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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26.

The people of St. Pierre, Miquelon, have made an emphatic protest against godless education in that island. It is a great pity that similar protests were not made in due time through the length and breadth of the mother country.

We rejoice to hear that a selection of the valuable historical papers which the Rev. Charles C. Starbuck has been contributing for several years to the *Sacred Heart Review* is being prepared by him for publication. It should have an immense sale.

If all the parochial schools of Chicago were closed, it would cost Chicago taxpayers ten million dollars to erect school buildings to accommodate the new pupils, and two million dollars a year additional to pay the wages of the increased number of teachers that would be required.

Father Tabb is bearing his affliction with heroic cheerfulness, and can even joke about it, as may be seen in the quatrain which he sent in answer to a rather too sentimental letter of condolence:

HIGH FLYERS.

There once were two brothers named Wright,
Who rose in aerial flight;
But a poet I know
That much higher could go,
For he soared till he got out of sight.

The process of canonizing Father Isaac Jogues, the Apostle of the Mohawks, is advancing rapidly. When Pius X read the narrative of Father Jogues' terrible last march with his Indian captives, he remarked to Cardinal Cretoni, the Prefect of the Congregation of Rites: "How the faith and devotion of such a man dwarfs all our little troubles and puts us all to shame."

The following passage from Archbishop Ireland's sermon at the dedication of the Cathedral of St. Boniface is worthy of separate quotation:

"A stranger among you, I may speak as one of yourselves might not speak; and it is my positive conviction—a conviction based on facts and conclusions which I cannot put aside—that if today the flag of Canada and Great Britain floats over the North-West, the man to whom this is due is Alexander Tache."

Mr. John St. Loe Strachey, the editor of the *London Spectator*, has compiled, from what Protestants call the *Apocrypha*, a volume entitled "The Practical Wisdom of the Bible." His selections are chiefly made from the Book of Ecclesiastes. We have said before, and may here repeat, that if Protestants had really followed the rule which they profess to follow, of judging the inspiration of Scripture by the impression which the reading of it makes on them, they would never have rejected Ecclesiastes.

The Springfield Union complains that there is too much law-making in Massachusetts. With the Legislature sitting every year, and continuing its sessions for six months, a great many unnecessary laws are passed. The statute books are encumbered with all sorts of laws that are not needed, and that cannot be enforced. For every evil, great or small, and for many things that are not evils at all, a remedy is sought in law, and it seems to be the aspiration of every legislator to be the author of at least one law. Only five States of the Union besides Massachusetts have an annual legislative session. They are Georgia,

New Jersey, New York, Rhode Island and South Carolina. All the rest have biennial sessions, with the exception of Alabama, which finds a session once in four years, and of only fifty days' duration, quite sufficient for its needs.

The *Sacred Heart Review* has the following editorial notes along the same lines as some leading articles which have recently appeared in these columns:

"The Catholic Church is on the side of law and order—but she is not on the side of unjust law, or of order which is maintained by force and fraud.

"Those who see in the Catholic Church a great conservative social force should understand that her conservatism stands as staunchly against the immorality and injustice of predatory wealth, as against the headstrong claims of the poor.

"The Catholic Church is a great bulwark against disorder, but those who would rob the poor of their rights must not expect her to shield them from the consequences of their crimes. The soul of the laborer is as much to her as the soul of the millionaire, and much more to her than the millionaire's money."

The *Sacred Heart Review* makes the following humorous comment upon the contrast between some Indians we have read of and some whom we know:

"The Indians with whom Fenimore Cooper made us familiar were a taciturn set. They did not have much to say. As we remember them, their conversation seemed to be confined almost exclusively to the exclamation 'ugh.' The Indian of fact and of the present day is in many respects different from Cooper's braves and squaws. For example, there visited the Iroquois tribe, a direct descendant of the famous Red Jacket, chief of the Five Nations; and contrary to the old-time idea that Indians said 'ugh' and nothing more, this specimen of our aboriginal inhabitants speaks much and speaks it in three languages—Iroquois, French and English. She doesn't go around with feathers in her hair like the Indian lady whose portrait adorns our cent, but wears the clothing of civilization, and wears feathers in her hat instead of in her hair—a slight difference, but one which shows our progress from savagery. She was born in Montreal and was educated in the Notre Dame Convent there. Best of all she is a devout Catholic."

Sir Robert Hart, who retired some months ago from the position of Inspector-General of Customs for China, which he held for forty-five years, delivered an address at a Wesleyan Missionary Exhibition at Leeds, a few days ago, and paid the following high tribute to our missionaries in China:

"Although many of you may not agree with me, I cannot omit on an occasion such as this to refer to the admirable work done by the Roman Catholic missionaries, among whom are to be found the most devoted and self-sacrificing of Christ's followers. The Roman Catholic missions have done great work both in spreading the knowledge of our God and our Saviour, and more especially in their self-sacrifice in the cause of deserted children and afflicted adults. Their organization as a society is far ahead of any other, and they are second to none in zeal and self-sacrifice personally. One strong point in their arrangement is in the fact that there is never a break in continuity, while there is perfect union in teaching and practice, and practical sympathy with their people in both the life of this world and the preparation for eternity. The Roman Catholics were the first in the field, they are the most widely spread, and they have the largest number of followers."

The passion for doing remarkable things has doubtless led to many good results, but it has had many bad results as well. The latter is the case when college students try to outdo their predecessors in boisterous demonstrations often accompanied by destruction of property. The latest street parade of Toronto University students was the most disorderly ever held; McGill's latest theater night brought the students into sharper collision with the police than ever before; Dalhousie's destructive march from the Academy of Music one night last week ended in a riot in which policemen were severely injured and several students arrested. None of these was quite so bad as the recent fight between freshmen and sophomores in the Polytechnic Institute, Worcester, Mass., when many of the students had to be sent to the hospital

and one of them died there. The venerable George T. Angell, editor of *Our Dumb Animals*, takes occasion of this to inquire, as he has often inquired before: "What is the matter with our Protestants institutions, and why do we never hear or read of these doings in Catholic colleges or schools?"

The posthumous volume of "Historical and Political Essays" by the late William E. H. Lecky contains some of that philosophical historian's best thoughts. "To Lecky," says a *London Times* reviewer, "the most precious lessons of history are moral ones: to him the strongest forces are not economical or military, but moral; to forecast the future you must, in his view, see whether the moral foundations of public or private life are sound." And he quotes the following passage as being especially addressed to the present generation:

"If you would form a wise judgment of the future of a nation, observe carefully whether these qualities are increasing or decaying. Observe especially what qualities count for most in public life. Is character becoming of greater or less importance? Are the men who obtain the highest posts in the nation men of whom in private life and irrespective of party competent judges speak with genuine respect? Are they men of sincere convictions, sound judgment, consistent lives, indisputable integrity, or are they men who have won their positions by the arts of a demagogue or an intriguer; men of nimble tongues and not earnest beliefs—skilful, above all things, in spreading their sails to each passing breeze of popularity?"

The *Messenger* gives us the following additional facts concerning Scotland's first Catholic judge since the Reformation:

"Mr. William Campbell (now styled Lord Skerrington) is fifty-three years old and belongs to an old Ayrshire family, being the only son of the late Robert Campbell of Skerrington. He graduated in arts at Edinburgh University, and was called to the Bar in 1878. At first work came slowly to the youthful advocate, and for a few years Mr. Campbell devoted his time to legal literature. He edited the third edition of Lord Fraser's "Master and Servant," and a new edition of the same judge's "Parent and Child." Soon, however, his ability found recognition, and in a few years his practice became one of the largest at the Scottish Bar. To-day his practice is probably the largest, and his elevation to the Bench will mean the distribution of a tremendous amount of work. In 1905 Mr. Campbell was signally honored by his fellow advocates appointing him Dean of Faculty. Though a Liberal in politics, Mr. Campbell has never taken a very active part in political life. Both as a lawyer and a pleader he stood supreme at the Bar. He made no claim to be a master of that style of oratory which appeals to the ordinary public mind, and proves seductive to a jury. He was essentially a lawyer and a forensic pleader. To mental qualities which fitted him admirably for the work of a lawyer he added a knowledge of law which only years of study can give. In 1880 Mr. Campbell married the second daughter of the late Lord Fraser. In recent years he has taken a keen interest in the work of the Catholic Truth Society in Scotland."

The much used phrase "it will supply a long felt want," was never more applicable than in the case which the *Rome correspondent of the London Tablet* describes in the following paragraph:

This week the *Osservatore Romano* has published an "Apostolic Constitution," by which the Holy Father decrees the publication of an official Bulletin of the Holy See which shall for the future be the sole ordinary method for promulgating the Laws made by the Holy See either directly by the Supreme Pontiff, or through the Roman Congregations. Such laws shall not be held to be in force until they have appeared in the new Bulletin. The same publication will also contain all the Acts of the Holy See, decisions, &c., of the Roman Congregation and Offices, which are destined for publication. The first number will appear in January, and two issues will appear every month from the Vatican Printing Press. Not the least of the advantages of this departure is that the bishops and priests will be able to secure prompt knowledge of the latest decisions of the Holy See. In the Constitution the Holy Father declares that he has been led to take this step owing to the representations of many bishops—especially since the formation of the Commission for the Codification of Canon Law, and in order that the laws of the Church should be promulgated in a manner

consonant with the solemnity due to Acts of the Supreme Authority of the Church. Some questions have been raised with regard to the status of the many private publications both in and out of Italy whose sole scope is to print the Acts of the Holy See. As far as your correspondent has been able to ascertain, the official Bulletin will not supersede them—least of all those of them which publish a commentary on the documents they contain.

When the *Presbyterian Witness* tried to justify its use of the expression "the Divine Wafer" by attributing it to Cardinal Vananelli, we pointed out that his Eminence never used such an expression. Before our protest appeared it had published another article in which the editor again turned the delicious morsel over and over in his mouth in a manner which showed how thoroughly he enjoyed the insult he was offering us. For a couple of weeks after this he was silent, then, in his issue of October 31 he writes as follows:

"Dr. Moyes of the Westminster Cathedral, London, says of the recent demonstration in London: 'Never has there been such an outburst of love and devotion to the Mass and to the blessed Sacrament—the wafer, namely—which Catholics hold to be the very source of essential strength.' We quote this sentence from Canon Moyes to show that such a man regards it as not profane or scornful to refer to the 'wafer'—the Divine Wafer some call it."

We had not read Canon Moyes' article in the October number of the *Nineteenth Century* at that time, but we felt sure that his words had been garbled just as Cardinal Vananelli's had been. To make assurance doubly sure, we looked up the magazine, and here is the passage from which the *Presbyterian Witness* pretends to quote:

"Men and women and children in thousands have pressed forward to the altars for Holy Communion, and never in the whole history of the Church in this country has there been a greater outburst of love and devotion to the Mass and to the Blessed Sacrament."

It is useless for the editor of the *P. W.* to juggle with words and say that Blessed Sacrament and Divine Wafer mean the same thing. It is usage we are speaking of; and the first name is the one regularly used by Catholics, while the other is used by those non-Catholics who, like the editor of the *P. W.*, wish to express their disbelief of our doctrine in the most insulting fashion they are able. How that reverend gentleman can excuse his garbling and interpolation the second time we shall be interested to learn.

Sir Henri Joly de Lotbiniere, who died on the 16th inst., had in many respects a notable career. In the first place, though his father was Seigneur of Lotbiniere and his mother the daughter of a member of the Quebec Legislative Council, he was born in France and educated at the Sorbonne before removing to Canada with his parents. In the second place, though a Protestant, he represented in the Quebec Assembly for twenty-five years in succession the County of Lotbiniere, whose population is overwhelmingly Catholic. At the general elections of 1867 he was elected by acclamation to both the Dominion House of Commons and the Quebec Assembly, and sat in both both Houses until dual representation was abolished in 1874. Then he resigned his seat in the Commons and refused a seat in the Senate, preferring to serve the Province of Quebec in the Local House. In 1877 he again declined a senatorship, and also refused a portfolio in Mr. MacKenzie's Cabinet. When Lieutenant-Governor Letellier de St. Just dismissed the de Boucherville Ministry in March 1878, Mr. Joly was asked to form a Cabinet. He did so, then appealed to the country, carried the Province by a majority of one. This left him no majority in the House of Assembly except the casting vote of the Speaker; nevertheless he managed to carry on the business of Government until October 1879, when he was succeeded by Mr. Chapleau. Mr. Joly continued to lead the Opposition until 1885, when a difference between him and his constituents over the Riel case led to his

resignation. He remained in retirement until 1896, when he was elected to the House of Commons as Member for Portneuf, and entered Sir Wilfrid Laurier's first Cabinet as Minister of the Interior. In 1900 he was appointed Lieutenant Governor of British Columbia, and held that office until 1906, when failing health made him enter into retirement once more. For a man who had been actively engaged in politics for so long, Sir Henri Joly had probably as few enemies as it is possible to have. He was warmly interested in Imperial Federation, and was associated with leading men of the United States in the study of forestry, a subject on which he wrote several treatises.

