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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1912.

Ladies in a European city have, we are told, commenced to dye their faces to suit their costumes. That, we suppose, would be one way of solving the problem of matching colors.

"Ulster Day" did not add anything of importance to a situation which is grave only because of the local injuries it has caused, and because of the moral and national damage it is doing, and will do, throughout the Empire. For the rest, the Government will not be intimidated, and the North-Easterns will not resist flight. Their forte is to be nasty, and to blow, like other North-Easterns.

Whilst British scientists are groping after some support for a half-formed notion that life may be produced by chemistry, a Russian chemist is predicting that eggs will be made from air. Let him get to work as soon as he can. We wish him luck. The trouble is, with all these scientists, that they talk too much. If eggs could be made by talking, the cost of living on that article would come down pretty quickly.

A despatch from Paris tells us, truthfully or not we do not know, of a feat of surgery:

A man's stomach has been removed and replaced with the stomach of an anthropoid ape.

So joyous was the recipient of the new stomach that at the first opportunity he became intoxicated. Naturally the ape had never tasted liquor but the stomach he gave was so healthy that it did not suffer by being drenched in alcohol.

This operation and the restoration of the deceased part, is the first of its kind, and was performed by Dr. Rouleis, the famous surgeon in the hospital at Agen. The patient was a farmer, twenty-seven years old, whose stomach had been worn out.

Had they left the stomach in the ape, one thing is sure—it would not have been ill-used in this manner. It takes man, who is so high above all the animals, to make a complete job of beastliness when he surrenders to his passions.

The following item of news is very interesting, by reason of the number of mistakes gathered together in it:

Toronto Globe: Bishop J. C. Macdonald, the new head of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Vancouver, succeeding Archbishop MacNeil, who is coming to Toronto, was here yesterday on his way from Nova Scotia to the coast. Archbishop MacNeil's arrival in Toronto has been delayed by his orders to invest his successor with the pallium. Bishop Macdonald pontificated at St. Michael's Cathedral Sunday, it being the feast of Saint Michael. Archbishop MacNeil is expected in Toronto the last week in October. When the date of His Grace's arrival in Toronto is definitely known, the arrangements for his reception and installation will be made.

Bishop J. C. Macdonald is the Bishop of Charlottetown, and has not been out of his bed for some time past. The Bishop referred to is, no doubt, Bishop Alexander Macdonald, of Victoria, B. C., but we think he will be surprised to find himself Archbishop of Vancouver. Also, we believe he was headed towards Nova Scotia, and not "from Nova Scotia to the Coast," when the *Globe* man discovered him.

We do not know the particulars of the case of Rev. Mr. St. Clair, who was convicted in Toronto of violating the law by publishing an account of performances in a burlesque theatre, for the purpose of exposing their evil character. It seems to us a hard case, even though the sentence were suspended, as it probably would be. The circular issued by him was written in an official, or semi-official capacity, as Secretary of the Toronto Vigilance Committee, and it called on the authorities to suppress those performances. We understand that the circular was intended only for circulation

amongst the clergy or officials. He may have overdone it. This may have been a crime, by the letter of the law; but, if we mistake not, the Attorney General of a Province has a discretion to withdraw any prosecution, and we should suppose that, if the power existed in this case, it might very well have been exercised, if the facts are as we understand them. It is part of the general weakness of all human laws, that they sometimes accomplish an injustice instead of justice. We learn that Mr. St. Clair has appealed; and we hope he may succeed. Meantime we should like to be informed whether the theatre which he attacked was guilty, and, if so, whether the legal machine was applied with the same precision in that direction.

A page of the *Journal of American Medical Association* has been sent to us, which has an article, half editorial, half review of another article, entitled "Philosophy, Science and Medicine." It expresses resentment of the charge that science is "essentially materialistic in its ends and scope." We should suppose it would be more accurate to say that many scientists have materialistic conceptions of science, its ends and scope; and that the charge is intended for such scientists and not for science. Indeed, this very article affords ground for such a charge, so understood and so directed. It begins with a sneer at "these philosophers, evolving what they assume to be an exalted idealism out of their inner self," and who are "confident that the 'inner life' contributes some superior sort of moral worth to the individual," and who "fail to grasp the significance of the forces about us and the biologic tendencies within us which determine in largest measure what constitutes human welfare and social and racial betterment." It is this kind of talk which exposes scientists,—not science—to contempt, and to charges such as that complained of. If only scientists would keep to their own ground; refrain from trying to investigate souls with a scalpel; cease from the vain effort to account for life by chemistry; and try to grasp the fundamental distinction between "moral worth" and physical health, between clean bodies and clean souls; science would no longer have to bear reproaches, which, strictly speaking, belong only to certain scientists, but which, to some extent, injure science as a whole. For any such injury, however, the blame must fall on those who are determined to explain creation without taking God into the account; on those whose refusal, or inability, to recognize the God of the Christians, sends them groping in the mud of rivers, or under stones for an explanation of human life. Whether the writer in question here is bemuddled to the full extent to which scientific bemuddlement has gone; whether he has let slip Christianity to the full extent to which the gropers of his science have done we do not know. His article shows him a sharer to some extent in the bewilderment without exactly disclosing how bad his case is. He says:

"Scientific men (and these necessarily include medical men) build their idealism up solidly from the ground; they do not suspend it precariously from star-bams."

What there can be that is more precarious than some of the building up that scientists do, it is not easy to imagine.

"The foundation-stone of my philosophy," writes Professor Vaughan, "is the doctrine of evolution." He points out that we deal here not with inscrutable forces which man cannot know, but rather with potent factors that call for the best effort in behalf of the race. What higher incentive can there be, for example, to keep oneself clean morally and physically than the facts derived from the study of heredity?"

Now, when people have such contempt for "star-bams," we might expect them to give us something better than moonshine. And a man might as reasonably expect to drive an ocean steamer by moonshine as hope to face and stem the raging passions of men, anger, revenge, lust, greed, drunkenness, hatred,—all the rest—with nothing better than scientific conclusions and lectures on heredity. We heard of an actual case in which a man proposed to run machinery with power from the Aurora Borealis; but the poor fellow was insane. The other people are not insane; but they are foolish. Not long ago, we referred to an article,—the author, we believe, did not claim to be a scientist,—in which the proposition was laid down that a man who was well washed was less likely to be sinful than a man who neglected soap and water. The writer on whom we are now commenting, might save one stage of his process if

he could see his way to adopt that view. There would then be only one task for his "heredity" facts to perform. If they could make the man wash and bathe frequently enough, the moral improvement would follow from the soap-suds. And we are by no means prepared to dispute that soap-suds have as much to do with moral improvement as his "heredity" facts can have. We cannot follow this article through. With some of his statements rightly understood, we could perhaps agree, with modifications and explanations. One other sentence, however, deserves a word: "Our knowledge of the spread of infection is the strongest factor in the social movements of the day."

That is a bold statement. "The social movements of the day," and the "factors" in them, are many. Medicine is but a corner of science after all, and all science is a small matter in the "social movements of the day," compared with religion. Of course, this writer may wish to be understood as not referring to any "social movement of the day" in which a religious question is involved. If he so narrows down his meaning, he should strike out some other sentences from his article. He does say that "the philosophy of science concerns itself with this world and this life and reaches every condition." The claim is both larger and smaller than we can admit the fact to be. It does not reach every condition; and, as interpreted by some of its devotees, it either goes far beyond this world, or else denies that there is any world but this. But the uncertainty and obscurity often save our feelings.

"These men are inmates of religion," said Mr. Hennessy. "Praps," said Mr. Dooley. "But they'll never be dangerous until some one comes along and translates their lectures into English, and I don't think there's a chance that cud be done."

REV. MR. VERNON ON "THE PIETY OF HUMILITY."

Since we wrote our comments on Bishop Worrell's letter, Rev. C. W. Vernon has published a letter in the *Halifax Chronicle*, on the same subject. He is concerned, and rightly so,—that the "Church of Ireland," as he calls it, should not have the appearance of disloyalty to the Crown and Parliament. Knowing as we do what the Crown and Parliament have stood for in the making and re-making, pulling to pieces and putting together again, of the Church of England (which he chooses to call the "Church of Ireland") we sympathize with our reverend friend, in the position in which he finds that Church at the present time.

Mr. Vernon quotes in full the pastoral letter signed by the Archbishop of Armagh and the bishops of Derry and Raphoe, Kilmore, Down and Clogher. It commences as follows:

To the members of the Church of Ireland in the Province of Ulster:—Dearly Beloved in the Lord,—It would be idle to shut our eyes to the fact that we are face to face with a great crisis in the religious and political history of our beloved native land. Momentous changes are proposed for the future government of Ireland, the disastrous consequences of which, if carried out, none of us can forecast.

And they then urge prayers and religious exercises that God may "overrule all things to the glory of His name and the greater good of His Church and people."

All this is very well and good. No one can object to a man saying his prayers. And if we could persuade ourselves that there is no significance in the time chosen for the issue of this letter; that it is merely by chance that it came at or about the culmination of an extremely rabid, partisan and disloyal demonstration, we might feel as much impressed by the "piety and humility," and the "recognition of the ever present need of prayer," on the part of those bishops, as Mr. Vernon is. But, unfortunately for our charitable desires, the letter came out just at the commencement of the last week of frenzy which reached its culmination in the "Ulster Day" proceedings.

Feeling, therefore, a little doubtful about it, we turn to other sources of information, to get light on the real attitude of those worthies.

In our comments on Bishop Worrell's letter, we gave some facts touching the Archbishop of Armagh's attitude. In a despatch dated at Belfast Sept. 27, (the day before "Ulster Day") we find the following:

Dr. McKenna, former moderator of the Presbyterian Church of Ireland, assisted by clergy nominated by the Bishop of Down, will conduct a service in Ulster Hall, which Sir Edward Carson and other leaders will attend,

and they will subsequently proceed to the City Hall in solemn procession for the signing of the covenant.

Perhaps the actions of the bishop of Down may serve to interpret his meaning and intention in signing that pastoral letter. Taking the two together, they mean, "Pray hard and sign the Covenant."

In several papers we find a report of "the bishops of the diocese" being present at one of the final meetings. One paper has it, "the bishops of the diocese," which is probably what was meant by the other papers. This involves one of Mr. Vernon's bishops, we suppose—some Anglican bishop anyhow.

A despatch dated London, Sept. 24th, says:

"When opening the huge demonstration yesterday at Londonderry, the historic outpost of Irish Protestantism, Bishop Derry declared: 'We are here in the sober solemn consciousness that we are making history and doing it at our own risk, and are not afraid.'"

Now, can Mr. Vernon suggest any reason why the good bishop should suppose that anyone might think him afraid to pray? His assurance that he was "not afraid" would seem to involve some other idea besides prayer.

Again, in a despatch in the *Star* dated London, Sept. 23rd, we find that the same bishop had another "prayer" to offer, on the very Sunday which he had urged in the pastoral as a day of prayer:

Sir Edward Carson and Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., Privy Counsellors though they are, proclaimed their determination to continue the campaign, whether it was treason or no.

Sir Edward Carson, in answer to a question, said: "Am I guilty of treason to Mr. Devlin? Well, I am, because I am not prepared, and I don't think any of you are prepared to submit to a government by the Ancient Order of Hibernians, which is an institution for the extermination of the Protestants. (Vociferous cheers and laughter.) I do not care twopenny whether it is treason or not, but that is what we are going to do. You cannot coerce a nation for being loyal."

In the same spirit the Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, preaching at Derry on Sunday, asked:

"Does this congregation suppose that our responsibility to God and to the generations yet unborn can be discharged by tamely submitting to be sold like heaves in the cattle market by men who have received in return 70 venal and dishonest votes?"

This was on Sunday, September 23rd, the day for which the pastoral letter, signed by this bishop with four others, had prepared the people as follows:

We ask especially that Sunday, September 22nd, may be observed as a day of special humiliation and prayer in all our churches for God's mercy and guidance.

Let our services on that day be marked by deep personal humiliation and confession of sin, by intercession for all who are in positions of authority that they may have grace to be faithful to the public interest, by supplication on behalf of our fellow-countrymen of all classes and creeds that they may learn to work together for the common good, and, above all, by earnest and devout prayer that "truth and justice, religion, and piety may be established among us for all generations."

If we thus wait upon God in humility and faith, He will bring us and our country in safety through the present crisis.

But the Bishop of Derry and Raphoe found nothing in this, his own pastoral letter, to prevent him from attempting to brand 70 members of Parliament as "venal and dishonest," nor from inflaming the passions of his people by telling them that they were to be "sold like brutes in the cattle market" for those "70 venal and dishonest votes."

Will Mr. Vernon, since he has entered into the discussion, do us the favor of indicating where, in all this, we may find "the piety of humility?"

THE HISTORY OF HATRED.

II.

THE EFFECTS OF THE PLANTATION OF ULSTER.

We have said that it would have been easy to bring Ireland into harmonious union with England, when James I came to the throne, had wisdom prevailed in the course adopted by the English King and government. That opportunity was not the first that had offered itself.

It is impossible to read the history of that unhappy country under the Tudors without becoming convinced that, as far back as the time of Henry VIII, the thing might have been done, and easily done. But just at the time when conditions were favorable to the happy adjustment of the affairs of Ireland, just when the government of England had fallen into the hands of an extremely able King,—for Henry VIII. was

certainly such — the attempt was commenced to perform the impossible feat of changing the religion of the Irish people.

After all the centuries of warfare no general conquest of Ireland had been accomplished. The English holdings in Ireland were still small. The country had never been brought, in any general way, under control. English law had never been applied, or even proclaimed, in more than one-third of Ireland; and for centuries, native Irishmen were not under its protection even in the small area in which it was in force.

The Parliaments that were held were not fairly representative of even that small area; but the great bulk of the Irish people were not expected, nor given a chance, to take part in them. Irishmen in general looked on the English as invaders; and it was most natural to so regard them. It was all very well for deputies, and lord lieutenants, and small bodies selected from amongst the English settlers, to proclaim one English king after another, as fast as a new civil war in England made a new one, as lord of Ireland; but the natives of the country, in general, had an altogether different view about that.

The old Irish clans, or septes; the system of electing the chief from amongst the clan; the relations between tenants and chiefs; all existed still in full force; and no other system had been substituted for them; nor did the Irish people wish to hear of any other. That a man, here or there, submitted under pressure; that English expeditions, in one direction or another, sometimes secured a temporary show of submission; cannot be taken to show that English rule had secured any general acceptance. The attitude of the Irish people, as a whole, was that what England had gained by the sword, she might keep with the sword, if she could.

And yet, after the quick succession of changes in the occupancy of the English throne had brought in the Tudors and the able man who so soon became infamous, Henry VIII, began his reign. Ireland might have been solidified into lasting union with England, had Henry VIII, Edward VI, and Elizabeth, kept their sacrilegious hands off the priests, bishops, churches and monasteries of Ireland.

It would, indeed, have required a great change in the appointment, the character and the methods, of the representatives of the Crown in Ireland; for the system upon which the king's authority in Ireland had always been exercised was one calculated to keep war going on forever.

But, all chance of reform, all chance of union, were gone, when the "Reformation" flung wide the unfortunate country to the sweep of religious hate. After that time came, many changes developed in the whole situation. Sovereigns who might have been disposed to do just acts, had to think of the effect on English Protestant opinion of any leniency to the hated "Papists." Deputies and governors had a new impulse to envenom their reports from Dublin to London; and they frequently refused to carry out their orders from London, relying, no doubt, on Protestant feeling to save them from punishment. Abilities, both in Dublin and in London, which might have gone far to end the national quarrel of centuries, and to lay out an honorable and happy future, for both England, were now devoted to religious change, and to creating divisions on religious lines. Before the "Reformation" broke out, some very significant signs pointed to the way to the end of the national quarrel. After that, however, the Irish fought, not only for independence as a people, but for their altars, their beliefs, and their consciences.

Ireland would not be worthy of another moment of the world's thought, had she done otherwise. It is the fashion — and the fashion is centuries old — to picture the Irish always as traitors. Even when England held only one third of the country, and the most powerful of the Irish chieftains were at the height of their power, it was the custom of Englishmen to call an Irish chief who resisted an English raid a rebel and a traitor. War for independence,—old independence not new,—was styled revolt. Similarly, it was always an English custom to talk of "a great English victory," on the one hand, and "an infamous massacre of English troops" on the other, in discussing wars in other countries besides Ireland. England could not be wrong;

and for many honest but simple minds, that closed the discussion.

The "Reformation" was a complete failure in Ireland. It got a man of influence here or there; some people decided to throw in their lot with the powers of England; on the other hand, some of the powerful families of English descent, who had already become half Irish, went over forever to the Irish side.

Under some of the Tudors, the first attempts at wholesale plantation were made; and they failed; but in the course of attempt and failure, they added greatly to the bitterness in the country. Ireland, indeed, was regarded from the first, as a country to be exploited for the benefit of newcomers from England. That notion was planted early; and it is not, at this very day, by any means extinct.

We have made this sketch, in order to give an idea of the state of mind of the Irish people with respect to the wholesale "plantation" of Ulster in the reign of James I, of which we told last week.

The struggle for political and religious liberty went on all through the reign of Elizabeth. Elizabeth, to do her justice, seems to have had some broad views on the political side of the situation, and she was even wise enough to realize that she could not sweep the Catholic faith out of Ireland as she had swept it out of England; but the political treatment of the Irish people was still the treatment of the sword, not the treatment of statesmanship and wise counsel; and religious hate had its way to such an extent as to inflame constantly the Irish temper. And even such moderation as she knew how to show was nullified by her representatives in Ireland.

