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THURSDAY, JANUARY 11.

Sir Edward Carson formerly held the office of Solicitor-General for Ireland. One of the reasons why Ireland needs Home Rule is, that the administration of Irish affairs may no longer be, in undue proportion, entrusted to Orangemen and their sympathizers.

The expulsion from their houses of the Little Sisters of the Assumption, the French Masonic Government's latest exploit, is a step too far; and so they have found it. Associations of workmen have protested against it. The Council General of the Seine has passed a resolution against it. Other municipal bodies have done the same.

Frederic Harrison will not be mistaken by anyone for a Catholic. He sees some facts very clearly, and sounds a warning which the Church sounds unceasingly:

"We have suffered our religion to slide from us, and in effect our age has no abiding faith in any religion at all. . . . The rapid increase of divorce, mainly in Protestant countries, and the literary glorification of concubinage and free love are the advance-guard of the attack on the foundations of marriage."

Walter Mills, K. C., an Anglican lawyer, who addressed the Anglican Synod of Huron, Ontario, said to them:

"It is an easy matter to stir the populace by a cry; a word with a subtle insinuation which the hatred or prejudice of a hostile faith imparts, may prove a very dangerous missile when thoughtlessly uttered to the ear of the ignorant and easily maddened crowd."

But the delegates to the Anglican Synod of Huron joined their voices in just such a cry, in spite of Mr. Mills' "cooling common sense."

We have tried to make our readers familiar with the vicious methods of poisoning food, about which so much has been published of late years on the authority of official investigations. The following despatch furnishes, apparently, an instance of those criminal methods:

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y., Jan. 4.—The parents of Anna Threlle Franke purchased at a local grocery a quantity of Rib ton, candy for Christmas and the child was permitted to eat unsparingly of it. Her body became covered with blotches and death followed. An inquest showed that the child had died of ptomaine poisoning.

A year ago some Canadian papers published reports that Archbishop Bruchesi of Montreal was to be made a Cardinal; and that Henri Bourassa had gone to Rome to see that it was done. Recently, the statement is offered us that the good Archbishop would have been made a Cardinal had he not sided with the Nationalists and against Sir Wilfrid Laurier. A comparison of the two statements shows that so many people are anxious to catch a Popish Archbishop that he may not hope to escape. If he is not caught going, he will be caught coming.

Walter Mills, K. C., said to his fellow-delegates at the Anglican Synod of Huron:

"I should like to warn you against fanatical agitation. Too often the clergy have led in this sort of thing and feared to be silent lest they should be thought to favor a wrong."

"In the present instance, all the discussions and resolutions which have characterized the religious assemblies throughout the country go to show that the position of the Roman Catholic Church is misapprehended and the Ne Tomere decree misunderstood."

He says the clergy have led "too often." That is putting it mildly; they have led almost always. One would suppose that the conspicuous abstinence of the Catholic Clergy from attacks on the Protestant Churches would strike them sometimes with its pronounced contrast.

King Carson of Ulster says:

"We don't want rioting, though, unless we are forewarned, there will certainly be terrible riots in Belfast immediately after the Home Rule bill passes its third reading in the House of Commons. Ulster will fight by refusing to recognize the Dublin parliament. For instance, the farmers will refuse to pay their instalments on land they have purchased, to the Dublin executive, and, if the latter try to sell the farms, they will not find buyers. There will be no fighting, but a dead-lock. In the sequel it will come to this: the Dublin parliament will not have any troops and if they want to exert force they must apply to England for troops. "The essential question is, would the English parliament comply with Dublin's request and send soldiers to enforce an executive order of which England has no official knowledge and over which she has no control?"

The Dublin correspondent of the Montreal Star quotes an anti-Home Rule speaker as follows:

"Ulster is a Scotch colony planted in Ireland. . . . Ulster is nothing of the kind. With the dogged perversity in wrong statements and falsehoods which has always characterized "the Protestant Ascendancy" in Ireland, it has always been assumed, and is still assumed, that the Province of Ulster is Protestant. We gave the census figures recently. Catholics, 600,134; other denominations, 888,438. But the last thing, a "No Popery" orator wants or could use with benefit to his argument, is a fact or a true quotation of statistics."