Englishmen are disposed to regard the reports of moral decadence in France as exaggerations made by the clerical party. Especially since the "cordial understanding" was arrived at, they have been anxious to believe that all was going well with their new ally, and the suppressed truths and suggested falsehoods of the Paris correspondents of the London press, especially the *Times*, have confirmed them in their belief. It is therefore distinctly noteworthy that a writer in last month's *Contemporary Review*, reviewing the report of an international inquiry on moral instruction and training in the schools of France, should arrive at conclusions quite as saddening as those which have been reached by Catholic writers on the subject. Since the year 1882, the *Contemporary* reviewer states, Christianity and all other forms of Deism have been excluded from the State schools, and a formal system of moral teaching, without any religious sanction, has been substituted. Since 1905, the training-schools for teachers have banished from their course of studies even such a vague and shadowy religion as may be found in the philosophy of Kant. Whether it be a consequence of this banishment of religion or not, the facts are as follows: Criminality in France has increased enormously, especially among the young, though there has been scarcely any increase in the population. France has passed from being one of the soberest of nations to being one of the least sober. The consumption of alcohol of bad quality has largely increased and the sale of absinthe has increased enormously. The pornographic press pours its obscenities into every hamlet in the land. The population is now, not relatively, but absolutely retrograde in number, while atheism of the grossest kind abounds. "France is engaged in a vast educational experiment, upon the issue of which her entire national life depends," declares the writer in the *Contemporary*. And, after having cited the foregoing facts, he concludes: "Now it may be that this has nothing to do with the experiment, but at any rate, it cannot be denied that the experiment has not checked the rate of national decadence. Yet this is the fundamental business of a State system of education."

It is important for us in Canada to watch the progress of this experiment, for several of our public men and several of our journals have proclaimed the sufficiency of moral teaching without any religious dogma in our system of common-school education.

As a feature of the temperance crusade in Ireland, a general mission is being conducted by the Capuchin fathers in Belfast.

"The library department," for Ontario, is preparing a series of special libraries for artisans and mechanics in industrial centres, such as Berlin and Niagara Falls. One of the libraries will be at Sarnia tunnel.

Acting upon a report on the abnormal mortality and general health conditions of Belfast, Ireland, the corporation has a scheme for clearing away several hundreds of houses in the poorest and most congested districts in that city.

The *Canada Gazette* contains notice that the petition of residents of Westmorland, N. B., praying that a vote be taken on the question of the repeal of the Canada Temperance Act, has been granted. The vote will be taken on December 21st next.

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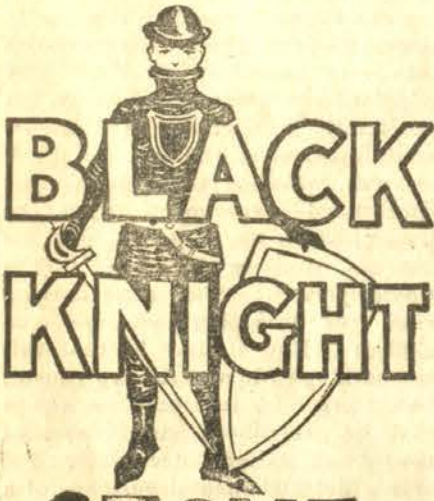
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Canadian Women Under the old Regime.

Not Canada as it is but Canada as it was when it belonged to France is the subject of some lectures which recently were delivered in Ottawa by Charles W. Colby, professor of history in McGill University, and which are now reprinted in a book entitled "Canadian Types of the Old Regime (Henry Holt and Co). The author's aim is to discuss various aspects of French colonization; and to secure distinctness. Examples have been drawn, chapter by chapter, from some one individual career. Or rather, a single personage has been made the representative of a class, and in considering the large subject with which he is connected the author has rendered prominent certain features of his experience. Thus Champlain stands for the type of the explorer; Brebeuf, for the missionary; D'Iberville, for the soldier; Du Lhut, for the coureur de bois, or private fur trader; Talon, for the intendant; Laval, for the Bishop, and Frontenac for the Governor. The book before us also contains a chapter on the women of New France, and as this is a subject which hitherto has been almost entirely neglected we shall here direct to it particular attention.

Prof. Colby points out that while in the France of the seventeenth century it would be easy to designate a dozen or score of representative women a great contrast is observable in Canada during the same period. At Montreal, for example, there was no coterie of intellectual women. In an advanced diversified society the activities of women seem hardly less extensive than those of men, but Prof. Colby reminds us that on the banks of the St. Lawrence the social organization was not complex. Amid the harsh, relentless poverty which then prevailed the woman could not escape from daily toil and sordid cares. She had no leisure for the improvement of her mind. It was in fundamental virtues rather than in polite accomplishments that Canadian women proved strong during the old regime. Even during the eighteenth century, when the worst pinch of hardship was over, the duties devolving on Canadian women must have been well nigh crushing, although some of them undoubtedly did profit by the gradual improvement of the common lot. To the last New France remained poor, but its poverty became less acute and grinding after the period of Talon's intendantship. At the beginning of the colony one meets with few signs of worldliness and idle mirth, partly because the religious motive was predominant and partly because temptation to seek amusement did not exist. Within a century, however, after the founding of Quebec, a certain part of the community did not shun mundane pleasures.

According to the author, feminine levity in New France reached its height at Quebec during the ascendancy of the Intendant Bigot—that is to say, in the last days of the old regime. Whatever scandals may have arisen, however, at that time, were limited to a small circle, and must not be deemed typical of colonial life in any stage. If a ball is to be looked on as unlawful dissipation there were undoubtedly a few sinners. On the other hand, the more heinous offences *contra bonos mores* were conspicuously rare, even in the eighteenth century. Prof. Colby thinks that the most detached and impartial observer who described Canadian life near the close of the French period was the Swedish naturalist Peter Kalm. In the summer of 1749 Kalm visited Montreal, Three Rivers and Quebec, taking notes wherever he went and making it a point to meet the most important people of the colony. The knowledge which could only come from a long sojourn he did not possess, but he could offer the first impressions of an intelligent and honest stranger. For this reason our author looks with some care at what Kalm says regarding Canadian women.

At Montreal the Swedish traveller was welcomed by the Baron de Longueuil, received most generous entertainment, and to use his own words was "loaded with greater favors than I could expect or imagine." Notwithstanding the cordiality of his reception Kalm tried to give a just and discriminating appreciation of what he saw. "The difference," he said, "between the manners and customs of the French in Canada and those of the English in the American colonies is as great as that between the manners of those two nations in Europe." He goes on to testify that in Montreal the women in general were handsome, well bred and virtuous, with an innocent and becoming freedom. They dress out very fine on Sundays, and though on other days they do not take much pains with the rest of their dress, yet they are very fond of adorning their heads, the hair of which is always curled and powdered, and ornamented with glittering bodkins and aigrettes. Every day but Sunday they wear a little neat jacket and a short petticoat, which hardly reaches half the leg, and in this particular they seem to imitate the Indian women. The heels of their shoes are high and very narrow, and it is surprising how they walk on them. Kalm observed that in their knowledge of household economy the Canadian women greatly surpassed the women of the English plantations, who already it seems had taken the liberty of throwing all the burden of housekeeping upon their husbands, and sat in their chairs all day with folded arms. "The women in Canada, on the contrary, do not spare themselves, especially among the common people, where they are always in the fields, meadows, stables, &c., and do not dislike any work." He noticed, however, that they seemed rather remiss in the cleaning of utensils and apartments.

From Montreal the Swedish naturalist went to Quebec, where he remained for a month. The result of his peregrinations was that he felt qualified to take up the delicate task of instituting a comparison between the ladies of the two places. Quebec, he pointed out, enjoyed the advantage of being frequented by the King's ships, which seldom went to Montreal. Hence he went so far as to aver that the ladies of Quebec equalled the French in good breeding, whereas he was constrained to admit that those of Montreal, shut out from intercourse with French officers and their wives, were less polished in manner.

The information thus far reproduced from Kalm does not point to an elaborate style of living as existing even in the middle of the eighteenth century. That, too, although he is speaking of a small minority—the town population as he saw it when a guest of the chief officials in Canada. His account of life in the rural parishes is brief and fragmentary. He found, he tells us, a high state of agriculture along the northern bank of the St. Lawrence and in the immediate neighborhood of the towns. There is nothing, however, in his description of the inhabitants to qualify the impression of widespread poverty which is derived from other sources. "The common peoples in the country," he says, "came to be very poor. They have the necessities of life and but little else. They are content with meals of dry bread and water, bringing all other provisions, such as butter, cheese, flesh, poultry, eggs, &c., to town, in order to get money for them, with which they buy clothes and brandy for themselves and dresses for their women." He notes, nevertheless, that in spite of their poverty they were always cheerful and in high spirits.

Of course Prof. Colby would not have us accept Kalm's judgments without reserve, for he himself admits that after searching the seventeenth century, at all events, for types of Canadian women he has been able to find but two. These were the wife and the nun. Each had a distinct duty to perform and each stands out with perfect clearness. The nun, no doubt, is the easier to portray. For the life of the religious there are documents in abundance. Their good deeds were proclaimed by all who wrote of Canada. On the other hand the wife of the habitant is inarticulate. Her absorbing occupations were to feed the children, keep them from the Iroquois and teach them the Catechism.

Thus outside the ranks of the religious we search in vain the annals of New France for celebrated female names, but Prof. Colby holds that the anonymous, unavaunted labors of the French-Canadian wife should be remembered with admiration not only by her descendants but by all who prize courage and unselfishness. It must be said of the women of New France—of the first comers at all events—that they had both simple faith and Norman blood. As for faith, they saw in the cures their spiritual guide, and in the Church the ark of their salvation. As for descent, although they were but peasants, their strongest strain of race came from ancestors whom Rollo had led in triumph to the Seine and William to the Thames. It is significant that Normandy, Perche and the Ile de France supplied such a large proportion of the settlers who lived through war and famine during the first fifty years.—*New York Sun.*

Ministering to the Orientals.

Rev. Valentine Hilarius Montanar, the French priest who came to New York for the purpose of establishing a Chinese mission, has already begun the work of organizing his congregation. Father Montanar's advent among the inhabitants of New York's Chinatown created no little interest in that picturesque quarter of the city. His first service was held on a recent Sunday evening in the open air in front of the Church of the Transfiguration, Mott street, in the basement of which the mission will be permanently located. The service consisted mainly of an address by Father Montanar, delivered in the Cantonese language, in which he told his hearers of his mission and of its object. The street was crowded, and the missionary hopes that many who were present at the service will eventually become members of his regular congregation. Father Montanar has received from the police the necessary permission to hold these open air meetings on Sunday evenings until he has a well organized parish. It is, he thinks, a most effective way of calling to the attention of the Chinese the work that he is trying to do for them.

Father Montanar has also made a personal visitation of all houses in Chinatown. In the beginning he was looked upon with suspicion, but when the Chinese learned who he was and of his mission they received him very cordially. One of Father Montanar's first works was to gather around him the little Chinese children, and in the school which he managed to open for them recently, he had an attendance of thirty-six. The school, which will be maintained by the Salesian Fathers, will be taught by two Chinese teachers, under the direction of Father Montanar.

Father Montanar, although he is but 38 years of age, has had a very interesting and varied career. He was born in 1870 in the Archdiocese of Aix, France. He made his studies in the Seminary of Aix, and in 1889 he entered the Seminary for Foreign Missions in Paris. In 1892 the future missionary served in the French army, and for the bravery he displayed in Algiers he was promoted to the rank of captain. After his honorable discharge from the army he re-entered the seminary, and for a year

pursued his theological studies. He was ordained in Paris in 1893, and in 1895 he began his fight against paganism at Fung-Kun. His mission was attacked and partly destroyed, several of his Christians being massacred for their faith. In 1898 his missionary neighbor, Father Peter Lo, a native, was killed, with eight of his Christians.

At the time of the Boxer rebellion Father Montanar had just finished building a new church. The district was always more or less turbulent, and the young missionary paid little heed to the insults and open sneers to which he was constantly subjected. He felt that this demonstration would pass as others had passed, but in this he was mistaken. The mutterings became a roar, and he was forced to appeal to the government for protection. A guard of 300 Chinese soldiers was thrown around the little mission, and for three days quiet was restored. It was, however, only the calm before the storm. On the night of September 24, 1900, the Boxers, numbering several thousands, had massed their forces a half mile away, and well arranged plans were made for the murder of the "foreign devil" and his native Christians. Father Montanar, worn out by his vigil of more than a week, was awakened from his sleep by the shouts of the frenzied mob, and taking in the situation at a glance, clad only in his under-clothing, he made his way, miraculously, it would seem, down to the river bank. With the help of a friendly pagan he escaped down the river in a "sampan" or small boat, and reached Canton the following morning. Father Montanar's church was destroyed and his Christians driven like sheep before the storm. He returned to his mission, and the result of his labors during the ensuing two years was almost incredible. The sixty Catholics that he found there when he first took charge of the mission increased to 3,000, and there were also 10,000 catechumens. In the little seminary at Canton are the two boys of one of the foremost leaders of the Boxer movement, who was himself baptized a Catholic last year. Father Montanar was last stationed before coming to New York at a place called Shon Kuin for five years, and there learned a number of the dialects of the Chinese tongue. He speaks four of the principal Chinese languages and six dialects.—*Central Catholic.*



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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST Homestead Regulations.

