

The Gasket

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Shall we sharpen and refine the youthful intellect, and then leave it to exercise its new powers upon the most sacred of subjects, as it will, and with the chance of exercising them wrongly; or shall we procure to feed it with divine truth, as it gains an appetite for knowledge?

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27.

The New Brunswick Provincial election which took place last Saturday, resulted in a victory for the Government, although Mr. Blair, its leader, was defeated in York. The Government claims a majority of from ten to thirteen members.

The death of Mrs. Harrison which occurred on Tuesday throws a funeral shadow over the Presidential campaign, and will undoubtedly rob the last days of the struggle of much of its wonted excitement. The election takes place on Thursday next.

Throughout the length and breadth of the United States Catholics and Protestants vied with one another in their efforts to honor the memory of the great navigator who gave a New World to the human race.

In Boston's magnificent parade last Friday, 12,000 men, members of Catholic societies for the most part, marched the streets in bright regalia. Gen. Michael T. Donohoe was Chief Marshal of the procession.

Although our good republican neighbors across the line manifest a good deal of selfishness and presumption in their evident determination to monopolize the name of 'Americans,' it must be acknowledged that they have completely eclipsed the rest of America and of the world in their religious and civil celebrations in honor of Columbus and his great discovery.

It is not generally known that there was an Irishman among the sailors that landed in the New World with Columbus on that memorable 12th of October, four hundred years ago. He was a man from Galway, and his name was William Eyre.

Archbishop O'Brien's able discourse on "Columbus," which appeared in the Halifax papers on the 17th inst., has provoked a reply from Mr. R. R. McLeod, a well-known gold miner, who has no "conscience" prejudice against the Catholic Church, but has a tremendous quantity of the unconscious article. If Mr. McLeod never strikes a mine containing a larger proportion of gold to rock and gravel than his letter contains of facts to erroneous statements and false inferences, he runs a poor risk of becoming a Mackey or a Vanderbilt.

From the Sacred Heart Review, of Boston, we quote the following opinions of eminent doctors on the effects of alcohol on the human system:

It is false that alcohol promotes digestion.—F. R. LEEB, M. D.

The influence of alcohol is never to stimulate life growth, but always to hinder and depress it.—J. J. RIDGE, M. D.

Alcohol is a destroyer of the system, and cannot be regarded as food. Alcohol neither warms nor sustains the body.—EDWARD SMITH, M. D.

It is evident that, so far from being a conservator of health, alcohol is an active and powerful cause of disease, interfering as it does with the respiration, the circulation, and the nutrition; nor is any other result possible.—PROF. YOUNG.

If alcohol were unknown, half the sin and a large part of the poverty and unhappiness of the world would disappear.—PROF. EDWARD A. PARKS, M. D., F. R. S.

Alcohol may be wholly dispensed with without injury to the sick, every intelligent physician being able to supply its place with other remedies of equal if not of greater value.—N. S. DAVIS, M. D.

A few weeks ago the editor of the London Globe wrote to Archbishop Vaughan to ask him whether under any circumstances a Catholic could attend an Anglican place of worship in an official capacity. In his reply the Archbishop laid down the general principle that "a Catholic may not take part in the services of a false religion."

A great many Anglicans took umbrage at these words which implied that theirs was a "false religion," and for some days the London papers were filled with wrothful protestations against what was considered the insulting language of His Grace of Westminster. The London Tablet makes the following very appropriate comments upon this strange outburst of Anglican indignation:

"Surely this is a little astonishing. And the surprise of these excellent people at finding that the Archbishop does not regard the Establishment as part of 'the true religion,' but on the contrary as an untrue, and, therefore, a false religion, suggests that his words were, perhaps, more timely than he knew. Certainly if there are many Protestants who were under the illusion that Catholics regarded their religion as the true one, or anything but one among many false ones; it was exceedingly well that the error was corrected. It is no longer necessary to use the emphatic language of our fathers, or with Waterston, to habitually speak of the Establishment as 'Old Mother Damnable,' but it is eminently desirable that all should know that we believe there is only one true religion, and that all others are necessarily false. We should be sorry to hurt the feelings of any one—but to Catholics the notion that there can be more than one true religion is an absurdity."

OUR FARMERS.