The sufferers from *Ne Temeritis* are keen supporters of the law, so long as the law coincides with their views; but when they come to the Province of Quebec, and find the law not what they think it ought to be, they are seized with a great aversion to the law. As Walter Mills, K. C., told the Anglican Synod of Huron, to which he was a delegate:

"Protestants practically ask that legislation which conforms to Catholic doctrine be repealed and that their arguments be made law."

Exactly so. These are almost the exact words used in a former article in THE CASKET. And, by the way, we hear and see plenty of Anglican Synodal resolutions, and pastoral letters and what not? Which of their papers published even a good summary of Mr. Mills' great speech at the Huron Synod, on the *Ne Temere* matter. Which of them has published even a summary of the able pamphlet of John S. Ewart, K. C., another Protestant? Do they want their readers to hear only one side?

We take the following despatch from the Montreal Star:

OTTAWA, December 30.—George H. Bradbury, M. P. for Selkirk, proposes to introduce this session a bill concerning the Union Jack. Mr. Bradbury takes the view that too free use is made of the flag, and this does not conduce to a proper respect for it. He would prohibit it being displayed or lithographed for any advertising purpose. A similar enactment is in force in the United States, and Mr. Bradbury thinks it should be emulated in Canada.

We agree with him. We do not like to see the flag on candy boxes, and cigar boxes, and put to such like uses. Even for decorative purposes, we think moderation ought to be practised in the use of the national flag. A college will show some jealousy of its emblems or colors being put to mean uses. No social organization which has a distinctive badge or button would care to see it exhibited in certain surroundings or under certain circumstances. But many citizens as modern tendencies go, seem to think that the flag is common property for all purposes, whether they wish to decorate the monument to a hero, or to cover a barrel organ; to drape the gathering place of a public assembly, or to adorn a box of axle grease. We hope Mr. Bradbury will get his bill passed—in a reasonable and practical form of course.

Our able contemporary, *America*, protests against "the irreverent parodies of God's Word that are now going the rounds of the press." It refers to certain flippant sets of "commandments" for this, and for that, for men, for women, etc., etc., which appear from time to time with the words "Thou shalt not" prefixed to each one. Our friend's special reference is to one such offence given by "a Protestant preacher of some note", and it refers to others such lists as "imitations"; and says, very truly, that "the most solemn of God's words had become the plaything of mockers", and sometimes of profligates. We quote further:

"The Code of Sinai, by its confor-

mity with the natural law impressed on the soul of man, and consequently with the needs of the individual and the requirements of social stability has won respect and reverence from serious men of every religious system or of none. It is the grand embodiment of the dual principle, the Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man which holds society together here and gives promise of a perfect society hereafter. It is the solemn expression of the law, directive and prohibitive, imposed by the Creator on His creatures and governing every form of human activity."

And further:

"Our appeal may not affect those who have not faith enough left to be shocked by blasphemies in newspapers and pulpits, but fortunately those who have the faith to resent such language are in the majority, and men who have the courage to do so are, thanks to Catholic influence, continually on the increase."

Chancellor Lloyd-George, in a recent speech, referred to the ancient policy of the Church on the subject of poverty and the poor. He knows that to-day the community must be compelled to share even a small portion of their means with the helpless class whom he describes as "life-sodden in poverty, nevertheless and despair," and he has some views as to how the Church managed matters long ago. He has a glimpse of the truth, on this subject. In the much-abused "Middle Ages," the people gave generously to religious orders, and they looked after the poor—and looked after them better than poor law guardians "and" work-house overseers ever have looked after that matter since.

"The 'Reformation' destroyed the hundreds of monasteries and convents, the resources of which were the patrimony of the poor; and the first of that long, dreary, sordid, series of half-hearted enactments, known as poor laws, began just after the suppression and looting of those monasteries. State support of the poor has never been a success, because grudgingly carried out and meanly supported, founded on a wrong notion of how to do that work, and humiliating to the recipients. The monasteries of old Catholic England knew how to do the work; and no humiliation or scorn attended those who when they had no means of their own, ate the bread of charity given them in brotherly love and as their right and their due. Corbett, a Protestant, has drawn a picture of how that work of God was done which can never be forgotten by any man who once reads it.