How could the Irish temper have been otherwise than inflamed? Protestant bishops in sees wholly Catholic; Catholic bishops in prison, on the rack, or begging their bread; a woman calling herself head of the Church, to a people who had recognized only the Pope for 1100 years! All this was provocative, surely. When we come to Hugh O'Neill of Tyrone, the hero of the Yellow Ford, the last of the old chieftains to stand in arms against Elizabeth, we find that, time and again, peace was discussed, and always O'Neill made the condition of freedom for the Catholic religion, and always that condition was refused. Well, O'Neill was beaten; and the country was at peace, when James I came to the throne. Then came the "flaming" of the faked letter, the flight of O'Neill, old, blind and worn out, and the "plantation" of Ulster, which we related last week.

It is now plain, we hope, in what temper Ireland was to receive the newcomers; in what state of mind the tenants of the ancient septes of O'Neill and O'Donnell beheld strangers, aliens, Protestants, settled by force on the lands their forefathers had held so long that the oldest bard in the country could not suggest to them when that occupancy began.

The traditions of their race were long and proud. England herself, as a nation, was a newcomer, compared with Ireland. Roderick O'Connor, who was king of all Ireland when the English first came there, could point to a line of sovereigns going back for 2000 years.

In the science of warfare or what was so-called, the English excelled them. Armor worn on the body was unknown to the Irish when the English knights first met them. Many other devices of warlike preparation were unknown to them. They went out to fight with bodies wholly unprotected; and, when English archers first met them, they knew nothing of archery.

Under such serious disadvantages as these, the tenants of O'Neill and O'Donnell, now sent adrift in Ulster to make room for English and Scottish adventurers, and the people of Ireland in general, were brave and vigorous fighting men. Centuries of shameless falsehood have not been able to blot out their reputation as warriors.

To go no farther back, only a few years before their lands were confiscated, Hugh O'Neill had led them in several great victories against the better-drilled forces of the English; and the battle of the Yellow Ford was still fresh in their memories. In that battle 2000 of the English were killed, including their leader Marshall Bagenal, and nearly all their officers; and their artillery, ammunition and stores fell into O'Neill's hands.

English historians have almost unanimously belittled the fighting qualities of the old Irish soldiers; but Oliver Cromwell was something of a soldier; and, fifty years after the "plantation" of Ulster, Hugh O'Neill beat Oliver Cromwell back from Clonmel after killing 2500 of Cromwell's army.

Such were the warlike traditions of the Irish people; such their traditions of clanship and the choice of chieftains, and the system of occupancy of the soil as tenants, and vassals to their chieftains. More important still, there was their religion. All this was now to be swept away, as far as they could see. The substituted things were not to their liking; and the substitution was made by brute force, mixed with fraud, and accompanied with hate.

A Menace to Babies.

(By James J. Walsh, M. D.)

Attention has been called recently to the fact that white light being decidedly irritating in its effects on human beings, the usual custom of surrounding children with surfaces that constantly reflect white light cannot help but be a source of peevishness and irritation. It is probable that there is much more in this suggestion than there might seem to be at first thought, and that an exaggerated effort to produce and maintain a set of conditions eminently favorable to the child from one point of view has unfortunately led to another extreme that is distinctly unfavorable for it.

White is the symbol of cleanliness, which is a most important factor in the preservation of health for the child. This is particularly true during the summer time, and as the slightest spot can be seen on white garments, the use of white became a custom and now is a tradition. Following this idea there naturally came the use of white hangings around the crib, and white decorations in the nursery.

The consequence is that children now have their eyes assailed by the reflection of white light at every point to which they turn. Even adults can realize how irritating this may become after a time. When the child goes out his perambulator often is white, he is covered with a white parasol, and everything near him is absolutely white.

Some time ago it was the custom to insist that light was an extremely important therapeutic measure, and that the more light there was the better. Light is probably the best bactericide that we have, for there are practically no germs of disease, however virulent, that will stand exposure to sunlight for more than a few hours. This power of the sun to bring about the destruction of living germs hints at the possibility, however of its producing deleterious effects upon living cells of all kinds when they are continually exposed to its influence. The external cells of the body are rapidly killed by sunlight unless there is a considerable pigmentary deposit to protect them. Observation shows, moreover, that the deleterious effects of sunlight penetrate more deeply and can be noted particularly in the nervous system.

When our United States soldiers went to the Philippines exposure to sunlight was found to be an extremely important factor in the production of ever so many more cases of severe nervous and mental troubles among the officers and men than had been the rule when they were here at home. Major Woodruff, of the medical corps of the United States Army, called particular attention to the serious effects of sunlight. He insisted that some of the over-strenuous life of Americans, was due to the fact that a large part of the inhabitants of this country came from the blonde races of Northern Europe, unaccustomed to living in as much sunlight as we have in this country and unprotected by the deposit of pigment in the skin which the inhabitants of the southern countries of Europe possess as a consequence of many generations of living in sunlight.

SOFT COLORS IN BABY SURROUNDINGS
Usually it is forgotten that New York is in the latitude of Naples, while Ireland and Germany are more nearly in the latitude of Labrador, and that the difference in the amount of sunlight in the two regions is very marked. Mr. Woodruff goes as far as to prophesy the gradual disappearance of the blond races from this country as a consequence of the effect of sunlight.

Any one who has ever tried to work sitting in front of a window into which light is reflected from a white wall knows how tiresome it becomes, not alone for the vision but for the general nervous system. There are tired eyes, but also there is a sense of irritability developed and the feeling of exhaustion that makes long hours of work impossible. Men who have to work practically never select perfectly white surroundings, even though there is no adequate knowledge in the matter and instinct is the only guide. The neutral tints, especially the low greens and certain of the draps and grays, are least disturbing.

It is probable, then, that in the extreme solitude for cleanliness there has been an unfortunate emphasis placed upon the white surroundings of the baby. This is particularly true of starched materials which not only reflect light but also heat, and absorb almost none of the irritating rays of sunlight. The recent insistence, then, on soft colors in the baby's surroundings has good reason behind it and probably will mean the saving of much irritation to the child.

This does not mean that children should be placed in dark rooms or surrounded entirely by dark hangings, for these are depressing, as all of us well know. The soft greens are very soothing, yet bright and cheerful; the soft greys are very restful, yet not at all depressing. There also are many neutral tints that are very pleasing to the eye and to the mind that have none of the irritating quality of white. The bright blues are probably not advisable, for they reflect the more rapid rays of the spectrum, which produce chemical effects and probably also tend to reflect some of the ultra-violet rays, which are strongly actinic.

Red, on the other end of the spectrum, also is irritating. Its effect upon certain animals, as the bull, is well known, while there is no doubt that it has a somewhat similar influence upon many sensitive human beings.

The darker blues and the darker reds are not open to so much objection, although they are not nearly so likely to be uninteresting as the neutral tints in the middle of the spectrum. The old vegetable dyes, such as are used in oriental rugs and hangings, are particularly free from irritating qualities. The aniline dyes are cheap but garish and nearly always irritating in any tints. Cheapness usually works that way. Almost any color, however, is probably better than pure white, as a constant element in the surroundings of an infant.

Danger is the steel upon which he fades of courage is sharpened.

The Second Summer Session of the Sisters College.

(From the Catholic Educational Review.)

The Catholic University of America! Surely a title rich in suggestiveness as harmonious in the utterance. Its first pronouncement heard the closing years of the eighties, when many silent, tremendous forces were gathering slowly for future onslaught, came to listening ears like the sound of a rallying cry.

The faith of our fathers, rooted in the soil, was bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. But in this new land, confronted with ever-changing conditions, beset by the perils of modern civilization, how would the coming generations guard the sacred inheritance that had come down to them at the cost of tears and blood? Under the deadening influence of a conspiracy of silence, even should there be no poisoning of the wells, would they preserve the light of faith undimmed? This was the momentous question that the Fathers of the Second and Third Plenary Councils of Baltimore set themselves to answer. Faithful sentinels on the watch-tower, gifted with the gift of vision, enlightened by the Holy Spirit that guides the Church through all the storms and shocks of time, they realized that the hour had struck for concerted action.

Action there had been; brave, persistent action in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties, when our Leaders in Israel had to lose many a battle in order to win a campaign. The injunction of the Vatican Council had not fallen on deaf ears: "All faithful Christians, but those chiefly who are in a prominent position, or who are engaged in teaching, we entreat by the compassion of Jesus Christ, and by the authority of the same God and Saviour, that they bring aid to ward off and eliminate those errors from Holy Church, and contribute their zealous help in spreading about the light of undefiled faith." And so, the hierarchy of the United States, mindful of the Scriptural saying that the children of the world are wiser in their generation than the children of light, observed the marshalling of destructive forces, and recognized, as never before, that union is strength. In the words of Leo XIII, "Not only is the Church a society far exceeding any other, but it is enjoined by her Founder, that for the salvation of mankind, she is to contend as an army drawn up in battle array. The organization and constitution of Christian society can in no wise be changed, neither can any one of its members live as he may choose, nor elect that mode of fighting which best pleases him. For in effect he scatters and gathers not, who gathers not with Jesus Christ, and all who fight not jointly with Him and with the Church are in very truth contending against God." And the same great pontiff, in establishing a pontifical university in America, again struck the keynote of co-ordination: "We exhort you all that you shall take care to affiliate with your university, your seminaries, colleges, and other Catholic institutions, in such a manner as not to destroy their autonomy." *E pluribus unum!* the principle that saved our country, the same doctrine that forms the basis of all solid constructive work, was the cornerstone of the Catholic University America.

If anyone ever doubted the practicability of this unifying principle along educational lines, considering it a mere dream which should never see fulfillment, a visit to the federal capital and to the University grounds during the summer of 1912, would have dispelled, once for all, the illusion. The United States is a term wide in its extension, but not wide enough to define the Catholic University. This fact was fully demonstrated by the student-body attending the summer session of the Sisters College. There we were, four hundred strong of various nationalities, comprising a staff of professors, exponents of all that is best in the Old World and the New; a corps of students representing not only the thirty thousand teaching sisters in the United States and their million pupils, but also the leading sisterhoods and schools of Canada. From Maine to Florida, from Key West to the Pacific coast, from "the land of the Dacotahs" to the waters of the Rio Grande; from Montreal, the metropolis of Canada; from Ottawa, her federal capital; from old Quebec; from Antigonish, Nova Scotia; from St. John's, Newfoundland, all had come, and *Deus Lux Mea* was the light that illumined the way. Did we not form a group, truly American, truly cosmopolitan, truly Catholic? *E pluribus unum!* All working in unison, with the one end in view that we might become more efficient instruments in carrying on the work confided to us by our bishops and pastors—the strengthening of Christ's kingdom in the hearts of His children.

A sense of this personal responsibility was brought home to us in a striking manner when we had the privilege of visiting some of the public buildings that are of interest from an educational point of view. In this instance, it was the Bureau of Engraving. As we watched that army of employees intent on their work, rejecting at each stage of development any copy that bore the least blemish, and learned that by a perfect system of organization any mark of carelessness might be directly traced to the particular offender, we asked ourselves, "what about those who are engraving, not on paper, but on immortal souls?" And finally, when we were shown the original plate and had been duly impressed with the necessity of its perfect elaboration, the analogy was complete. Why should we wonder that our Holy Father, that the hierarchy of the Church, that our religious superiors, should attach so much importance to the training of teachers, when we consider how far reaching is their influence and how stupendous is its consequence? This is the motive power that has thrown open to

women the doors of the Catholic University, this the secret of that self-sacrifice on the part of her professors which chains them to their lecture rooms during the short vacation that follows a year's laborious work.

That the fifty-eight courses, offered in religion, education, philosophy, letters, mathematics, science, history, sociology, music and art were but means to an end was a fact deeply impressed on us by the Right Reverend Rector in his first address to the assembled students. The educational advantages these courses afforded were not even the chief factor in the attainment of that end, he said, for the work of personal sanctification was the first duty incumbent on each religious teacher. *Nemo dat quod non habet* was a fundamental truth here as elsewhere. Hence the necessity of fidelity to our holy vocation and to all the duties it implied, if we wished to make our pupils loyal citizens of the State and faithful children of the Church. And this was the underlying principle of every subsequent sermon and lecture—nearness to God brings clearness of vision. It is not the intention of the writer to dwell upon the inspiration given by each particular member of the faculty, for if there was one lesson more than another they sought to inculcate, by word and example, it was the sinking of the individual and of individual interests in a common cause. But there was not one sister present during the session of 1912, who did not echo in her heart the appreciation so beautifully expressed by a member of last year's class in the October number of *The Catholic Review*. It was remarked by more than one of us that Divinity Hall, during the Summer school, had the atmosphere of a Mother House. In its quiet chapel, where almost perpetual adoration was maintained, can we doubt that many a fervent prayer was breathed at the feet of the Eucharistic Lord for those, his chosen ministers, who, filled with His spirit, guided by His holy light, seeking no other reward than that which is promised by Divine Love, sought to share with us their treasures of knowledge, and stooped, with infinite patience, to lead our slow, if willing, steps, up the pathway of lofty aim and strong endeavor.

The writer recalls, at the present moment, a selection contained in an old school reader—"Thanks be to God for mountains!" In those early days, the philosophy of history did not present its vistas, and to the mind's eye, the physiography of a country and its natural boundaries were not the solution of independent civilizations nor the determinants of racial characteristics. But there was something very pleasing to the ear of childhood in the frequent repetition of the phrase: "Thanks be to God for mountains; we did own a mountain, and with true natural instinct, it seemed right and proper that our love of nature should form a fitting theme for our praise of nature's God. As religion finds its highest expression in an act of worship, so gratitude finds its deepest utterance in the note of prayer. And during the summer school, as we looked out from a higher cognate vantage on a broader field of vision, how instinctively sprang to our lips, "Thanks be to God for our Catholic University!" But its action action is evidenced in a negative as well as a positive pole. "Our mountain" of childhood, viewed in the light of wider experience, soon dwindled to a hill of modest proportions; so, if perchance, any false appreciation of values in another sphere should still obtain, if any small mountain of prejudice or self-complacency has yet to be laid low, there is no better dynamic agency for the levelling process than a sojourn at the Catholic University. But there are some barriers it guards with jealous care, and one of them the so-called "spirit" which is to a religious congregation what personality is to the individual. This respect for the autonomy of each community was manifested in every detail. And in the closing address, the Reverend Dean of the College reminded us, in no equivocal terms, of the obligation we were under to our respective communities for the privilege we had enjoyed. He exhorted us to show our appreciation of the sacrifices they had made by greater simplicity, humility, and sweetness in the common relations of life.

Sweetness and light! Not the shibboleth that finds acceptance with modern agnosticism in its chimerical search of a substitute for dogma and grace, but that sweetness which finds its source in the Heart of all hearts meek and humble; that light, not broken by the prism of creation, but seen in the Fountain of Life, in whose light we shall see light. Such is the spirit that has found an abiding place in our great University; such the influence, pure and serene, that makes itself felt in a profound respect for authority, a tender charity towards all, a tolerance of opinion, that ever agrees to differ where there is no compromise of truth. And since we are all seeking for our selves and for others the attainment of life everlasting through one who hath said, "I am the way, the truth, and the Life," shall we not often repeat, as we go up the mountain to meet Him in whose light there is no darkness, "Thanks be to God for the Catholic University of America!"—*A Sister of the Congregation of Notre Dame, Waterbury, Conn.*

[The foregoing beautiful paper is from the pen of a Religious formerly a valued teacher in different Convents of this Diocese.]

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In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre.

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A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect house worth \$300.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior

THE FLOWERED MUSLIN GOWN.

THE LITTLE THINGS OF PROVIDENCE WHICH GUIDE THE CREATURE'S HAND.

The desire of Elsa Karl's life was to possess a flowered muslin frock. All the girls on the surrounding farms had pink and blue and flowered frocks to wear on Sunday. Elsa had not. Her mother, having seven girls for whom to provide dresses, bought strictly useful ones for all. The farm was small, and though the potatoes and apples, and poultry and pigs, the milk and the butter provided a good living for the family, it brought in very little actual cash. So Elsa wore blue or brown checked gingham. These were well and didn't show the dirt her mother said.

Often she wore the rainbow muslin, but oftener still white, all soft and fluffy, and Elsa thought she looked like a bride. After a while the motor no longer brought her to church, and Elsa thought she looked quieter and not so bright. She never wore the rainbow gown any more, though Elsa watched for it every Sunday. "Maybe it isn't fine enough for her," she thought at last. "But I should think it was nice enough for anything. City people are so queer, though! I wonder if they ever have to do things they don't like to do, like carrying milk."

Elsa's great cross in the summer time was delivering the milk. She hated to go in her gingham dress and coarse shoes, carrying the milk bottles from one cottage to another. The little city girls were not too polite. Some of them laughed, and called her "Dutchy," and even the well-meaning joking of the better-natured Elsa did not understand. She only knew it made her very uncomfortable, and she wished she didn't have to go. There was no way out of it, however, for her father and brothers were too busy to go, and her older sisters would not, so every morning Elsa trudged off on her uncongenial task.

Her mother said, "Don't fret, *liebling*," her mother had said. "You shall have some of the money from the milk to buy your First Communion dress, a good, strong white one that will last for years." Elsa said, "Yes, ma'am," but was inwardly rebellious. "I hate good, strong dresses!" she thought. "I like them thin and fine, like the Summer Lady's."

The summer folk, as they were called by the people who lived there the year around, were a gay lot. They walked, and drove, and sailed all day, and it seemed to Elsa, all night, too. Once, when she had slept soundly in her little attic room for hours, it seemed to her, she was awakened by the "honk, honk" of a car, and heard the sound of merry laughter as the machine flew past.

It was a beautiful country for motoring. The roads were smooth and hard. Even if hills were plentiful, climbing was easy, and one was repaid by the marvelous views which met the eye at every hand. There were green seas of waving corn, golden acres of grain, fields of alfalfa purpling beneath the sun, contrasted with newly plowed ground, the up-turned earth awaiting the next planting, ever ready to give and give again for man's benefit.

