

SUNDERED.

BY E. BECK.

It is not the mountains high and grand
With the sunshine crowned or snow,
Nor is it the wastes of arid sand,
Or the valleys long and low,
Nor is it the rivers swift or wide,
Nor the sea without an end
O'er whose crested wave the tall ships ride,
That can sever friend from friend.
But mistrust and doubt and suspicion wrong,
The glance of a scornful eye,
The bitter words of an angry tongue,
And the anger, quick reply,
Can end the friendships of many a year.
Can sunder heart from heart,
And can leave the friends that were near and dear
As far as the poles apart.
—Ave Maria.

A Talk With the Brother of Pius X.

(Salvatore Cortesi in the Independent.)

Every Italian, away down in his heart, would much rather be Pope of the world than King of Italy, and the position, like that of President of the Republic, has the additional advantage of being open to the ambition of the humblest person.

Pius X. is little known to the Romans, although a familiar figure in Venice, where he was almost worshipped for his charity and benignity, and equally in his native village, because when he rose to the dignity of Cardinal and Patriarch he did not forget his origin, but treated his family with affection and took his sisters—who were so far parents that they have never worn hats—to live with him at the famous Cathedral of St. Mark.

The Pope is the elder of two brothers, the other being Angelo, the most important member of the Sarto family, which by universal affirmation is a model of virtue and of that physical and moral health which only the country, the open air, the "innocence of the fields" seem to produce. No one could speak with more authority or with greater appreciation of his brother than Signor Angelo; so having occasion to meet him, I utilized the talk in the interests of the readers of the "Independent," finding him a good-looking old man, handsome perhaps than the Pope himself, with fine manners and a cordial way with him which wins all hearts and makes him the most popular man of his district.

At my discreet questions he began at once:

"You want to hear of Beppi?" (Beppi is the Italian diminutive for Giuseppe always used by the Sarto family.) "From what I have always understood our family has from the first been humble, although at one time it rose somewhat. My grandfather, who was a commercial agent, is as far back as I can remember. He lived to be almost eighty, and adored his children, although we gave him little peace. My most distinct recollection of him is that he used to sit at the door of our house, smoking a pipe, dressed in a coat with very long tails, which Beppi and I would surreptitiously pull, and he would send us round bits of licorice (a most beautiful treat) while mamma was looking. His third son was Battista, our father, commercial agent like our grandpa, who married Margherita Sanson, a pretty little dressmaker of Riese. A country dressmaker fifty years ago meant very few svazieche (dimes) and a large amount of work. In those days inch measures were unknown here, so she measured her customers with a piece of string, tying knots in it for the required lengths. They had two sons and six daughters—the present Pope and me (Angelo), Teresa, Rosa, Maria, Antonio, Lucia and Anna; three of the girls married and three remained maids and lived with Beppi at the Patriarchate in Venice.

"Antonia married a tailor, Francesco D.-Bel, and had five children; Lucia married the sacristan of the Church of Salzano, Luigi Boschini, and had two children; Teresa married the innkeeper of Riese, Giovanni Battista Parolin, and had nine children, one of whom is parish priest and monsignor, and we expect great things of him. Many of this younger generation are married to persons in their own class, while I have had two daughters and have three grandchildren."

When I had had this interesting account of the family of the Pontiff, I thought I would like some details of his Holiness from a familiar point of view. "Now that your brother has been elevated to such a dignity, will you continue to be postman—an employee of the King of Italy—and shopkeeper in your little village? Have you no desire to live near Pius X.?" I asked. Signor Angelo replied:

"Of course, I will follow the will and desires of my brother, but Rome is not home; I do not hear my language (Venetian dialect) and everything is strange. We have made no plans. O. fairly my poor brother must need some dear one near him; he was not made for that lonely post

at the Vatican, and is so accustomed to being taken care of by my sisters that he must long for them."

Signor Angelo may be quite right. I am sure he is; but what is certain is that his three sisters (now no longer young) lament from morning to night the separation from their favorite brother, fearing for his comfort and realizing with a kind of despair that separation is as final almost as though he had died.

Signor Angelo seemed to take great pleasure in recalling early days and stories of Pius X.: "We had our house, a little ground and some furniture, that was all, and little enough it was for a family of ten, so we were obliged to live carefully, very carefully indeed. Papa was most religious, like Beppi, and taught us the rudiments of religion; but we could only sign our names and could read fluently enough, while Giuseppe devoured whatever came in his way. When he began to go to school he took all the prizes, made such progress that he (and I, too) was sent to Casellefranco to school, a donkey being bought at considerable sacrifice to take us there, we boys quarreling regularly every day as to who should drive it, Beppi always conquering, as he was older and stronger than I. Poor beast," he added, with a twinkle in his eye; "those were not pleasant days for him, but he died at a green old age and was very fond of us both."