The Government of the United States is still pursuing the trusts and combines which are accused of violating the laws. Financiers, bankers, brokers and "combinesters" are heard from frequently on the subject; and they are nearly all agreed that government interference with "big business" is to be deplored. The popular idea persists, nevertheless, that the modern tendency to huge trade combinations is prejudicial to the general interests of the nation and the people at large. The claim of the combines and trusts that they have cheapened goods is not accepted very generally, though often and strenuously put forward and supported by able argument. Undoubtedly, competition has frequently reduced profits to almost nothing, and in some cases changed them into losses. But the people at large cannot be held responsible for that. We believe that the average citizen is willing to pay a fair price. More than that, the workmen of the country are probably the last to haggle over a price. The days of hard bargaining in retail dealings are gone. Nine of every ten men to-day pay what is asked of them without a question. And men are the less likely to question prices if they believe that their fellow-citizens who work hard to produce the goods are getting the benefit of the prices they pay. What the average citizen does resent is the paying of exorbitant profits to manufacturers, jobbers, or investors; or to middlemen who take a slice out of the trade in passing it along. We do not believe that the great trade combines are innocent, or beneficial, not to say benevolent. There is too much proof to the contrary.

The "anti-clerical" schools of France were to banish "clerical" and "priestly" ignorance, and to introduce real education. So their advocates said. The happy little French boys and girls were to hear no more of such myths as God; and the name of Jesus Christ was to be excluded with particular care. What have they been taught, of other knowledge? *America* gives us some information. In the examinations of boys who have left school after five or six years' teaching

one said that Napoleon was a Roman Emperor; while eleven out of thirty-six, could not venture to say who he was. One said that Victor Hugo was a French general. Some said that Joan of Arc was "a girl"; one said she was "a Frenchwoman"; others said she betrayed France to England; one said she "freed France from the Gauls." (Someone is needed at present to free France from some of the French). A large number did not know anything about Alsace-Lorraine, which has been continually on the lips of Frenchmen since the Franco-Prussian war. A considerable number said that "Bismarck was a Frenchman"; "a Prussian Emperor"; "a general who betrayed France"; "a King". One answered that "Morocco is a foreign power in Italy"; others that "England is a French country"; "a town". 25 out of 50 who were asked about the French Revolution had not heard of it. They were not asked anything about the Ten Commandments or about Christian doctrine. These answers were published in *L'Opinion*. The meddling with primary education in France, on the part of the Masonic lodges, began over 30 years ago. Here are some of the results. Teaching, like every other hard work on Earth, depends on honesty for its being well done. Honesty depends upon religion; and the Masonic meddlers of France have nothing at which to be surprised in this absurd situation.

We do not agree with all the views of the *Ladies' Home Journal*; but we commend the following, from its editorial columns in the January number, to the attention of those who cannot, or will not, understand why the Catholic Church wishes to publish banns, and to make inquiries before a Catholic is married. The *Journal* tells of a girl of 15 and a boy of 16 who came home the other day and said they were married. The girl had gone out in the morning with her school books under her arm. She still had the books under her arm, and a husband of 16 years to exhibit proudly to her parents. The *Journal* has the information from the girl's father. The *Journal* says:

"Why should not our school-children marry if they take the notion into their heads? The way is beautifully open to them. In these States where no license is required the way is absolutely unobstructed; all that is needed is for the children to look a little older than they actually are, and even that, in some instances, is not necessary. And in those States where a license is required, it only requires an untruthful statement of age. A "marrying parson" who will close his eyes to little "delinquencies" exists in every city. One such parson, recently convicted, was found to have solemnized more than sixty marriages; where both parties were under the legal age; in one case the child wife was thirteen." (*Italics ours.*)

This is one of the great evils struck at, so far as Catholics are concerned, by the *Ne Temere* decree. The Church's custom of publication of banns, calling solemnly on the congregation to make known any impediments, as a thing they are in conscience bound to do, and the careful inquiries which priests are required by the Church to make, especially in doubtful or suspicious cases all tend most strongly to prevent rash, ill-considered, illegal, or fraudulent marriages. The *Journal's* strong denunciation of "marrying parsons" recall a case to which we referred some time ago, where a little girl, with whom a rascal had contracted a bigamous marriage, told the police in Ontario that she was married to him "by a real Baptist minister." Poor child! Another victim of the indifference and recklessness with which marriages are solemnized in churches which cannot control their own clergy.