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1912

BISHOP WORRELL OF NOVA SCOTIA AND THE ANGLICAN PRIMATE OF IRELAND.

The Anglican Bishop of Nova Scotia wrote a letter to the Halifax Chronicle last week. He found fault with the Chronicle upon grounds which we do not discuss because they have some reference to Canadian politics, with which THE CASKET has nothing to do.

But that part of his letter which refers to the Anglican Primate of Ireland, the Archbishop of Armagh, we may refer to. This Primate, Archbishop Crozier, it seems, appointed Saturday, Sunday and Monday, the 21st, 22nd and 23rd of September, as "days for special intercession and prayer on behalf of our beloved native land," and appointed a collect to be read during the week, as follows:

"Deliver us, we pray Thee, from these great and imminent dangers that threaten our Church and country. Grant that all that is said and done this week may tend to the glory of Thy Great Name and the welfare of the Church and people, so that truth, justice, religion and piety may be established among us for generations."

The propriety of this being brought in question, Bishop Worrell comments upon it as follows:

Look for a moment at the prayer. There is not a word of Home Rule in it either for or against. There is not a word against other Christians in Ireland. There is not a word inciting to arms. There is not a word suggesting any method for carrying or preventing any constitutional act. The prayer asks God to deliver the land from the great and imminent dangers that threaten. Are there no dangers threatening? Does the Primate dare to tell the Almighty what he thinks should or should not be done? No. He quietly recognizes that the whole matter is in His hands and asks for His deliverance as He may see fit. If Home Rule be carried let the people be restrained and inspired with the determination to make the best of it without either rebellion on one side or oppression on the other. He prays that all words and acts, from whatever source, may be overruled and made to result in the establishment of truth and justice.

The good bishop seems to think that it is just as likely his colleague in Ireland meant to pray to the good Lord against Carson as against Home Rule and the Pope. That is, of course, the view which charity dictates if there are no other means of finding out his meaning. Let us see.

In a report of the "Ulster Day" proceedings we find the following:

"A message from the Lord Primate was received and publicly read. It said: 'May God give you strength and wisdom to guide aright Ireland's faithful sons, in trying to save our beloved national land from degradation, disaster, religious strife and civil war.'"

This message, we are told, was sent to the leaders of the "Ulster Day" proceedings. Possibly Bishop Worrell would again take his pen in hand to explain that, even here, Archbishop Crozier is only praying for strength and wisdom for Sir Edward Carson, and does not mean to express any opinion, one way or the other, as to the nature of the guidance the said Carson is at present engaged in; but, if so, we fear the good bishop of Nova Scotia is not so much moved by charity as by credulity. Credulity, of course, might accept some odd interpretations of his words. It might lead Bishop Worrell to believe that Archbishop Crozier did not commit himself to the opinion that the Belfast swaggerers were "Ireland's faithful sons." And that, in fact, he meant to rebuke King Carson.

But, if Archbishop Crozier meant it so, he was very considerate in not emphasizing the finer shades of his meaning; for, otherwise, his message would have been rather a dampener on the "Ulster Day" proceedings, at which it was read; and the men who gratefully received his unexplained message, would have looked on him as a kill joy if not as a Jesuit in disguise or other secret emissary of the Pope.

Now, an Anglican Archbishop might very well consider himself in a difficult position in taking part in such proceedings as those of "Ulster Day," whether by "message" or otherwise. There are reasons connected with the man who is head of his Church as well as King and Sovereign Lord of Great Britain and Ireland, which might

well, we should think, make an Anglican bishop silent,—if, indeed, he could not nerve himself to a good resounding protest in a spirit of true loyalty,—when King Carson of North-East Ulster is making such proclamations as the following:

"I declare to you in the most solemn way that if this unprovoked and wicked attack is allowed to go on, and this Bill is to become law, it is not only right, but a duty to prepare to resist it."

"If this policy is persisted in, there is no length to which we may not be compelled to go, no sacrifice we may not be compelled to make."

"History may repeat itself, and it is worth remembering that when our troops were last employed in fratricidal strife, the natural result was disgrace and disaster to British arms."

These things were said by Sir Edward Carson in his speech on "Ulster Day." The Archbishop of Armagh has, therefore, to consider whether or not he ought to send Sir Edward another message. But, indeed, the tone of Sir Edward's speeches has been quite disloyal and un-British enough at all times. Nine days before "Ulster Day" he said at Lisburn, as reported in the London Times:

"He solemnly assured them that if the Government persisted in their policy of separating Ulster from Great Britain, there was no length to which might be necessary, no sacrifice that might be compulsory in opposing them, which he and those associated with him would not be prepared to take."

In a despatch in the Montreal Star, from Belfast, we read the following concerning "Ulster Day" proceedings:

The spirit of unity prevailing among the Protestant denominations was illustrated by the selection of the officiating clergymen.

The Rev. W. McLean, formerly Presbyterian Moderator, preached the sermon, and he was belonging to the Anglican, Methodist, Baptist and Congregational churches.

The services opened with the hymn "O God Our Help in Ages Past," after which a short prayer was offered and an appeal made to the Almighty to "stretch forth Thy arms and help us in this time of national danger."

The first lesson was taken from Isaiah XXVI 1-9: "We have a strong city," etc.

Now, Bishop Worrell might step in here and say—"Well, what is wrong in this? Is there not 'national danger'? And, as for 'a strong city,' is not Belfast 'a strong city,' in many respects?"

But, the tale goes on:

The Rev. W. McLean's sermon roused the congregation to another burst of cheering, which was suppressed from the pulpit. He declared that the Irish question at the bottom was a war against Protestantism and an attempt to establish the Roman Catholic ascendancy in Ireland and to begin the disintegration of the British Empire by securing a second parliament in Dublin. Ulster men were ready, he said, to accept almost any programme of social and political reform, but they would not have Home Rule.

Ah! There it is. Whatsoever individuals may feel, or think, there is the traditional spirit of North-East Ulster. The old, unreasoning, overmastering dread of the Pope! The old, mad, blind hatred of Catholicity! The long-cherished pride of "Protestant ascendancy," by which dupes and fanatics have kept back the hands of the clock for over two centuries, in Ireland, in order that a small and favored section of their own Protestant party might control the power, patronage, offices and land of Ireland.

Poor fanatical fools of Ulster! Pawns in the game of two centuries! Shouting of Derry and the Boyne, and drinking to the "pious, glorious and immortal memory of King William," these two hundred years past, in order that a few Protestant bigwigs might control Ireland! No wonder can there be that landlords and patronage dealers, and politicians whose dirty turn they happened to serve, have always had a good word to throw to their faithful fools of North-East Ulster!

A REMINDER OF OLD TIES.

On Sunday, September 29th, an impressive celebration took place in St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, in memory of the ship-fover victims of 1847. His Excellency Archbishop Stagni, Apostolic delegate, was present and spoke. We give below a synopsis of his address, taken from the Star.

There are many ties between the Irish and French races. Frenchmen should never forget that between the surrender of Limerick, the last stronghold held by an Irish army for the Stuart royal line, and 1745, it is estimated that more than 400,000 Irishmen, voluntary exiles from their native land, died on the field of battle fighting for France.

Irishmen should never forget that in the dark days of penal laws and wholesale efforts to change the religion of Ireland, their young men were educated in France.

Coming nearer home, Irishmen should never forget that black year of 1847, when the helpless, almost hopeless, victims of cruel, unnatural, and abominable conditions in their home

land, came across the sea in ships which left a long line of corpses in their wake, to sicken and die by thousands while those ships lay in the beautiful St. Lawrence, in sight of the green shores of the new home they had longed for and saw only as their grave.

If there is an Irishman who can forget the labor of love, the tender devotion, the sweet charity, of the French-Canadians at that time, he has lost the generous instincts which distinguish his race.

The story is an old one. We need not relate again how priests and religious labored and suffered for them; how the great hearts of the French went out to them; how the orphans were taken into the homes of the habitants; how there they received no cold welcome but equal love and equal justice with their own little ones. No story such as that can ever die of age.

Speaking in St. Patrick's Church, the Pope's representative said:

"It gives me the greatest satisfaction to have this opportunity of seeing the English-speaking Catholics of Montreal, and I desire to thank all those who have procured me this pleasure."

"A very large majority of you being, I suppose, descendants of Irish parents, I am particularly glad that the touching celebration of to-day should have afforded me this occasion of addressing you a few words in this beautiful church of St. Patrick, the apostle and patron of Ireland."

The occasion which brings me here and the celebration in which I am happy to take so prominent a part, is intimately connected with the history of your noble race on this Continent of America. It is intended to commemorate, at a tale of misery and woe such as the world has seldom seen. It was enacted along the banks of the St. Lawrence River, sixty-five years ago, when thousands upon thousands of your kinsmen, banished by famine from their island home, fever-stricken, smitten with terrors and starvation, perished in sight of the land where they had hoped to find a more prosperous, a more free and independent, if not also a happier home. It was a tale which awoke a thrill of compassion over the whole civilized world. It was a tale of bravery, of heroism, of resignation, of attachment to the Catholic faith which showed forth the best qualities of the race, and especially of the Irish poor.

"It was also a tale of the highest Christian charity on the part of the good Canadian people. The devotedness, the generosity, the spirit of sacrifice which was shown to the poor fugitives by so many of the clergy, by so many nuns, by the people generally on these hospitable shores was worthy of the best Christian traditions and has laid upon you a duty of enduring gratitude which I am sure you will never fail to recognize."

"The Holy Father of whom I have the honor to be the humble representative in this country—our Holy Father the Pope, to whom you are so strongly attached—and who is so tender to the poor and suffering, would have wished me, I am sure, to be here with you on this occasion. I am happy, therefore, to speak to you in his name, to convey to you his kindest messages."

"It is a happy coincidence, too, that this commemoration falls on the feast of the glorious Archangel St. Michael, whom Holy Church calls the guardian of Paradise, the divinely appointed Prince over all souls to be received in the Heavenly mansions!"

"Those who were laid to rest sixty-five years ago on the banks of the St. Lawrence, we have every reason to hope, that they are already blissful and happy in the beatific vision of God. Their sufferings, their faith, their resignation, all well prepared them for such a reward. But Holy Church teaches us never to cease praying for the dead. Let us go on then with our prayers; let us go with this Holy Sacrifice, which interpreting your intention I am offering for the repose of your beloved dead who sleep in the dust of this city."

Let us ask Our Blessed Lord Jesus Christ to show the infinite merits of His Precious Blood before the everlasting throne on behalf of the souls of your poor dead; let us ask the prayers of the Blessed Virgin; and to-day on this feast of the glorious St. Michael let us also call upon his powerful intercession. In the words of the Sacred Liturgy, May the Standard Bearer of Heaven, the Holy Archangel St. Michael, present them in the Holy Light.

Our London Letter.

LONDON, Sept. 29th, 1912.

THE FREEMASON FRAUD.

A big controversy is raging here because a Catholic Priest, well known in literary circles and public platforms, has dared to traverse the statements of a Protestant Canon on the real aims and objects of Freemasonry. Dom Gilbert Higgins, Canon Regular of the Lateran, is one of our most famous preachers, and also one of the staunchest supporters of the Catholic Press. His personality is known in America and Canada, which he visited last year. The supporter of Freemasonry is a Canon of the pre-Reformation Cathedral of Southwark, not the fine Catholic Cathedral which has taken its place for us, but a beautiful old Monastic Church, built by the Austin Canons, which has recently been raised to the dignity of a Cathedral, presumably to rival the well known Catholic Cathedral of the See. The Canon could not be content to confine himself to his subject and explain that "Freemasonry" was a code of morality without religion," he must insult the Catholic Church, thus adding evidence to the accusation that Freemasonry is above all antagonistic to the Church. In speaking of the freedom of Masons he scoffed at Catholics whom he described as "bound to believe the belongings of

the blind Bulls of Rome!" Canon Higgins took up the article, which by the way appeared in a periodical which is considered by many people to be comic, and made it the subject of a sermon. He told some startling things about the binding power of Masonry, about its intolerance, about its tyranny in business and other walks of life where the average Protestant who does not much mind what he believes is drawn into it gradually by hints that he will never get on unless he professes the same cult as his employers. Freemasons never extend their charity, which is so vaunted, beyond their own ranks; they will not deal with firms that do not employ Masonic travellers; they bind their members in the higher circles of the fraternity with frightful oaths; they secretly permeate Society. The Canon's address awakened much interest and a great deal of controversy, during which it became apparent that there are few men outside the ranks of Catholics who have been able to keep free of the toils of this secret Society, which appears so simple and innocent a brotherhood when the first step is to be taken, but which becomes so intricate and dark once the victim is ensnared.

THE NEED OF PUTUMAYO.

A vivid picture of the difficulties and dangers which lie before the Catholic missionaries who are so soon to set out for the Putumayo has been given this week by Major Fawcett, who is well acquainted with the region, and who has no love for missionaries, Catholic or Protestant. This officer describes the state of the descendants of the Incas first lured into the rubber trade by promises of great profit, introduced to bad spirits, bound by loans on his poor hut and bit of ground and then starved and beaten because his meagre keep reduces the profits on this industry of civilization! The Major adds that it is not only Peruvians who exploit the natives, men of all nationalities who have had their hands in the greed of wealth are among the exploiters, while behind them is the great driving power of Modern Commerce. The Children of the Indians are sold as slaves, the poor savages themselves continue to minister to the greed of the white man who is their evil spirit, until they drop dying, or one with more spirit than the rest manages to fly. And now come the words which form such an unwilling and unwitting tribute to the Catholic Mission, and which evidence once more the truth that it and it alone can hope to succeed. After deprecating all interference with the Indians, either for trade or what he calls "narrow and sentimental reasons," Major Fawcett says that "in these fever stricken, criminal ridden, fly cursed forest regions which are worse than the West coast of Africa, always described as 'the white man's grave,' comfortably nurtured white men would not be able to long stand the isolation and nervous strain." Then he adds that if Europe still insists on sending, let a band of adventurous and single minded young men go out and live with the Indians, sharing their lives and teaching them that the white man can be other than a devil. That is just what our Franciscan mission is going to do. The eldest of the missionaries is but thirty eight, they are single minded for they go with the one thought of saving the souls and bodies of these unhappy children of the forest, and they are filled with the high adventure which inspired the noblest deeds of that knightly old that was dedicated in its inception to Christ. And still the Protestant party keeps rooting out individuals who loudly proclaim that they have been hawking Bibles up and down Peru and holding meetings for so many years, and so its quite all right that they should attempt to set up a rival mission station. If they ever get there, however, they are not likely to remain long, if Major Fawcett's descriptions are true. Singleness of purpose they certainly have not for they come in a spirit of spiteful rivalry, while they all have homes ties which will make them think twice before risking their lives for the work. They may even introduce some wives and other impediments into an expedition which must travel light if it is to succeed. Madame Missionary has been known before now to refuse to travel without—her piano!

Amongst recent wills is that of Miss Amy Anne Auld of East Bergholt, who leaves a fortune of some £7000 to the Bishop of Northampton for the good of the Catholic Church at Southwold, a struggling mission on the coast. £3000 goes to the building fund, £1000 to the maintenance, and the remainder towards future expenses such as presbytery and schools. Intolerance and prejudice peep out in the will of a Swiss manufacturer and millionaire settled in England, who after leaving handsome legacies to all his employees and the remainder of his fortune to his children, makes the provision that if any of the latter, or their children or more distant relations, shall at any time embrace the Catholic faith they shall forfeit all share in any monies which might otherwise come to them from his property.

THE 28TH TO BE LONDON'S IRISH DAY AT THE WHITE CITY.

Next Saturday is to be an Irish National Day at London's most charming exhibition, the White City as it is called. The beautiful buildings and grounds are at present occupied by the Latin British Exhibition, which is full of interest. The idea of days devoted to each nation is a widening out of the idea of sections for each nation and the delightful concerts on the lagoons in which the singers of Italy, Spain, South America, Mexico, Scotland and Ireland, each have their brightly decorated gondola and delight the visitors with their national songs. All the principal Irish sports will be indulged in, there will be Irish bands, Irish dancers, and Irish singers, and a great concourse is expected. One little quail troubles the authorities. Will there be any

(Continued on page 5)

THE NEW STORE HEATING, HARDWARE, PLUMBING. We are better prepared than ever before to do first class plumbing. MR. JAMES G. McLEAN, lately of Boston, Mass., holding a plumber's license, has joined our plumbing staff, and will attend personally to any work entrusted to us in that line. MR. JAMES DUNPHY, who is in charge of the heating department will be glad to furnish estimates for all kinds of steam, hot water and hot air heating. Our tinmiths are now engaged making up Milk Cans, Creamers, Pails and all kinds of dairy utensils and can fill your orders promptly. Our stock of Hardware, Tin, Enamelware, Special Manila, Tanned Hemp Lanyards, Tanned Head and Bolt Ropes, and Italian and Russian Salmon twines, is complete and prices low. YOUR HARDWARE and STOVE MEN Sears & McDonald, Limited MAIN STREET, ANTIGONISH

MILLINERY OPEN'G —AT— A. KIRK & COMPANY'S —ON— WEDNESD'Y and THURSD'Y 25th and 26th of September. You are invited to come and inspect the greatest display of trimmed and untrimmed hats etc., ever shown before, our milliner, Miss Murray, not having spared time or trouble to make everything attractive. We will also have on display in all other departments a fine assortment of all kinds of Fall and Winter Goods consisting of ladies' furs, ladies' and children's coats, sweaters and sweater coats, blouses, gloves, hosiery, underwear, dress goods, flannel and flannelette, in plain and fancy. Don't Forget the Dates 25th and 26th September A. KIRK & CO.'Y Agents For McCall's Patterns and Magazine.