"Papa died in 1852. So as our mother could not send us to school any longer, she had Giuseppe recommended to the Patriarch of Venice, Mgr. Monseco, who got him into the seminary at Padua. He was ordained priest in 1858, and from that time it was clear sailing. Beppi forged ahead to some purpose, as you see. Ah! by the way, Giuseppe was recommended to the Patriarch by an uncle who was Mgr. Monseco's servant. How little any of them thought at that time that he would some day not only be master there, but at the Vatican!"

As the good, big Angelo seemed inclined to lose himself in dreams of the family's grandeur, I recalled him to reality by asking for a few stories about his brother. "Ma che vuole!" he replied, "what can I say? Things happened and we thought no more of them. When they took place they did not strike us in the light of anecdotes to be remembered."

However, I kept the conversation in the proper channel and learned that Pius X. always had the simplest habits. He retired early, rising at the most unearthly hours; ate little, without much regard to what it was, and worked indefatigably without his working upon him. Apropos of early rising, Signor Angelo recounted that one day when Giuseppe was parish priest at Tombole (Angelo) was an interested witness of the following conversation. His brother had risen at 5 a. m. and, as had happened before, finding that the sacristan was still in bed, himself opened the church for an early worshiper who, somewhat shocked, proposed to call the sacristan, when Sarto replied: "No, no! let him alone. Don't you think I am able to open a door by myself? When I shall be old and ill he will open the door and I shall stay in bed."

Another interesting fact which I gleaned was, to use Signor Angelo's own words: "Beppi was at my house when the news that he had been made Cardinal arrived. We had all been together, and he had been joking us on what he called our aristocratic habits. We went out together to the post office, and he said: 'I think the moment for you to carry out your great desire to go to Rome has come.' 'Then you are really to be a cardinal?' I asked, delighted. 'Yes; have you the money to go?' 'Ah, Beppi, things are going badly; I do not think I can put forty dollars together.' 'Forty dollars! Why, you are a rich man; with forty dollars one could go to the ends of the world!' Angelo continued with a shake of his head: 'Beppi is charitable, and so never has a cent in his pocket; but he has the best heart in the world. Once, after he was Cardinal, he came to see me, I being in bed with pneumonia. When he entered the room he said: 'I hear that you want to die, and I have come to see what you are going to leave me, as my affairs are at a low ebb.' And he stayed with me until I was better."

"What a pity our mamma is not alive. When he was created Cardinal he came to see her and said: 'See, mamma, do I not look handsome dressed in red?' and indeed he did, so that she cried for joy at having such a son. What would she have said if she had seen him in white?"

With these words Signor Angelo went his way.

Monks Compiled the Early Dictionaries.

Dr. J. A. H. Murray, editor of the New English Dictionary, told his hearers a great many interesting things about dictionaries in the course of a recent lecture. The word "dictionary," he said, appeared first in 1225 and though "dictionary" was used in its modern sense in 1542, it had not then ousted either the more correct word "vocabulary" or the fanciful titles which early compilers liked to enjoy. The contents of the earliest dictionaries were not arranged in alphabetical order, but under subject headings; it is only since the end of the sixteenth century that the alphabetical arrangement has become universal in Europe, an arrangement which is responsible for the wonderful application of the title "dictionary" to every work treating of subjects—e. g. cabinet-making or national biography—in alphabetical order. A dictionary is properly a book about words.

The average person seems somehow to think of dictionaries as the invention of Dr. Johnson and an altogether modern project. Dr. Murray corrected that idea. They were not the work of one or several men, he told his audience, but a growth developed through the ages. They began with the glosses—that is, the explanation in easy Latin or English—of hard Latin words written by the monks between the lines of the manuscripts. The glosses grew into translations, and collections of glosses by this monk or that from all the sources available to him made glossaries or dictionaries. Little by little English supplanted the easy Latin explanations, and the words were arranged in a rudimentary alphabetical order, thus forming, so long ago as 1500 A. D., Latin-English dictionaries.

The first book with the title of "An English Dictionary" was published in 1623. Such works were mainly compiled for the use of "women and other unskilful persons." In the year 1721 appeared the first attempt at a complete dictionary of the English language, remarkable also for the introduction of the etymological treatment of words—that of Nathaniel Bailey. His folio edition, published in 1759, was the working basis of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary. In the reign of Anne—an age of rest and subsistence from troubles—when the language had reached maturity, the demand arose for a dictionary which should fix for ever (a childlike and pathetic aim) the correct usage. Pope interested himself in the plan. It fell to Johnson to execute it, at a cost of time, labor and money that far exceeded the calculations of himself or his syndicate of booksellers.

The especially new feature of the work was the quotations, all gathered by Johnson himself and copied by six assistants. They were printed without verification or reference, and the proofs were not carefully read, hence many curious errors.—Exchange.