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 36, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one quarter section of 100 acres more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub Agency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may however, be made at an Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

DUTIES—(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. He may also do so by living with father or mother on certain conditions. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

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

THE WONDERFUL FLOWER OF WOXINDON.

(By permission of the publisher, B. Herder, St. Louis, U. S. A.)

CHPATER X.

I invited the whole party to come up stairs to my room, and as soon as the first greetings and congratulations were over, I hastened to dispatch Barbara to the Anchor Inn, to procure the best luncheon that was to be had, and to fetch from a French pastry cook's in Fleetstreet, some toothsome cakes for desert, such as ladies and children love. I was accustomed to find Barbara rather contrary, when there was a question of entertaining any of my comrades, but on this occasion, against her wont, she ran off quite willingly, on hearing that the two children had been shut up all night in Newgate for conscience sake, for she was a staunch Catholic, and a kind old soul at heart.

Whilst Barbara was laying the table and preparing the repast, the Bellamys related their adventures. Topcliffe had himself conducted them to prison, and stopping under the dark, frowning gateway with its iron gates, had asked the boy again if he would tell him the Jesuit's hiding-place. The child acknowledged that the massive, formidable walls struck terror into his soul, but he stoutly refused to answer, thereby earning a hard blow from his enraged questioner. The poor little fellow went on to say that he had raised his eyes to the niche above the gateway where stood an image of the Blessed Virgin, and remembering that his grandmother had told him how Campion, on his way to execution, had saluted that very image, he bowed his own curly head respectfully, in imitation of the martyr. After that he did not feel much afraid of Topcliffe and the savage looking porter with the great keys. But when Topcliffe pointed out a ruffian-like individual, who glared at the child as if he would like to devour him, and told him it was the headsman, who would cut his head off if he did not tell where the Jesuit was, his blood did, he said, run cold. 'Then,' he continued, 'they put Anne and me into a narrow, pitch dark cell, without giving us a morsel of supper, where there was never a bed to sleep on, only a heap of straw in one corner, on which, when we had said our prayers we huddled ourselves together and tried to sleep. And just fancy how horrible! There came a rustling in the straw, and something ran right over me, a mouse or a rat, I did not know which; and we both cried for fear lest we should be eaten up alive before the morning. We thought of Daniel in the lion's den, and we felt sure that Almighty God who shut the mouths of the great lions, would surely shut the mouths of the mice and rats. Then I remembered how the prophet Habacuc carried the reapers' dinner to Daniel, and I wished Uncle Remy would bring me my bread and milk. At last I fell asleep, and when I woke it was broad daylight, at least as light as it could be with only one little barred window, and the jailer was there with a basin of gruel for our breakfast. The whole morning we sat on a bundle of straw, till all at once the key was turned in the lock, and in came Topcliffe, in a worse temper than I had ever seen him before. He was cursing and swearing, and I thought we were going to have our heads cut off. He drove Anne and me down the steps and out of the gate, but I did not forget to make my obeisance to our Lady as we passed. However he did not take us to the scaffold, but to a fine house, where there was a grand gentleman with a gold chain. He was very kind; he kissed Anne's hand and patted me on the head, but I did not like him half as well as I like you, Mr. Babington, or you Mr. Windsor; I do not know why, but he had such funny eyes—'

'Frith,' interrupted Anne hastily, 'for shame, we owe our release to him. Go to that young gentleman yonder, who is the Lord Secretary's nephew and beg his pardon.'

The boy at once went up to St. Barbe, and begged him not to tell his uncle what he had said; adding that he would pray God to reward him for his kindness.

St. Barbe smiled good humouredly, and putting his hand into his pocket gave the child a bran new shilling for his amusing story, and bade him say a prayer for him too. But as he was at that time a rigid Puritan, he reproved the boy for making a reverence to the image of the Mother of God, saying that it was popish idolatry, since God had forbidden us to make graven images. Frith, who was a precious little fellow, immediately said, if images were forbidden, why was the Queen's effigy on his bright shield? 'We are forbidden to worship images,' St. Barbe explained. 'We do not worship the image of the Mother of God,' rejoined the boy, 'we only show it homage and reverence. What would you say if I treated the Queen's portrait here with disrespect? And she is only the Queen of England, whereas Blessed Mary is Queen of Heaven and earth, and carries in her arms the Child Jesus, who is true God and our Redeemer.'

I was so pleased with this answer on Frith's part, that I pulled out my purse and gave him a crown piece. Babington did the same, to the great delight of the boy, who had never before had so much money in his possession. To the credit of St. Barbe, I must say that he seemed more disconcerted than displeased by the child's repartee, and took it with a good grace. Pooley kept saying that little Bellamy would surely one day be Archbishop of Canterbury.

Just then Barbara came in to say luncheon was on the table. Pooley and St. Barbe rose to take leave, but we pressed them to join us at our little feast, so that we might in some slight

gation we were under to the Secretary of State in the persons of his nephew and his assistant. Pooley accepted at once; St. Barbe yielded after a little persuasion, and we all sat down to the table. The viands were excellent, and our appetites were excellent too, since two of the party had been fasting in Newgate, and the others were young and hearty. The dessert was what Miss Anne and little Frith appreciated most; gingerbread and confectionery, dried raisins, dates from the Levant and golden oranges, and last of all a tiny glass of sweet Tokay, a choice liqueur which Tichbourne produced from the cupboard in honour of the day. We should all have been right merry, had not the remembrance of their poor father's recent death prevented the two children from enjoying themselves as they otherwise would have done. But in the morning of life, tears and smiles follow close upon one another, and one could not take it amiss, if the sorrows of yesterday were forgotten awhile in the joys of to-day.

However Miss Anne presently begged us to escort her and her brother to Woxindon. So we said grace, and Tichbourne went to see about the horses. In the meantime, we went out into the garden; Babington offered his arm to Miss Anne, and gathered for her a little posy of the fragrant violets which grew under the hedge. Frith and I went down to the landing place, where our boat lay. Of course nothing would content the boy, but to go onto the river; therefore, as we saw our boatman Bill Bell at a little distance, we called to him to take us for a row. The rest of the company were willing to accompany us, so we all got into the boat, for we knew that nearly an hour would elapse before the horses were ready.

CHAPTER XI.

The incidents that occurred during our row upon the Thames, and a conversation that the Queen held with little Frith.

The beautiful spring weather had tempted many people out on the river that afternoon, and it was covered with barges of every size and description, with bright pennons and streamers and full of gaily dressed folk. From the opposite bank, where the Paris Garden, a favourite place of entertainment, was situated, came sounds of music; flags flying from the tents invited idlers to enjoy the amusements and pastime provided for them. Many of the boats were plying thither; others like our own, were rowed slowly up and down, that their occupants might bask in the sunshine, and obtain a good view of the town, with its multitudinous houses, palaces and churches. Bill Bell rowed us up as far as Westminster, where the magnificent Abbey was seen to perfection in the soft clear sunlight, but took care not to approach too near to London Bridge, for fear lest the young lady and the boy should discern the horrible trophies impaled thereon. Babington sat in the stern and steered the boat; the two children and myself occupied the middle, with St. Barbe and Pooley facing us in the bow. We had enough to do to tell the boy, who questioned us incessantly, the names of all the churches and prominent buildings, and were often surprised at the sagacious remarks he made. 'What is that gloomy edifice with a quantity of closely barred windows, close to the river-side?' he inquired.

'That is the Chink,' I answered. 'There are about five and twenty Catholic priests confined there now, and many of our martyrs have languished within those walls.'

'And now uncle Robert is shut up there,' rejoined the boy. 'Please Babington steer us close by, perhaps we may see him at the window of his cell.'

'Very likely we shall,' replied Babington, 'provided it looks out on the river, for all the prisoners seem to have come to the window for the sunshine. Look, you can see row after row of heads gazing out at the water.'

In fact, as we drew nearer to the walls we could see the face of some captive behind the grating of every loophole, and before long the boy's sharp eyes descried his uncle at one of the windows just under the roof. He shouted to him, and Anne waved her handkerchief. The prisoner recognized the children, and thrusting his hand through the bars waved a greeting in return. But the current was too strong to allow our remaining stationary, so we had to drift down and then pull back in a curve. After this had been done two or three times, it attracted the notice of the watchmen, who called to us, asking what we were looking for, and bidding us begone from the place. The hubbub they made led a boatful of young men and low people who were passing to push their boat nearer, and assail us with cries of 'Papists! Papists!' Then they began to ask, if we had come to get absolution for our wicked plots from one of the priests of Baal who had lodged there at the Queen's expense or if we were scheming to get the black-birds out of their cage? Babington was never inclined to let himself be insulted by the populace, and he might have got us all into trouble, had not the young lady and St. Barbe both begged our oarsman to row away as fast as he could. St. Barbe moreover stood up in the boat, and asked the watchmen if they did not know who he was? Then a voice from one of the surrounding boats called out: 'It is Lord Walsingham's nephew! Citizens, uncover your heads!' Thereupon both the watchmen on the banks and the people in the boats were fain with humble apologies to let us pass on our way; but just at that moment we became aware of the proximity of a barge of considerable size, whose rapid approach neither we nor the

quence of the recent commotion.

The vessel was a most magnificent one; on the prow was the gilt figure of a unicorn, supporting a shield with the arms of England; rich tapestries hung on the sides of the water's edge in the middle of the deck was a pavilion of red and white silk, raised on painted poles and adorned with costly fringes and tassels. The centre of the pavilion was surmounted by a large gilt crown; plumes of ostrich feathers nodded from each corner while from the stern of the boat floated a silk banner bearing St. Andrew's cross. In the prow two servants of the royal household wearing their livery of black and red and bearing silver staves were stationed; ever and anon they shouted with stentorian voices: 'Make way for her Majesty the Queen! It was, in fact, the royal barge, for Elizabeth, profiting by the beauty of the day, was removing the Court from Richmond to her palace at Greenwich. Manned by able oarsmen, it had outstripped the barges and boats of the Queen's suite, which were left almost out of sight in the distance. The Queen was to be seen seated on some velvet cushions beneath the baldachin, herself decked in costly and gorgeous apparel, for, as is well known, she resembled her mother, Anne Boleyn, in the delight she took in the extent and splendour of her wardrobe. I never had so good a view of her as from our boat on the Thames that afternoon, and I was much struck by her proud and majestic appearance. She wore upon her head a small gold crown; an enormous ruff of the finest Brabant lace encircled her throat; her bodice was a blaze of jewels; her huge sleeves of blue velvet were covered with a network of lilac cords, and her white velvet skirt was stiff with gold embroidery and pearls. But it was not the magnificence of her dress that proclaimed her to be the Queen, so much as her haughty bearing, the keen, searching glance of her eye. She had once been handsome; but strong passions, more than actual years, had worked havoc with her beauty, havoc which the rouge-pot could no longer avail to conceal. Several of her ladies in waiting sat at her feet. These were generally selected with care, lest their good looks should throw the Queen into the shade. A few courtiers stood or sat around, amongst them I remarked Sir Christopher Hatton, and the new favourite Sir Walter Raleigh, who took the place of the Earl of Leicester, then absent in Flanders.

I had little opportunity to make these observations for in less time than it now takes to put them into words, the royal barge was close upon us. Elizabeth had heard the shouts of the watchmen from a distance, and seen how the boats had gathered around us; and when the cry of 'Papist' reached her ear, she at once gave orders to turn the barge's head in that direction. It may be imagined that we were both astonished and alarmed to find ourselves in the presence of her Majesty, who from under the baldachin was looking at us with angry eyes.

St red up Wisdom of 1,900 Years.

In a recent volume entitled "The Personal Equation," Professor Harry Thurston Peck, of Columbia College, devotes an essay to a review of the life of Huysman, the French mystic. In the course of it he says the following tribute to the authority and stability of the Catholic Church:

"To those of us who are Protestants the book is full of deep instruction in revealing with startling force the secret power of that wonderful religious organization which has made provision for the needs of every human soul, whether it requires for its comfort active service or the mystical life of contemplation. We see how every want is understood, how for every spiritual problem an answer is provided, how the experience of nineteen hundred years has been snored up and recorded, and how all that man has ever known is known to those who guide and perpetuate this mighty system. And in these days, when doctors of divinity are devoting their energies to nibbling away the foundations of historic faith and when the sharpest weapons of agnosticism are forged on theological anvils, their is something reassuring in the contemplation of that Church which does not change from age to age, which stands unshaken on the rocks of its convictions and which speaks to the wavering and troubled soul in the serene and lofty accents of divine authority."

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ESTABLISHED, 1854

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There is what is called the worldly spirit which enters with the greatest subtlety into the character of even good people; and there is what is called the time spirit, which means the dominant way of thinking and of acting which prevails in the age in which we live and these are powerful temptations full of danger and in perpetual action upon us—CARDINAL MANNING.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26.

FAITH, NOT DIALECTICS.