The Royal Bank of Canada INCORPORATED 1869 Capital Paid Up, \$ 7,490,000.00 Reserve Funds, 8,820,000.00 Total Deposits, 89,000,000.00 A general banking business transacted. Accounts opened in the name of two or more persons, any one of whom may withdraw. This is a most convenient method to save delay and expense in the case of death. Our system of BANKING BY MAIL is operated for the convenience of those living in country districts. CHEQUES AND DRAFTS on any point cashed or collected. DRAFTS AND MONEY ORDERS payable throughout the world, sold at moderate rates. ADVANCES made against sale notes; forms furnished on application. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED. W. M. SIMPSON, Manager Antigonish Branch

THE MOST SATISFACTORY AND INEXPENSIVE WAY OF SECURING Player Piano Music Rolls is to join our Music Roll Exchange Library. You buy a dozen rolls as a starter—these belong to you. Then, when you want other rolls just bring or send in some of these, and upon payment of a trifling amount, new rolls will be issued to you. Thus you can have the benefits of our immense variety of selections at a small outlay. Write to-day for full particulars. J. A. McDonald Piano and Music Co. EASTERN CANADA'S GREATEST MUSIC HOUSE 46 Barrington St., HALIFAX, N. S. St. John, Amherst, Moncton, New Glasgow, Sydney, Glace Bay

General News

The Dominion cabinet on Saturday passed an order-in-council authorizing Sir George Murray, G. C. B., to make an inquiry into the conditions of the civil service.

Charles Becker, the police lieutenant in command of the "Strong Arm Squad," of police gambling raiders, was placed on trial at New York Monday for the murder of Herman Rosenthal.

The writ for the Richelieu county, Quebec, by-election was issued Saturday. Nomination is fixed for October 17, and voting on October 24. A. E. Morgan is the government candidate and the opposition candidate is J. P. Cardin, unseated recently.

A by-election to fill the vacancy in the Federal Parliament caused by the appointment of Mr. Staples, M. P., to the grain commission, will be held on next Saturday. The candidates are Alexander Morrison, farmer, conservative, and R. L. Richardson, editor.

A collision on a bridge in which three automobiles were involved resulted in the death of eight men at Philadelphia. One of the machines containing nine men came on the bridge at terrific speed, colliding with another. A third automobile directly behind the speeding car ran into it and the first machine was catapulted over the bridge into a coal yard. The drop was about forty feet.

Very considerable additions to the plant of the North Atlantic Fisheries Co. at Port Hawesbury are now being made. A smoke house and fish-dressing building is now well under way. It is 120x50 feet and two stories in height. Work has been started on a cannery building, which will be 100x50 feet. The new machinery required has been imported from Aberdeen, Scotland. The company expects to employ one hundred and fifty hands.

The people of the United States, at least the male element, were more interested this week in the great world series of base-ball games between the New York Nationals and the Red Sox of Boston than in any event even of national importance, apparently more interested than in the great presidential election campaign. The first game of the series took place on Tuesday at New York, the home team losing, the score being 4-3. The total paid attendance was 35,530, and the total receipts, \$75,127. The second game, at Boston yesterday, was also won by the Red Sox.

At New York on Saturday Big Jack Zelig was shot and killed. He is said to have supplied the "Gunmen" for the murder of Herman Rosenthal, the gambler. Zelig was on a second avenue open car when Phillip Davidson, fruit dealer, jumped on the running board and fired the fatal shot. According to Davidson, Zelig had held him up early in the day in an east side hallway and robbed him of \$400. It was expected that Zelig would be a state witness in the trial of Lieut. Becker, although he had denied furnishing the Rosenthal slayers. Davidson is said to be "Red Phil," a Boston pick-pocket.

"The British government will not bow to such threats as the Unionist leaders made in Ulster," declared Premier Asquith at Fifehead, Scotland, Saturday, in speaking of Home Rule. They had, he said, raised the spirit of lawlessness but they must not imagine that they could confine their doctrine to a case which happened to be politically convenient at the moment. He continued: "If what four-fifths of the Irish people demand is not granted and if Lishmen see their long cherished aspirations frustrated, they may turn and say: 'We will take the law into our own hands.' No body of responsible politicians has ever struck a more deadly blow at the foundations of democratic government."

Our London Letter.

expression of party feeling? Politics are at the moment very fierce, and London has not had an opportunity so far of showing her temper save in words. There is much to interest Catholics at the White City. In addition to the exquisite Japanese Garden of Peace, and the clever panoramas of various countries which are arranged in picturesque scenes in various parts of the grounds, there is a splendid art exhibit, and the fact that the halls of the Art Palace are considered by artists even more architecturally fit than the Royal Academy for showing off work, brings together representative British painters. From Spain we have some noble works including a magnificent and gigantic canvas of the landing of Christopher Columbus on the shores of America. This majestic picture shows the discoverer of the New World standing surrounded by his sailors while at his feet kneel the Indians bearing gifts. Against the sunset is outlined the masts and sails of the Spanish Galleon, while the Conqueror lifts his arm to point to the standard of the Cross which he has planted on this virgin soil, and about which are grouped Franciscan monks. In the Italian section also there is an interesting exhibit of the modern devotional school, including a set of fourteen stations of the Cross, which entirely fill one room.

MORE CATHOLIC EDITORS.

London is to have another paper run by a Catholic Editor. Mr. Hubert Jennings, the "Marmaduke" of "Truth," whose retirement some weeks ago led to such a splendid tribute from his conferees and the public, is illustrating the dictum that Alphonse Coulander lays down in his brilliant new book, "Mightier than the Sword"—that one Fleet street gets hold of one, it never lets go. It was thought Mr. Jennings had laid down his pen, but he has taken it up again. He is editor and part proprietor of "Vanity Fair," a noted Society paper, from which all scandals and evil words will be excluded for the future, for the good Catholic journalist who is so witty and brilliant can be both without

being either nasty or spiteful, and stands for the highest traditions of journalism, which it is recognised are inspired by his religion. Another interesting item of the literary world is the expectation of another novel from the pen of "John Ayseough," Monsignor Bickerstaff Drew's new romance is called "Faustula" and deals with Rome in the third century of Christianity.

SCOTLAND'S LOSS.

Scots Catholics are plunged into sudden and unexpected mourning by the death of Bishop Angus McFarlane of Dunkeld, which occurred at his Episcopal residence in Dundee on Tuesday evening. Only a week ago the Bishop of Dunkeld had been conferring minor Orders on a large number of students at the Kinnoull Monastery in Perth. He was then in his usual health, but on the return journey he contracted a chill; pneumonia quickly set in and he passed away peacefully fortified with all the rites of Holy Church, in his sixty ninth year. Bishop McFarlane was a true Scot and came of an old Lochaber family, being born at Spean Bridge. He studied at Blairs College and for seven years at the Scots College in Rome. During his sojourn in the Eternal City he acted as stenographic Secretary to the Vatican Council. He was ordained in 1868 and on his return to Scotland spent thirty years in the Glasgow Archdiocese, being for some time Rector of the Diocesan College. He was consecrated Bishop of Dunkeld eleven years ago on the elevation of Dr. Smith to the Archbishopric. He was very popular alike with Clergy and laity, and his Diocese was little prepared for his sudden withdrawal. R. I. P. CATHOLICUS.

Fall Fair Prize List.

(Continued from page 3)

POULTRY.

- Plymouth Rock, barred, cock—1st, Duncan Fraser, Lower South River. Plymouth Rock, hen—1st, 2nd and 3rd, Duncan Fraser. Any variety cock—1st, Hugh MacKenzie, South River Road; 2nd, James Thompson, Cloverville. Any variety hen—1st, Taylor Bros., Willowdale Farm; 2nd, James Thompson, Cloverville; 3rd, Hugh MacKenzie, S. R. Road. Wyandotte, hen—1st, Norman Kirk, Clydesdale; 2nd, Norman Kirk, Clydesdale; 3rd, James McConnell, Town. Leghorn, cock—1st, Hugh MacKenzie, S. R. Road; 2nd, Norman Kirk, Clydesdale; 3rd, James McConnell, Town. Rhode Island, cock—1st, Mrs James McNeil, Cloverville. Rhode Island, hen—1st, Harry Eadie, Clydesdale; 2nd and 3rd, W B McIsaac, Town. Orpingtons, hen—1st, Mrs T Brothers, Town. Any variety, hen—1st, 2nd and 3rd, James McConnell. Best dozen brown eggs—1st, Taylor Bros., Willowdale Farm; 2nd, Henry Baxter, Addington Forks; 3rd, Mrs W Crockett. Best dozen white eggs—1st, Catherine Boyle, Beauty; 2nd, Hugh MacKenzie, S. R. Road; 3rd, Mrs W Crockett, Briley Brook.

Chickens

- Plymouth, barred, cockerel—1st, Duncan Fraser, L. S. River; 2nd and 3rd, Taylor Bros. Plymouth, barred, pullet—1st, Duncan Fraser, L. S. River; 2nd, John R McConnell, Town; 3rd, Duncan Fraser, L. S. River. Plymouth Rock, any variety, cockerel—1st, James Thompson, Cloverville; 2nd and 3rd, Taylor Bros. Plymouth Rock, pullet—1st, 2nd and 3rd, Taylor Bros. Wyandotte, any variety cockerel—1st, Hugh MacKenzie, S. R. Road. Wyandotte, any variety pullet—1st, Hugh MacKenzie, S. R. Road. Minorcas, black, cockerel—1st and 2nd, Norman Kirk. Minorcas, black, pullet—1st and 2nd, Norman Kirk. White Leghorn, cockerel—1st, James McConnell; 2nd, Hugh MacKenzie; 3rd, James McConnell. White Leghorn, pullet—1st, Hugh MacKenzie; 2nd and 3rd, James McConnell. Rhode Island cockerel—1st, John A Chisholm, Sylvan Valley; 2nd, Herbert Smith, Clydesdale; 3rd, Harry Eadie, Clydesdale. Rhode Island pullet—1st, W B McIsaac, Town; 2nd, Mrs J McNeil, Cloverville; 3rd, W B McIsaac, Town. Any variety cockerel—1st, James McConnell. Any variety pullet—1st, James McConnell. Best pair turkeys—1st, Dan Cameron, Fairmont; 2nd, Joe McDonald, Harbor. Best pair geese—1st, James Carter S. R. Road; 2nd, Norman Kirk, Clydesdale; 3rd, James Brown, West Lochaber. Best pair ducks—1st, James Broadfoot, Town; 2nd, Dan Cameron, Fairmont; 3rd, Mary McConnell, Town. Breeding pens—1st, M Leo Walsh, Fairmont; 2nd, James Carter, S. R. Road.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

Housekeeping.

- Two loaves white bread—1st, Mrs Hays, Station; 2nd, Mrs R M Gray. Two loaves brown bread—1st, Mrs W Crockett, Briley Brook; 2nd, Libbie Campbell, Town. Two loaves bread, (country flour)—1st, Catherine E McDonald, Briley Brook; 2nd, Mrs Henry Baxter, Add. Forks. One dozen rolls (country flour)—1st, Mrs John McNeil, Cloverville; 2nd, Mrs D R Graham, Town. One dozen oat cakes—1st, Mrs D C Campbell, Town; 2nd, Mrs W Crockett, Briley Brook. Dark fruit cake, 3 lbs—1st, Mrs H Power; 2nd, Isabella M Chisholm, Clydesdale. Light fruit cake, 3 lbs—1st, Mrs John McNeil, Cloverville; 2nd, Mrs R M Gray, Town. Sponge cake—1st, Mary McGillivray, Town; 2nd, Mrs R M Gray. Home made cookies—1st, Mary McGillivray; 2nd, Mrs John McNeil, Cloverville. Covered pie—1st, Isabella M Chisholm, Clydesdale; 2nd, Mrs John McNeil, Cloverville. Home made candies—Mrs Seaman, Town; 2nd, Isabella M Chisholm, Clydesdale. Hard soap—1st, Mrs D R Graham, Town; 2nd, Mrs D Campbell, Town. Textile Homespun, Hand Woven Woolen Goods Only. Homespun, colored—1st, Catherine Boyle, Beauty. Homespun, white—1st, Mrs Angus McLean, Pitchers Farm. Two lbs knitting yarn, white—1st, Archibald Cameron, N Lochaber; 2nd, Mrs Angus McLean, P Farm. Two lbs knitting yarn, grey—1st, Archibald Cameron, N Lochaber; 2nd, Catherine E McDonald, Briley Brook. One pair blankets—1st, Mrs James Crockett, B Brook; 2nd, Mrs D R McDonald, Addington Forks. Ten yards carpet, woven—1st, Annie D Smith, West River. Homemade Mats, Hooked, Knitted and Braided Quilts. Hooked mat, yarn—1st, Jennie McNeil, Harbor; 2nd, Mrs William Chisholm, Harbor. Rag mat, braided—1st, Belle Chisholm, St Andrews; 2nd, Mary K McGillivray, West River. Quilt, patch work—1st, Mrs John Grant, West St.; 2nd, Mrs John Chisholm, Town. Counterpane—1st, Mary E Cameron, Fairmont; 2nd, Mrs Angus McDougall, Sylvan Valley. Rag mat, hooked—1st, Mrs John Chisholm, Town; 2nd, Mrs John Grant, Briley Brook. Knitting, Crocheting, etc. Stockings, woollen, women's—1st, Mrs D R McDonald, Addington Forks; 2nd, Mrs James Crockett, Briley Brook. Socks, woollen, men's—1st, Mrs D R McDonald, Addington Forks; 2nd, Catherine E McDonald, Briley Brook. Gloves, men's, plain—1st, Dan Cameron, Fairmont. Gloves, men's, fancy—1st, Mrs Will Dunn, Harbor Road; 2nd, Dan Cameron, Fairmont. Gloves, women's, plain—1st, Charlotte Crockett, Briley Brook. Gloves, women's, fancy—1st, Charlotte Crockett, Briley Brook; 2nd, Catherine E McDonald, Briley Brook. Carriage robe, knitted—1st, Mrs James McDonald, Briley Brook; 2nd, Mrs Andrew McDonald, North Grant. Shoulder shawl—1st, Mount St Bernard; 2nd, Mrs R M Gray. Fascinator—1st, Mrs R M Gray; 2nd, Mrs Seaman, Town. Baby's sock—1st, Mrs Seaman; 2nd, Mrs Hunter, Church Street. Bedroom slippers—1st, Mrs Foster, Town; 2nd, Miss Libbie Campbell, Town. Needlework. Plain sewing, 3 pieces ladies' white underwear—1st, Margaret Chisholm, Sylvan Valley; 2nd, Mrs Seaman, Town. Best specimen sewing, ladies over 70 years—1st, Mrs J R Graham, Town; 2nd, Mrs James Eadie, Clydesdale. Best specimen patching—1st, Mrs James Eadie, Clydesdale. Best specimen darning stockings—1st, Mrs James Eadie. Embroidery, Needlework. Embroidered 5 o'clock tea cloth—1st, Isabella McLean, Briley Brook; 2nd, Isabella McLean, Briley Brook. Embroidered table centre, white—1st, Mrs Hunter, Church Street; 2nd, Mrs J A McDonald, Briley Brook. Embroidered table centre, colored—1st, Mrs A T McGillivray, Lennox; 2nd, Mrs A T McGillivray, Lennox. Embroidered tea cosy—1st, Mrs Seaman; 2nd, Mrs J R Graham. Best Embroidery—1st, Mrs Seaman; 2nd, Mrs Foster. Best embroidery Wallasham—1st, Mrs Foster; 2nd, Mrs James Eadie. Best embroidery blouse—1st, Mrs W Crockett; 2nd, Miss Mary Macdonald, Town. Best embroidery pillow slips—1st, Miss Annie Cunningham, Town; 2nd, Annie Inglis, Lochaber. Embroidery towels—1st, Mrs Seaman; 2nd, Isabella McLean, Briley Brook. Embroidered pin cushion—1st, Mrs Seaman; 2nd, Mrs Foster. Embroidered sofa—1st, Mrs Foster; 2nd, Mrs Foster. Lace, Drawn Work. Irish crochet—1st, Mrs Hugh D McDonald, Big Marsh; 2nd, Mrs Seaman, Town. Knitted lace—1st, Mrs Hunter, Church Street; 2nd, Mrs Henry Baxter, Addington Forks.

- Crochet lace—1st, Mrs Angus MacLean, Briley Brook; 2nd, Mrs A McGillivray, Town. Crochet yoke, all thread—1st, Mrs Hunter, Town; 2nd, Mrs John Fraser, Addington Forks. Crochet yoke with braid—1st, Mrs Hunter, Town; 2nd, Mrs John A McDonald, Briley Brook. Any piece Mexican drawn work—1st, Bella Chisholm, St Andrews; 2nd, Mrs T Foster, Town. Crochet Doilies—1st, Mrs Henry Baxter, Addington Forks; 2nd, Mrs Seaman, Town. Best collection house plants—1st, Mrs Henry Power, Town; 2nd, Mrs T Brothers, Town. Best foliage plant—1st, Mrs A MacDougall, Sylvan Valley; 2nd, Mrs T Brothers, Town. Best blooming plant—1st, Mrs D C McGillivray, Town; 2nd, Mrs Henry Power, Town. Children's Department. Crochet lace—1st, Annie Baxter, Addington Forks. Best display of mending or patching—1st, Annie Baxter, Addington Forks. Knitted lace—1st, Annie Baxter, Addington Forks.

DIED.

