinal lived from 1875 to 1892, and which was for some years afterwards Archbishop's House to London Catholics, being also the residence of Cardinal Vaughan until the completion of the new Archbishop's house. This mark of admiration for a great Churchman will be appreciated by Catholics, for it is only offered to historic citizens of "our town."

AN INFANT'S BODY FOUND IN CHURCH.

The little French Catholic Church in Leicester Square has been brought into prominence this week by a shocking discovery made by the Sacristan. While sweeping out the Church in the afternoon of Wednesday he came on a brown paper parcel, which, on being opened, was found to contain the body of a newly-born female child. An inquest was held on the remains at which it was shown that the child, which was twenty-four hours old, had died from want of attendance at birth. There was nothing to show how the infant's body came into the church, but as the little sanctuary is open all day for devotion it was an easy matter for some evil person to place it there. The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence. It is as well to record the facts as there is reason to believe the incident is already being taken up by anti-Catholic lecturers, to be twisted for their own purposes.

DECREASE IN NUMBERS AND OTHER TROUBLES.

The Wesleyan Methodists are in conference this week and have to deplore a falling off in their numbers despite gifts of chapels and land for the purposes of the sect. One speaker said that Wesleyanism must stand or fall by its Sunday schools, and that recent reports showed a decrease of 1200 in these essential organisations. It is another echo of what was said at the Plymouth Catholic Congress. The amateur religions are losing their hold on the people and soon there will be nothing but Catholicism and Unbelief facing one another for the supremacy in this country. The Anglicans have to make a bid for notoriety to induce a decent assemblage at their Church Congress in October, so they are loudly billing such subjects, as the Women's Suffrage Question and the relation of the Sexes, and Marriage, in order to draw a respectable audience, while they carefully leave doctrine alone. By the way, the Chancellor of London this week granted a faculty for a Rood screen in an Anglican Church at Pimlico on being assured that the figures of the Crucified, with St. Mary and St. John, would not receive any superstitious reverence but were merely an architectural feature of the screen, and that the service in the Church conformed to the Prayer Book.

Personals.

Mrs Herbert Stuart of West Newton, Mass. is visiting her parents, Mr and Mrs Duncan Chisholm, Linwood, Ant.

Dr. A. A. McDonald of Dorchester, Mass., is spending a few days in town.

Mrs. Joseph Hicks and son of Hyde Park, Mass., are visiting friends at Upper South River, Antigonish.

Mrs. Frank Gillis of Sydney Mines, and her son, L. B., of Sydney, were in Town this week.

Mrs. J. M. Forrest, a former resident of Antigonish, returned from Boston last week, and was warmly welcomed by her old friends. She is visiting at Mrs. Brothers.

Peter Chisholm, son of Mrs. D. D. Chisholm, formerly of North Grant, Antigonish, recently underwent a serious operation for appendicitis in the Misericordia Hospital, Edmonton. He is improving.

Eather Ronald MacDonald, of S. ella Maris Church, who left on Monday on a visit to Cape Breton, took suddenly ill, and is now in St. Joseph's Hospital, Glace Bay. He underwent an operation successfully Wednesday, and is regaining his health.—Pictou Advocate.

Miss Statira V. Hulbert of Salem, Mass., is in Antigonish for a much-needed rest, after some months of strenuous nursing. The young lady is to be congratulated on her good luck, having become heir to a small fortune and a beautiful home, the property of a patient whom she faithfully attended. Miss Hulbert will make her home with her brother, Alfred, during her stay in Antigonish.

Messrs. C. A. Hayes, D. A. Story and J. A. E. Wilkinson, I. O. R. freight officials, were in Antigonish on last Thursday. They were gathering information regarding freight conditions here, how the new increase in freight rates affected the community. Those whom they met assured them the increase was most unwelcome, that it was unwarranted and an unreasonable sharp advance, at least on local freight.

Representative William F. Murray introduced in Congress Friday, a resolution calling upon the Department of Commerce, the Department of Labor and the Interstate Commerce Commission for information bearing upon the high price of anthracite.

President Gomez intends to take personal lead in the Venezuelan army operating against Cipriano Castro, ex-president whose followers have risen in the provinces of Falcon and Tachra, and also in the eastern districts of Venezuela. A number of veterans and some thousands of recruits are being mobilized fifty miles to the southwest of the capital. Another army is being assembled at Barkusemeto, capital of the State of Lara, 105 miles to the southwest of Caracas.

FORD THE UNIVERSAL CAR. The right hind axle of the Ford is a masterpiece. So are the other axles — and all parts that make the complete car. But it's the result obtained by the harmonious working of all its parts that has made the Ford "the universal car." More than 275,000 Fords now in service — convincing evidence of their wonderful merit. Runabout, \$675; Touring Car, \$750; Town Car, \$1000—f. o. b. Walkerville with all equipment. Get interesting "Ford Times"—from Dept. G., Walkerville factory. Ford Motor Co., of Canada, Ltd. T. J. SEARS, Antigonish Agent for Antigonish and Guysboro Counties

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 cottons 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 " " " Bleached Sheeting 9/4 " " 35 " " " 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 McCall 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. Kiley, P.P. North Sydney Rev. J. W. McIsaac, Bras d'Or, N.S. The Catholic Clergy of P. E. Island.

GENERAL NEWS.

Nineteen men were killed and two seriously injured Saturday in a double explosion in the East Brookside Mine...

About one-quarter of Montebello Village, Que., was wiped out by fire on Saturday. Twenty-nine buildings, including a general store, the Grey Nuns academy and some of the best residences were destroyed.

On Monday morning the home of Mrs. Paquet at Isle of Orleans, fifteen miles east of Quebec city, was destroyed by fire.

Reduction in the United States in express rates, which will cost the companies fully \$20,000,000, approximately 10 per cent. of their gross revenue, were ordered by the Inter-State Commerce Commission at Washington Monday, to become effective on or before October 15, 1913.

Annual Convention of the League of the Cross.