There is no class in our midst more deserving of support and sympathy than our farmers. To their increasing toil we owe our daily bread. To their unspoil sons and daughters we owe the continued vitality of our cities and towns. Were these not recruited from the country, from the brawny, healthy children of husbandry, they would gradually waste away in premature decrepitude. Our professional men, lawyers, doctors, teachers and clergymen are sons of the farmer. In Eastern Nova Scotia at least the farmer is almost absolute monopoly of these professions, so that whatever tends to render the farmer's lot more trying, tends also to dry up the springs from which the streams flow that replenish the professions. It cannot be denied that for the farmer this Autumn is in many respects peculiarly discouraging. What with the shortage in cattle feed caused by the summer's drought, the falling off in the quantity of butter and cheese arising from bare pastures and lack of water for cows, the destruction of the potato crop on many farms by the beetle, and the low prices for beef, a very large quantity of which is for sale, the outlook from the farmer's point of view is by no means bright. There is no doubt, but that the damage to the potato crop could have been prevented by a liberal use of Paris green, but many farmers feared to use it because it was a poison. This was however a mistake, as there is no danger at all in its use, if ordinary precautions be taken to keep cattle from eating the leaves and stalks of the potato during the season in which the poison is being applied. But the farmer has more than the bug to contend with. He can't count on the seasons, nor can he depend on the markets. The one makes his yields doubtful, the other often makes small his profit, if it does not turn them into a loss. Can anything be done to remedy this state of things? People have of late become so accustomed to turn to the politician for a remedy for every ill, that they often fail to put their own shoulder to the wheel of fortune to give it an opportune turn for themselves. We have no objection to appeals to the politician for help in this or any other matter, nor to anybody else, but the present outlook is, that if the farmer waits till the politician bring in a harvest of plenty for him, without any effort on his own part in the way of new departures in managing his farm and securing new markets, 'twill be long till his harvest is garnered. We prefer for our part to direct his attention to something more immediately practicable than political nostrums.

The first thing the farmer must do is to make the yield of his farm independent of the season, or largely so. He may start in surprise at the novelty of this statement, but in our climate, where after all one season does not differ so very much from another, the thing is practicable. Careful and frequent tillage and a liberal use of fertilizers will ensure a good crop in almost any season. We are informed on the best authority that on certain farms in this county the yield this year in both hay and other crops was unusually large, whilst the fields in the immediate neighborhood were almost innocent of vegetation. The reason lay in the difference in the tillage. A farm well tilled and manured will give good returns in any of our seasons. In dry seasons the ground around root crops need to be frequently stirred, so as to prevent the moisture in the soil from getting up to the surface and evaporating. Water cannot ascend through loose soil; hence when the surface is loosened the moisture cannot ascend and escape by evaporation. A good crop of hay or grain serves the same purpose for the soil in which it stands, but in a different way. It shades the ground and protects it from the sun's rays and thus prevent overheating and evaporation. But the question is how to get the good crop. Good crops follow good and abundant fertilizing, and fertilizers are superabundant in Eastern Nova Scotia, particularly in this county.

But of this enough for the present. Next week we shall return to the same subject.

PROTESTANT INTOLERANCE.

It is with Protestants a first principle that every man has the right to interpret the Bible for himself. Authority in religious matters for the Protestant there is none: private judgment is the last court of appeal. The only logical outcome of such a principle as this is the widest and completest tolerance of private opinion or conviction in matters of religion. And this tolerance Protestants have ever been ready to accord in theory. Their proudest boast is that they have emancipated conscience from the tyranny of Rome and proclaimed to the world for the first time the right of every individual to worship God in his own way without let or hindrance. Perhaps it is because they boast so much of their achievement,—because they preach so loudly the great Protestant principle of religious freedom and religious toleration that they fail so often and so signally to put it in practice. Your great talker and boaster seldom translates his words into deeds. None so loud in their professions of zeal for the observance of the law as the Pharisees of old, none more prompt or eager to denounce in others the slightest transgression, yet none more neglectful than they of the weightier matter of moulding their own lives and actions by the precepts of the law.