At Keadyart, on the 2nd of October, HUGH ALEXANDER, son of Sarah and Alex. B. Smith, aged 4 years. At Norwood, Mass., on September 25th, MARY AGNES LEAHY, daughter of Norman Frazier, formerly of Harbour Bouche, N.S. May she rest in peace! At Newton, Mass., on September 24th, 1912, MRS MARCELINE FRAZIER, formerly of Harbour Bouche. Funeral was from the residence of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Hattie Frazier, May she rest in peace! At Picton, N.S. JOSEPH McDONALD GRANLIN, aged 8 months, son of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin G. Grandin, on Thursday morning, September 20. The funeral took place on Friday to the Catholic cemetery. At Golden, B. C., on September 5th, 1912, of shock and hemorrhage, following injuries sustained in a railway accident, JOSEPH MCINNIS, of Ballytynes Cove, Ant. Co., aged 26 years. Deceased was a young man of good habits and had received communion a few days previous to his death. R. I. P. At S. W. Margate, on October 5th, 1912, after an illness of about one month, JAMES McFARLANE. He was born at South River, Ant. Co., in September, 1821, and had therefore entered upon his 92nd year. The deceased was very intelligent, and, for his opportunities, well informed in history, particularly in the history of Scotland, with sketches of which he often entertained a crowd of delighted listeners. The most of his family predeceased him, but in the midst of sickness and trials of life, he was always calm and resigned to the will of God. He was well liked, not only by friends and neighbors, but by every one who made his acquaintance. He is survived by his wife (Ann Condy), one son, one daughter, one brother (Dougal), and a host of friends and relatives who will long cherish his memory. May his soul rest in peace!

Resolution of Condolence.

At the last regular meeting of Branch No. 315 of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, the following Resolution was adopted: Whereas, it has pleased our Divine Master to call to his eternal reward, His Lordship, Archbishop McDonald, brother of our beloved Pastor and Spiritual Adviser, Rev. Roderick McDonald; Resolved, that we, the Officers and Members of Branch No. 315 of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, in meeting assembled, convey to our spiritual adviser our most sincere sorrow in his bereavement. By his demise our Holy Church loses a gifted preacher, a prudent administrator, and our people a wise counselor. His untiring energy and untiring zeal will long be remembered by our people, and bears evidence of peace, prosperity and progressiveness, and we are confident that when he is called upon to give an account of his stewardship, he will receive his sentence. "Well done good and faithful servant, you have been faithful over a few things, I will now place you over many, enter into the joys of our Lord." Further Resolved, that a copy of this resolution be presented to our Spiritual Adviser, a copy spread on our minutes and copies sent to THE CASSETT and our official organ "The Canadian." Signed on behalf of the Branch, AUGUSTE P. CHARASSOL, MICHAEL MCNEIL, JOHN J. CAMPBELL, Com. Sec.

Acknowledgments.

- Donald J McMillan, Port Hood Mines, \$ 1 00 Mrs A Carmichael, " 1 00 Angus R McDonald, " 1 00 Dan A McDonald, " 1 00 John McEachern, " 1 00 John J McNeil, " 1 00 John A McDonald, " 1 00 Angus McMillan, " 1 00 John D McMillan, " 1 00 Donald A Gillis, " 2 00 Mrs R R McDonald, " 1 00 Norman Gillis, " 1 00 Angus R McDougall, " 1 00 John McDonald, " 1 00 Mrs Hugh McDonald, " 2 00 John McKenzie, " 1 00 Donald Gillis, " 1 00 A J McDonald, " 1 00 Lewis D McDonald, " 1 00 Alex D McDonald, " 1 00 Donald Beaton, Glenegarry, Mabou, " 2 00 John Gillis, Port Hood, " 1 00 Mrs Daniel McDougall, Judique (North) " 1 00 Mrs A Beaton, Port Hawkesbury, " 4 00 John A McIsaac, " 1 00 Mrs W A McDonald, " 1 00 Alex McDougall, " 2 00

West End Warehouse

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BIRTHDAY PRESENTS

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FOR SALE. PICTURES FRAMED

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

CELTIC HALL Monday Night 14 OCTOBER

The greatest theatrical event in the history of Antigonish Special guaranteed engagement England's greatest character actor

Mr. William Hawtrey

and his all-English Company of distinguished London players in the brightest, cleanest, most eccentric and merriest of all English comedies, -The great London success

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By Sir Arthur Wing Pinero (England's greatest living playwright.) Exactly same Company direct from London, England, enroute to Chicago for four solid months' engagement. Same big scenic production.

JANE BERRY, formerly with William Hawtrey in "Dear Old Billy," Original company of "Mr. Hopkinson," James K. Hackett and his all-English Company, May Irwin, etc. HENRY CLAY, formerly with Charles Frohman's English Companies. FAVERSHAM. EMMET O'NEILL, formerly with Forbes Robertson and William Faversham. GEORGE REPPICH, formerly with Mrs. Fiske, Beecham Tree, and Charles Frohman's English Companies. SIDNEY H. SULLY, formerly with George Arliss, and Liebler's English Companies. GLADYS MONTAGUE, formerly with Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Mrs. Fiske. HOWARD CHIDLAND, formerly with the English companies at Wyndham's Daly's and Gaiety Theatres, London. MISS ALICE NEWELL, formerly with E. S. Willard, and Mrs. Fiske. MISS CAROLINE WARREN, formerly with Cyril Maud and Beecham Tree, and other Noted English Players.

This same Company and production plays Halifax for three days, Oct. 10, 11, 12, then goes to Sydney for two days. On account of train arriving too late at Sydney to permit setting of scenery, one night would be lost. So Antigonish is played, to break the jump.

Prices, 25c., 50c., 75c., \$1.00, and only 21 seats at \$1.50

Seats on sale now at Celtic Hall. Special attention paid to mail and telephone orders.

FARM FOR SALE

A Farm offering splendid possibilities either as a sheep or dairy farm. It contains nearly 200 acres of land with abundance of wood and fencing, good crop and hay land, with rich pastures.

Large barns and outhouses, good deep roomy cellars under well-finished house, situated 2 1/2 miles from the Town of Antigonish.

Will be sold very reasonable, and all offers considered.

Also 15 tons of hay for sale on the place in quantities to suit.

For particulars apply to
D. HOWARD WILLIAMS,
Lower West River, Antigonish.

Or to M. MUNRO,
No. 8 Proctor St., Rosindale, Mass.

FOR SALE

The house and lot on College St., Town of Antigonish, owned by Mrs. McLean (Widow). Price and terms on application.

F. H. MACPHEE, Agent,
August 8th, 1912, Antigonish, N. S.

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For information and calendar address
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The University has teaching facilities in Arts, Science, Engineering, Law, and Medicine also.

FARM FOR SALE BY TENDER

The well-known and valuable farm at Fraser's Grant, the property of the late Allan Grant, is offered for sale by tender until Oct. 15th, 1912. It consists of 100 acres more or less, in addition there is a large intervalle. There are two barns, both in good condition, dwelling house and outhouses. The dwelling is in good repair. It has lots of wood, poles and hardwood. The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted. For further terms and particulars apply to
SIMON PERRO,
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Separate tenders will be received until Oct. 15th for a 20 acre lot on Fraser's Grant Road. Pasture, wood and logs thereon.

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The John MacIsaac farm at Fairmont consisting of 100 acres, of which 50 acres are cleared with 4 acres of intervalle, the rest is covered with hard and soft wood. For further particulars apply to
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Algerian Days.

A SCENE OF STRIKING BEAUTY—THE HANDSOME CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF AFRICA—THE PEACEFUL HAVEN ONCE A NEST OF ROBBERS—AN EVER-MOVING, MANY-COLORED THROUG—MAGNIFICENT MOORISH ARCHITECTURE, AS DISPLAYED IN SOME OF THE OLD HOUSES—A GLORIOUS ARRAY OF FLOWERS.

As one approaches the African Coast to Algiers over the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean, one's eye is met by a scene of beauty that is at once striking and unusual. Far away to the west are the dim outlines of Mount Chennoua. A little to the east the Sahel commences, a low range of hills running along the coast for a distance of some forty miles. On one of the rocky spurs of those hills, Cape Caxine, is a fine lighthouse; a little farther east is Point Pescade, with a fort of the same name, and near this a low reef of rocks juts out into the sea, surmounted by the ruins of an old fortress said to have been the stronghold of that famous corsair, Barbarossa. The hills are cleft by many wild and beautiful ravines, and here and there stands an old house, dazzling white, with one or two stately palms, like sentries, keeping guard. Nestling at the foot of the Sahel lies the pretty suburb of St. Eugene, a collection of charming villas surrounded by gardens. Behind this rises, to a height of 1,250 feet, the Bou-Zarea hill, the highest point of the Sahel, and perched on a shoulder of this hill, the handsome church of Notre Dame d'Afrique stands out in bold relief. Built in the Romano-Byzantine style of architecture, the church is a monument to the noble Cardinal Lavigerie, who, with the help of the White Fathers and the White Sisters, established schools, hospitals, orphan asylums, etc., where the Arabs could be brought under the influence of the Gospel. The Church of Notre Dame d'Afrique is only one of many testimonials to his zeal. Travelers, Catholic and non-Catholic, have commented on the beauty of its outlines, and among other things speak of the service which is held every Sunday after Vespers, when clergy, servers, and choir go in procession to the point overhanging the blue water, the priest intoning the Office for the Dead surrounded and answered by his people, with the scarlet-cassocked acolytes swinging their censers. So are the unknown remembered, the unnumbered dead who have been lost at sea.

Immediately to the left, like a huge pyramid of marble quarried from the hills, the fair city of Algiers goes up in a succession of dazzling white terraces, crowned by the old citadel of the Janissaries. The richly wooded slopes of the Sahel on which it rests afford a vivid green background for this bright picture—whence the old Arab comparison of Algiers to "a diamond set in an emerald frame."

As one enters the harbor and sees the ships of all nations lying peacefully at the quays, with their pleasure crafts riding securely at anchor, while their owners explore the labyrinthine of the old town or quietly lunch with friends, how impossible it seems to realize that, in the lifetime of men still living, this seat of prosperous trade, this haven or rest for the sick and weary, was a nest of piratical ruffians, the "scourge of Christendom," that the very mole of the harbor was the work of Christian slaves who languished here in captivity and misery. While Napoleon was conquering half a world, Christians of every rank and every nation, delicate women and tender children, were here toiling and weeping their lives away.

An inclined road leads up from the quay to the splendid Boulevard de la Republique. Leaning on the balustrade which runs all along the seaward side are scores of Arabs in white burnouses and turbans wound into coils of camel's hair rope. The Place du Gouvernement lies northward, a fine square, the center of which is reserved for foot passengers. The whole of the eastern side is occupied by the New Mosque, the fish market lying just below it—the mosque a dazzling white building in the form of a cupola cross, with a large central cupola and four smaller ones.

Only one other place, and that Constantinople, can present the ever-moving, many-colored throng which passes through the streets of Algiers. Busy Frenchmen, Spanish market-gardeners, and sailors, Italian fishermen, Maltese, dark Biskris, the water-carriers of the town, with a large copper jug and veiled Moorish women, Turks and Moors with richly embroidered jackets; ragged Kabyles from the mountain, and their women with uncovered faces, tattooed on the arms and forehead with blue, and wearing huge ear-rings and belts of silver and enamel; and, last but not least, the tall, dignified Arab.

Europeans abound—but they appear to be here only on sufferance—it is the Arabs and Moors who really seem to be at home in the place. A stately figure, over six feet high, strides slowly across the square with imperial majesty of gait, the end of his burnous thrown over his shoulder. A smile of recognition lights up his stolid face as another, not less stately, approaches him. Their finger-tips meet, and, as he says "Ouach enta" (How do you do?), each carries to his lips the hand that has touched his friend's. And then the roll of drums is heard, and a party of Zouaves crosses the square, looking like the toy soldiers our children play with—but these are rough playthings on the field of battle! The presence of a large garrison adds greatly to the variety of Algerian days. There are always the bright uniforms of numerous officers, conspicuous among them being the Chasseurs d'Afrique, with their gay blue and silver jackets and red trousers, and swarthy Turcos in blue and yellow, white now and then a veteran Spahi dashes past, the most picturesque of all with his high-backed saddle and gay trappings, his scarlet burnous fluttering in the wind.

But it is easy to leave all civilization behind in Algiers. Entering the narrow alley that leads into the mysterious labyrinths of old El Djezair, one mounts, by a series of low steps, to the roadway. It is eight or nine feet

wide—in some places not even that. On either side are the bare walls of houses, windowless, with here and there a small grated aperture. A little recess in a wall serves for a shop, in which butcher or grocer piles his trade. They all work in the streets, the turner with his primitive lathe, the embroiderer with his many-hued garments. The young Arabs are taught in the streets—a group of twenty or more squatted about their schoolmaster. They play and smoke in the streets—or take their noonday siestas there.

Among the many beautiful old Moorish houses, the finest and best-preserved is the Chateau d'Hydra with its spacious inner court surrounded by horseshoe arches and spiral columns of white marble, decorated with a profusion of priceless ancient tiles. The Museum, too, is a fine specimen of Moorish architecture, ornamented with very beautiful old Persian tiles. Here may be seen the plaster cast of one Geronimo, whose story is an interesting one. In 1612 Haedo, a Spanish monk, told how an Arab boy was captured by the Spaniards of Oran in 1540, and became a Christian. Later, he fell into the hands of his own people and lived as a Moham-medan until he was twenty-five, when he returned to Oran in order to practise the Catholic faith. He was captured by an Algerian corsair, carried back to the city, and, persistently refusing to give up Christianity, was thrown alive into a mold in which a block of concrete was to be made. In 1853, when the "Fort de Vingquatre Heures" was demolished, this block was found in the exact spot indicated by Haedo. Plaster-of-paris was poured into the mold left by the body of Geronimo, and a perfect model obtained, showing clearly his features, the cords which bound him, and even the texture of his clothing.

Full of interest as the town of Algiers may be, the villas and gardens of Mustapha hold greater interest still. The air is laden with the fragrance of orange blossom and mimosa, and a hundred other sweet odors. The light, when it has satisfied itself with eve and color, can always find rest among the dark pines and soft gray green tints of the olive and eucalypti, with which the Sahel is so richly clad. Roses bloom on every side, many of them blossoming with scarcely a break from November to June. We may miss our green lawns, for there is but little grass anywhere, but the flowers that, with us, are stunted and deformed, though we love them, reveal here in the full development of their perfect beauty. Especially notable is the wealth of flowering trees and shrubs; among the trees may be mentioned acacias of many sorts and the feathery pepper tree; while the borders are a blaze of anemones, ranunculi, sparaxis, ixia, and irises of infinite variety, including the rare black Susiana, backed by miniature forests of white arum lilies.

Every fine morning Arabian-brac dealers appear, and spread the terraces and balustrades with the exquisite embroideries of Algiers and Tunis, with Oriental carpets and rugs, Damascene brass work, old Turkish guns inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl, swords and daggers, with scabbards of solid silver, beautifully wrought.

High up the hill, where its almost precipitous side seems to offer the least possible foothold for a building, stands, or rather hangs, the little mosque and zaouia of Sidi Abd-er-Rahman et Tsalibi. The marabout round whose grave the buildings have gathered, lived in the first half of the fourteenth century, and belonged to the Tsalibi tribe which dominated the Metidja before the coming of the Turks. In spite of this, the fame of his learning and holiness was so great that he has retained his hold on the affection of the people, Turks and natives, and is still revered. Whenever a corsair left the harbor below, he saluted first the Dar es Sultan, and then this mosque, each with three guns.

Clinging to the face of the rock, the tiny buildings stand literally one above another, with steep, narrow passages or flights of steps between. Highest of all stands the mosque, with a graceful minaret divided into stages of pillared arcades by bands of burnished tiles. Lower down is the Kouba, where the saint slept under his dome. A gaudily covered catalfalque, surrounded by a beautiful screen of carved cedarwood, covers his resting-place. All round stand, or hang, votive offerings of flags, chandeliers, ostrich eggs, and clocks in barbarous profusion. All is bizarre and tawdry, but, as is often the case in the wonderful light, not inharmonious or unpleasant. Other buildings, but of no special interest, are those belonging to the zaouia, and the little house of the oukili or guardian. Among them are some beautiful trees, tiny scraps of garden, and equally tiny cemeteries, where the last Bey of Constantine, Ahmed, his wives, and others equally favored, lie at rest. It is pleasant, indeed, to linger in this abode of ancient peace, to look upward at the minaret, its outline dim in the glorious light, or down through the trees to the purple sea beyond.

Lovely walks and drives abound in the vicinity, leading one through wild, picturesque ravines and over breezy uplands, clothed with vast vineyards and cornfields. In the spring the country is literally carpeted with wild flowers, masses of scarlet poppies and bright blue borage, yellow chrysanthemums and white marguerites, tall red spikes of the wild gladioli, asphodels, mallows, orchids (between thirty and forty varieties), while, earlier than all these, the cyclamen grows thickly in the woods and on the banks of shady lanes.

Those who have stout limbs and good lungs find pleasure in climbing the steep slope of the Sahel by the numerous Arab lanes which wind along the sides of the ravines, or, in some cases, go straight up the hills, cutting boldly through every obstacle. These are said to have been made by the Romans—a tradition which is corroborated by the uncompromising way in which they are cut through the rock. The high banks are surmounted by the blue-green spikes of the

aloe, and the Barbary fig, with here and there a tall fennel stalk, the whole overspread with a canopy of olive and almond trees, tangled masses of honeysuckle and old man's beard clinging to their branches.

In a corner of the quaint old markets may be seen two or three old women, half blind and hideous, selling the dried flowers of the acacia or mimosa, mixed with gums which are used for incense. From them also may be bought for a few pence pretty little censers made of pottery in which the sweet-smelling stuff is burnt in the tombs of marabouts, at religious rites, etc. Or young boys tend the stalls where may be found the queer brown objects like grasshoppers, which are locusts. They are cooked and sold to the people, who pull off the wings and devour them, and also quantities of cakes, dates, barley, candies, etc.