The writer of a notice of one of Mgr. Duchesne's latest works, in the current number of the *Ecclesiastical Review*, cites this passage:

But these disputes about mysteries are better arranged by silence than by definitions. When it becomes a question of adopting a positive and precise formula, peace is at once disturbed. We have only to read the official reports of this celebrated Council [of Chalcedon, 451] to see that it ended in outward unanimity, but with a morally enforced acceptance of a definition which satisfied a portion, and that a small portion, of the Greek episcopate. It was declared that in Christ there are two natures, but not two persons. This seems to be nothing new, and after-events proved that, with a little good will, the differences could have been amicably settled. As it was, all those who were inspired by Cyril, and all who revered him as a master of theology, felt themselves injured and conquered. At Chalcedon they had enforced theology, as it were, by police regulations, but they had not united the hearts of the dissentients. Hearts, true hearts, are not happy unless they are gratified. Rome is the seat of government, not the home of theology, nor the paradise of mysticism.

It is impossible, to adopt Newman's words in his summing up against Kingsley, to do justice to the course of thought evolved in this extraordinary paragraph, without some familiarity of expression. Mgr. Duchesne begins by telling us that "disputes about mysteries [of faith] are better arranged by silence than by definitions." How better? If peace at any price is what must be sought, yes. But if it is the duty of those who witness for Christ in the world to maintain the faith in its integrity, to abate no jot or tittle of it, then no, a thousand times no. The dispute at Nicea turned on a mystery: the dispute at Ephesus turned on another mystery. If the Fathers had acted on the pusillanimous policy propounded by Mgr. Duchesne, and had arranged those disputes by silence, instead of formulating the faith of the Church in clear-cut definition, the two fundamental articles of our belief would have gone by the board. Of course the peace was disturbed by such positive and precise formulas as the "homousion" and the "theotocos." But what of that? Must peace be purchased at the sacrifice of faith? Our Lord says in one place that He came not to bring peace but a sword, and declares that he who believeth not shall be damned, and that he who heareth not the Church is to be regarded as the heathen and the publican. Would Mgr. Duchesne have the Church preserve a rigid silence on points of faith, or speak so vaguely that nobody could say for certain what she meant? This might be good Anglicanism, but Catholicism it never was and never could be.

The Council of Chalcedon was the most numerously attended of the early Ecumenical Councils. Its competency to settle disputed points of doctrine is as little open to question as is the divine authority of the Catholic Church. Yet Mgr. Duchesne makes moan about the acceptance of its definition as having been "morally enforced" upon a portion of the Greek episcopate. Is it not of the very essence of the Church's authoritative teaching that it should be morally enforced? The alternative which Our Lord leaves to the unbeliever is eternal damnation. Does Mgr. Duchesne presume to find fault with Him for enforcing the acceptance of His revelation under this dire penalty? If not, why does he carp at those in and through whom Our Lord spoke at Chalcedon? "He who hears you, hears me;" and "He who hears not the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican."

We are told that "nothing new" was defined at Chalcedon, as if the lack of novelty in doctrine were a reproach, and that, "with a little good-will, the differences could have been amicably settled." The differences regarded the duality of nature in Christ. The Catholics maintained that the two natures, the divine and the human, remained distinct in

Christ after the hypostatic union; the followers of Eutyches held that the two natures were fused into one. What was the "little good-will" which would have so happily adjusted these differences? Mgr. Duchesne does not say in terms, but we may infer his meaning from the principle he lays down, that "these disputes about mysteries are better arranged by silence than by definitions." In other words, the Council should have abstained from defining the faith, and so settling the controversy. The Monsignor would have the guardians of the truth and the spokesmen of the Church play the part of dumb dogs, and all for the sake of patching up a peace that would have been disgraceful alike and disastrous as being founded upon compromise in matters of faith. But "Hearts, true hearts, are not happy unless they are gratified." What puerile nonsense is this? As if the great aim of the Church, the custodian of revealed truth, should be to gratify men who introduce profane novelties of doctrine by suffering them to propagate such novelties unchecked! As for Rome, if it is not "the home of theology," theology has no home upon this earth. Whether it be "the paradise of mysticism," is plainly nothing to the purpose.

The reviewer's comment on the foregoing passage from Duchesne is about as sickening a bit of sycophancy as we have come across in many a day. We submit it to the judgment of the reader, bidding him only bear in mind once more that the dispute in question turned on a vital point of revealed truth:

"The author is evidently weary of merely dialectical disputes, of syllogisms that often wound and rarely convert, and looks rather to gentleness and tolerance in disputed matters, as a means of unification."

THE CZAR AND THE DOUMA.

Few men in the world are subjected to as general and almost unanimous attack and abuse as the Czar of Russia. Ten thousand pens are scratching away at him every week, and nine thousand nine hundred of their wielders know nothing whatever about him or the conditions in his dominions, but follow the lead given them by the other hundred, as sheep follow a leader through a hole in a fence. Nicholas II. seems to be doing what he can to improve conditions in his empire; and how little he can do at any one time, or in a short time, is little understood by the press at large. There was a time when many Englishmen honestly believed that every Frenchman was a fool or knave. Nay—Englishmen who knew the difference did not always care to disturb those ignorant impressions, because those who held and cherished them gave a more hearty support to war measures, and fought better when they were wanted to serve in army or navy. We might expect some of the old national and racial prejudices to be dying out under the influence of so many thousands of schools and of newspapers. And so they undoubtedly would, if schools and newspapers were fair in these matters. But when school histories are so entirely untrustworthy in matters of nationality and religion, and when newspapers have come to a pass where it is rare to find a fact in most of them, without a score or a hundred lies smothering it to death, it is not so surprising to find the most absolute misconceptions still existing as to conditions in other countries, particularly in countries which have been at sometime, or now are, regarded as hostile, or in which the religion of the people is an object of suspicion or dislike on the part of our people.

The dominions of the Russian Czar embrace many different countries, climates and peoples. In the Douma, or Russian Parliament, inaugurated by the present Czar, there meet the representatives of a number of races which have little knowledge of each other, little or no intercourse, hardly any trade, one with another. Their very languages are not sufficiently alike for each to understand all that the others say. There is a state of affairs. There is a problem. How many of our profound, deeply-informed editors of papers have grasped the significance of these few simple facts respecting Russia? We do not claim any great knowledge of Russia or her affairs, but we have managed, we think, to apprehend some of the difficulties of the social and national situation there. Nor is the whole of the problem by any means touched upon, when we say the Russian people are of many races. We have a number of races in Canada. They have still more races in the United States. In Canada they have

reached a common footing, and in the United States they are assimilating fairly well, except the negroes. The success of achieving a common national status in these countries has been aided by many circumstances and conditions. A common, dominant language, and a common, dominant system of law, were, from early days in the white man's occupation of North America, impressed by the English-speaking peoples on all the rest,—the Province of Quebec being, in part, an exception. A common and free press, and a common literature and free intercourse did the rest; and, in consequence of these things, the different races have been able to meet as brothers and fellow-citizens, and here we are.

But any man who imagines that similar conditions existed, or could have been produced or brought about in any period of time short of centuries, knows very little of the character or nature of the various races and tribes of men who obey the Czar, or of the strange and wide differences between them.

The Douma is a tremendous experiment, and yet we read every day the wooden-headed productions of English-speaking writers on this subject, and on Russian affairs generally, who imagine that this strange body of men—as strangely-met and as ill-assorted in many respects as an aggregation of all the animals in a menagerie taken from their cages and put into one large chamber together, would be—ought to be allowed to commence at once to make statute books of civil and criminal laws, without any restrictions or supervision whatsoever. Yes, there is the problem. The gigantic Russian Coit who attracted so much attention in America, as a specimen of physical manhood, when he came there to negotiate a treaty of peace with Japan, was, in eleven months of handling this problem of the Douma, as Russian Prime Minister, reduced to a decrepit, bowed and broken man, a shadow of his former self.

There has been constant progress in the Government of Russia for the last fifty years. Autocracy so much decried in that country by its outside critics, has been, in reality, an instrument of constant public progress. That great cruelties have been practised on the people in remote places by barbarous and tyrannical officials is only too true, and it is true also that many of the evils of absolute monarchy have been prevalent, coming from the hands of designing and unscrupulous men who were in high places or had the ears of those who were there. Nicholas II, the present Czar, has established liberty of conscience to Christians, Jews and Mohammedans throughout his empire. He originated the peace conferences between nations, which are now attracting the efforts and attention of the oldest men of many countries. He has given the Douma all the power they can safely be intrusted with at present. He has to watch revolutionary forces which are not seeking mere justice and freedom, but the fulfilment of wild and chaotic dreams, the dreams of madmen. He has preserved so far the principle of control by the Sovereign; and no one but a fool would suppose his empire could be held together in any other way as conditions now are. To give it up would mean internal revolutions, racial and religious wars, disruption and ruin.

This much is well-known, and admitted by those who seek to be impartial and fair. This much is not in doubt. Why, then, is this man constantly represented as an inhuman monster by some, and as an incompetent, weak coward by others.

How hard it is, indeed, to get rid of those absurd old prejudices.

The Boer newspaper Volksstem at Pretoria publishes a statement that at the time of the Boer war Dr. Leyds, who represented the republic in Europe, telegraphed to his government that Germany declined to help the Transvaal on the grounds that Great Britain was mistress of the sea.

Though the Port Hood Colliery suffered much from a shortage of water for boiler supply, the shipments this season will show a substantial increase this year over last. The management expect by the end of the year to have shipped in the vicinity of 125,000 tons; a remarkable good showing.

The citizens' committee of Toronto, appointed to conduct the campaign for a reduction of the number of tavern licenses from 150 to 110, is getting to work with determination. Meetings in the various ward have been organized and other preparations for a vigorous campaign are under way. The committee has decided to raise \$10,000 to meet the expense of the campaign.

DRUMMOND GOAL

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For Sale at ANTIGONISH by JAMES KENNA and A. G. JOCELYN
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NOW

IS THE TIME to buy your winter's outfit. Everything new and up-to-date. Nothing old or shop worn.

**25 per
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Men's, Youth's and Boy's Suits, Overcoats, Raincoats, Reefers, Sheep Skin Lined Coats, Shirts, Underwear, Sweaters, Hats, Caps, Etc.

Don't

MISS this chance.

BUY a dollar's worth till you see our values.

FORGET the place, A. Kirk & Co.'s new Clothing Store.

This sale will last for one month. Call and see us. It means money to you.

Groceries

In our grocery department we will sell you a 100-lb. bag of granulated sugar for \$4.75. Valencia layer raisins at 7 1/2 lb. 2 lbs. Onions for 5c. The above discounts and prices are for cash and country produce. Goods charged will be at regular prices.

**A. KIRK & CO.
Antigonish, N. S.**

General News.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier celebrated his 77th birthday on the 20th inst.

Twenty-five persons lost their lives by the explosion of a gas main in an excavation in Brooklyn, N. Y., on 20th inst.

Chief Justice Townshend has reversed his decision in the Victoria-North Cape Breton election recount. He heard argument last Friday.

When the matter is taken up in earnest it is believed a very considerable proportion of the world's supply of petroleum will be produced in Alberta, Canada.

A rush of emigrants from Europe to America has already begun. The Hamburg-American liner Amerika is bringing 1,600. It is supposed that the elections being over, good times will once more return.

Abdul Aziz, the ex-sultan of Morocco, stated in an interview at Casablanca, that he would not attempt to regain power by force, but he did not believe in the permanent success of his brother.

Judge Cassels has opened his inquiry at St. John, N. B., into the doings of the Marine and Fisheries Department. Already he has discovered irregularities. The inquiry will likely continue for a week.

The Provincial election in P. E. Island on Wednesday of last week gave a surprise to the politicians. The Government narrowly escaped defeat. Its majority is now but 2. Conservatives made surprising gain.

Owing to the extreme dullness in the freight market, two steamers of the Battle line, owned in St. John, N. B., have been laid up, and three others will lay up shortly. Idle tonnage is rapidly increasing, as the freight rates offered will not pay working expenses.

In order to prevent elder children being kept at home to look after baby the London, England, county council is trying the experiment of appointing "baby minders" who will take care of the babies in the school buildings during school hours.

So large has the Devonshire, England, apple crop been that many farmers have found it more profitable to give their apples to the pigs than to convert their fruit into cider. Farmers are selling cider at £1 a hogshead, or about 4jd. a gallon.

The passenger car shop of the Rhodes, Curry & Co's. works, Amherst, and all its contents, was destroyed by fire on Tuesday evening. The loss is about \$100,000, insurance \$75,000. The shop will be immediately rebuilt.

F. A. Acland, Secretary of the Labor Department for the past year and a half, and acting Deputy Minister during the absence of W. L. McKenzie King, has been finally appointed Deputy Minister of the Department. The appointment of a Secretary to succeed Mr. Acland will be announced shortly.

The heaviest fall of cliff at Cromer, England, during the last thirty years, took place on Saturday when 150 yds. of the Lighthouse Cliffs, weighing thousands of tons, crashed down into the sea. The fallen cliffs form a huge mound forty or fifty feet high on the beach when the tide is out.