In this matter of religious toleration Protestants are fashioned on the pharaonic pattern. Their deeds do not tally with their professions. They denounce intoler-

ance on principle; they are shocked at what they are pleased to call the dogmatism and intolerance of Catholics; yet they are fully as dogmatic themselves in the assertion of their own peculiar tenets, and far less disposed than are Catholics to suffer those who do not think with them in religion to practise their religion in peace. Of course all Protestants are not guilty of this pharaonic inconsistency. The great majority of them were in the not very remote past, and a considerable minority are so still.

For proof of this latter statement we point to the recent outburst of Protestant intolerance both in the Old World and in the New. At late election contests in the British Isles and in the United States there has been a bitter and violent opposition with regard to the election of a Catholic as Lord Mayor of London on the sole ground of his religion. In the United States societies are being organized with the avowed object of depriving Catholics of their rights as citizens, and this too in defiance of the Constitution which guarantees them these rights. Here in Canada Methodist ministers, individually and in council assembled, have declared that they will not have Sir John Thompson as Premier of the Dominion, and for no other reason than that, at the bidding of conscience, he has ceased to be a Methodist and become a Catholic. And a few weeks ago, at the Pan-Protestant Council assembled in Toronto, a leading delegate in his official capacity affirmed that 'Protestantism is laid under special obligation to resist all Romish encroachments,' and that 'Roman Catholics must be excluded from all political offices.' There would be some excuse for this persecution of Catholics did they behave similarly towards their Protestant fellow-citizens. But this is nowhere the case. Tolerance of false doctrine Catholics do not profess; tolerance of persons irrespective of their belief they both profess and practice. But Protestants, who proclaim 'freedom of conscience' for all, seem never to have practically realized the meaning of the words.

In his Present Position of Catholics Cardinal Newman tells the Protestant world why it is they ever persecute, in spite of their professions. "It is," he says, "because their doctrine of private judgment, as they hold it, is extreme and unadvised, and necessarily leads to excesses in the opposite direction. They are attempting to reverse nature, with no warrant for doing so; and nature has its ample revenge upon them. They altogether ignore a principle which the Creator has put into our breasts, the duty of maintaining the truth; and in consequence, they deprive themselves of the opportunity of controlling, restraining, and directing it. So was it with the actors in the first French Revolution; never were there such extravagant praises of the rights of reason; never so signal, so horrible a profanation of them. They cried, 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,' and then proceeded to massacre the priests, and to hurry the laity by thousands to the scaffold or the river-side."

"Cape Breton and its Memorials."

The people of his native Isle owe Dr. Bourinot, the distinguished Librarian of the House of Commons, a deep debt of gratitude for this valuable historical work which he has just published. It is a large, elegant, quarto of 184 pages, enriched with fac-similes of curious old maps and other illustrations. The book gives evidence throughout of conscientious and thorough research—doubtless a labor of love. Though the greater part of the work is taken up with the history of Cape Breton under the French regime, the reader will find in it a very interesting and accurate description of the Cape Breton to-day—its natural resources, and its inhabitants. Perhaps the most valuable portion of the book is the Appendix which contains a summary of all the historical and other works extant that relate, in whole or in part, to the island of Cape Breton. Though the author is not a Catholic, we have not met from cover to cover more than a couple of words to which we could reasonably take exception. Evidently Dr. Bourinot is not only a scholar and a litterateur, but a man who is uncommonly free from the national and religious prejudices which warp the judgment and mar the work of so many of those who try to write history.

One of the most interesting features of the book is the amount of information it gives regarding the origin of the place-names of the island. Much of the history of every country is contained in its place names, and Cape-Breton is no exception to the rule. "Basques, Bretons, Normans, Portuguese, and Spaniards," says the author, "have made an impress on its geography which for a hundred and thirty years has failed to remove." The origin of the name 'Cape Breton' itself is somewhat doubtful, some claiming that it was so named by Basque fishermen after a Cape Breton in their own country; others, with a greater show of reasoning, maintaining that the name is only a memorial of the hardy sailors and fishermen of Brittany, who sailed in quest of fish to the coast of America soon after some say, even before—the great voyage of Columbus. In a Portuguese map of about the year 1520, there is a country described as "the land discovered by the Bretons." In other maps of the same period the cape is described as Cape of the Bretons, and even the mainland, afterwards Acadie, as the Land of the Bretons. That the Basques, indeed, often visited the shores of Cape Breton shortly after its discovery, is certain. The Basque Islands (Iles aux Basques) off Point Michaux were named after these intrepid seamen.