Antigonish, the scene of the annual convention of the League of the Cross, was not so favorable to the visitors as it usually is in summer time, the weather man being in an unpleasant mood, sending down rain on Tuesday and even threatening to do so all Monday afternoon and evening.

The people of Antigonish extended the visitors a generous welcome, and were extremely pleased to have such a band of earnest men and women with them for a few days.

The convention was the fourteenth of the League in the diocese of Antigonish. Considering the work done here, the members regard the convention as one of the most successful yet held.

ADDRESS OF ACTING MAYOR

MR. PRESIDENT AND DELEGATES:—I have much pleasure, on behalf of the Town Council and Citizens, in tendering to you one and all a very cordial welcome to the Town of Antigonish. The League of the Cross is, indeed, an organization in which every citizen should take a deep interest on account of what it has accomplished on behalf of the cause of temperance in the past, and because of the increased efforts it is now putting forth to counteract the drink evil in the many communities in which it now has flourishing branches.

I regret that His Worship, the Mayor, who was slated to deliver the address of welcome to the delegates at this Convention, is unavoidably absent, because, being practised in public speaking, and a strong advocate at all times of the cause for which you are labouring, he would undoubtedly do full justice to the present occasion.

The Grand President, J. A. MacDougall, replied to the address of welcome, appropriately expressing the thanks of the visitors for the kind words of the address.

Tuesday morning the gentlemen delegates formed in procession at the Celtic Hall, and, headed by the local Band of Cadets, marched to the Cathedral.

After the first Gospel His Lordship preached. Herewith is a synopsis of the sermon from some brief notes made by a CASSET representative:

Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and impurities, not in contention and strife, but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ. — St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans XIII, 13, 14.

may say against intemperance is not necessary as far as you yourselves are concerned, but it is well to meditate from time to time on the virtue of temperance so that we may become attracted to it and guard against the opposite vice.

When we realize the consequences of its opposite, and when we realize the consequences of intemperance we come to a practical knowledge of the necessity of temperance.

We know man was created to the image of God. . . . God said, "Let us make man to our own image and likeness." When we realize even a fraction of the significance of that wonderful word, it seems almost impossible to imagine that the vice of intemperance could get possession or control of the faculties of any living being.

At ten o'clock on Tuesday the Convention was formally called to order, adjournment taking place on Wednesday noon. Even a short synopsis of the business would mean a large demand on our space, so much was accomplished.

A resolution commending the prohibition of liquor at the military camps by the Hon Minister of Militia was passed. Newspapers giving advertising space to liquor dealers' announcements were condemned, while those refusing such were heartily commended.

A resolution of protest was passed and ordered to be forwarded to Mr. C. A. Hayes, traffic superintendent of the I.R.C., agent the consumption of liquors on trains by many travellers. The reports of the different Branches showed the Organization to be in a healthy condition.

The following were elected grand officers for the coming year: Grand Spiritual Adviser—(appointed by the bishop)—Rev. J. A. M. Gillis, P.P., Mulgrave.

Grand President—John A. MacDougall, Glace Bay. Grand 1st Vice-President—Richard C. Soy, Thorburn. Grand 2nd Vice-President—J. D. Doucet (Sheriff), Port Hood.

Grand Marshal—John D. McNeil, Whitney Pier. Grand Auditor—A. D. Chisholm, Antigonish; E. Charles Doyle, Arichat. Superintendent of Juvenile Branches—Rev. Robert MacEwen, Sydney Mines.

in hand with these, it is the question of the vice of intemperance. . . . If any community discovered that there was some ravage of sickness causing the harm that this intemperance is causing, everybody would be up in arms against it and every effort would be made to stamp it out; and yet while that is true of other diseases of life, there is a moral and physical disease bringing destruction, and the world sits back and allows it its sway, and does nothing about it.

Because it is a matter of revenue or the tiding over of difficulties humanity is handed over this pestilence which is infesting the country. . . . But let us think of ourselves for the time being. I wish to congratulate you on the work you are doing. Your Society will have its difficulties and its discouragements.

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Grand Secretary—A. J. Doucet, Whitney Pier. Grand Treasurer—James Doyle, Sydney. Grand Marshal—John D. McNeil, Whitney Pier.

On Wednesday morning all the delegates attended a Requiem High Mass at the Cathedral for the souls of the members who departed this life during the past year.

GRAND OFFICERS. Grand Spiritual Adviser—Rev. J. A. M. Gillis, P. P., Mulgrave. Grand President—John A. MacDougall, Glace Bay.

DELEGATES IN ATTENDANCE. St. Joseph's Branch, Glace Bay—Daniel McNeil, W. F. McCarthy. St. Joseph's, North Sydney—H. E. MacEachern, Wm T. Wilkie.

DIED. On July 24th, 1913, at the residence of her son James McDonald, St. Ninian street, Antigonish, Mrs. CATHERINE McDONALD, aged 74 years, formerly of Guysboro. She leaves three sons and two daughters to mourn their loss. Interment was at Wine Harbour. May she rest in peace.

At Thorburn, July 12th, 1913, JOHN HUGH MACDONALD, aged 55 years, after a long and trying illness, which was borne with patience. He leaves seven sisters and one brother besides a host of friends to mourn their loss. After Requiem High Mass, his remains were laid to rest in Thorburn cemetery. May his soul rest in peace.

At Antigonish, at the home of her son, Mr. Patrick Floyd, on Wednesday morning, 6th inst, Mrs. FLOYD, relict of the late JOHN FLOYD, of Springfield, Antigonish, aged 88 years. A woman of many noble qualities—charitable, kind and hospitable, she was highly esteemed in the community and beloved by her neighbors. Two sons and two daughters survive her to cherish the memory of a fond and good mother. Funeral Friday morning, at 8 a. m., from the home of her son to St. Andrew's church. May she rest in peace.