As a result of a recount in Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Mr. Dawe has been confirmed in his seat by a majority of three, an increase of two over that of the first count. This leaves the parties still a tie in the House, Sir Robert Bond and Sir Edward Morris having each 17 supporters. What the outcome of the deadlock will be is a matter of conjecture.

The Supreme Court at Halifax unanimously dismissed the appeal asserted by Ironsides and Olive lodge members in an action brought by them against the Grand Council of the P. W. A. This decision confirms the judgment of Mr. Justice Drysdale who refused to restrain the Grand Council from acting as officials or dealing with the Association funds.

Another land bill, to facilitate the carrying out of the previous land purchase act, was introduced in the House of Commons, Monday night, by Chief Secretary for Ireland Birrell, who said that he found that the estimate of \$500,000,000, made by one of his predecessors, Gorge Wyndham, as the amount necessary to satisfy the land hunger of the tenants was totally inadequate; \$900,000,000 would be required. The completed transfers of land up to October 31, represented \$125,000,000, which had practically exhausted the amount realized from the issues of land stock. Pending transactions represented \$200,000,000, and the government intended to raise the money necessary to complete these transactions, leaving about \$500,000,000 to be dealt with later. He proposed an issue of 3 per cent. stock, on which the loss would be \$3,300,000, a year, which he proposed the imperial exchequer should lift from the shoulders of the Irish ratepayers.

Personals.

W. Carroll, barrister, Glace Bay, was in Town on Friday last.

Rev. Dr. Walsh, P. P., of Londonderry, N. S., was in Town for a few days this week.

Mr. J. W. Sutherland, sales agent of the Intercolonial Coal Mining Co., of Westville, is in Town.

Dr. M. E. McGarry, of Margaree, C. B., a clever member of the '08 graduating class at the Halifax Medical School, was in Town on Sunday, en route to Goldboro, Guy. Co. where he may locate.

For instigating a strike the Industrial court at Sydney, New South Wales, has fined a trade union secretary \$150, or six weeks' imprisonment.

Among the Advertisers.

Read Bonner's big sale list in this paper.

Bonner's cheap list knocks everything.

Read Bonner's big sale list in this paper.

6 dozen altar cruets received this week. Bonner's.

No such prices ever heard of here before as Bonner's.

Oyster stews and oysters on half shell at Mrs. McNeil's, West End.

Fresh beef, fresh pork and sausages at C. B. Whidden & Son's.

C. B. Whidden & Son have some serviceable working mares for sale cheap. \$20, \$40, \$60 and \$85.

You are missing it if you are not taking advantage of Bonner's cheap list.

Girl wanted for general house work, no washing. Address, Girl, care Casket Office.

Farmers, bring all your produce to Bonner's and take advantage of his sale prices.

Horse for sale, 1 1/2 years old, sire Bashaw Prince. Apply to Alex. G. McDonald, Monk's Head.

Mr. Wallace, optician, will be at the Queen Hotel, Antigonish until 5 p. m., Monday, 30th inst.

Waldren's studio will close Friday evening, 4th of December. Last chance for Xmas photos.

Waldren's studio will be open all day 2nd, 3rd and 4th December for Xmas photos.

Place your winter order now, for parsnips, carrots, beets and celery. After a little you can't get them. Bonner's.

11,000 Xmas cards, booklets, calendars, etc., just received. Words can't picture them, you have to see them. Bonner's.

Mr. Wallace, optician, has his rooms at the Queen Hotel, a mistake of printer last week made his adv. read "Old Queen Hotel."

Perhaps your vision needs correction. The newest, neatest eye-glass mounting made, the Handy Sure-On, is fitted by Mr. Wallace.

A strayed heifer, red with white spots, is on the premises of Ronald McPherson, Big Marsh. Owner can have same by paying expenses.

Strayed from the premises of D. J. McDonald, Harbor Road, a yearling steer, colour between red and jersey. Persons knowing whereabouts please notify owner.

Nutmegs 3c. dozen, barley 3 1/2c. per pound, cider for your mince meat; oysters, wholesale and retail, dates in lb. packages—4 for a quarter, at Bonner's.

Butter 25c., eggs 22c., hides 7c.—exchange, 5 lbs. good tea for \$1, 25 lbs. beans 88c., 25 lbs. barley 88c., 20 lb. G. sugar \$1, 1 dozen nutmegs 3c.

sulphur 5c., and everything else just as low. Immense stock of dishes, glassware, enamelware, etc., at sale prices at Bonner's.

DIED.

At Dartmouth, Oct. 23th, in the 46th year of her age, Mrs. CHARLOTTE BURKE. Mrs. Burke was a daughter of the late Rod Macdonald, B. S., of this Town. May her soul rest in peace!

At Judique Intervale, C. B., on November 29, 1908, SARAH BELL, aged 42 years, beloved wife of DANIEL J. McDUGALL, and daughter of the late John Boyd, Printer, Antigonish, leaving a

husband, two children and one sister to mourn the loss of a model Christian wife and mother and loving sister. May her soul rest in peace!

At Mabou Bridge, on Saturday, November 14th, 1908, after a protracted illness, consoled by the last rites of Holy Church, JOHN A. McDONALD, son of the late Allan McDonald, Photographer. Deceased was a young man of unblemished character. He was twenty-nine years of age. His widowed mother and four brothers survive him. May his soul rest in peace!

At Westville, on Monday, Nov. 23rd, of typhoid fever, MARY beloved wife of JOHN B. MACDONALD, in the 69th year of her age, leaving a sorrowing husband and three daughters to mourn the loss of a kind and affectionate wife and mother. Consoled and fortified by the last

rites of the Church she calmly passed away. May her soul rest in peace.

At Emerald, Margaree, on the 14th inst, in her 68th year, JANE FITZGERALD, beloved wife of PATRICK TOMPKINS. Unassuming, deeply religious, the soul of kindness, tenderly devoted to her husband, home and family, deceased was a most lovable character, an exemplary Christian and a model wife and mother. She bore her trying illness with great patience, and the end was truly edifying. She was laid to rest on the 18th inst in St. Patrick's cemetery, North East Margaree, after a Requiem High Mass sung by the Rev. M. H. McCormick, C. C. Besides her husband, one brother and one sister, four sons—one of whom is the Rev. Maurice Tompkins, Lochaber—and five daughters survive to mourn their loss. May her soul rest in peace!

NOVA-SCOTIA-FIRE
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LOWEST RATES
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Head Office: 106 HOLLIS STREET, HALIFAX
ARTHUR C. BAILLIE, Manager
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SUR-ON EYES **EYE-GLASS**
SCIENTIFICALLY TESTED
FREE

Mr. Thos. J. Wallace
will be at the
Queen Hotel, Antigonish
From Nov. 23 to Nov. 30

Is Your Vision Correct?

FOR SALE.

A WOOD LOT,
containing 110 acres. Situated near Beaver Meadow. Apply to
CATHERINE McADAM,
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Hides! Hides!
500 Hides Wanted

C. B. Whidden & Son
are paying cash as usual
and pay as high as the
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1000 Pelts
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Remarkable Bargains

There's no need of patronizing bankrupt or forced sales when you can buy dependable and reasonable goods at a reliable store—where your money will be refunded if required—at discounts ranging from one-third to one-half.

35 to 50 per cent. Discount

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| Boys' Overcoats, | \$ 6.75 values, | now \$3.95. |
| " " | 5.00 " " | 2.95. |
| Ladies' Skirts, | 6.00 " " | 3.00. |
| " " | 4.25 " " | 2.13. |
| Ladies' Jackets, | 10.00 " " | 5.00. |
| " " | 8.50 " " | 4.25. |
| " " | 5.50 " " | 2.75. |
| Ladies' Corsets, | 1.00 " " | .50. |
| " " | 1.50 " " | .75. |
| " " | 2.00 " " | 1.00. |

24-in. Shirting Gingham and Flannelettes, regular 8c. values reduced to 5c. yard.

Children's Corset Waists, sizes to fit 2 to 7 years, the regular 50c. kind, now 25c.

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THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO ESTABLISHED 1867

B. E. WALKER, President | Paid-up Capital, \$10,000,000
ALEX. LAIRD, General Manager | Reserve Fund, - 5,000,000

Branches throughout Canada, and in the United States and England

COUNTRY BUSINESS Every facility afforded to farmers and others for the transaction of their banking business. Sales notes will be cashed or taken for collection.

BANKING BY MAIL Accounts may be opened by mail, and monies deposited or withdrawn in this way with equal facility. 115

ANTIGONISH BRANCH
J. H. McQUAID, Manager.

O'Brien's Fall Sale is now on

Our price list will be issued in a few days when it will be seen that our prices are as usual below all competitors.

As an instance we offer Men's Overcoats at \$3.50; Men's Pants, 90c; Men's all-wool Suits, Tweed, single or double-breasted, regular price, \$9.00 for \$6.75.

Men's all-wool fleecy-lined Underwear, 38c. Men's all-wool Sweaters, 65 cents. Men's grey socks, regular price 25c., for 12c. Don't forget to get our price list as our Fall Sale includes all departments.

GENTS' FURNISHINGS, DRY GOODS, CROCKERY, GROCERIES, ETC.

J. S. O'BRIEN, Antigonish

LAST CALL

Forced Sale

Closes Doors on

Saturday 28
Novemb'r

Our forced sale has met with enormous success, three quarters of our stock has been sold in eight days, and having but little goods left we have decided to close our sale on SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28TH. We want you all to come and clean us out entirely. Best bargains are awaiting you now. Act at once. After we go you will pay double the price for everything you buy. In justice to yourself and your family give us your last call on SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28TH.

Look for the Big White Sign.

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Main street, Antigonish, N. S.

MADE FOR SERVICE
and guaranteed absolutely **WATERPROOF**



OILED SUITS, SLICKERS AND HATS
Every garment guaranteed Clean - Light - Durable

SOLD BY BEST DEALERS EVERYWHERE
CATALOG FREE FOR THE ASKING

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TOWERS GARMENT CO. LIMITED, TORONTO, CAN.

A Story About Girls

A few years ago a young girl gave up teaching and took up our Short-hand Course. To-day, she draws a salary of \$900 per year, almost seven times as much as she obtained as a teacher and her work is not so trying. Her course, including books, cost \$48. What do you think of her investment? For years past, the training and placing of young people has been our specialty. Get our souvenir booklet for a post card.

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to a good situation in probably what you are trying to find. The quickest method of finding it is by taking a course in

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THE EMPIRE BUSINESS COLLEGE

Apply at the EMPIRE BUSINESS COLLEGE nearest you for full information, or write

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INVERNESS, CAPE BRETON
Miners and shippers of the celebrated

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SCREENED RUN OF MINE SLACK

First-Class for both domestic and steam purposes

COAL! COAL!

Shipping facilities of the most modern type at Port Hastings, C. B., for prompt loading of all classes and sizes of steamers and sailing vessels. Apply to

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If your eyesight is defective consult
H. W. CAMERON,
—OPTICIAN—
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FOR SALE.

That well known farm situate at College Grant, within one mile of the famous

Copper Mine,

lately owned by William McDonald, brother of the Klondike King, containing 200 acres more or less. This is a rare chance to secure a first class farm at a low price.

For further particulars apply to
T. J. SEARS,
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Chalices, Ciboria, Vestments, Statuary Altars, Etc., Etc.

Lowest Prices. Largest Stock

Mission Goods a distinct specialty

W. E. BLAKE & SON
123 Church St., Toronto, Can.

Colonial Rulers I Have Known.

(By Judge Prowse, of Newfoundland.)

The Colonial Governor is a very interesting character. It seems strange to me that he has been so little used in fiction. There are, of course, the two great creations, Cervantes, Don Sancho Panza, Governor of the rich and fertile island of Barataria, and the immortal Rawdon Crawley, C. B., of "Vanity Fair," Governor of Coventry Island. When Thackeray drew this sketch of Becky Sharp's husband, captious critics declared that the incident of Rawdon's appointment to a Colonial Governorship was wholly improbable, and that it could never have come about through such backstairs influence. To my mind, everything about the little vignette in this great novel, including the sketch of Coventry Island politics, and the admirable touch about giving suitable rewards to our gallant Peninsular and Waterloo heroes, is simply perfect.

Governments today dare not appoint an inferior man to fill the late Lord Dufferin's place as Governor General of Canada. In the Georgian era (the time of "Vanity Fair") it was quite different. In one case, the one legitimate son of a great engineer officer, who did good service under Wolfe at Quebec, got an appointment as Attorney-General of Cape Breton when he was just of age. He was so boyish that his friends persuaded him to wear false whiskers when he presented himself at Downing street. A little later, through the same influence, he was made a Judge of the Supreme Court in a larger Colony. An illustration of his legal knowledge is best shown by his remarks to the counsel. The lawyer quoted from the well-known treatise, "Chitty on Pleading," "Goodness me, Mr. Jones," said his lordship, "What has Mr. Chitty to do with this case? Why, he was never in this Colony in his life."