A strange sense of mystery broods in the palm gardens. The very spirit of the Sahara villages seems to dwell here—an ancient spirit, that has never been Islamized. The great rugged stems of the trees are pillars of a temple not made with hands, and their branches its only covering. Passing from the glare and sultry dryness of the sandy road into the moist shadow, one becomes conscious of this charm. The monotony of the tall, straight trees is broken sometimes by groups of olives, The gnarled and twisted trunks and pale-tinted foliage make a delicious harmony when they blend with the richer green and the upright stems of the palms. The light is dim and restful; the sun, tempered by the umbrella-like tops of the trees, flickers through the branches, making bright patches upon the ground. Now and then a dark-skinned figure moves across from the sunlight into the shadow; an Arab boy tending a few goats, or a young girl in brightly hued garments. A little negro will climb up the long, fan-like leaves of a young palm, and, sliding down again, grin for pure joy of heart and show his white teeth, with a child-like desire for your admiration of his feat.—Benzigers.

How Stars Bombard the Earth.

The astronomers, explaining things in a purely natural way, tell us often that should this earth on which we live ever collide with another large body, say as big as the moon, that would be the end of our little world. Our earth would become very much like the sun is at present, and it would take a million years at least for it to cool off and begin to solidify again.

But we are being bombarded incessantly from every side. Even our own sun is shooting things at us all the time. The sun is just about one million times larger than the earth. We constantly see it bristling with such mighty upheavals that the tongues of flame are flung out as far as half a million miles. And every star that you can see on a clear night, each being a sun larger than our own sun, is bombarding our earth with shooting stars, so that about one hundred and fifty billions of shooting stars reach this earth in the form of meteorites or dust every year. Of course, shooting stars in reality are not stars at all, they are little cosmic particles, often weighing much less than an ounce, and composed mostly of iron and carbon. Most of them travel around the sun in the same fashion as comets do.

Aside from this constant peril of meeting with an overpowering body, comets seem to carry in their own bosom certain causes of destruction. For an illustration take the case of the Biela comet. Biela discovered this comet in 1827. From 1826 till 1846 it returned to sight punctually every six years and a half.

But a sad event marked its passage in 1846. In the night of January 15th of that year the Biela comet was seen to explode and divide itself into two pieces, which continued together through immensity, but drifted slowly apart. Imagine with what impetuosity the astronomical world waited for their next passage. For six years and a half it was a subject of keen speculation and debate. What could have happened to the two halves of the comet in all that time?

In September, 1852, they appeared as per schedule, and drew nearer every night. But what a change since the catastrophe. They were pale, diffuse, amemic, almost dead! Their estrangement had increased to a million and a half miles.

They have never again been seen. Astronomers kept looking for them everywhere. In November, 1872, the original Biela comet, had it not broken in two, would have been due to meet the earth. The split of 1846 made us safe from actual collision in 1872, but we felt sure the two pieces would be somewhere in our neighborhood. Every telescope in every observatory searched the heavens. Special expeditions were organized to go and way-lay the twin comets in the skies of China and Australia.

No comet! And the pieces of it nowhere to be discovered! Evidently the halves had disintegrated. The Biela comet was completely destroyed—self-pulverized. The minute remnants kept on traveling, however. Like an invisible swarm, they followed the course that the comet itself would have followed had it remained intact, and on that memorable night—27 to be exact, November 27, 1872—the earth received in consequence a most marvelously abundant rain of shooting stars. It was one of the finest sights ever witnessed.

Don't That Leads to Happiness.

Don't complain. Be alert mentally, clean physically. Study conditions around you and find what requirements are most urgent. Learn to meet these requirements.

Work with a goal before you. Don't be satisfied with your own degree of efficiency of knowledge. You can always acquire more.

You are as lucky as you think you are, and opportunity is always at your door.

PANDORA RANGE
Seeing this splendid range places you under no obligation to buy. We guarantee the "Pandora" just as willingly as McClary people because we know its' perfections just as thoroughly.
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Sold by D. G. KIRK

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Please give us a trial before you sell elsewhere.

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TO THE PUBLIC.
We beg to announce that we have purchased the good will and interest of the **EMPIRE LINIMENT CO., Ltd.** and will supply the trade for this excellent Liniment from our factory at Middleton, where all orders should be addressed.
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What says C. H. Purdy, of Beat River, Warden of Digby County N. S.?
I was a complete cripple with Rheumatism, saw **EMPIRE LINIMENT** advertised and tried it, after every known Liniment and Rheumatic cure. Here I am to day, sound and well, after only using a few bottles. I recommend it to all sufferers. Don't be without it.
C. H. PURDY.

EMPIRE LINIMENT
NONE BETTER.
Just you try it. Sold by
C. GATES SON & CO.
MIDDLETON, N. S.

FARM FOR SALE
The well known and valuable farm at Clydesdale, Antigonish, owned by the undersigned, three miles from the Town, consisting of 175 acres of good upland. It is well wooded, and has a bountiful supply of good water. Also a timber lot, with good heavy material on the most of it, at Browns Mountain, about 2 1/2 miles from the above mentioned farm, is also offered for sale.
WILLIAM McDERMOTT
Clydesdale, Ant.

Because they act so gently (no purging or griping) yet so thoroughly
NA-DRU-CO LAXATIVES
are best for the children as well as the grown-ups. 25c. a box at your druggist's.
National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited
162

FOR SALE.
FARM AND Mill Property.
I am instructed by the heirs of the late Archibald MacPhee to offer for sale his property at Upper South River, containing three hundred acres, including the Flat Lake Lot.
There is on the premises a large Barn and two Dwelling Houses in fair condition, also a Grist and Carding Mill much out of repair.
The Mill site is considered one of the best in Eastern Nova Scotia, as the water supply is plentiful and never failing.
The Mill Property can be sold separate from the farm with sufficient land to suit purchasers. For terms and further particulars apply to
L. C. ARCHIBALD, Agent,
Antigonish, July 18, 1912.

FOR SALE.
Valuable Property on
Hawthorne Street.
The subscriber offers for sale his property on Hawthorne street, Town of Antigonish, consisting of a desirable lot of land, a first-class commodious dwelling house, a large barn, and carriage house. There is ample yard-room and a fine plot for a garden on the premises.
This property will be sold at a very reasonable price if a satisfactory purchaser applies soon.
For further particulars apply to
FRANK McDONALD,
P. O. Box 353,
Antigonish, N. S.

Or to D. C. CHISHOLM,
Barrister,
Main street, Antigonish, N. S. 8-64

SHERIFF'S SALE
1897, C. No. 600
In the County Court for District No. 6
Between
McCURDY & CO., Plaintiff's
—AND—
ANN McDONALD AND JOHN McDONALD, Defendants

To be sold at Public Auction by the Sheriff of Antigonish County or his deputy, at the Court House, Antigonish, N. S., on
MONDAY
The 14th Day of October Next
At 10 o'clock in the forenoon

All the estate, right, title, interest, claim and demand of the above named defendant at the time of the recording of the judgment herein or at any time since, of, in, to, or against all these certain lots, pieces or parcels of
LAND
situate, lying and being at Maryvale in the County of Antigonish, bounded and described as follows: First lot—all that lot situate on the west side of the Main road leading from Antigonish to Malignant Cove, bounded on the North by lands of Ronald McGillivray, on the South and East by the said Main Road, and on the South and West by lands of Hugh D. McDonald, containing three acres more or less.
Second lot—That lot on the East side of said Main Road, bounded on the North by lands of Ronald McGillivray, on the East by the Malignant Brook, on the South by lands of Alex. H. McDonald and of Hugh D. McDonald, and on the west by the said main road, containing 2 1/2 acres more or less, together with the right of way thereto.
Third lot—That lot situate on the East side of the Malignant Brook, bounded on the North by lands of Alex. McDonald (Donald's son); on the East by lands of Peter Rose; on the South by lands of Angus McDonald (Angus son), and on the West by the Malignant Brook, containing 20 acres more or less—the said lots being the lands conveyed to Donald McDonald by Alex. McDonald and wife, by deed dated November 6th, 1890, recorded in the Registry of Deeds for Antigonish County in book 46 at page 238. The same having been levied upon under an execution issued pursuant to an order granted herein the 4th day of September instant on a judgment duly recovered in the above cause which was recorded upwards of one year.

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

DUNCAN D CHISHOLM,
High Sheriff Antigonish County
WILLIAM CHISHOLM,
Solicitor of party entitled to execution.
Dated Sheriff's Office, Antigonish, N., September 7th, 1912.

Sheriff's Sale
1896, A. No. 320
In the Supreme Court
Between
TROTTER BROS., Plaintiff's
AND
ALEXANDER H STEWART,
Defendant.

To be sold at public auction by the Sheriff of Antigonish County, or his Deputy, at the Court House, Antigonish, N. S., on
MONDAY,
The 14th Day of October next,
At the hour of 11 o'clock in the forenoon.

All the estate, right, title, interest, claim and demand of the above named Defendant at the time of the recording of the judgment herein, or at any time since, of, in, to, or against all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being at Glen Alpine, in the County of Antigonish, bounded and described as follows, that is to say: Bounded towards the north by the lands of John Cameron; towards the east by lands of Dan Gillis and of John Cameron; towards the South by lands of Alex. W. McDonald and towards the West by lands of William Chisholm, containing one hundred acres, more or less, together with privileges and appurtenances, and being the land conveyed to the defendant, Alexander H. Stewart, by Hugh Stewart and wife, by deed dated September 21st, 1896, recorded in book 53, at page 36, of the Registry of Deeds for Antigonish County. The same having been levied upon under an execution issued pursuant to an order granted herein the 17th day of August on a judgment duly recovered in the above cause which was recorded upwards of one year.

TERMS: Twenty per cent. deposit at time of sale; remainder on delivery of deed.
DUNCAN CHISHOLM,
High Sheriff,
WILLIAM CHISHOLM,
Solicitor of party entitled to execution.
Dated Sheriff's office, Antigonish, Sept. 7, 1912.

1912
Thursday, October 10, 1912
THE CASSETT
7

Ave Maria.
(By Johann Wilhelm Wolf.)
O Mother sweet,
Incline thine ear;
Thy name we greet,
Maiden most dear,—
Ave Maria!
O Virgin mild,
For thee we yearn;
Unto thy Child
With praises turn,—
Ave Maria!
E'en trusting heart
Beats high for thee;
O where thou art
Soon may we be,—
Ave Maria!
Ave Maria.

The Futility of Bitterness.
A friend of mine, an author whose novels have delighted thousands, met with a great sorrow, one sufficient to shadow the life of an ordinary man. I often wondered how it would affect his work. A few weeks ago I published on a short story from his pen, a little tale so sprightly, so brightly told, and so shot through with sunshine that I marvelled how he could produce it even under the most auspicious circumstances.
I sent him my congratulations, adding at the close that I was glad to see that sorrow had not embittered him. At the end of his characteristic reply, he set down these words: "I do not understand embitterment as the result of anything." That phrase has given me food for thought ever since.
How often do we notice men and women of more than average ability, people who are valuable to the community, giving away beneath some stroke of misfortune and allowing it to render them cynical and discouraged. Metaphorically they throw up their hands as if fate had ruined their lives and absolved them from further effort. What a detestable obsession; what moral cowardice!
The children of men have been suffering these blows since the expulsion from Eden, and most of what we enjoy in the intellectual sphere as well as in material comfort, we owe to the period after the calamity of each life, the fruits of dauntless struggle, the victory gained amid the groans of mental or physical pain.
Milton wrote his great poem after he was stricken with blindness. Carleford forged his massive productions in the agony of dyspepsia. Stevenson labored over the classic that will transport the reader who writes with the grisly specter of consumption ever before his eyes. It is not necessary to accumulate instances—each reader can easily compile his own list. I note these as they occur to me while writing. But the lesson in all such cases is the same. The souls of history, the makers of mankind, rose superior to trouble and went on to do their appointed work with the best that was in them.
I have often noted in long railroad journeys the barren marshes near the sea. Years have not changed them. There they are with their useless growth of swamp grass and dismal flat ponds, a misery even to the eye of the traveler. There are dispositions to those salt marshes. The individuals have in many cases had hard lots, much labor, frequent disappointments and these have cured them. They view every acquaintance acridly; they have nothing to say to anyone; they seem to take a fearful joy in the misfortunes of others as if in some diabolical fashion these fed the fires of resentment.
You meet with such a person; his cynicism makes an impression and you go your way. You return after a few years. Every day in those years has been marked in your memory with death, bereavement, financial ruin, pitiful cases of disease, and you feel a great compassion for them all and admiration for their courage under dire distress. While these thoughts are in your heart you happen to encounter the acquaintance of five years gone. Not a change! The same sour grimace, the same morbid countenance, the same unholly glee in the knowledge that another poor soul is suffering. Human salt marshes!

You are on a journey and the train is nearing a point that has always been distasteful to you. It was sterile, neglected, offensive to sight and smell. You stare in amazement. Has God's genius been at work. Instead of noisome pools, land strewn with rubbish and snarling profanity, there are trim lawns, wellkept houses and children laughing and sporting on the grass. Now it took hard work to get that transformation, but how beautifully worth the while it was! Peace, too, grace and experience pleasant dispositions when their owners eschew selfishness and make their minds to be of use to their neighbors.
The fact is, embitterment is synonymous with selfishness. It is individual nihilism. Those who give dominion over them say in effect: "I cannot have health, ease of mind and the good things of life I shall do my best to keep them from others and when I cannot do that I will exert myself to spoil their enjoyment." Of course, this is not all conscious. Much of it is entirely unconscious. It can co-exist with a measure of exterior devotion. The actions are let alone as a rule. People recognize that such cases are generally incurable and they do not wish to risk their peace of mind and perhaps their reputations by expostulating. It takes a stout heart to reclaim a salt marsh.
But what a living encouragement, what a trumpet note of courage do they send forth who cause men to rub their eyes and lift their heads and take heart again at an exhibition of admirable cheerfulness and spirit joyfully enabled by pain and sorrow. Such rare souls little know one day when He who preached the Sermon on the Mount gives them their reward. But meanwhile as a sample of sane philosophy devote a little thought to your friend's remark: "I do not understand embitterment as the result of anything."—A Looker-on in the Wood.

The Quiet Life.
Those who prefer a quiet, peaceful and retired life, long at this time of year for a home in the country, away from the din and turmoil "of the vast dusty city; where the lonely herd wind slowly o'er the lea," where the "blue hills" and tall majestic pines stand in stately solitude; where the leaves discarding their faded green, deck themselves in their gorgeous and regal attire, ready to receive their King, Jack Frost.
Should one feel this longing after rusticity, let him harken to the call of Pan, take the train out of the oppressive crowd to the peaceful vale. There on the face of his "blue hill," is a high hill-board displaying in vulgar colors a sign that would make a temperance man shudder, insisting that this particular brand was the "best minister for the interior," "smooth as a kitten's wrist," and on another a little dorkie boy with his hand in the bottle telling everyone "he was feeling in the best of spirits," while tacked on the "stately pine" is a cure for all the woes and ailments of the human race. The lowly herd surely "wind slowly o'er the lea," but as a matter of fact turn out to be just cows, and if one happen to be of the gentler sex the "harmless necessary sow" becomes a monstrous reality.
At the farm-house one hopes to forget these blemishes on the lovely face of nature in the enjoyment of healthy country fare. Here at last one can obtain eggs that are really fresh, cream rich and thick, and the best of butter. Alas for blighted hopes! Fresh eggs are sent to the market, the cream shipped off to the cheese factory, and the butter most unaccountably salty. In disgust the lover of nature will hurry home well content to endure the artificiality of city life to the outraged dignity of nature.
A witty French Abbe had a country house which he never visited. Someone asked him why he burdened himself with a villa which he had not even seen. Don't you know," he replied, "what a comfort it is to have some place where one can imagine he would be more contented than where he is."

Household Hints.
Those who complain that collar buttons in the collars of tailored shirts dig into the neck, and all too frequently produce a sore spot, will find relief in the following plan: Instead of using the buttonhole in the back of the shirtwaist neckband for a collar button, sew on an ordinary button and button the collar over the same.
To wash muslin curtains so that they will have a sheer look, boil two quarts of wheat bran in six quarts of water half an hour and strain and mix in the water in which the curtains are to be washed. Unless the curtains are very soiled, use no soap with the infusion, or starch, either, for it both cleanses and stiffens. Rinse lightly in clear water.
Parboil a thick slice of ham, and after removing it from the pan, fry it in small pieces for use under eggs. Save the water in the pan in which the ham was boiled and break into it as many eggs as are required. Serve on the fried ham. Or reserve the ham for another meal and serve the eggs (which will have a delicious flavor) on buttered toast with cheese.
Pour boiling water on oranges and let them stand for five minutes. The peeling can then be easily removed, and the bitter white lining will come off with the peeling. Then cut the orange in two lengthwise. Lay it on a breadboard and cut crossways into thin slices. You now have your oranges in shape to be eaten with a fork. Served in this way an orange is a pleasure for breakfast. "Red sugar," to be bought at any first-class grocery, sprinkled over oranges makes a pretty confection to serve at either lunch or dinner, as an emergency dessert.

The Church of the Cup of Cold Water.
There is a church in Spain called the Church of the Cup of Cold Water, to which an interesting tale belongs. A certain good-hearted but very poor priest, living in a little village not far from the mountains, was one day startled by two or three gendarmes entering his house, and carrying with them a bleeding outlaw, with a broken arm.
The priest hastened to bind up the wounded arm, though the captors seemed to care little whether or no their prisoner lived. The injured man, who bore his sufferings without a groan, then begged for a drink of water; and, as he raised his head to receive it, encouraged by the priest's kind manner, he whispered that his two children were left friendless on the edge of the wooded hills.
When the prisoner had been dragged away, the priest went in search of the poor children, found them crying from hunger, and brought them to his humble home. Then, poor as he was, he sent the boy to school, and the girl to a neighboring convent; and by much self-denial, and in spite of many severe remarks on his folly, provided for their support.
Years passed away, and the children were almost grown up, when one day a magnificent carriage stopped at the door of the humble parsonage. A fine-looking old man in uniform, his breast covered with glittering decorations, stepped out. He explained that he was the wounded outlaw, that he had escaped, and in one of the many Spanish revolutions had chanced to be of the winning party, now held a high office, and had returned to claim his children. And when he affectionately greeted them, he asked permission of the good old priest to build him a new church in the place of the poor little mountain chapel; and that, in remembrance of his kindness to the suffering, it be called "The Church of the Cup of Cold Water."—Ave Maria.