Fatal Automobile Accident.

While Barney Oldfield's racing automobile was running nearly 60 miles an hour at the Grand Point track Detroit last Wednesday afternoon, in the ten mile open event, one of the tires struck through and exploded throwing the car into the fence and injuring Frank Shearer, a spectator, so badly that he died in ambulance en route to a hospital. The car went fifty feet through the air, and Oldfield, who kept his seat, had a marvelous escape from death. He received several cuts about the body and had one rib broken. It was an afternoon of accidents at the track, two other high speed machines, those driven by Harry Cunningham and Henri Page, the Canadian, coming to grief, because of the tires. Fortunately no one was hurt in either of these accidents. As Oldfield was turning later on his seventh mile the friction on the upper front tire burned it through and it exploded. The car with its tremendous momentum, shot for the outer edge of the track, which is six feet above the ground beyond the fence. It struck the fence at this point and the car struck him, breaking both legs in several places and fracturing his skull. He was thrown seventy five feet and never recovered consciousness. Oldfield had presence of mind enough to throw himself backward on the flat neck of the car which went crashing through a low tree and landed a wreck, fifty feet beyond.

Cheese Board Meeting.

The regular meeting of the Cheese Board was held Friday afternoon, 11th, and was fairly well attended. The following cheeses were boarded: Lakerville 120; St. Peter's, 120; East River, 85; Red House, 90; New Dominion, 100; New Glasgow, 225; New Perth, 150; Haselbrook, 150; Hillsboro, 150; Gowanus 145; Cornwall, 117; Dundas, 125; Gowanus Bras, 85; Winnetoe, 100; Summerside, 165; Mt. Stewart, 170. The buyers were Dillon & Spillet and John Wheatley. The prices paid were 11 1/2¢ and 11¢. The following cables were approved: well treated quiet but steady; English market steady; Montreal 1 1/2¢ to 1 1/4¢; Brookville 1 1/4; London 5 3/4 to 5 1/2¢.

Prof. Zolt delivered an instructive address in which he stated that he had visited all the factories on the island but one and found them all fairly well equipped and better than a great many in Ontario. Our dairy men this summer have been favored with cool nights for curing cheese and can therefore turn out a better article than otherwise. In factories near the shore the cheese has a moist flavor. This is "the P. E. Island flavor" and is largely caused by pasturing near the shore in marsh land. This is being largely overcome of late, however. One thing struck him regarding the manufacturing of cheese here, and that is the large quantity of rusk used. He believed that if less were used more body could be produced. It would be worth investigating to see if the change would not improve the goods.



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Stomach,
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Dysentery,
Colic,
Cholera,
Morbus,
Cholera infantum, Seasickness,
and all kinds of Summer Com-
plaint are quickly cured by
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MISCELLANEOUS.

"Just throw me half a dozen of your biggest trout," said the man with the angler's outfit.

"Throw them!" exclaimed the astonished fish dealer.

"That's what I said," replied the first part. "They'll go home and tell my wife I caught them. I may be a poor fisherman, but I'm no liar."

Headache all Gone.

Mrs. Melbourne Parker, Torbrook, N. S., writes: "I have used Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders, and after taking one or two felt better at once, and was able to get up and go on with my work." Price 10c. and 25c., all dealers.

Teacher (suspiciously)—Who wrote your composition, Johnny?
Johnny—My father.
Teacher—What, all of it?
Johnny—No'm; I helped him.

Hagyard's Yellow Oil is a good remedy for man or beast. It reduces swelling, allays inflammation, takes out pain and cures cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, quinsy, sore throat, etc. Price 25c.

A small boy living with his aunt and grandma noticed on one occasion that the regular black pepper shaker was filled with red pepper. This aroused no little concern on the part of the lad, and, turning to his aunt, who sat next to him at the table, he said: "You better not eat any of that red pepper, Aunt Harriet; grandma says that red pepper kills ants."

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

Tourist.—What is the size of this place, uncle?
Colored Citizen.—Dis town hab got about 2,000 popularity, sah.

Minard's Liniment relieves neuralgia.

Teacher.—Now just one more subtraction sum—
Dolly.—Oh, Miss Crawford, I don't fink Mamma would let me do any more of those sums, cause in them you burrow ten and pay back only one, and that's cheating!

Gentlemen.—While driving down a very steep hill last August my horse stumbled and fell, cutting himself fearfully about the head and body. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT freely on him and in a few days he was as well as ever.
J. B. A. Beauchemin.
Sherbrooke.

"Remember," admonished the minister, "when you begin to notice the mote in your neighbor's eye there is pretty certain to be a beam in your own."

"That's right," replied Sinnerickson. "I make the average man's whole face beam to find a mote in his neighbor's eye."

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