In the course of a long life I have known a good many Colonial Governors. Amongst the most modern ones the palm must always be given to the late Marquess of Dufferin, and as a Governor-General of Canada he stands unrivalled not only for his tact, but his high character and his devotion to duty. Other lesser men may have some of his qualities, but Dufferin was above all, a wit and a genius. It was a liberal education to hear him address a Canadian convent school in the purest and most graceful French, or a crowd of Western farmers in Manitoba, to whom he gave not only the best advice about their own occupation, but kept them all the time in roars of laughter with his splendid stories.

Dufferin's great delight and pride was in his ancestors, the Sheridans. On the walls of his dining room at Clondeboye there is a picture showing Tom Sheridan and all his descendants. It was from his mother's family that he inherited his eloquence and his wonderful gift of humour, his power of acting, and making himself all things to all men. Dufferin was rather a small, slight man, with the manner and appearance of an old French marquis. There were no airs or pomposity about him. He was simply charming, and made everyone feel at home with him. He dearly loved a bit of humour. In his early days he wore a single eye-glass. One very wet, stormy night he took a car from Belfast for home. Naturally, he began asking the driver about the news. "No," said Pat, "nothing going about at all." "Surely," said Dufferin, "there must be some news." "Well," said the driver, "the only thing I heard tell on was that one-eyed Dufferin was going to marry Miss Hamilton."

Next to the Marquess, the most accomplished and successful Governor I have ever known was Sir John Harvey—unlike Dufferin, a wholly unfamiliar name to most of my readers. His early life was spent as a soldier defending the Empire, pretty well all over the world. When Sir Sydney Smith so gallantly defended Acre in Egypt, and compelled the French to evacuate the country, savants from all parts of Europe flocked to the land of the Nile to see its wonderful antiquities. Out of the whole army the Commander-in-Chief selected young Captain Harvey to look after them. In the American war of 1812 Colonel Harvey greatly distinguished himself; his wonderful courage and skill as a leader are now universally acknowledged as the prime factor in the defence of Canada after Brock's death. He was known in the Army as "the handsome Colonel Harvey," and the story is told that the American General Winfield Scott, in one of the engagements, was so struck with the daring courage and splendid figure of the young English officer that he would not allow his soldiers to fire at him. After the peace Colonel Harvey was appointed Head of the Police in Ireland. It speaks volumes for his tact and diplomacy that in this most difficult position he became the most popular English official in the Green Isle. This is still more wonderful when we remember that Harvey was the son-in-law of the gallant Lord Lake, who conquered the Irish rebels at Vinegar Hill and put down the 1798 rebellion with a strong hand.

His Colonial appointments (as Governor began in 1835, when he was made Lieutenant-Governor of Prince Edward Island. Two years later he was made Governor of New Brunswick. He had to inaugurate responsible Government in the Province. All the wealthy classes and the Conservatives were bitterly opposed to the new measure, but Sir John with consummate tact smoothed down every difficulty. He also at this time settled the marine boundary question with his old opponent Winfield Scott. For this very wise proceeding he was dismissed by the Home Government,

but after his return to Newfoundland and made a K. C. B.

During his tenure of office there was an agitation going on for responsible government. His Excellency knew full well that the Home Government were opposed to the measure, and that it was his business to keep them from being bothered about the subject. An important deputation waited upon him at Government House with a petition for the coveted boon. Sir John received them with more than his usual cordial manner. An Irish school-master who had composed the document was the leader. He wanted to begin at once by reading the petition, but Sir John was inexorable. They all had to stay and partake of a sumptuous lunch with plenty of champagne. After the convivial gathering the reading began. Sir John interrupting every now and then to mark his admiration of its force and eloquence. On its conclusion Sir John rose and shook hands impressively with every member of the deputation. "Now, my kind, dear friends, I must bid you a cordial farewell. The end of my Government has come." They all became excited. "What does your Excellency mean?" "Gentlemen," he said, "it is very clear. This document will show the Home authorities that my Government is unpopular and a failure. I will not wait to be dismissed. I will at once resign." "What!" said Henry Simms, "lose the best Governor that ever came to Newfoundland! Perish the thought!" and snatching the petition in shreds and threw it on the fire.—Standard of Empire.

The Greatness of Lincoln.

Cardinal Newman, in his "Idea of a University," makes one of his characters say: "I am no great admirer of self-taught geniuses; to be self-taught is a misfortune, except in the case of those extraordinary minds to whom the title of genius justly belongs; for, in most cases, to be self-taught is to be badly grounded, to be slovenly finished, and to be preposterously conceited." Abraham Lincoln was undoubtedly one of the extraordinary exceptions. If every man was self-taught it was he, and yet he was well grounded, most carefully finished, and remarkably free from conceit of any kind. This is one of the most vivid impressions produced by a perusal of the celebrated Canadian journalist, James Creelman's two articles, "Why we love Lincoln," in Pearson's Magazine for October and November. We need hardly insist on the great President's natural humility, which is obvious to any one familiar with his life. And as to his being well grounded, that is implied in the perfect finish of his literary style. He had learned by himself that most valuable of all secrets in writing—the art of giving to each word its full force. This it is that lends pith and point to all his public speeches and writings. Probably unequalled in the English language is what Mr. Creelman calls "the dignity and imperishable beauty" of that short address of two hundred and sixty-five words—lasting at most three minutes—which Lincoln spoke at the dedication of the cemetery on the Gettysburg battlefield in November, 1863.

What is still more remarkable perhaps is his ultimate grasp of the finer niceties of that language which is his boyhood and youth he himself had ruthlessly mangled. Take for instance, his uniformly correct use of "should" as the past tense of "shall." To Irishmen, Scotchmen, Canadians and Americans, this is even a greater crux than the proper use of "shall." In Lincoln's time, especially, none but the very best writers on this continent observed the difference between "should" and "would." And yet he, the rail-splitter who taught himself to read fully realized this delicate point of English style. To members of Congress who urged him to free the negroes and muster him into the army he said: "Gentlemen, I have put thousands of muskets into the hands of loyal citizens of Tennessee, Kentucky and North Carolina. They have said that they could defend themselves if they had guns, I have given them the guns. Now, these men do not believe in mustering in the negro. If I do it, these thousands of muskets will be turned against us. We should lose more than we should gain." Very probably, all the members of Congress who heard him would have found it more natural to say: "We would lose more than we would gain." But Lincoln was right, as all literary critics and grammarians will testify.

Another and far more important feature of Lincoln's self-training is his gradual conversion to God. When in April, 1865, he was assassinated in a theatre on Good Friday, many Catholics were shocked at the lack of religion in a man who could go to a play on an occasion of such absorbing Christian sorrow. But they were not aware of the unbiographical character of that degenerate Puritanism in which the young Abe had grown up, and which Alphonse Karr, the witty French epigrammatist, once defined as "Paganism minus its gods," a so-called Christian sect which in daily practice viewed Our Blessed Lord as a myth and not as the living Saviour of men. Small wonder that a strong mind like Lincoln's revolted against this cold travesty of religion and that, knowing no other, he began by scoffing at all religious belief. When he was "the careless, foot free, waggish wood-chopper of New Salem, he had written a bitter attack on the Bible, which a wiser friend had snatched from his hands and burned." But when he became President-elect he "stretched his hands childlike to a Power greater than "the sovereign people," in his letter of acceptance

Providence." As the heroic battles of his presidential career develop in intensity and anguish, he turns with increasing confidence to God. The most striking example of his trust in what he honestly believed to be the assistance of the almighty is admirably related by Mr. Creelman. After repeated defeats of the Union army, Lincoln had asked the Lord for a victory as a sign that the time had come for the emancipation of the slaves. Then came McClellan's victory over Lee at Antietam. Lincoln immediately called together his cabinet, and in the presence of those cool-headed, matter-of-fact men, Stanton, Chase, Seward, Welles, Blair, Smith, and Bates, he quietly and fearlessly delivered his soul. "In a few words he announced that he had decided to emancipate

explained his reasons. Looking earnestly into the faces of his advisers he informed them that he had left the decision to God, that he had made a promise to God, and that he would keep that promise." Mr. Creelman adds that we cannot imagine President Roosevelt making such a statement to Root, Cortelyou, Wright, Bonaparte, and the other members of his cabinet; and yet we—this Mr. Creelman does not add—know that Roosevelt has more positive beliefs than Lincoln and that Bonaparte is a practical Catholic. But Lincoln was superior to his cabinet in a way that even Roosevelt cannot be. And then those were days of dreadful, unexampled peril to the United States.—Central Catholic.



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The Pioneers of the Missionary Army.

In his splendid discourse at the dedication of St. Boniface Cathedral, Archbishop Ireland spoke as follows of the pioneer missionaries of the North-West:

I will not narrate their labors. A volume familiar to you, a classic book of Apostolic zeal, "Vingt Annees de Missions," by Monseigneur Tache, tells all sufficiently the story. What labors—their were! Ile-a-la-Crosse, Lac Caribou, Athabasca, Lac-la-Biche, Lac des Esclaves, Fort Hope and Fort Peel on the remote Mackenzie, revealed the extent of territory as it recalled itself thirty years, fifty years ago, the terrors which travel or residence within its vast range never failed to evoke. Between one station and another five hundred, sometimes nine hundred miles, intervened. Travel was usually on snow shoes over trackless prairies, or in birch-bark, or whale-skin canoes amid rushing waters and icy gorges. The home was the hut, sometimes the subterranean hole of the Indian or the Eskimau, or, when built by the missionary himself, even when the missionary was the bishop, a log cabin, the ground the bed, roughly hewn timber the chair and the table, the missionary often the servant and the cook. Food often was wanting, so that hunger pressed, and when food was there it was again and again only the fish speared in lake or river. The heroic Grollier it was, who, in the land of the midnight sun, amid the agonies of death, raved for a bit of bread or a potato that could not be given. Intense the frost and the cold, and despite this, journeyings, days and nights, across plains and mountains, journeyings of two or three hundred miles, to baptize a few children or prepare an adult for death—of six or nine hundred to meet a fellow missionary. And the isolation and the mental desolation it brought! Two, three years went by, before one priest met another. Nor, meanwhile, was there always the pleasure of evangelization, or even of savage association. Missions among Indians are very easy performances when these are corralled in reserves, and officials of governments are in charge, and railroad, or well organized trains of horses or oxen carry to them the comforts of life. In the days of Lafleche, Tache and Grandin, the Indians were constantly roaming in search of fish or wild beast. Only for two or three months were they near the home of the missionary, within hearing of his word. The remainder of the year, the missionary was in his solitude. This implied the need of superhuman patience in his work, and of superhuman courage to endure his isolation. Once a year he might hope that the courier of the Hudson's Bay Company might bring him letters from distant friends. The nearest ports or marts, from which articles of prime necessity—and few of these were ever allowed—were St. Paul to the South, Fort William on Lake Superior, or York Factory on Hudson Bay. Then two or three savage languages had to be learned; and the most tedious of tasks gone through to break the truths of religion to the thoughtless, unspiritual child of the wilderness, and win him from habits and customs, a part of his very nature which must be eradicated before the waters of baptism be poured upon him.

In China, Corea and Japan, bloody martyrdom was not far off. But the sword and stake were merciful, as were not the frosts and the snows, the hunger and the isolation of Ile-a-la-Crosse, Athabasca, and Fort Hope; the former meant a short lived agony of an hour or a day, the latter meant the enduring agony of scores of years, of a life-time, so long as God permitted it to last.

And what were these men seeking? What impulses agitated their heart-strings? The glory of God and the salvation of souls—that and that only. From every human point of view, no missions could have been more uninviting—there was no possible attractions on the part of those who were to be converted; these were the poorest of the poor, most abject in their misery and ignorance, never to be lifted to any noted height of knowledge or of civilization. Their one merit—they had souls. The exercise of most complete self-abnegation was the condition of the work, utter destitution, continuous hardship. No room was there for ambition or vain glory from which no echo was to travel to the outside world in quest of recognition and reward. Complete emptying of self, together with the practice of highest virtue in every form, such the life of the missionaries. But they were equal to all exigencies because they held God in mind, and remembered the reward to be given in Heaven.

An incident I must repeat to show what manner of men they were. Once in the very early years of the missions, the Hudson's Bay Company sent as a New Year's present to Monseigneur Provencher and his companions two casks of Madeira. Who would have thought it? The gift was refused—because, said the Bishop, "the example of total abstinence is needed among the Indians, and for their sake we must deprive ourselves of the most innocent of indulgences." Monseigneur Provencher and his priests were total abstainers, adding supererogatory self denial to the trials endured of necessity, and later, with the same purpose in mind, Monseigneur Tache and his priests were also total abstainers. Total abstainers in the frozen north, when now and then a sup of wine might be a welcome cheer, if only the slightest, amid their many privations. Were not these men heroes of the most heroic mould, heroes of the highest and purest type of the Christian religion?

The picture I am tracing of missionary martyrdom is not complete unless mention is made of the heroic Sisters of Charity of Montreal, who from the year 1845 worked in the Northwest, first in St. Boniface itself, afterwards at Ile-a-la-Crosse, Lac-la-Biche and other lonely missionary centres, who there, by caring for the sick and instructing the children, aided much in the labors of the priests, partaking joyously of the poverty and hardships of the latter, and showing by their patience in toil and suffering to what heights of holy zeal weak womanhood can rise, when the heart is aflame with the love of the Saviour of Calvary.