Under the presidency of Prof. Gilbert Murray, with a distinguished list of vice-presidents and committee, the Simplified Spelling Society aims at remedying the many serious disadvantages resulting from the chaotic state of English spelling. It is claimed that the reform will mean a prolongation of every child's school life, seeing that the time now wasted on spelling can be devoted to subjects of real importance.

Here is a simple paragraph, in the style proposed, from the pen of Prof. Skeat: "The fact iz that moost peopl fail to graasp the wun loeepin prinpsil, viz., that it iz the spoen word that really materalz. Rieting woz invented for the purpos ov representing the soand, and iz onely yusful so far az it duz so. The soetru juj iz the eer. Yet we actualy juj bi the i; we actualy go bi the looc ov the thing, and consider whether the word loocs liec Latin or Greec. It iz duz so we cal it good, in defians ov truth and loic."

"Well, suppose we go by the "eer," as this ingenious gentleman suggests, how will he bring all "eers" into

accord? For instance, our "eers" do not inform us that "people" represents the true sound of "people," nor that "graasp" comes any nearer than "grasp" to representing the sound of that word. Our "eers" may be defective; but let us ask, what is the advantage of "spoeen" over "spoken"? How is "moest" better than "most"? The former word naturally divides after the "o" and would be pronounced "mo-est." How is "matters" improved by ending it with "z" instead of "s"? If it is necessary to introduce a "z" in "spoken," why change "k" to "c"? "C," in such a position represents a "s" sound very often. How is "only" improved by inserting an "e"? The word "only" seems to call for a break, and three syllables, instead of two. How is "bi" an improvement on "by"? How does "by" fail to represent the pronunciation? Why is "yusful" better than "useful"—waiving the question of parting company with the word "use" for it seems the "simple spellers" make nothing of the aid to study that comes from the connection between words. Mr. Skeat is not even constant to his own notion; for he spells "truth," "truth," and he ought to spell "useful," "yusful," if he does not want to get a wholly different sound represented in the written word. We might offer similar criticisms on "tu," "sael," "looc," "liec," "Greec," and "lojic." Every one of these is a poorer representation of the sound than is the spelling now in use,—excepting possibly, "lojic," which, however, is no better than "logic." In fact, neither "eer," nor "i," nor "loic" are to be satisfied with the "simplified spelling."

The Holy Father, Pius X., in addressing the new Cardinals at Rome, said to those from France (we quote from the report in Rome):

"What then shall I say to you, dear sons of France, who groan under the weight of persecution? The people who at the baptismal font of Rheims formed an alliance with God, will return penitent to their first vocation. The merits of so many sons who preach the truth of the Gospel in almost all the world, many of whom have sealed it with their blood; the progress of so many saints, who sigh to have as companions in heavenly glory the dear brothers of the fatherland; the generous piety of so many sons who ever make sacrifices for the becoming maintenance of the clergy and the splendor of Catholic worship; and above all, the laments of so many children, who in the presence of the Tabernacle, pour forth their soul in expressions placed upon their lips by God Himself, will certainly call down the divine mercies upon that nation. Faults will not remain unpunished, but the daughter of so many merits, of so many sighs, of so many tears will not perish. A day will come, not very distant let us hope, when France, like Saul on the road to Damascus, will be surrounded by a light from on high, and will hear a voice repeating to her: O daughter, why dost thou persecute me? And when she replies: Who art thou, Lord? the voice will respond: I am Jesus whom thou persecutest; it is a hard thing for thee to kick against the good, because by thine obstinacy thou ruimest thyself. And she, trembling and astounded, will say: Lord, what dost thou wish me to do? And He: Arise, cleanse thyself from the foulness which have defiled thee, awaken in thy breast the sentiments that slumber and the conditions of our alliance, and go, first-begotten daughter of the Church, predestined nation, vessel of election, and bear my name, as in the past, before all the peoples and the Kings of the Earth."