Mrs. ANNE J., relict of the late DANIEL CHISHOLM, who for many years lived on the San Francisco fire and earthquake lived on Folsom street, near Eighth, died at Providence Hospital, Oakland, on June 28th, at the age of 82 years. The funeral took place from St. Francis de Sales Church on Monday, the 30th. Mrs. Chisholm, whose maiden name was Fallon, was born in County Longford, Ireland, and her late husband was a native of Antigonish Harbor, Nova Scotia. He died in January, 1912. Sister Margaret Mary the only issue of the union of this worthy couple, lives in the Convent of the Holy Name in this city. Rev. J. C. Chisholm of St. Joseph's, Antigonish, N. S., is a nephew of the above-mentioned Mr. Chisholm. Also Hon. C. P. Chisholm, Antigonish.

Study Investment Opportunities

Through these daily talks of ours. Thus you will form the valuable habit of keeping yourself posted on the standing of the principal securities and the enterprises back of them. We advise this because when you have funds available for investment you will have formed your own judgment as to such securities as seem promising to you and you will avoid the risk incurred by those who put their money into speculative ventures without any previous study of investment values.

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CELTIC HALL Tuesday, August 12

The Big Laughing Song Play 7 Hours In New York The Season's Greatest Tuneful Triumph

Matchless Company Of 35 Artists. Delightful Music. 8 Big Song Hits. Lavishly Staged. "Sleepy Time" "Seven Hours In N. Y." "I'd Like To Make A Date With you." "The Steamboat Glide" "I'm Lonely" The Season's Biggest Song Hits Dont Miss The Best And Funniest Show Of The Year Seats on Sale at Celtic Hall Now Prices \$1.00, 75c, 50, 35c Children, 25c

West End Warehouse NEW RAINCOATS in Our Ladies' Ready-to-wear Department YOU will be particularly pleased with our new rain coats. Every lady should have a rain coat to protect herself and her new suit from rain and dust. We are showing neat fitting, perfectly tailored coats in wool, parametta, poplin and heavy wool with diagonal stripes in shades of fawn, light green, grey, navy and black. Prices from \$5.50 to \$13.00 Our Special Coat at \$5.75 An English make waterproof coat, mannish effect, sewn seams, a coat worth more money than our low price, comes in shades of light, green and fawn, sizes 34 to 40, special \$5.75. Raincoats for Everybody Then we have rain coats for young girls and misses, boys and men, all good fitting. Every coat will give entire satisfaction and our prices are most reasonable. We would be pleased to have you call in and look over the line.

Chisholm, Sweet & Co. The Store That Satisfies.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., President. ALEXANDER LAIRD General Manager. JOHN AIRD Assistant General Manager. CAPITAL, \$15,000,000 REST, \$12,500,000 TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES Issued by The Canadian Bank of Commerce enable the traveller to provide himself with funds without delay at each point of his journey in a convenient yet inexpensive manner. They are issued payable in every country in the world in denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50, \$100, \$200 with the exact equivalent in the moneys of the principal countries stated on the face of each cheque. They are economical, absolutely safe self-identifying and easily negotiated.

ANTIGONISH BRANCH W. H. HARRISON, Manager

PEDIGREED BLACK FOXES John R. Dinnis Pedigreed Black Foxes, Ltd. (Incorporated July 22nd, 1913) Authorized Capital, \$300,000 SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL (present issue) \$123,000 Shares Each \$100 par value.

THE ASSETS On which the issue of \$123,000 stock is made consists of One pair of two-year-old Dalton proved breeders, now in the Dinnis ranch, that reared four young in 1912 and four in 1913. Five pairs of young foxes of 1913 litters, all selected from litters of six, five or four. The sole use of the name of John R. Dinnis. The cost of flotation of the Company.

This is a Straight-Forward Business Proposition If one estimates the expenses of organization, advertising, office and staff, sale of stock, and the good will and sole use of the name of John R. Dinnis, all at 10 p. c. on the subscribed stock, the price of the breeding animals is reduced to present market values (July 22nd, 1913).

DIRECTORATE President—John R. Dinnis, Charlottetown, P. E. I., Stockman and Fox Rancher. Vice President—Dr. B. C. Borden, Sackville, N. B., President Mt. Allison University. Secretary—Treasurer—J. Walter Jones, B. A., B. S. A. [Toronto], Charlottetown, P. E. Island, Farmer, Author of "Fur Farming in Canada," late of the United States Department of Agriculture. Director—William E. Cameron, B. A. [Oxon] first Rhodes Scholar from P. E. I., Professor of Economics and Commerce at St. Dunstan's College. Director—Charles Lyons, Charlottetown, P. E. Island, Mayor of Charlottetown. Mr. Dinnis is the most successful large rancher on Prince Edward Island. The Dinnis ranch has the best location. It is situated about two miles from the capital city, and is the chief point of interest for tourists. It has a thoroughly up-to-date equipment, and is under the direct supervision of Mr. Dinnis who lives close to his ranch and personally tends the animals. An efficient staff of men assist in managing and guarding the ranch. TERMS OF CONTRACT 10 p. c. of par value to accompany the application for stock. 40 p. c. on Sept. 20th, 1913. 50 p. c. on Nov. 15th, 1913. WRITE FOR PROSPECTUS BEFORE INVESTING ELSEWHERE

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THE PERFECT SHOE FOR SUMMER SPORTS

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Made in Smart Styles, Suitable For Every Outdoor Occasion

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You Might As Well Get THE BEST

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Teamsters and Laborers Wanted

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

HIGHEST WAGES PAID

KIRK & COOKE
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We are open for one hundred tons of washed wool, for which we will pay the

Highest Cash Price

Also Calfskins, Hides, Pelts, Tallow and Furs. Get our prices before you sell elsewhere and you will be satisfied you are selling in the right place.

Colonial Hide Co.

George St., NEW GLASGOW, N. S.
Near Church's Livery

HALEY'S MARKET

- GROCERIES**
A complete and up-to-date line
- MEATS**
Fresh and cured, at all seasons
- FISH**
Fresh, smoked, pickled and dry
- FRUIT**
Everything in season
- CONFECTIONERY**
Large assortment, choicest and best.
- Crockery and Agatewares**
- CASH! One Price to all, CASH**
Produce at highest prices taken in exchange for goods at our one-price—the lowest
- COAL AGENT**
- EDWARD HALEY**

COMPLETELY CURED OF DYSPEPSIA

By Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets

We are continually hearing from grateful people who have had experiences like that of Miss Alice E. Cooper, of Niagara Falls, Ont., who writes: "I wish to express my gratitude to you for the benefit I received from your most wonderful Dyspepsia Tablets. Having taken other medicines without having received the slightest relief, I heard of your Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets and thought I would give them a trial. I have been completely cured of dyspepsia. I will be only too pleased to advise any one troubled with dyspepsia to give them a fair trial."

Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets not only give the immediate relief from heartburn, flatulence, acidity of the stomach and biliousness, which is so much needed, but if taken regularly for a few days or weeks they completely cure the most aggravated cases of stomach trouble. When for so you can get a box from your druggist, why go on suffering? National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal. 144

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.

The Varied Call.

The voice of God speaks in a thousand ways; To some of self-denial, some of pain Uplifted to patience—or a chain Of joys successive and flute-notes of praise. Yet every call is music! And our days Of joy or sorrow may bring sweetest gain, Even as earth transmutes each silver rain Unto soft greenness or a blossom-blade. The soul must listen. As, when singing seeks To enter hearts, great silence must control E'en whispered murmurs,—so, when Heaven speaks We stand entranced, so perfect is the whole! Nay, scarce draw breath, lest, un-receptive still, We lose one jot of that star-girdling Will.

—Caroline D. Swan.

The Lowest in the Human Scale.

(By Father Thevenet, of the Congregation of St. Francis de Sales, Antioch.)

A COUNTRY CURSED BY CASTE.

At the end of April, 1911, a meeting of 2,000 pagan Mahars was held at Thugson, a large village of 4,000 souls, situated in the Berar district, at a distance of seventeen miles from Ellichpur. Representatives of the Mahar caste had been summoned from the Berar district and the Central Provinces, to deliberate on the reforms to be introduced among the Mahars. Brahmins from Bombay and Poona, who were known to be interested in the welfare of the lower castes, had been invited to preside over the deliberations.

In my capacity of missionary among the Mahars, I had been invited to the meeting, and had been asked by the secretary to give a lecture on temperance.

I accepted the invitation, and on April 18th, at three in the morning, I set out for Thugson, not without some anxiety, however. To tell the truth, I expected no good to come from a meeting of pagans, presided over by Brahmins, the inveterate enemies of Christianity. At the last meeting of the Mahars of Thugson in 1905, the exclusion of all Christians from their caste was decreed.

By a providential intervention this resolution had been rescinded; but the spirit of opposition has remained the same. Before starting on my journey, therefore, I had offered the sacrifice of the Mass, and had secured the prayers of the children for a super-abundance of graces in the circumstances in which I was placed.

At seven o'clock in the morning, my oxen had landed me at Thugson. A few minutes afterwards the meeting was opened in a large square enclosure, with four colonnades of painted wooden pillars, and a ceiling of matting and light material from which were suspended quantities of garlands and bunting.

In the center, a space furnished with chairs was reserved for the Brahmins. I took one of the seats.

When I entered, 2,000 Mahars, in their many colored turbans, were squatting on the ground. The secretary made the formal presentations. Nine Brahmins attended the meeting; two barristers, three Bachelors and one Licentiate, a journalist, and two professors, all members of the "Society of the Servants of India for the Betterment of the Lower Castes."

After some fine speeches—every Brahmin is a born orator—against the abuse of child marriages and the detestable habit of borrowing money, the secretary asked me to speak on temperance. By the way, the Mahars are great drinkers of strong liquor. Supported by statistics and the opinion of celebrated doctors, I showed that strong liquor and opium claim more victims than the most bloody battle.

I then described a Mahar home, where the father who is a drunkard spends his day's wages in drink, and on his return home gives blows to his wife and children instead of the bread they crave for. Then I described the sad descendants of the drunkard, their alcoholic cravings, and in other ways expiating for the vice of their parents until the third and fourth generation.

These arguments were convincing, for the meeting unanimously resolved that henceforth a drunken Mahar would no more be considered a true Mahar. Unfortunately, a little detail which my servant pointed out to me, prevented my being swollen with pride over my success. For immediately after the morning session, a large group of the Mahars was seen marching off in the direction of the public house.

The evening session was more interesting to us. After a vote in favor of compulsory elementary education, there followed three fine speeches from Brahmins against the inveterate caste hatred and lauding the spirit of charity which should prevail among the Indians.

These discourses were a revelation to me, and when the Brahmin secretary, Mr. Shinde, observed that the higher castes had trampled upon the poorer Mahars for more than 2,000 years, and that now, seeing the wrong that they had done, they could shed tears of blood over the abominations of their ancestors, I asked myself whether I was dreaming or not.

The Brahmins, who claim their origin in the brain of the divinity, display the greatest contempt for the pariahs or Mahars.

At seven o'clock in the evening, I drove away in my bullock-cart in the direction of Ellichpur.

Whence this change of opinion among the Brahmins? Was this sudden sympathy with the lower castes quite disinterested? Was it not rather a wave of this great current of patriotism which for the last two

or three years, strives to unite all castes in a common endeavour to obtain self-government for India? To the agitators in favor of self-government as enjoyed by Canada and Australia, the British Government had replied that the majority of the Hindus were ignorant and, therefore, incapable of self-government. The higher castes rightly concluded that, as long as they did not educate and raise the lower castes, they would never be able to obtain autonomy. Hence, this meeting of Thugson.

The Mahars who are called pariahs in the South of India, Mahars in the West and center, and others in the North, occupy one of the lowest places in the social scale. Of two hundred cases enumerated in the census of Berar, the Mahars are the ninety-fifth. In fact, as the serfs of olden times, they are under the ban of society and considered the born slaves of the four high castes.

The laws of Manu, the great Hindu legislator, stipulate: The habitation of the Mahars must be outside the villages. They are not allowed to possess any other animals but dogs or donkeys, and their garments must be those that have been worn by people who are dead; their plates must be broken crockery, and their ornaments made of iron. Food given them by others is handed over to them in bits of shattered earthenware. They may not be seen in towns or villages at night.