Was I right in telling you that in your own land the evidences were given in clearest form that in the Church today as yesterday when apostles are needed to bear afar the banner of the faith across all obstacles in order to teach all nations—heroes are never absent from her roll call?

Giants they were, giants of apostolic zeal and holiness, the missionaries of the Northwest. They have illumined the Northwest with the rays of the purest heavenly light; they have shed over its snowy plains and ice-capped mountains the beauty of the divine Paradise. "How beautiful," sang the inspired writer, "the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, of them that bring glad tidings of good things!" How beautiful the deserts and mountain-ranges of the Northwest, as coursed over them in search of souls, your noble hearted missionaries—Provencher, the founder and father; Lafleche and Thibaud; the leaders of the army, Tache, Grandin, Faraud, Clut; the valiant soldiers, Aubert, Bermond, Maisonneuve, Lestanc, Tissot, Vegreville, Grollier—tain would I speak the names of all, and bid the walls of St. Boniface's new Cathedral echo them in exultant and oft-repeated whisperings—so sweet those names are to Christian faith, so refreshing are they in inspiration of Christian love. May those names and the example they teach be never forgotten in St. Boniface and in the olden Diocese of St. Boniface, even to the polar fastnesses of the never melting iceberg.

One name I pronounce with special reverence. He who bears it was longest in the wearisome field; his zeal was of the most fervent; the harvest gathered by him of the richest, the most abundant. I dare, however, not do more than pronounce the name; his humility would not forgive me; and he sits among my listeners—the venerable Oblate, Pere Albert Lacombe.

Another name will I pronounce, this time with more freedom, for the bearer of it, though assuredly with us in spirit this evening, dwells among the saints in Heaven. It is the name of the soldier of soldiers, of the leader of leaders, the pride of Church and of country, the great man, the great priest—Alexander Antonine Tache.—Central Catholic.

Fun Among the Old People.

Under a new law enacted by the British Parliament, all persons over seventy years of age, are (with certain exceptions), entitled to a pension of five shillings a week. This law has made a stir in Ireland.

Stories regarding the working of the new Old Age Pension Act are many.

In a remote part of Connaught an aged man travelled about eight miles to the post office, and applied for his 'paper.' He was known to the postmaster, who was aware that the applicant was well over seventy years of age. The 'paper' was duly filled, and then the venerable gentleman said he wanted another paper. 'For my father,' he said. The official was astonished; but the facts were undeniable. The old man's father still lived, and was as hale and hearty as could have been expected, considering that his age was 95. Neither father nor son had ever stood inside a workhouse, nor accepted a penny of outdoor relief.

One old man in a Northern town secured his pension paper and brought it to the local priest to be filled up. The priest was also the custodian of the parish register, and consequently had his time fully occupied for several days after the first of October.

'I did not think, Martin,' said his reverence, 'that you were seventy years old. Why, man, you would easily pass for sixty or sixty-five.' 'Aye, sir,' said Martin, 'my years are a fact. I had always heard that age was honourable; now I find it is valuable.'

Peggy and Lizzie live in the same town. They have been friends since early childhood; both were married in the same year, and during the course of their lives have remained on the most neighborly terms, with occasional interruptions on and around successive 'Twelfths,' for Peggy is a devout and convinced Catholic and Lizzie is an equally determined and resolute Protestant. During the 'Twelfths' holidays little disagreements invariably sprang up. Lizzie declaring, year after year, that there were no immediate prospects of Home Rule, and defying the Pope and all his followers to bring about that terrible event. Peggy prophesied as confidently every year that the next twelve months would see her neighbor living under Home Rule and 'mighty glad of the chance of being civil for the first time in your life.'

At last the Old Age Pensions scheme came into operation. Lizzie had never heard of it until her neighbor called on her and explained the possibilities of the new act.

'Well, now, Lizzie,' said Peggy, 'are ye not glad Home Rule has come at last? You were always agin it, and this is what it has done for ye.'

'Is this on account of Home Rule?' asked Lizzie.

It is Home Rule and no mistake about it,' said Peggy.

Then the Protestant old lady shook her hoary head, and, with a sigh of resignation, replied—'Ah, well, one thing at any rate can never be said—that I did not fight again it till there was no use fighting any longer.' And she felt happy in the approval of her political conscience.

It did not happen in this town, but in the neighboring village not more than fifteen miles from Belfast, that an intelligent old man brought his paper to the keeper of the register and sought for particulars as to his age. The book was searched, and William B—was identified as the babe who had been duly baptized in 1840. 'There is no doubt about it, Billy,' said the Registrar; 'you are two years behind the age, and the fact cannot be hidden even if we tried to do so. But you are not so badly off, man, and can hold out two Christmases more; then, perhaps, the allowance will have been greatly increased.'

'Aye,' said Billy, sadly, 'but would it not be a good thing to have it as it is in the meantime? I always had a prejudice against long engagements. My father and mother were courtin' for seven years before they got married.'

As might be expected from its numerous contributions to the annals of longevity, Donegal has taken up a conspicuous position in the relative number of its inhabitants who have presented claims under the Old Age Pensions Act. A the end of September, 1200 forms of applications had already been obtained from the Donegal head office and sub-offices, and some of these had possessed the legal age qualifications more than thirty years ago. Three of the applicants are 111, 106 and 108 years old respectively, and one of them, Bryan O'Donnell, of Tower, Parish of Inver, it has been stated that he has always used the Irish language only, having never uttered a sentence of English during the whole of his life! All three venerable applicants are described as being in good health, both physically and mentally.—Catholic Citizen.

A Royal Recluse.

The Princess Adelaide of Bourbon, eldest daughter of the late Duke of Parma, has just become a novice at the Convent of French Benedictines at Ryde, Isle of Wight, wherein she will henceforth be known as Sister Mary Benedicta. The Princess, who is one of a family of twenty children of the Duke Parma, by his consort, a Princess of Bourbon-Sicily, has only recently attained her twenty-third birthday. She possesses in the same convent a near kinswoman and namesake in the person of the aged Princess Adelaide of Braganza (nee Princess Lowenstein-Wertheim), the widow of the late King of Portugal, Don Miguel. The community of French Benedictines upon their expulsion from France became first domiciled at Northwood Park, the princely seat of Mr. Granville Ward, contiguous to Osborne, the abode of the Princess Henry of Baltenberg, who was their frequent visitor. Not long since, however, they purchased the extensive estate formerly belonging to the Isle of Wight College, situated on a picturesque eminence overlooking the sea, where there have established their convent and where they have erected a handsome church.

A Clever Humorist.

Amongst Catholic notabilities who have celebrated their natal anniversary during the week is that distinguished veteran litterateur, novelist, and play-wright, Mr. Arthur à Beckett, son of the well-known and gifted metropolitan magistrate, the late Gilbert à Beckett. Mr. Arthur à Beckett, who began life as a clerk at the war office, soon shook off the trammels of red-tape and official routine for a more varied and adventurous career. During the Franco-German war of the seventies, he took to the field, and became war correspondent to the Standard and Globe newspapers, and sent home graphic and brilliant descriptions of the scenes of battle. Since that time he has had a wide and varied experience in the more peaceful fields of literature and journalism, in which he holds a first place. He has successfully edited the Glowworm (once one of the smartest of evening journals), the Sunday Times, and John Bull, besides other newspapers of standing. For some years Mr. à Beckett filled the confidential position of private secretary to his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, whose valued friendship he possesses. Some years later he joined the literary staff of "Punch," the pages of which he has considerably enlivened by his sparkling witticisms and brilliant humour. A prolific writer of works of travel, biography, and fiction, and humorous sketches of men and manners, Mr. à Beckett has also been the author

of numerous clever comedies, which have been produced with marked success at the London theatres. Born at Hammersmith in 1844, Mr. à Beckett married the talented daughter of the late Dr. Forbes Winslow, the eminent specialist and authority on lunacy.

In the town of Ballinagh lived a butcher, who was famed for selling tough meat. A countryman went in one day to purchase some.

'Well, my good man,' asked the butcher, 'is it for frying or boiling you want it?'

'Neither,' replied John. 'It's to make hinges for the stable door.'

PANDORA

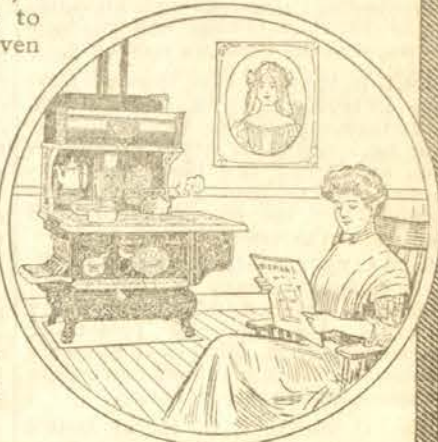
RANGE

Train up a girl in the way she should bake, and when she is married she will not depart from it.

"My mother taught me how to bake, and told me why she always used a McClary Range.

"Now I have a 'Pandora', and, as with mother, my troubles are few. After fire is started, I simply bring thermometer to desired heat and leave the oven in charge of the baking. It's built for faithful service.

"While housewives with other ranges are poking fire and changing dampers, I sit and read the 'Joy of Living'."



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every time you bake—use Beaver Flour.

If you want a flour that makes the Best Rolls and Biscuits—and the Best Cakes and Pies—use Beaver Flour.

If you want flour that yields the most Bread and Pastry to the barrel—use Beaver Flour.

Beaver Flour is a blend of { Ontario Fall Wheat } { Manitoba Spring Wheat }.

It contains the nourishing gluten and other food properties of Manitoba wheat and the famous pastry-making qualities of Ontario wheat. You really get two flours in one—and the best of both—when you buy Beaver Flour.

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BRANCHES: London, England; Leipzig, Germany; Moscow, Russia.

"Sovereign" cashmere hose and half hose with outsole, all sizes.

Milk Cows Wanted, page 8
 Xmas Goods—M. S. Brown & Co., page 8
 Auction—Allan McDonnell, page 8
 Clothing Bargains—Old Queen Hotel, page 8

LOCAL ITEMS.

A STRAWBERRY BLOSSOM was picked last week by Mrs. D. V. Chisholm, Briley Brook.
 DR. COX will be at the Merrimac Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday morning, Dec. 1st and 2nd.

IT IS UNDERSTOOD Bishop-elect MacDonald of Victoria, B. C., will leave Antigonish for Rome on next Thursday.

MR. J. T. HALLISEY of Truro has been appointed Superintendent of the Halifax and St. John Division of the Intercolonial Railway.

REV. A. R. McDONALD, P. P., is to remain at Georgeville, other arrangements having been made with respect to St. Andrew's parish since he was appointed thereto.

THE RESULTS of the efficiency competitions of the Canadian Artillery Corps have just been announced. The Antigonish battery made a very creditable showing, standing fifth.

THE YOUNG-ADAMS Dramatic Company, advertised to appear in the Celtic Hall to-night and to-morrow evening, have changed their dates, and now announce that they will show in Antigonish on Dec. 14.

THOMAS GALLANT, of Margaree, was on Saturday on motion of H. Mellish, K. C., admitted to the Bar of Nova Scotia. Mr. Gallant is an alumnus of St. F. X. College and was late principal of the Baddeck Academy.

THE DRIVER of the Queen Hotel Buss, in trying to avoid colliding with other teams attending the train last evening, pulled his horse around to such an extent the buss was overturned. Gerald Broadfoot, one of the occupants of the buss, suffered a bad fracture of the wrist.

THE LATEST contributor to the St. F. X. College Library is Hon. C. P. Chisholm, who has added to his many previous donations by presenting three of the N. S. Historical Society's publications. The library has now a complete set of these volumes.

MR. C. E. LEA, C. E., of McGill College, has accepted the proposition made by the Town of Antigonish relative to making plans for a sewerage system and for an additional water supply. He will be here tomorrow to take measurements, etc.

HIS GRACE Archbishop McDonald, of Pictou, to-day tenders a farewell dinner to the Rt. Rev. Dr. MacDonald, Bishop-elect of Victoria. Only a few distinguished guests are invited, among them their Lordships Bishops Cameron of Antigonish and Macdonald of Charlottetown, P. E. I.

THE ENTERTAINMENT on Tuesday evening by the children of St. Ninian Street school, assisted by some local and outside talent, was a decided success. The large audience had a varied, interesting and well-rendered programme presented them. All the numbers thereon were much appreciated, the scarf drill being particularly entertaining. The gross financial result was \$125.

REV. MR. MCINTOSH of Antigonish preached in United Church on Sunday, and much can be said in praise of his ability. His evening sermon was one of the best efforts heard here for quite a time. He was not only eloquent but he stood off and delivered it in a pleasing manner, while the chosen subject was treated in a convincing and manlike fashion. The Reverend gentleman is a native of Sunny Brae, and with youth on his side he will yet make a mark in the Presbyterian world.—*New Glasgow Chronicle.*

THE SISTERS of our local hospital wish to cordially thank Miss Annie Cunningham and her friends of the Town for some very useful articles received at the hospital on Tuesday. Miss Cunningham by her efforts has presented the hospital with hospital stretcher, glass-top table, basin stool, etherizing stool, and other requisites of less value but of great use. All articles are of first-class material and most serviceable. Thanks are also due Dr. W. McDonald, Sr., for a gift of twenty-five dollars, lately received.