High Secular Approval.
Those Catholics who have to wait for secular approval of the work done by the Church in matters educational or otherwise before they feel safe in according it admiration and support, should ponder these words of the New York "Sun," in a comment upon the growth of Catholic colleges. "The spirit of these colleges," it says, "is Catholic and American. In their purposes and methods of forming the student's mind and heart they are guided by the traditions of the Catholic Church as well as by the ideals and tendencies of American intellectual and social life."
And the Governor of Indiana, the candidate of the Democratic Party for the vice-presidency of the United States, in an address delivered at the laying of the corner-stone of a new Catholic school for St. Mary's parish, Indianapolis, declared: "I stand here to-day believing that religious training is absolutely necessary to rear boys and girls to be good citizens and useful members of the community. Good citizenship does not depend entirely on legislative action, nor on court decisions, which may or may not make things right; but good citizenship depends on the training of the individual. It is necessary to have the statutes and the laws, of course; but the most important thing for the welfare of this commonwealth of Indiana is the respectful and loyal obedience of her citizenship. By that I mean the reverence that is due to the decrees and orders of the Almighty God."

There you have it! A great daily and the Governor of a great State have spoken,—the matter is ended. Yet we knew it all the time; and we welcome their words, not for the sake of those Catholics in whose views it may make a difference, but for the multitude of outsiders that need to be informed of the extent and the worth of Catholic education.—Ave Maria.

Intemperate Temperance.
This, from Father Phelan, editor of the *Western Watchman* (St. Louis), is commended to intemperate fanatics wherever residing:
Nothing has hurt the total abstinence cause in the United States so much as the intemperate zeal of some of its advocates. The Church does not condemn the use of wine. She inculcates temperance in all things. She approves total abstinence as a mortification; she sometimes counsels it as a protection. The men who have been preaching the obligation of total abstinence for all, and have proclaimed prohibition as the crying need of our time, have been a false and jarring note in the chorus of reform.
At the late annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, the Holy Father's blessing was read, accompanied by the fatherly admonition to steer clear in future of prohibition and all extreme views on the liquor question. The advice of the Holy Father was received with the profoundest reverence, and it is safe to say that the prohibition cause will no more look to Catholic organizations for encouragement and support. Catholics lay reform never goes beyond the ego. General reformation of morals in or outside the Church must ever be the result of individual conversion.
You can't regulate men's appetites by legislation any more than you can save their souls in like manner.—*Montreal Tribune.*

How to Make the Most of Your Job.
Uncle Jack prints the following helpful hints for the benefit of those of his Future Men and Women who are this year tackling their first job, and getting their first experience in store or office or factory.
The employer does not want to beg people to do things for him, and the boy who wants to get on ought to regard every opportunity to render a little additional service as a great advantage to him, a chance to get a little deeper into the confidence of his employer, to get a little nearer him.
Anticipate your employer's wants. Think for him, plan for him when you can. He will appreciate it, and will gradually learn to depend upon you. In this way you may make yourself indispensable to him.
Try to keep little annoyances away from him, the things which fret him, nettle him. Try to keep people away from him whom you know he does not want to see. If he finds that you are trying to protect him and to make his work easier and pleasanter, you may be sure you will not lose by it.
It is not what you are paid for doing that he will appreciate half as much as that which you are paid for, but which you voluntarily and gladly. This is a test of your quality. The spirit with which you do what you are not obliged to is the measure of your desirability in your employer's estimation.

The Mother's Duty.
Some persons are apt to mistake the means for the end. They recite a great number of vocal prayers, are diligent church-goers, frequent the sacraments, enroll themselves in all the confraternities, perform a great many particular devotions, and imagine that is true piety. Sometimes we even find wives and mothers spending time in religious exercises which would be better employed in the fulfillment of the duties of their position at home.
The exercises referred to are undoubtedly praiseworthy, and suitable practices for pious persons. But first of all they must be ascertained whether they are compatible with the circumstances of the individual. St. Paul makes a distinction between the married and the single. "The unmarried woman," he writes, "and the virgin thinketh on the things of the Lord; that she may be holy both in body and in spirit. But she that is married thinketh on the things of the world, how she may please her husband" (1 Cor. vii, 34). The true service of God is the accomplishment of the will of God, and in this sense the life of every day, with its trials and toils, may be unceasing prayer. Actual prayer forms but a part, a very important one it is true, but still only a part of this uninterrupted act of worship. When it is the will of God that we should work, let us work; and when He requires us to pray, let us pray. Where there is a genuine desire to do the will of God, there will be little difficulty in discerning what it is. The will of God does not demand the same from the Religious, who is dedicated to the Lord, as from the mistress of a household, who, though she proposes to herself the same end, is obliged to give her attention to the things of earth as well as of heaven. Many, in fact, have to content themselves with what is absolutely binding on them.
The object of religious exercises is, on the one hand, to give glory to God, and, on the other, to obtain His graces. And for what end are His graces bestowed on us? For no other than to make us better and holier. Therefore, piety must always be combined with a fervent desire and endeavor to accomplish our own sanctification. Virtue must always be the accompaniment of religion; if it be wanting, external devotion will only give scandal. There are women to be met with who lay great stress upon pious practices, but who are yet utterly deficient in humility, who do not bridle their tongue, who are prone to slander and make uncharitable remarks, and who conduct themselves in such a manner as to be a real cross to their husbands and to all with whom they live. Such persons bring religion into ill-repute, and do great injury to the kingdom of God upon earth. All have, it is true, faults and imperfections, and the means of grace are ex-

The Jewel and the Casket.
The casket was made for the jewel, not the jewel for the casket. So the body was made for the soul, and not the soul for the body. As the jewel is of far more value than its case, so the soul is of far more value than its earthly tabernacle. Only as the case serves the jewel is it worth anything, and only as the body serves the soul is it useful.
But many act as though the body were the only part to be cared for. Its appetites and passions are given full control. Its demands are recognized and its wishes gratified, and the soul left to starve. Alas, what folly! Soon the body will droop and die, but the soul, whether developed and ennobled or starved and shriveled, must live forever. Therefore, think on these things. "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Of what use is the casket if the jewel is lost?"

Buttermilk Longevity Aid.
Buttermilk will prolong the human life for many years. That assertion has been proved by several of the leading physicians of the world—Pasteur and Metchnikoff of Paris.
In the blood are little cells known as leucocytes. These cells are the scavengers of the body, and in their concave surfaces are able to grasp a germ or a foreign body and force its elimination from the human system. The leucocytes figuratively speaking are the home defenders of the body.
Under the microscope the home defenders can be seen flowing along in the blood streams. Suddenly they will stop as though they sensed some near danger. Changing their shape to that of a v they will penetrate the blood vessel wall and pick up a stray germ, probably a typhoid or one of the many other varieties.
When a person wounds the skin and the blood runs the home defenders rush to the afflicted part and project themselves into the surface of the abrasion, preventing the entrance of outside germ life. They give up their lives to attain their object and the hard little ridges felt on both sides of a slight wound are the leucocytes so tightly impacted that their lifeless bodies help form scar tissue.
As years pass that commendable action of sacrificing themselves so the human body may live ceases and the little friends of the body once known as home defenders, turn into a lawless element, ravaging the body they once defended.
Metchnikoff and Pasteur found that buttermilk contained an element which prevented the leucocytes from ravaging the body. Experiments proved they would eat the buttermilk in preference to the human tissue.

Warmth Without Weight

You don't want to be loaded down with clumsy, heavy cotton-filled underwear, you want to feel free—FREE to move your limbs and body without carrying a load all day. GET INTO

Eureka Underwear.

The one underwear made from pure domestic wool! "NOVA SCOTIA WOOL IS CANADA'S BEST." Wool that won't shrink. Wool knit into garments which still retains all that nature intended it to do, viz., Warmth Without Weight.

Eureka Underwear is guaranteed Unshrinkable.



Note the Trade Mark below. Almost every Storekeeper sells Eureka. Any trouble in securing either of our three weights, write us. We will see that you have warmth without weight this Fall.

THE NOVA SCOTIA UNDERWEAR CO., Ltd. BUREKA, Nova Scotia

What Boys Read.
A writer in the *Academy* (London) tells how books for boys have been made a commercial pursuit. There are millions of boys, so they must need millions of books, and the popular idea of a boy's taste is that it runs to slaughter and deeds of piracy—tales of blood and braggadocio. These are supplied by a thousand writers "not because they understand the boy and love him, but because there's money in it." The books must be cheap enough for the boy to buy for himself; and to encourage him to buy, the cover must whet his supposed appetite for gore. There must be "pictures of feathered savages and pirates and muscular pale-face heroes on the front page."
So reasoned the speculators; and soon into each little newspaper shop and tobacconist's crept insidiously rows of roughly printed stories, written in curious English, fiercely illustrated; stories of Cherokee Indians, by men who had never been farther abroad than Boulogne; of pirates, by men who would have curled up and died if they had met one; of terrible shooting affrays, by men who didn't know how to load a revolver; of daring rescues, by men who had hardly rescued a fly from a cup of tea—by men in short who had just learned the trick, were clever enough to know that the young readers would not be too critical, and who wanted the money.
In recent years the moving picture show has lessened the output of such literature. It gives to boys the story in motion and saves them the labor of reading, but there is still an ample supply. A glance at the windows of some periodical shops convinces one that the swashbuckling book is still being produced, and must have its patrons.
We venture to say that if one quarter of the care taken to keep this class of books in circulation was devoted to spreading a knowledge of good sound literature our boys would cease to buy the trashy novel. The boy on the street going to school, doing errands, waiting for his car, has spread before him at every turn a display of sensational books; he can buy one for a penny or two, at a second-hand stall. He loves to read of adventure, and of life in the wild; he is not as desirous as some people think he is to wade through pages of gore, but if the hero plunges in, the boy follows him. The boy is a hero-worshipper. Suppose the "American Missionary," and the story of Father LaCombe, the great chief of prayer, and of Father Joques, and many other heroes of the faith were as accessible as the flashy novel, would our boys take to them as readily? We think so; particularly if parents or teachers or spiritual directors gave short talks and described some of the scenes. Here are Indian stories to thrill the soul of reader, tales of heroism to make him proud and glad to be one in faith with men who counted no sacrifice too great to make for God.

The Catholic paper takes note of such stories, but there are many Catholic homes where a Catholic paper is not to be found; the parish libraries have a collection of books, often under glass, and sometimes in care of a librarian who knows as little about the books as she knows about boys and their tastes.
The Catholic book-stores have an excellent supply, but the prices are generally prohibitive, and there are very few Catholic book-stores. The public library has a treasure-trove of books, but the boys do not always know how to select from the wealth at hand. He depends on help from the librarian, and her choice may not be a judicious one; at least it may not add anything to his knowledge of real heroes and of many deeds. If she is not a Catholic she will hardly recommend Catholic books.
Many of our convent schools are doing good work in putting in the hands of girls sound, interesting books. Our boys are less fortunate. They need much more guidance than they get in regard to what they read. Let us hope that during the coming season there will be greater activity in promoting a love of good reading and in circulating wholesome, attractive literature.

Don't get for Catholics.
Don't get into the habit of being late for Mass. A moment of preparation before Mass may be the means of opening your soul to many graces.
Don't talk in church without necessity. Talk with God. Whom you may not have visited in His temple, since last Sunday; you will have plenty of time to visit your neighbor.
Don't criticize the sermon or the manner of preaching. It is a message of God bearing some truth to you; heed the instruction and profit by it; it has something for you to learn.

Buttermilk Longevity Aid.
Buttermilk will prolong the human life for many years. That assertion has been proved by several of the leading physicians of the world—Pasteur and Metchnikoff of Paris.
In the blood are little cells known as leucocytes. These cells are the scavengers of the body, and in their concave surfaces are able to grasp a germ or a foreign body and force its elimination from the human system. The leucocytes figuratively speaking are the home defenders of the body.
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Metchnikoff and Pasteur found that buttermilk contained an element which prevented the leucocytes from ravaging the body. Experiments proved they would eat the buttermilk in preference to the human tissue.

Pickling Supplies

The pickling season is now here, and we have a large stock of

Pure Apple Cider Vinegar

(the best kind for pickling) which we sell, wholesale or retail, at lowest prices. We also have all the other supplies for pickling, such as

Onions, Tomatoes, Peppers

Pickling Spice, Etc., Etc.

and if you want anything in the

Grocery Line

give us a call, and we will supply you at lowest prices for cash or produce.

D. R. GRAHAM

BUTTER AND EGGS WANTED

Sharples Separators

I have received for this season another

Car of Sharples Tubular Cream Separators

The value of this machine has been proven time and again and I need not remind prospective buyers of my excellence, more than to say that my prices and terms are the best, and that the machine is above all others. When buying a machine from me, you do not have to deal with a foreign firm. The separators I sell are bought outright, and before buying another make you would save money by calling on me or writing.

I will take all kinds of produce in payment at full market price.

Thomas Somers

ANTIGONISH

SICK CALL OUTFITS

We are placing on sale twenty only Sick Call Outfits for the home at a special price

\$4.50

These consist of crucifix, two candlesticks, two wax candles, holy water font, bottle and sprinkler, two plates, spoon, absorbing cotton, cup, and two purificators, all packed in a silk-lined, polished hardwood case, neatly trimmed with brass.

Sent to any part of Canada, express prepaid, on receipt of \$4.50.

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FARM FOR SALE

That well known and conveniently situated farm, owned by Mr. Lauchlin MacDonald, of Clydesdale, about four miles from the Town of Antigonish, containing 175 acres, (also an adjoining lot of 50 acres,) with the buildings, which are comparatively new. The house has water brought in from a never-failing spring. There is a brook running through the farm. Price and further particulars on application to the undersigned.

F. H. MacPHIE, Agent.
Antigonish, N. S., April 25th, 1912.

NO RHEUMATISM THIS WINTER

Thanks to GIN PILLS



DON'T you want to have ONE WINTER free of Rheumatism? Don't you want to enjoy life as other men enjoy it? Don't you want to eat and sleep and work as healthy, normal men do, instead of being all crippled up with Rheumatism or Kidney Trouble?

Then take GIN PILLS and conquer your old enemy for good. Mr. Beaudry did, with the help of the GIN PILLS.

597 Panet St., Montreal, P.Q.
March 29th, 1912

"It affords me great pleasure to inform you that I have used GIN PILLS for about six months, and that they have done me a great deal of good. I have had Rheumatism for a couple of years, and this winter I saved myself from it by using GIN PILLS. I highly recommend GIN PILLS to the public."
A. BEAUDRY.

Thousands of boxes of GIN PILLS are sold every year through the influence of those who have been cured, and who recommend GIN PILLS to their friends and neighbors. If you are subject to Rheumatism, Kidney or Bladder Trouble, start in right now on GIN PILLS.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50. If you want to try them first, write for a free sample to National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto. 148

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Butter Wanted - Hygienic Milk Co., page 8
Auction Sale - Dan Connors, page 8
New Fall Goods - Chisholm & Co., page 5
Up-to-date Clothing - Paice Clothing & Co., page 8
Men Wanted - Kirk & Cooke, page 8
Butt For Sale - John C. Chisholm, page 8
Wanted - page 8

LOCAL ITEMS

K. OF C. MEETING to-night.

BISHOP MORRISON of Antigonish is expected home from P. E. Island to-morrow.

REPORT of movement in aid of feeble-minded children will appear next week.

ARCHBISHOP McDONALD'S Months Mind will be celebrated at Maryvale Church on October 17th, at 9 o'clock.

THE SCHOONER "Gladys E. Whidden" sailed from St. John's for Mulgrave on Sunday, and will lead to return as quickly as possible after arrival at Mulgrave.

THE GUYSBORO EXHIBITION, held on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week, was the most successful of any Fair yet held at Guysboro. Roots were plentiful and of excellent quality, horses, too, were shown in large numbers, and included some fine types. A large attendance is reported.

HEIRS WANTED.-Fred R. Butterworth, undertaker of Seattle, Wash., has written Sheriff Chisholm of Antigonish, asking if he can locate the heirs of Alexander P. Grant, who died at Seattle two years ago. Mr. Butterworth has to administer a small estate belonging to deceased.

THE SALE OF THOROUGH - BREED SHEEP here on last Friday, conducted by the Dominion Department of Agriculture and the Dominion Sheep Breeders' Association, resulted in the sale of sixty animals. They have been fairly well scattered through the County, numerous sections being represented at the sale, and will have a decided beneficial effect on our sheep industry. They brought low prices.

"STRAY LEAVES OR TRACES OF TRAVEL" is the title of a booklet by the Bishop of Victoria which will be published in the course of a month or two. It is mainly, if not wholly, a reprint of papers that appeared from time to time in THE CASKET during the past twelve years. It will be sold for the Propagation of the Faith, the price being fifty cents a copy, and will be on sale at this office.

BISHOP MACDONALD of Victoria, B. C., arrived in Town yesterday, at noon, from Montreal, where he spent a few days on business. His numerous friends in all parts of Eastern Nova Scotia will be glad to learn that he is in good health, wholly free from sciacia from which he suffered severely on different occasions. His stay in the East will be brief, only a few days.

IN THE prize list of the Fall Fair given in THE CASKET were a few errors:

Colin F. Ross was awarded 2nd prize for standard bred horses. Frank Dunn, L. S. River, won 1st prize for sow or barrow under one year, and Francis Duggan 2nd prize. In same, under 6 months, Henry Melong, Town, won 2nd and 3rd prizes.