Hindu legislation, as is well-known, fixed work to be done by each caste. The cultivation of the soil was exclusively the right of the Kumbus, one of the highest castes among the Sudras; the Mahars and pariahs were the servants of the farmers, without hope of ever being raised above this servile condition. The reward of the Mahar faithful to his service to the end, would be to be born again after death into a higher caste.

Woe to the Mahar, who, up to recently, would have ventured to cultivate the soil on his own account; an exemplary punishment would have recalled him to order. Each landed proprietor and each village had a more or less large number of Mahars in their service, in proportion to the extent of their lands. As the serfs of yore, the Mahars were attached to the lands they cultivated, and received in return, at the time of the harvest, a quantity of grain sufficient for their subsistence.

This watendori (right to this allowance of grain) was their only patrimony, the heritage transmitted by their ancestors which they had to hand down intact to their children. Nobody could dispossess them of it. But what a number of services they had to render, and an amount of ill-treatment to endure for this watendori! When the Mahar was ill-treated by his master, he could not transfer his lodgings to another village. His own brothers would not have consented to divide with him their watendori.

The Mahars were obliged to carry to the grave the people who had died without relatives. They were also to remove the carcasses of oxen, cows and other animals. But, instead of burying them, they consumed them, and what they could not consume on the spot, they carried to their houses. This abominable food enabled you to detect the Mahar quarters from a long distance.

When I started the mission of Ghogargan in 1897, the fetid breath of the children in the apartment in which I said Mass, often caused nausea. It is not surprising then to learn that a Mahar was never allowed to pass the threshold of a Brahmin house, or to draw water from a well belonging to Brahmins. When speaking to members of a high caste, the Mahars were compelled to keep a respectful distance, their touch would have defiled them, and their footprints would have been sufficient to contaminate a house and its inhabitants. So great an impurity it was reckoned that those who were victims of it lost their caste, and could only be reinstated after many ablutions and heavy fines.

The Mahars had to clean every day the stables of their farmers, cut wood, sweep the yards, beat the drum, act as postman, keep order at night in the villages, and keep in good repair the communal roads. When a government official paid his annual visit to the village, the Mahars had to mount guard at the door of his tent and see to it that he was not left short of provisions. Provided with long sticks, the token of their official functions, they went to and fro, requisitioning everything they wanted for their illustrious guest.

The Mahars were forbidden to ride on horseback or to allow themselves to be carried in palanquin, even on such solemn occasions as a marriage. Woe to the one who would have dared to violate these sacred customs. He would have certainly been shot.

A Mahar could not take a seat in a carriage or compartment occupied by other Hindus of high caste. I have been highly amused many times by an innocent expedient resorted to by our Christian schoolmasters and children. When they had to go on a journey or wanted to attend a Government school, they invariably declared their title of Christian only, and this protected them against all annoying humiliations.

To learn reading and writing was reserved to the higher castes; it was, so to speak, the Brahmin's monopoly. Never would a poor Mahar have ventured to cast his profane regards upon the sacred Hindu books. Death alone would have been able to expiate such horrible sacrilege.

Such was, formerly, the place of the Mahar in Hindu society, and this inhuman legislation was literally carried out before the advent of British rule. —*III. Catholic Missions.*

Here, hold my horse a minute, will you. Sir, I'm a member of Parliament. Never mind. You look honest. I'll take a chance.

The Clothes Problem.

"With the exception of ten minutes taken off for a hurried lunch, I spent my whole noon hour to-day trying to find something pretty to wear."

"After going through nearly every shop in town, and looking at all the lovely things other girls can buy, and then consulting my lean pocket-book, I came away without buying a single thing. Oh! it just gives me the blues to go through the shops at this time of the year; I wish I lived miles away from them, for if I can't have what I want, I don't want anything," and, this decidedly long drawn-out and discontented speech finished, Mabel Bailey dropped into a chair beside me on the porch.

She had come over to spend the evening with me. We had such a merry little dinner, that I was surprised at her turn of thoughts the minute we stepped out into the open air. "Why, Mabel, what in the world has made you, all at once, so cynical?" I inquired, as I leaned forward in my chair, and pulled a dead leaf off the climbing roses on my little apartment house porch.

"Oh! that girl across the street," Mabel replied, "didn't you see her as we came out of the door? She always wears such lovely clothes, she gives me the blues every time I see her." Then, turning to me rather suddenly, as if she had just realized it for the first time, she exclaimed, "You, too, Ellen, always appear so well groomed, how on earth do you manage it? I only seem to be able to buy three or four dresses a season, and as for the first few weeks I look so sloppy, I am almost ashamed to go to the office."

I smiled in a half-amused way before replying, for well I know that my salary had to go almost twice as far as my discontented little friend's.

"Well, Mabel, if you really want me to tell you a few of my secrets, I will do so. But, my dear, I am afraid I will have to tear down the walls of some of your pet ideas, for your opinions and mine, on the subject of dress, are about at the distance of the two poles. To begin with, you seem to think that a girl must buy showy and expensive dresses in order to be well groomed. You do not realize that the essential point of good dressing consists in the appropriateness of clothes for the occasion for which they are to be worn. Of course, I don't want to hurt your feelings, dear," I said, as I noticed Mabel's rather distressed looking face, "but really the girl who works must learn to be practical about the question of clothes, as well as about the question of everything else in this work-a-day world. I always dress very plainly, for either office or home wear, any little elaborations on my frocks are always made by my own hands, for very seldom do I buy trimmings of any sort."

"You come over here some evening next week," I said, as I arose to answer the front door bell, which at that minute rang, "and I will go over with you quite carefully, just how I manage not only to make my own clothes, but to buy even my ready-made things in such an economical way."

Letter From Gael.

(Continued from page 4.)

Manhattan, Nevada. She is the daughter of the late Michael MacDonal, who was a native of S. S. Boulardrie.