It is not known when the name of Cape Breton was extended to the whole island. In an English description of it, written as early as 1600, it is called "the island of Cape Breton," and Champlain so calls it some years later, though he had previously mentioned it as the Island of St. Lawrence.

It was but natural that mariners should name new and vaguely known countries after their most prominent head-lands. We find in 1609 L'Escarbot calling the island 'Baccolous,' a name given a hundred years before by the Basques in a general way to the whole of the north-eastern coast of N. America, latitudes being their word for 'coast.' It was only after the treaty of Utrecht in 1713 that the name of Cape Breton gave way to the more euphonious name of 'Île Royale' (Royal Isle). The French called it by this name thenceforward until the fall of Louisburg, in 1758, when they lost the island forever.

The first European settlement in Cape Breton was made by the Portuguese. The site of their settlement is doubtful. Some place it at Ilogonish. Others, among whom is the Rev. Dr. Patterson, are inclined to favor the claims of St. Peter's. It is said the name San Pedro appears in very old maps that antedate the French settlement there by many years. An old Indian tradition also supports this opinion. The English attempted a settlement in 1629 at Baleine, near Louisbourg. We may state, in passing, that the latter place was first called English Harbor. The settlers at Baleine were soon broken off by the French under Captain Daniel, who forthwith began a settlement themselves at St. Anne's Bay. There the Jesuits had a Mission in 1634 and 1635. The next settlement was made at St. Peter's by a Frenchman, Nicholas Denys, Sieur de Pronsac, who was governor of Cape Breton from 1654 to about 1669, when, his fort having been destroyed by fire, he broke up the settlement and left Cape Breton for good. A grandson of his, M. de la Ronde Denys, took part in the re-settlement of Cape Breton after the treaty of Utrecht, and it is probable, though Dr. Bourinot does not say so, that 'Cape La Ronde' on Isle Madame was named after him. A new fort was built at St. Peter's after 1713 and the name of the place changed to Port Toulouse in honor of the Comte de Toulouse, a distinguished naval commander. The fort was captured and his chapel destroyed by the New Englanders in 1745 the year of the first fall of Louisburg. Dr. Bourinot mentions that the Rev. Samuel Moody, senior chaplain of the expedition, "is said to have carried a hatchet for the express purpose of destroying the images in the French churches." We believe that it was on this occasion that the first Indian chapel built on Chapel Island (formerly, St. Villemain) was destroyed by the New Englanders.

Ile Madame (called by Governor Denys, 'le Ste. Marie'), was named after some French princess or other. Madame being the title usually given to the daughter of a French king or of a dauphin, or to the wife of the king's brother. Marguerite is, most probably, a corruption of Marguerite, the French for Margaret. Galanus was named after a French trader from Bayonne, named Galanus, who was the first to visit its waters. Lingan is a corruption of L'Indienne, literally 'Indian woman'; but why the place was given that name we are not told. Fourceux was formerly Havre Fourceux (Forked Harbor). Fourceux must have been a great place for raspberries. L'Ardoise was so called from the amount of slaty rock along its shore. Bonarderie, (formerly Verderonne) derived its name from its first proprietor, Chevalier de la Boularderie. There are several places of the name of Barrachois or Barrasois in Cape Breton. This means a "pond connected with the sea," or in other words, a cove. Dr. Bourinot does not give the origin of this word, but it is understood to be an old Breton corruption of *barre a coveer*, literally, 'a stranding-bar.' Catalone is supposed to have been so called after M. de Catalogne, an officer of the Louisbourg garrison, though some think that it is of Spanish origin, and was formerly *Catalonia*, which is the name of a province of Spain. A Spanish origin is sometimes claimed for 'Mira' also. It is tolerably certain indeed that the Spaniards as well as the Basques and Portuguese used to visit the shores of Cape Breton in early times, a fact which probably explains why Sydney Harbor was formerly known as Spanish Harbor.