For best collection apples, not less than ten varieties, Hugh Somers, Sylvan Valley, received 3rd prize. COLLEGE TRACK MEET. - The annual inter-class track meet will be held in the College Rink next Thursday evening, commencing at 7.45. The meet is being held much earlier this year, so as to take advantage of the warm weather. This, coupled with added interest, which will undoubtedly attach to the meet on account of the High School classes having entered teams, should fill the College Rink on that evening. There are some very fine track and field athletes attending St. F. X. this year and an interesting evening's sport is sure to result.

SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF, HALIFAX. - The school for the Deaf at Halifax has re-opened after the summer holidays, and the principal, Mr. J. Fearon, would be grateful for the addresses of parents who may have deaf children. There are throughout the Maritime Provinces many children who are not totally deaf, but so hard of hearing that they cannot take due advantage of the instruction in ordinary hearing schools. Such children should attend the school in Halifax where their speech will be improved and everything possible done to help their hearing by prominent ear specialists.

ORTHOPEDIC OPERATION WONDERFUL SUCCESS. - One of the most wonderful and most successful operations on record at the St. Joseph's Hospital, Glace Bay, C. B., was performed by Dr. E. O. McDonald of New Aberdeen, C. B., on the foot of Miss Catherine McDonald, of Christmas Island, U. B. The young girl's foot was terribly deformed from birth, and the amputation of it was inevitable, but as a last resource, she bravely submitted to two most painful operations. After spending three months at the Hospital, Miss McDonald returned to her home last week, able to walk comfortably to the great astonishment of all who formerly knew her. - Sydney Post.

Dr. E. O. McDonald is a physician and surgeon of no ordinary ability. He is a native of P. E. Island and has practiced his profession at Glace Bay for ten years. He is a post-graduate at Oxford. - Com.

HON. MR. JUSTICE GRAHAM is presiding at the October sittings of the Supreme Court, which, opening on Tuesday, are still in progress here. The business is all civil and the cases all non-jury. Tuesday and the forenoon of Wednesday were taken up with the trial of Mr. W. S. Archibald's claim against the Hygienic Fresh Milk Company, Limited, for alleged wrongful dismissal, T. S. Rogers, K. C., of Halifax being counsel for plaintiff, and Messrs. A. A. MacKay, K. C., and C. P. Chisholm, K. C., for defendant. The argument of counsel

on the case will take place before His Lordship in Halifax. The evidence in Pettipas vs. Myette, for alleged trespass to lands, was completed yesterday afternoon; Griffin for plaintiff and C. P. Chisholm, K. C., for defendant. MacKenzie vs. Scotia Lumber and Shipping Co., Limited, was begun last evening and is to be resumed this morning; Wall, K. C., and J. M. Wall for plaintiff, and Griffin for defendant. Before adjournment last evening Mr. R. G. MacKay of New Glasgow applied for discharge of a prisoner in jail in Pictou for a third offence under the Canada Temperance Act. Decision was reserved.

HYMENEAL. - An interesting wedding ceremony took place at St. John the Baptist Church, New Glasgow, on Sept. 24, when Miss Ellen Fraser of Boston, formerly of Port Hastings, C. B., and Mr. Hugh McDougall of the same place were united in matrimony, Father McLeod officiating. The bride was attended by her cousin, Miss Katherine Fraser of New Glasgow. John McIsaac of Port Hastings supported the groom. After a dainty wedding breakfast at the home of Mrs. John MacDonald, Washington street, the happy couple, attended by the good wishes of many friends, left by the noon train for their future home at Port Hastings. The presents to the bride were numerous and valuable.

An interesting event took place at St. Ninian's Cathedral, Antigonish, on Monday, Oct. 7, when Miss Isabel McIsaac, daughter of the late Mr. John McIsaac of Pleasant Valley and Mr. Kenneth Chisholm of Boston, Mass., formerly of Beech Hill, Antigonish, were united in marriage, Rev. Father McAdam performed the ceremony in the presence of a number of relatives and friends of the contracting parties. The bride was attended by her cousin, Miss Libbie Campbell of Antigonish, while Dr. J. L. MacIsaac of Antigonish acted in the capacity of groomsmen. After the ceremony the happy couple drove to the residence of Mrs. R. H. Bannan, College Street, Town, sister of the groom, where a few immediate relatives sat down to a wedding luncheon and were afterwards entertained with Scottish music. Mr. and Mrs. Chisholm left the same afternoon for Halifax and following day for their home in Boston, visiting St. John, Portland and Salem en route. The presents to the bride were numerous, and included cheques, china, linen and silver. The groom's present to the bride was a pearl and silver necklace, to the bridesmaid a pearl and gold cross and to the groomsmen gold cuff links.

Personals.

Mrs. Hilton Pitt, of Bermuda, is visiting Mrs. Edgar Whidden, Antigonish.

Mrs. Jennet McKinnon of Antigonish is on a visit to friends in Boston and Newport.

Mr. William McDonald of Worcester, Mass., is in Town on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. MacDonald.

The Misses Christina McIsaac of Georgeville, Florence McGillivray of Pleasant Valley, and Christina MacDonald of Antigonish were passengers on last Thursday's noon train for Boston.

Mrs. D. C. McDonald and children of Cambridge, Mass., returned home last Friday after spending the past few months at the home of Mrs. McDonald's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Carter, South River Road. One of the children was a victim of the bulldog's attack last summer. He and the other child have fully recovered.

Dr. W. F. McKinnon of Antigonish and Dr. George H. Murphy of Dominion, C. B., left on Wednesday, 2nd inst., to take up surgical work with the Mayo brothers of Rochester, New York, and Dr. Murphy of Chicago, who conduct the two most famous schools in clinics in America and with a reputation hardly rivaled in Europe. They will be absent for some months.

Christmas Number Total Abstainer.

The Christmas Number of the Total Abstainer, the official organ of the League of the Cross, is now in course of preparation. It will contain special articles by some of the best writers in Canada and will have several new features to make it the most interesting Christmas Number ever issued in Nova Scotia. Branches of the League and parishes requiring copies will kindly place their orders before the 15th day of November, in order that a sufficient number may be on hand to supply the demand. The price will be 15 cents per copy, but special arrangement may be made when an order exceeds one hundred copies. Advertising rates will be furnished on application. Address all correspondence, Total Abstainer, Box 508, Glace Bay, N. S.

England's Greatest Actor Coming Here With an All-English Company in play by England's Greatest Living Playwright.

An engagement that will be highly regarded at Antigonish, is the coming of England's great character actor, Mr. William Hawtrey, and his all-English company of London's favorite actors in the great London comedy success, "Dandy Dick" to Celtic Hall on next Monday night. "Dandy Dick" is an eccentric, bright, merry, laugh-compelling, clean and wholesome comedy and was used by Mr. Hawtrey for two years in England and Australia. It was written by England's well known playwright, Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, author of "Sweet Lavender," "His House In Order," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "Iris," "The Cabinet Minister," "The Thunderbolt," and some forty-five other English successes. The play is full to the brim and overflowing with bright wit, clean fun, side-splitting situations and complications. This engagement was only arranged on last Monday, when the advance man for Mr. Hawtrey and his company found that the train service from Halifax to Sydney would not let the company reach Sydney in time for the Monday night's per-

formance, as the train would not get into Sydney in time to put up the scenery and give the performance. Mr. J. J. Slattery, manager of the Celtic Hall, arranged to have this company stop over here for Monday night. The company plays Halifax for three days, October 10, 11, and 12, comes directly here, and will then go to Sydney for two days. Exactly the same company and big scenic production that will be seen in Chicago will be seen here. It is seldom, if ever that a company of this importance visits a small town, and those who want an enjoyable evening should take advantage of this engagement at the Celtic Hall next Monday night. It is undoubtedly the best theatrical offering that ever visited the Provinces. The advance representative has arranged the prices lower than the prices in Halifax or Sydney. There are seats that fall within the price that can be paid by everyone, ranging from 25c for children, 50c, 75c, and \$1.00. There are 21 seats on the side at \$1.50. Now is the time to prove that Antigonish can and will patronize something worth while. If this attraction receives good patronage here, the same management that has charge of Mr. Hawtrey's American tour has promised to send some of their other twenty big attractions here.

Among the Advertisers.

Best vinegar and pickling spice at Bonner's. Green tomatoes, grapes, oranges etc., at Whidden's. Try a pair of our men's 50 and 75 cent rubbers. Best herring, in halves and quarters, at Bonner's. Good tub and block butter wanted by C. B. Whidden & Son. P. E. Island fat pork for beans and fish at Bonner's. You can buy beef and pork barrels, full bound, at Chisholm, Sweet & Co.'s. Men's rubbers, good quality, 50 and 75 cents, at Palace Clo. Co. Hides, calf skins and pelts wanted by C. B. Whidden & Son. Cheese rennet, head-quarters, wholesale and retail, Bonner's. What other stores do well, we do better. Palace Clo. Co. Fresh meat can be had on Saturday of every week, of Dan R. McGillivray, Lennox. Young pigs for sale. Apply to Thomas Grant, Supt. local home for poor. Boys' and youths' sweaters and sweater coats, 50c., 75c. and \$1.00. Palace Clo. Co. No 1 gravensteins, by the barrel, direct from the Valley, quality guaranteed. Bonner's. Hosiery for men and women, boys and misses at McDonald's Clothing Store. Keep your feet dry with a pair of our men's rubbers, 50 and 75 cents, at Palace Clo. Co. Girl wanted for general housework. Good wages. Apply to Mrs. A. W. Gerroir, Antigonish. A large consignment of ladies' and children's underwear just received. Prices right. Chisholm, Sweet & Co.

AUCTION

To be sold at Public Auction on the premises of the undersigned at Pleasant Valley, on Tuesday, 15th inst. commencing at 11 o'clock a. m.: 5 Milk Cows, 3 Heifers, 2 yrs old all with calf. 1 Cow due to calve in January. 1 Pair Yearling Steers, 12 years old. 1 Mare, 12 years old. 1 Horse, 11 years old. 1 Mare, 4 years old. 1 Colt, 12 years old, Burleigh stock. 1 Mare Colt, 4 months old, Burleigh stock. 1 Mare, 8 years old. 1 Horse 3 1/2 years old. 1 Milk Cow with calf. 3 Steers, 2 1/2 years old. TERMS OF SALE - Twelve months' credit on notes with approved security.

DAN CONNORS, Pleasant Valley, Ant. Co.

Holstein Bull for Sale

A registered Holstein Bull of the choicest breeding, one year old; dam's record for 12 months 13,227 lbs. milk. JOHN C. CHISHOLM, Lower South River, Ant. Co.

Men Wanted

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

KIRK & COOKE, Contractors

Wanted

A party to log by Contract at North River, Antigonish Co. Apply to RHODES, CURRY CO. Amherst, N. S.

BUTTER WANTED

Highest cash prices to be paid for tub butter. Apply to HYGIENIC FRESH MILK CO. Antigonish.

10-10-tf

Horses Wanted

Two good working horses for sale, or to exchange for drivers. I will pay cash for any difference between horses. D. FRASER, Manager Sears Livery

OYSTERS

I can supply you with good, fresh oysters after the first of October. Send your order in any time. ABRAHAM MYETTE, 9-26-1mo. Tracadie, N. S.

C. B. Whidden & Son are enquiring for a fine, good, sound work horse, thirteen hundred pounds and over.

The expressman brought us a very dainty lot of ladies' neckwear, belts, etc. See them! Chisholm, Sweet & Co.

Lost, between Pleasant Valley and Town, standard of a truck wagon. Finder please leave at F. R. Trotter's store.

For sale, a number of young pigs, also several colic pups three months old. Apply to William MacDearmid, Clydesdale.

Lost, somewhere near Dr. Huntley McDonald's office, one white bedspread. Finder please notify C. B. Whidden & Son.

Have your horses trained and clipped, also teeth filed. Moderate charges. Careful handling. H. MacNair, Town.

Lost, on or about Sept. 23rd, at Antigonish, a clergyman's black oil coat with velvet collar. Finder will please leave at College.

Lost, on Main Street, about Sept. 7, one five dollar bill and two two dollar bills. Finder please leave at Casket Office.

All the school books so long waited for, excepting Academic arithmetic, are now in stock at C. J. Macdonald's book store.

Ladies, don't put off the buying of your winter coat. Buy it now. Prices from \$5.75 and up. Chisholm, Sweet & Co.

For sale, two good milk cows, due to calve, one on December 15th next, the other on January 8, next. Address, A. care of The Casket.

For sale, a black mare, sound and good worker, also buggy and riding sleigh, and also 1 fresh cow, rich and good milker. Mr. Douglas, Briley Brook.

Found, a small sum of money on the Exhibition grounds. Owner can have same by applying to Miss Annie Smith, West River, and by paying for this advertisement.

Agents write us - We have the quickest and surest seller on the market to offer you, supply any quantity. Everybody wants it and everybody buys. Good profit and sale assured. Write National Novelty Co., Antigonish.

Auction Sale

To be sold at Public Auction, on the premises of the undersigned, at Clydesdale, on

SATURDAY, The 12th October, inst., commencing at 10 o'clock a. m.

- 1 Mare, 7 years old, good worker and driver. 4 Milk Cows, 2 farrow. 4 Yearlings. 3 Calves. 12 Head Sheep. 1 Mowing Machine. 1 Horse Rake. 1 Double Working Wagon, with shafts and pole. 1 Set Bobsleds. 2 Riding Wagons. 2 Buffalo Robes. 1 Spring Tooth and 1 Spike Tooth Harrow. 1 Set Double Working Harness. 1 Sleigh. 1 Tip Cart. And a lot of odds and ends usually found on a farm.

TERMS OF SALE - Twelve months' credit on notes with approved security for all sums over \$5.00, under this amount cash.

JOHN W. MACDONALD, F. H. MACPHIE, Auctioneer. Clydesdale, N. S., October 1st, 1912.

NOTICE

The books of account, promissory notes, etc., of Dr. W. Huntley McDonald, who will be absent for some months, are at the office of the undersigned, who will receive payments thereon. Antigonish, Oct. 2, 1912. JOSEPH A. WALL, Barrister.

Oysters and Herring

Choice Tracadie hand-picked oysters for sale, also a lot of choice Tor Bay Herring in half barrels. JOSEPH C. DELOREY, Merchant, Tracadie

Horses for Sale

A splendid mare, 10 years old, good in carriage or on farm, weighs between ten and eleven hundred. Also a four year old horse (from Mald's King) trained for carriage, about same weight as above. Apply to DANIEL MULLINS, Monk's Head Or to HOWARD McNAIR, Town.

Fall and Winter Goods

NOW IN.

CLOTHING Men's and boys' Winter Suits, Overcoats, Sweaters, Sweater Coats, Etc.

UNDERWEAR Men's medium and heavy weight all wool Unshrinkable Underwear. Also heavy fleec lined underwear for men, youths and boys.

TOP SHIRTS A large range in heavy drills, tweeds and flannels.

HATS and CAPS Our fall and winter lines are now in.

FOOTWEAR Winter Footwear mostly in. Balance arriving daily.

Reliable Goods, Values Unsurpassed

D. D. McDONALD



The largest, most exclusive, and most attractive line of Overcoats ever shown in this Town.

See these two men coming down the street? Pretty nice overcoats they have on! Made by whom? By the 20th century brand tailors - the finest experts in the land. Pictures drawn from actual life. We can guarantee you just as fine and perfect fitting a coat for yourself. Eighteen other styles to choose from. We are exclusive agents.

Palace Clothing Company

HARDWARE Now in Stock At D. G. Kirk's Hardware Emporium

- SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS and VARNISHES, BRANDRAM BROS. WHITE LEAD, PURE LINSEED OIL and TURPENTINE, TARRED and DRY SHEETING PAPER, CANADIAN PORTLAND CEMENT, LIME, PLASTER and SELENITE, HORSE SHOES, NAILS and CAULKS, BAR IRON and STEEL, CARRIAGE SPRINGS, AXLES and WOODWORK, BARN DOOR ROLLERS and TRACK, SHOT GUNS and AMMUNITION, PARLOR, HEATING and COOK STOVES, TINWARE and ENAMELWARE, STOVE PIPE and ELBOWS, RUBEROID ROOFING, ONE and TWO PLY. Also a large stock of SHELF HARDWARE at Lowest Prices.

D. G. KIRK, ANTIGONISH

The D. G. Kirk Woodworking & Cont. Co.

Manufacturers of DOORS, WINDOWS, MOULDINGS, and FINISH OF ALL KINDS, BIRCH and SPRUCE FLOORING, SHINGLES BRICK, LIME, LATHS, PLASTER Etc. BUILDING MATERIAL OF ALL KINDS FURNISHED AT SHORT NOTICE. ESTIMATES GIVEN ON APPLICATION.

Advertisement for a FREE-MAGNIFICENT PHONOGRAPH-FREE. Includes an illustration of a man playing a gramophone and text describing the offer: 'This is not a toy, but a genuine phonograph or talking machine, that will sing songs, play orchestras of band music, or tell funny stories AS WELL AS ANY \$50.00 MACHINE. Absolutely complete with beautiful Enamelled Horn, Glory Horn, perpetual music, complete with wax motor, patent governor, etc., and your choice out of hundreds of the newest and most popular records. This is the chance of a lifetime. An absolutely honest offer. We gave away over 1000 of these magnificent phonographs last year, on this wonderful, free offer, and everybody was delighted with them. Act now, and you can put into your home music and entertainment ABSOLUTELY FREE OF COST. SEND NO MONEY, YOU ARE NOT ASKED TO SPEND ONE CENT. Just forward your name and address to-day, and you will get our big illustrated catalogue of this and other magnificent premiums which you get absolutely free by giving us a few minutes of your spare time. Write for it to-day, and in a few days you can be the owner of this grand phonograph. NATIONAL PRODUCTS, LIMITED, DEPT. P. 39 TORONTO, ONT.'