THE FOLLOWING excerpt is from the *Orphan's Friend* for October, 1908, a paper published in Victoria, B. C.: "In the beginning of this week we were honoured by a visit of the Most Rev. L. N. Begin, Archbishop of Quebec. His Grace visited the different places of interest in the city, and expressed himself as highly delighted with Victoria. The Archbishop was above all agreeably surprised at the beauty of our Cathedral and at the thorough equipment and up-to-date features of all our Catholic institutions." The Cathedral is dedicated to St. Andrew.

WORK is slack at several of the Nova Scotia Collieries. In Pictou County and in Cape Breton County, particularly in the Glace Bay district, many miners are idle. The reason given for the reduction in the number of workmen employed is over-production of coal the past year. Nevertheless, notwithstanding the lack of demand, the price of coal to the Nova Scotia consumer continues abnormally high, and we presume the representatives of the coal barons of the Province will soon hold their annual meeting in Halifax and the same old high price for coal sold in Nova Scotia will be fixed.

A DANCE RECITAL.—Mr. Gordon, whose dancing classes are such a success, is arranging for a recital by Mr. and M. D'Albert in Antigonish during Christmas week. The D'Alberts will be assisted by a number of their pupils in art dancing and by musicians of

the classical and historical dances of all nations, correctly costumed and with appropriate music, the music for the Scotch dances being of course furnished by the pipes. Mr. Gordon's enterprise in including Antigonish in his circuit of schools is exceeded by his thoughtfulness in having the D'Alberts also give a recital here.—*Adv.*

PROPERTY SALES.—The house and grounds, consisting of about five acres, situated at the East End, Town, the property of Mr. John A. Kirk, Warden of the Penitentiary, Dorchester, has been purchased by Mr. Henry Power, I. C. R. Station Agent. The sale price was \$2500.

The residential building on St. Ninian Street adjoining Mt. St. Bernard Convent grounds, owned by Mr. T. Bannon, has been purchased by the Convent authorities. It will be removed and the Convent grounds extended to embrace its present site. Mr. Bannon has purchased the residence on College Street owned by Mr. David Somers.

THE SHIPMENTS of farm product from the County of Antigonish this year are very large, larger than in any previous year, and the I. R. O. officials at the Antigonish station are and have been for the past five or six weeks busy men. The shipments consist mainly of cattle, sheep, pork, eggs and milk. Carload lots of milk and eggs are frequently sent from here. The milk goes principally to the Canadian West, and the demand for it is rapidly growing; the eggs, when shipped in carload lots, are destined for the English market. Over 10,000,000 million eggs are annually shipped from the Town of Antigonish. Five carloads of cattle went by Tuesday evening's freight, principally to farmers in the Western Counties, where they will be fattened and sold when the market is at its best. Two carloads of eggs, bound for Liverpool, went by the same train.

HYMENEAL.—The marriage of Mr. Jas. T. McKeough of Linwood, N. S., to Miss Maggie McLean of Antigonish, was solemnized at the Cathedral Tuesday, the 24th inst., Rev. Fr. Nicholson officiating. The groom was attended by his brother, John McKeough, while Miss Mary Chisholm was bridesmaid.

A the Bishop's Palace, Wednesday, the 25th inst., Mr. Donald J. Buckley, druggist, and Miss Christine Nelson Biehr, both of Sydney, C. B., were united in matrimony by the Rev. J. H. Nicholson. Mr. Walter Brown acted as groomsmen and Miss Ellen Buckley, sister of the groom, did the honors as bridesmaid. The bridal party left on the evening train on their honeymoon for Amherst, after which they will reside in Sydney.

Miss Janet McDonald, Dougald's daughter, of Morristown, Ant., and Mr. Thomas McInnis of Cape George,

matrimony on Tuesday, 24th inst., by Rev. D. Beaton, P. P. Miss Florence McDonald, the bride's sister, was bridesmaid, and Mr. Norman McInnis of Cape George was groomsmen. After a wedding repast at the home of the bride's father, Mr. and Mrs. McInnis drove to Town and boarded the evening train for Halifax and other parts on a short honeymoon. The many friends of the happy couple wish them a happy married life.

The French Government has appointed Pierra Didelot, administrator of St. Pierre, Miq., and he will sail for St. Pierre next Sunday on the Cruiser Gloire. He has been given broad instructions to do everything possible to remove the cause of the discontent. M. Didelot was at one time administrator of Madagascar, and he is credited to be a liberal and competent executive. The people have decided to await the new administrator's action.

Grocery Whirlwind

\$6,000 worth of fresh, new stock, all this year's, to be put on the market for the Eastern people.

We are going to make a complete change in our business from the strenuous life of the credit system to cash. To do so we intend to clean out our complete stock of Groceries, etc., at prices never before heard of in this country. Our object is to make room for many lines not now carried and completely change our store arrangement. We have decided that

Everything goes at Storm Prices

Most of our stock for fall has arrived, consisting of Canned Goods, Raisins, Currants, Peels, Essences, Tea, Sugar, Beans, Soap, etc., and a general house supplies, and our prices will strike the house wife at once as the lowest ever heard of here. This great low sale will continue as long as the stock lasts and staples will be kept up till the end. A glance below will convince you that you can get your winter supplies this year at 10% to 25% lower than ever before. Prices talk. We guarantee our goods. We want to see everybody at the big grocery while the sale lasts.

Partial Price List of the Big Sale:

- Tea, 5 lbs for \$1
- Granulated Sugar, 25 lbs for \$1 or \$1.75 per 100 lbs
- Beans, 3 1/2 c per lb for 25 lbs and upwards
- Cream Tartar, bulk, 27c per lb
- pkgs, 8c each
- Soda (cow brand) 4c each
- Soda, bulk, 8 lbs for 25c
- Essence Vanilla, 8c per bottle
- " Lemon 8c "
- " all kinds, 75c size, 10c
- " 50c size, 20c
- Sulphur, 5c per lb
- Beef, Steak, 5 to 10 per lb
- " Roast, 7 to 25 per lb
- " Other cuts 4 to 6 per lb
- " Quarter, 5c per lb
- Pepper, 6c per ounce; Ginger, 6c per pkge
- Mustard, 8c per can
- Good Toilet Soap, 3c per lb
- Good Chewing Tobacco, 10c, 4c per plug
- Good Chewing Tobacco, 10c size, 4 for 25c
- ivy Tobacco, 3 for 25c
- 25¢ picture post cards including all Xmas lines, scenic and comic, all cut to suit you
- Oranges, 20c per dozen. Later on we will have good oranges at 12 to 15c per dozen
- Watch our ad
- 100 bottles Currant, Raspberry and Dandelion Wine—home made and for a home drink—simply delicious, by the bottle 30c, by the dozen, \$3.50
- Candy—don't talk—we start with a good, clean mixture at 1c per lb. 3 lbs for 25c
- Chocolates 2 1/2 to 4c per lb
- Chocolates, fancy boxes, 10c to 25c
- Fruit cake, plain cake and sultana cake at 25c per lb
- Our famous Loaf Bread at 7c
- New Oatmeal, 7 lbs for 25c
- New Oatmeal, 7 1/2 lb bags at 3c per lb
- Cheese, all 10c lines, 4 for 25c; Tennyson, Cheddar, 6c
- We have 375 boxes cigars at 25 per cent discount off regular prices
- English pickles, 30c per bottle
- Canadian Pickles, 3 for 25c
- English Sauces, 3 for 25c
- Vaseline, 25c size at 10c per bottle
- 2 immense cases Xmas Toys just received—enough for the whole country Mothers! remember these are all in the sale.
- Citron, Lemon and Orange Peels, 25c per lb
- Lactor Oil in bottles at 8c
- Sewing Machine Oil, in bottles at 8c
- Raisins, 4 lbs for 25c
- Raisins, Val layers, 3 lb for 25c
- Raisins, pkgs, 3 for 25c
- Raisins, pkgs, 3 for 25c; Currants, bulk, 8c
- Currants, pkgs, 3 for 25c
- Biscuits, 27 varieties, too numerous to mention at 10c to 25c per lb, now 25 per cent discount
- Sea Biscuit, hard, soft and pilot biscuit, 3 lbs for 25c
- Coarse Salt by the bag, at 8c
- Canned peas, beans and corn, 3 for 25c
- Tomatoes at 1c; Laundry soap, 6 for 25c
- Toilet Soap, box of 3 cakes for 10c
- 30 and 25c boxes for 15c
- Minard's Lintment for 25c
- 55 dozen Wood Pipes, open and cased, all in the sale at 25 per cent discount

We could fill a list as big as the Bible with the variety of goods we offer you in this big sale, but our partial list is large enough to convince you that your dollar spent with us this fall will go further than \$2 in any other store.

Our store is large. We await your call. If you come once you will come often while this sale lasts.

To Railway Customers.
 A mail order to us will insure you as good service as if personally here. WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION. Write your list, enclose the cash and we do the rest. Goods promptly shipped.

Farmers.
 Your Butter, Eggs, Tallow, Hides, Skins, Cheese, Beef, Potatoes, Etc. Take our goods at the low prices. Plain talk.

T. J. BONNER

ANTIGONISH N. S.

SATURDAY NIGHT

and every Saturday evening at the

CELTIC HALL

Comfortable and warm.

See the funny, entertaining and latest

Moving Pictures

Hear the

Popular Music

Mothers bring your children. Many of these pictures are of educational value.

10c ADMISSION 10c

Stay as long as you like. Doors open at 7.30. An enjoyable evening is assured to everybody.

Challenge Sale

1-4 OFF THE MARKED PRICE

Our entire stock of Up-to-date Clothing, Gent's Furnishings, Boots, Shoes, etc., at prices that will astonish you. One-fourth, 1-4 off the marked price, and some lots half price. Mostly all this season's purchase, not old, shop worn, moth eaten goods. Let's get our heads together and not be misled by windy announcements. We want to warn you in strict confidence to **KEEP BOTH EYES OPEN.** We are going to do things. We are going to hold a challenge sale, and we challenge the whole clothing fraternity to offer better clothing, hats, toggery, or boots and shoes at lower prices. We are going to forget about the cost of our stock for one month, and let nothing prevent our making this challenge sale "a hammer." But keep your price in your purse until you see what we are offering.

Men's, Youth's and Boys' Suits, Overcoats, Ulsters, Rain Coats, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Shirts, Sweaters, Collars, Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, etc., one-fourth off our regular retail price.

Ain't this offer a messenger of comfort for the winter. Compare before buying elsewhere. Your money back if you want it.

THIS SALE FOR CASH ONLY

Palace Clo. Co.

OATS, FLOUR and FEED

- ONE CAR P. E. I. BLACK OATS
- ONE CAR P. E. I. WHITE OATS
- ONE CAR GOLD COIN FLOUR

Also a large stock of
**CATMEAL, ROLLED OATS,
 CORNMEAL, BRAN, MIDLINGS**

Prices Right

D. G. KIRK
 ANTIGONISH, N. S.

IT'S A STRONG TEMPTATION

when complete satisfaction has been experienced to come back for more. This is the way with CUNNINGHAM FOOTWEAR. My goods are so stylish and such good value for the money that customers come back again and again. My Fall showing comprises a wide range of the newest goods from best makers.

PRICE AND QUALITY are special features with me. My motto is quick sale and small profits.

N. K. CUNNINGHAM

WANTED

Good milch cows, lately calved. Write Box 429, Antigonish, stating age, breed, and quantity of milk given daily.

AUCTION.

To be sold as public auction, on the premises of Allan McDonnell, South River Road, on **Saturday, Dec. 5, 1908,** commencing at 10 a. m., the following:
 3 Milk Cows; 1 2 1/2 year-old Heifer;
 2 Heifers with Calf; 2 Yearling Steers;
 1 Colt, 3 years old, well trained; 3 pigs.
 Farming implements, consisting of Carts, Ploughs, Harrows, Sicks, Mowing Machines, Horse-Rake.
 Also that lot of 40 acres of land at Beech Hill, in good state of cultivation, with new Barn and a quantity of Hay and Straw.
 Also the barn at South River Road with contents.

TERMS: Ten months' credit with approved notes.
 ALLAN McDONNELL.

FOR SALE

A flock of 30 head of good sheep. For further information apply to
 A. MacGILLIVRAY,
 Box 125 Antigonish

GOOD THINGS

...FOR...
XMAS
 ...FROM...

Our 1909 Year Book

WRITE TO-DAY FOR COPY

It will help you in your Xmas selections, and save you money. Seventy pages of illustrations of the newest and best things in

GOLD, SILVER, LEATHER GOODS, ETC.

Many exclusive designs

We send all packages prepaid and guarantee safe delivery. Anything failing to please may be returned for exchange or refund.

M. S. Brown & Co

Jewellers, Silversmiths,
 128 and 130 GRANVILLE ST.
 Halifax, N. S.

ESTABLISHED 1840.