On July 4th the Scottish Thistle Club of San Francisco had their annual games at Shell Mound Park, Oakland, and I was there. I had not long mingled with the crowd when I saw a man slowly wending his way who was almost head and shoulders taller than the throng that surrounded him. As I was going towards him I noticed that his face had a pleasant smile that seemed familiar to me. As I came nearer Big Dan McNeil of Piper's Cove, C. B., looked down upon me as he said: "Fait airbh! Ciamar tha sibh?" I tried to greet Dan in kind by giving him some Gaelic that seemed to be rusty from lack of use, but he understood it. At that time Dan was working in San Mateo, a town near San Francisco. He looks well and is yet unmarried; so, I would recommend eligible young ladies to take notice and conduct themselves in a decorous manner if they wish to win favour with this stalwart representative of the sons of Barra of the Hebrides.

At 187 Precita Avenue, San Francisco, I saw Mrs. Stepher Campbell, whose husband arrived recently from Mexico after an absence of several years. Mrs. Campbell is aunt to Rev. D. M. McAdam of Sydney, C. B. She feels that age is coming on apace and although she is able to attend to her household affairs, she shows the marks of the passing years. I believe that it was last year that Mrs. Thomas McGuire, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, visited Cape Breton in company with her aunt who was going there to live.

Daniel D. Cameron, who was born in Mabou and reared in West Lake Ainslie, has been in San Francisco for a good many years. He tried contracting for some time, but found it difficult to do business without co-operating in grafting schemes; so he gave it up. Dan is a favourite with all his acquaintances, and implicitly trusted by those who know him well. Several years ago he married a native of Antigonish Co., and like many in tales we have read, both have been happy ever since. For family they have one son and one daughter, and as they seem to fear God and love their parents their future is hopeful.

In this, my last visit to the city of St. Francis, I met for the first time a native of Cape Breton named Duncan McEachern. He was born in Mabou, where he has, I believe, two brothers living. He left his native heath in '69, and came to San Francisco in '75. He takes his ease in this the evening of life. He is married and has one daughter, who also is married. Mr. McEachern and his wife have a comfortable home and good health.

Oakland, Cal., July 21, 1913.

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Fruitful Source of War.

Last October the war for the liberation of Balkan Christians from Turkish rule began. The sympathies of Christendom went out in unstinted measure to the Bulgarians and the Servians, and the Montenegrins and the Greeks as they drove the Turk from one stronghold to another till they had him cooped up in a corner of Southeastern Europe.

Europe heaved a sigh of relief. The war that often threatened to involve the European powers was over. But the peace-makers assembled in London scarcely had got through their work when the news came that the Balkan allies were fighting at one another's throats. The Bulgars attempted to appropriate to themselves the lion's share of the spoils. The Servians and Greeks joined forces to resist what they denounced as sheer robbery.

Horrible stories of Bulgarian outrages shocked the civilized world. They told of wholesale massacre of defenceless men, women and children. It was reported that fifty thousand victims had been put to the sword under circumstances that rivalled in ferocity the worst outrages laid at the door of "the unspeakable Turk."

Soldiers who but lately had been represented as twentieth century crusaders fighting in defence of the Cross, turned out to be inhuman butchers. And so the glamour in connection with the "twentieth century crusaders" dissolved into thin air. They fought as savages actuated by greed. They, therefore, have received scant sympathy in the defeats they have suffered at the hands of the Servians and Greeks.

Whilst they were battling with the latter, their country was invaded from the north by a Roumanian army. At this writing the Greek, Servian and Roumanian armies are within striking distance of Sofia, the Bulgarian capital. Bulgaria is now ready to make peace on almost any terms the allied forces may be willing to grant her.

In the meantime Turkey has torn the treaty of London to pieces. A Turkish army has marched upon Adrianople and planted the Crescent once more in the city that a few months ago was captured by the Balkan allies, at a terrible cost in human life. Again the European powers are sitting on the anxious bench. Again the grim spectre of the possibility of a European war looms up in the horizon. A dispatch to the London Times states:

"The Russian Government is credited with the intention of insisting that the Turks evacuate Adrianople at all costs."

Russia, it is said, is willing to take upon herself the task of compelling Turkey to carry out the terms of the Treaty of London. Austria-Hungary is non-committal as to this proffered championship. England has not made up her mind as to whether she will accept it or not. The difficulty of the situation, so far as she is concerned, is suggested by this cable from Calcutta:

"The news of the advance of the Turkish troops has been received with hearty rejoicings by the Mohammedans in India. The newspapers here assert that any attempt on the part of Great Britain to coerce Turkey into abandoning her new projects will lead to a dangerous Mohammedan agitation."

refused to have anything to do with the Hague Peace Conference in case the Holy Father was represented in it, England would not participate. That would mean no Hague Peace Conference.

In this way the greatest moral force known to the world was unrepresented at an international gathering convened for the avowed purpose of putting an end to war by arraying against it the moral sentiment of mankind. It was like staging the play of Hamlet and omitting the character of Hamlet. The Hague Peace Conferences have been productive of no practical results, and will continue unfruitful until the world's rulers learn the lesson that armies and navies are not efficient substitutes for God's eternal laws.

What is now taking place in the Balkan States which may be the prelude to still greater disasters, inculcates a lesson which should not be lost upon European statesmen. The freebooting policy, such as Bulgaria attempted to carry out, when she reached out for territory to which she had no just title has been the fruitful cause of many a war which would never have occurred if the spirit of unconscionable greed at war with God's laws had not had free play. So long as it is not held in restraint by reverence for God's laws, in vain will Hague Peace Conferences assemble to devise methods of putting an end to war.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The French Concept of the State School.

Great Association for the Imparting of Instruction in Christian Doctrine Under the Presidency of Cardinal Amette. — Numbers 50,000 Catechist and is Doing Excellent work.