A great many place-names with a decidedly French pliancy are only Indian names run through a French mould. Thus Canoe (from 'cansok' or 'cansoke,' a Micmac word meaning 'a frowning cliff opposite') Arichat, yet called 'Narichat' by many of the Acadians, is derived by a gradual process of transformation from Nericka, the Indian name of Isle Madame. Nekkissak is the modern Micmac form. Dr. Bourinot considers Descosse to be of Indian origin, but does not give the meaning of the word. He states however that Pichon, (Lettres et Memoires, 1760) spells it 'Decoux.' Now we remember having met the name 'Des Coux' among those of naval officers in the copy of an old French document relating to Ile Royale, and it is not impossible that this officer may have given his name to Descosse. We have just mentioned the name of Pichon. In the memoirs of this erratic individual, by the way, Antigonish is spelled Articulouche. Strange to say, many of the Cape Breton Acadians yet pronounce it precisely as it was spelled by Pichon over 130 years ago.

Among places named for certain natural characteristics" Dr. Bourinot on the authority of the same Pichon, who had spent some years between Port Toulouse and Louisburg, mentions Petit Degrat, once a famous 'fishing place.' No recent French vocabulary contains a word resembling 'Degrat,' but we have found in an old dictionary a word marked as obsolete—'degras'—which meant 'oil used for dressing buff-leather' or in other words 'codfish oil,' this being in point of fact the oil used for that purpose. But whether we have here a clue to the real origin of 'Petit Degrat' or not, we are unable to determine.

Loran or Lorrain (near Louisbourg) is only a French improvement upon the Micmac Loranhe. Even Mainland is a corruption of Menadon, which like 'Pictou' and 'Mabou' is a word of Indian origin. 'Bras-Port' also is a corruption too, according to Dr. Bourinot, although a very fortunate corruption, as "The Golden Arm" is a most appropriate name for the beautiful lake. Governor Denys in 1672 calls the lake Labrador, and all the old French and English charts give it the same name. Pichon who wrote after the final conquest of Louisbourg calls it Labrador. Whence came this word? It is hard to tell. It can scarcely have been a French modification of the old Micmac name of Bidcaubou. Dr. Bourinot thinks it may have the same origin as 'Bradore'—a bay north of the Gulf—which is considered to be the Breton way of pronouncing 'Bras-Port,' an 'arm of water.' It was from the Portuguese that the bleak peninsula north of Newfoundland received its strange misnomer of Labrador (C. Pluviale Land) a name which might well be applied to the fertile country that surrounds Cape Breton's inland sea. But be the origin of the word what it may, the change of Labrador into Bras-Port was a happy inspiration, and we hope that the poetic name may always remain, both in its orthography and its pronunciation, what it is to-day.

Obituary.

Four years ago, one of the most exemplary and talented pupils of St. Bernard's Convent, Antigonish was Margaret Isabella, the daughter of Donald McLeod, Esq., of Broad Cove, C. B. In 1889 Miss McLeod, feeling herself called to the religious state, entered the novitiate of the Congregation of Notre Dame, Montreal, where in a short time her kind and amiable disposition, coupled with her sincere piety, won for her the respect and esteem of both companions and superiors. She received in religion the name of St. Catherine of Alexandria. Early last August she was seized with so violent an attack of typhoid fever that her superiors, fearing that the end was imminent, granted the exemplary young novice the privilege of making her vows and receiving admission into the Order on what proved to be her death-bed. She rallied in a few days, but did not recover, and on the 12th of October after much suffering borne with edifying patience, she calmly resigned her pure soul into the hands of her Heavenly Father. Her remains were laid to rest in the Community vault at Villa Maria. A sister of the deceased who is in the novitiate there, and a brother, Mr. John McLeod, now on his way to Rome, had the sad consolation of being present at the funeral. We may add that the deceased was a sister of the Rev. Mother St. Joseph of the Antigonish Convent. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

At St. Andrews, on the 16th inst., Margaret Chisholm, widow of the late Alex. Chisholm, of Salmon River, Co. of Guysborough. The deceased, a few days previous to her death and apparently in good health, left her home at Salmon River, to visit her daughter, Mrs. Alex. McDonald, St. Vincent's, at whose residence she died, the cause of her affliction being a cold, the last fits of Holy Mary, St. Vincent's, she was born in 1833. She died on the 16th January, 1891, and about 30 years ago she with her husband and three sons and two daughters migrated to this province, settling in Salmon River as their adopted home, where by honest industry and thrift they secured for themselves a home of comfort and where the way farther and newly invariably received kind and generous hospitality. The deceased was exemplary in all the relations of life,—a model wife, mother and Christian.

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