

birth, expel an existing soul. Two souls cannot, in the Hindoo variety of the theory of transmigration, coexist in the same shroud of matter; and consequently, under no circumstances, could the father be soul to his own son. The true theory is, that one and but one particle of the Divine Spirit is imprisoned in each material form, giving it sentience; that the particle struggles always to regain its source, and will attain its end whenever it has dominated the evil impulses inherent in matter, and has become, by continued purity alike of life and ceremonial—for somehow life is linked with the blood, and whatever pollutes the blood pollutes also the life—so perfect as to be identical in essential character with the original All. It is a long and painful process, involving many lives and many ups and downs in the great journey; and though success is inevitable in the end, for spirit must eternally conquer matter, which is, indeed, a mere precipitate of spirit, the misery and degradation of many of the lives may be almost unendurable, and are shared by the convinced Hindoo as few among modern Christians, even of the Catholic faith, are found to dread the Christian hell.

There is not one particle of evidence for it all, except, indeed, that curious fancy which we have all felt, that we have passed through a scene or a situation once before, and which is plausibly explained by modern science as the result of the momentarily unequal action of the two lobes of the brain; but we cannot see that transmigration is in itself an ignoble faith, and it does explain some of the otherwise inexplicable phenomena of human life. It supplies a reason for the struggle upwards which man instinctively recognizes as right, and which is, we think, apart from revelation, the source of that faith in a future state which cannot have been born of a non-existent experience. Transmigration gets rid of that notion of the ultimate defeat, whether of God or Good, which is inherent in the notion of Hell, and it disposes at once of the apparent injustice inflicted on us by unearned misfortune or non-educative pain.—*Spectator*.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

A LORNE INSTITUTION.—A growing and comparatively new industry in this country is the manufacture of factory cheese. There are already several factories in Antigonish county, but we have only one in active operation. The "Lorne cheese Manufacturing company" was organized a short time ago, and at their large and commodious building at Lorne, West Branch, the finest quality of cheese is manufactured in large quantities. Several hundred cows are subscribed and, unlike some newspaper readers, all pay their subscription. Each morning the milk is collected at an hour early enough to allow of its being at the factory at nine o'clock a.m. There it is placed in huge vats and its temperature gradually raised by steam passing—but we are not going to give the process away and thus throw Mr. Townson, who is an efficient and obliging gentleman, out of a position. At the rear of the building is a large pig yard, almost a grove, where visitors are always taken and if eligible, remain. In this pig's paradise, the animal may be seen in all the grades of size, shape and pigment. When the visitor approaches the surrounding he has a beautiful prospect of the animal in repose. He sees first perhaps, one solitary pig, roaming moodily through the grove and at intervals uttering a disgusted "grunt." This pig is a cynic. He doesn't view the world as the majority of pigs do, but looks on everybody and everything with distrust, a sort of Carlyle among pigs as it were. Then there is the very hungry pig. Of course all pigs are hungry, but this type enormously so. When a visitor approaches the confines of the yard, this pig immediately rushes up, with an intense hungry look, and implores you to turn on the "whey." Then there are the amorous pigs, who always go in pairs and exchange loving, confidential grunts as they go. The pigs from the different localities may be distinguished by an ordinarily close observer. When the obliging manager of the factory turns on the "whey" into the pig trough, there is a grand rush from all quarters. Pigs seem to rise up out of the mud, as indeed they do, and respond to the call. There are sixty pigs, large and small, in the yard, and the troughs two in number are quite inadequate to their accommodation. So when sixty pigs arrive at a seven foot trough filled with whey, it is quite clear that fifty-eight of those pigs, if not more, are going to be hungry. The charge they make is something inspiring. Then it is that the different localities represented may be distinguished. At the head of the trough, and abreast, are two stalwart pigs from Fox-brook, they gallop up and assume their positions at the end of the trough into which the whey pipe runs and nothing less than a "Johnstown horror," or the prospect of a larger trough will drive them away; next to them but close up, is the Lorne contingent. Their countenances seem to convey that they think it a shame that they should only be seconds, and their own factory, too. The Riverton pig is an interesting animal, he has a quiet insinuating way about him that leads you to think whey is the last thing he thinks of, but before the banquet is well under way, he has worked himself up to third place on the trough, and were it not that he fears the Fox-brook twain, he would soon occupy a proscenium box. After these come the common herd "in no fixed rank, but each as he can." When this rear-guard arrives the look of woe on its face is sad to see. He has no prospect as he well knows that all that passes the Fox brook pair will be absorbed by Lorne and Riverton. This is an abuse that should be remedied by the Directors. There are other beautiful institutions, such as the young pigs, but even a pig's tail must have an end.—*New Glasgow Enterprise*.

An abundant lumber crop is expected in New Brunswick this summer, as nearly all the drives are coming out, bringing 50,000,000 or 60,000,000 feet hung up last year.

The largest boom of logs ever built in British Columbia is now on its way from the northern part of the province to Vancouver. The boom consists of one million feet of logs and is consigned to H. R. Morse.



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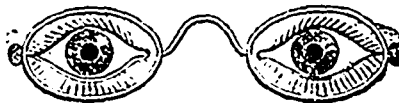
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1 Real Estate worth.....	2,000	2,000
1 Real Estate worth.....	1,000	1,000
4 Real Estates worth.....	500	2,000
10 Real Estates worth.....	300	3,000
30 Furniture Sets worth.....	200	6,000
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