An important and useful work is being done by the Association of "Œuvre des Catechismes" of Paris. It has been holding its annual meeting under the presidency of Cardinal Amette. Most of the children who attend the lay schools where religious teachings is prohibited have parents who are too busy or too ignorant to supply this deficiency. Hence these children grow up absolutely ignorant of the elementary truths of religion. There are now girls and boys of 10 and 11 in the Paris suburbs who have never heard of God's existence! This state of things often comes from carelessness and press of work rather than from downright hostility to religion, but in consequence when these children ask to attend the parochial catechism classes, it is hopeless to expect the overworked priests to be able to supply this deficiency in the short time allotted to them. Hence the urgent need of voluntary teachers to explain the leading truths of religion to these little savages and prepare them to understand and to profit by the instruction given to them by the clergy. In general the men and women of the world who devote themselves to this task are deservedly popular with their pupils, and their kindness and patience go far to throw down the barriers of prejudice and the misconception that divide the classes of society in republican France.

Voluntary Catechist of Paris.

The voluntary "catechists" of the Diocese of Paris are now 5,000 strong, and the statistics brought forward at the meeting tell us that these 5023 "catechists" instructed 48,354 children. Their services are especially needed in the outlying suburbs, where there are few resident Catholics who have time and capacity to accept this task.

Their work is no sinecure. It means regularity, self sacrifice, and a real effort; it is faithfully carried out year after year, twice a week, in the "faubourgs," where the working people congregate, by men, women and young girls whose names are well known in the world of fashion. Many pretty and wealthy women, whose grace and charm are the delight of the circle in which they move, devote their mornings to catechising the waifs and strays of some distant suburb where their names are unknown, but where their sweetness and devotedness earn for them the gratitude of their rough pupils. As a rule these are receptive and intelligent, very different from the stolid peasant children, who, if more easily cowed, are more difficult to touch than the emotional Parisian.

IN THE COLONIES.

"L'Œuvre des Catechismes" was founded in Paris, but it has branches in the Provinces and in the colonies. It now possesses in France and in Algeria over 50,000 voluntary teachers whose happy influence extends over 200,000 children; if the seeds planted by them do not always produce immediate results, they are never barren, and the influence of "la dame du Catechisme" has, in many cases, brought previous, if tardy, blessings upon the children and their families.

If the development of Catholic activities is on the increase and the spirit of enterprise and discipline of the Faithful greatly to be commended, it would be unwise to ignore the fact that the partisans of lay education are resolved to continue to defend their cause by all the means in their power. The official report of M. E. Petit, one of the most zealous promoters of the godless schools, is significant in this respect. It shows that from every point of view, the lay teachers are copying the method of the Catholics. The latter's "Patronages," to which children, who frequent the lay schools come on Sundays and Thursdays to be catechised, amused, kept from harm and influenced for good, have a powerful influence over both the children and their families.

PATRONAGES.

In many cases, the action of the "Patronage" stretches far beyond the small boys and girls, for whose special benefit it has been founded. We have known of one "Patronage," in particular, in a Paris suburb, to which have been annexed a savings bank, a mothers' meeting, "fetes" to which parents and children come together, and even "retreats" which the workmen and their wives gladly attend. A "Patronage" directed on these lines is a far reaching influence, and M. Petit is fired by the desire to do something of this kind. In his report, he draws attention to the necessity of founding lay "Patronages," but it is easy to read between the lines that the undertaking is fraught with difficulty. A work of this sort demands close attention and untiring self-sacrifice on the part of its promoters. Only motives of faith can inspire men and women of the world with the necessary devotedness and perseverance to make the undertaking a success.

Fruits of False Education

Two boys, aged respectively fifteen and sixteen, pleaded guilty the other day in a New York City court to the charge of stealing \$2,220 worth of gold from a dental supply concern. The confession one of them made furnishes food for thought. He started out with the statement; "After we graduated from the public school, we decided to be burglars." Then he told how he and a fellow burglar in embryo went to the Carnegie's free libraries to read up on the question of crime. They had previously read the lives of some famous criminals, who became their chosen models. Here is what they did to fit themselves to follow in the foot steps of these criminals: "We thought the best way to be like them would be to read all the books on crime we could find. And so every day we went to the public library and got out books about crime. We read a lot of detective stories. Then went to see plays in which crooks were the leading characters."

The ambition of these two boys was to get a college education because they had learnt from their reading that educated and polished criminals were the most successful. Last March they began the work of accumulating the amount of money needed to pay their way through college; in that month they stole several hundred dollars. In April they stole several hundred dollars more. In May their stealings amounted to over two thousand dollars. They were growing rapidly rich from their criminal acts, when their boasting about their exploit landed them in a cell.

These two young criminals were the victims of a false system of education. They had learned to read and write in a school in which they received no training in morals. They graduated without having learned during school hours their duty toward God and the solemn obligation of obeying His laws. And so they chose to be burglars. The confessions of these two young thieves, as published in the daily papers bring out the defective character of a system of education in which attention is paid to the development of the intellect to the neglect of building up character moulded on religious teachings.

God's Power and Wisdom.

The New York Sun thought it worth while the other day to stop considering big political questions a few minutes, while it turned its attention to the exploit of "Sunny Jim," an American homing pigeon which flew from Rio Janeiro to Jeannette, Pa, a distance by air-line of 4,200 miles in forty-eight days. Said the Sun:— How weird this racing pigeon is! What strange mental compass guided his uncharted flight through the hottest part of the torrid and temperate zones? And all the time making nearly a hundred miles a day! Instinct? Yes but in what strange ancestral necessity was born that in-

stinct which can enable a brain of its size to steer direct to its coop through 4,200 miles of space. Mankind had best give up the usage of the contemptuous term "pigeon-headed" lest "Sunny Jim" call them "man-headed" stupid creatures that need stars and a compass and the sun to guide them.

In a fog men are lost. Where is their instinct.

This is only another illustration of the power and wisdom of Almighty God, and the love He bears His creatures. It is related of Lord Tennyson, the poet, that after a careful examination of a tiny flower, he exclaimed in the deepest reverence: "What an imagination God has!" So may all of us stand amazed at the perfection of the work of His hands, whether manifest in man, in the lower animals or in the plant creation.

Some Rules for Summer.

The human body cares for itself better in summer, than in winter; yet, as at all times, it rebels against abuse to undue exposure.

One should bathe frequently. There are few people who cannot take a cold or slightly warmed bath every morning during the hot months. The history of the Greeks and Romans teach the modern races a valuable lesson in this respect. Beware of the excesses of summer.

Eating:—Eat less of meat than in winter—once a day being ample for the average man; in fact, during the hot period, one is much better in abstaining from meats, especially the red meat. A diet of fish, eggs, vegetables, fruits, nuts and milk would prolong many lives, no matter what the calling or labor.

Drinking:—Abstain absolutely from alcoholic beverages of any nature—they relax the blood vessels of the brain and produce or tend to produce "congestion," the condition that obtains in heat stroke. Nearly all cases of heat stroke are subjects addicted in some degree to the use of stimulants. (The same is true of those who succumb to severe cold in winter.) Many persons require large quantities of liquid—a very healthy craving if properly gratified. Happily, cooled water has taken the place of ice water to a great extent. Ice water, taken in quantity as it usually is taken on a hot day, may produce a very severe acute indigestion or acute congestion of the kidneys. Taken steadily, it will produce "ice water dyspepsia" a form of chronic indigestion.

For those who must be active or subject to sun exposure on a hot day, there is no better beverage than "oat meal water." It is palatable, demulcent and nutritious and can be taken in any desired quantity. It is made by stirring oatmeal in water and letting it settle. This is the beverage given to soldiers during their manoeuvres. Buttermilk and old fashioned lemonade are refreshing and healthful.

As far as possible avoid becoming overheated also the sudden chilling of the body. Wear loosely woven garments and give the surface of the body plenty of air.

The Encyclopedia Press, incorporated, is the name which the publishers of The Catholic Encyclopedia have adopted in place Robert Appleton Company, the name under which they were incorporated in 1905 for the special purpose of publishing the Encyclopedia.

The new name has been chosen to do away with the confusion that had gradually arisen between the former name and that of the older house of D. Appleton & Co.

When the Catholic Encyclopedia was started, as there was no Catholic publishing house ready to undertake its publication, a special company was formed for this purpose. This Company was always a distinct corporation, entirely independent of every other house with its own capital, officers, and board of directors consisting of men prominent in Catholic affairs. It was named Robert Appleton Co. because two members of the Appleton family, who had formerly been partners in the D. Appleton Company, but who had retired from the same, offered their services for the purpose of publishing the Catholic Encyclopedia, one as manager, and the other as superintendent of the works. As their name was well known in the publishing world there was no reason why it should not be used for the name of the new Company.

Gradually, however, confusion arose between the names of the two Appleton Companies, so that the editors and directors of the Encyclopedia decided that it was advisable to change the name. In choosing this new title the Encyclopedia Press, they have chosen one that suits the character of the publication already completed, whilst it will also

Advertisement for Enterprise Blazer furnace. Includes image of the furnace and text: "No Dust or Gas IN YOUR HOME. You will have no Furnace dust or coal gas in your home, but instead lots of pure warm, healthful air, if you have an Enterprise Blazer FURNACE FOR COAL and WOOD. The cup joints and outside rods on the Blazer make a perfectly air tight joint which heat cannot effect—neither fumes nor dust can find an opening to escape except up the chimney. Besides it will easily save you from 15 p. c. to 30 p. c. on your fuel bills, is an easy furnace to manage and is built to last. Write for information. Enterprise Foundry Co. Sackville, N.S. Sold by all Enterprise Dealers."

be suitable for other similar publications which they are urged on all sides to undertake. This change of name does not mean that the Company itself will be changed in any sense, the directors, officers, the board of Editors, the administration and the policy of the Company will remain the same. Conde B. Pallen is President of the Encyclopedia Press; Arthur Kenedy, Vice-President and Treasurer; Walter Magee, Assistant Treasurer and Secretary. The Directors of the Company are the editors: Charles G. Herbermann, Edward A. Pace, Conde B. Pallen, Thomas J. Shahan, John J. Wynne, and Arthur Kenedy, Robert Appleton, John D. Crimmins, Edward Eyre, Eugene A. Philbin, Andrew J. Shipman, Charles W. Sloane, Thomas W. Woodlock.

To a man of forty the best thing about a picnic is the excuse he can invent for not going.

Advertisement for Graham's Grocery. Lists items: LIME JUICE, FRUIT SYRUPS, ROUE'S GINGERALE, GRAPE JUICE, HAMS and BACON, BREAKFAST BACON, CODFISH, BONELESS CODFISH, JAMS and MARMALADES, PICKLES and SAUCES. Also: GOOD BUTTER, EGGS and WOOL. Best Flour and Meal for Sale. D. R. GRAHAM, ANTIGONISH, N. S.

Advertisement for Farm for Sale. "The undersigned offers for sale her farm situated at Fairmont, Antigonish Co. It has good buildings, close to Post Office, School and Telephone. Two brooks run through the farm and are never dry, affording very easy watering for stock during winter. Hard and soft wood, including plenty of poles, and easy to reach. Excellent soil. Reasons for sale, no one to work farm. For price, terms and all information, apply to MRS. J. J. McDUGALL, On the place. F. H. MACPHEE, Agent."

Advertisement for Lamb's Wanted. "Lamb's Wanted HIGHEST PRICES Haley's Market Agricultural Warehouse Expected to arrive direct from factory 1 Car-load Mowers 1 Car-load Rakes, Tedders, Binders. DEERING MANUFACTURE Also Repairs for Mowers, Etc. F. R. TROTTER ANTIGONISH, N. S."

Advertisement for Sharples Tubular Cream Separators. "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."

Advertisement for 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."

Advertisement for 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."

Advertisement for Aerated Waters. "We manufacture all kinds of aerated waters and temperate drinks. Our ginger ale, iron brew, etc., are leaders. Special attention given to picnic orders. THE A. LAPIERRE CO. Antigonish, N. S."

Advertisement for Farm for Sale. "The 130 acre farm situated at Fairmont, within three miles of the Town of Antigonish, and known as the MacGillivray 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. F. H. MACPHEE, Agent. Antigonish, N. S., June 18th, 1913. 6-19-1f."

Advertisement for Expert Watch Repairing. "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."