The dignity of this language, its beauty and its force, are in striking contrast with the meanness, viciousness, scurrility and blasphemy which are hurled at the Church by the Masonic politicians of Europe. When the Pope speaks, he speaks with nineteen centuries of the experience of the Church behind him, reading the future by the events of that mighty past, and in the clear light of Christ's eternal promise, and the Word which shall not pass away. Twenty-five years of infidel machinations in France, large as they loom in the eyes and life of an individual, are but an incident in the mighty life of the Church which was persecuted by Nero, by the Arian Kings, by Henry VIII, and the German princes, and has seen the beginning and the end of dozens of widespread heresies, of scores of political and infidel campaigns against religion, and which is destined by Christ to see the end of all such and of the world as well.

The Belfast correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* says he is informed that over 2,000 former military officers are with the military orangemen regiment, (whatever that may be). He says that one of the first moves of the Ulster men will be the seizure of the whole of the railways of

northern Ireland. Oh, Loyal Ulster! The House of Commons may go wrong; King George may go wrong; but Ulster has "the Protestant Ascendancy" tradition; and that can do no wrong. "The Protestant Ascendancy" in Ireland is no phrase of ours. It was used in the King's speech, by his Lord Lieutenant, frequently, in opening and closing the old Parliament of Ireland before the Union. After that, it was transferred, as a Parliamentary phrase, to London; but it still remained, as it had been for a hundred and fifty years previously, the Standard Orange toast in Ireland, together with "the pious, glorious and immortal memory." No Catholic had a seat in the old Parliament of Ireland. Few Catholics had votes in its elections. "The Protestant Ascendancy" was more than a sentiment: it was a fact. One of its most discreditible offshoots was, and still is, the society known as the Orangemen. Anyone who wants to read the history of the dark, dirty and disgraceful record of Orangism in Ireland, will find its most effective exposure in Mitchell's *History of Ireland*. Mitchell was a Protestant, and the son of a Protestant minister, and born in Ulster. Ulster, however, has changed; so has all Ireland; so has England; so have the Liberal and Tory parties; so has public opinion; so has the state of public knowledge; so has the fear of the Pope,—almost all things in the United Kingdom have changed, save and except Ulster Orangism. The Orangeman of Ulster still drinks to "the pious, glorious and immortal memory," and fervently says,— "To h—l with the Pope." His traditions go back to the days when Parliaments passed Convention Acts for Ireland, which included his society; and applied them to all but his; whilst his was the worst and most dangerous of all. He is still dreaming of the Battle of the Boyne, and of the later days when priest-hunters were paid so much a head for their captures. He is thinking of the good old days when Parliaments passed Arms Acts, and Irish administrators took away muskets from the Catholic peasants, and served them out to the Orangemen of Ulster, knowing that they would be illegally used. His thoughts are with the rare sport of the old times when Papist offenders were tried before Orange juries; and every Catholic excluded from the jury box. He has pleasant visions of by gone days when a Protestant could set whole communities in a flame by fabricating stories of pretended plots; of days when a Protestant could tender a Catholic £5 for a horse worth £50, and take him on the spot; for no Catholic could, by law, own a horse worth more than £5. He has all the prejudices, hatreds, and passions bred of the Protestant Ascendancy, which was, in its inception in Ireland, and its whole career, composed of equal parts of robbery fraud and ambition, with just enough of religion to color it; the whole being iron-clad, double-hooped and riveted with fanatical fanaticism, childish dread of the bogeys of the 16th century Protestant fakers, and the pitiable credulity of long deceived intelligence. There is not the slightest taint of exaggeration in all this. Every word of it is borne out by history, and history written by staunch Protestants at that. The Orangeman of Ulster is, for all practical purposes, the sole surviving legate, in Ireland, of all that awful mess of devilry, deception and fraud, the dim out-lines of which we have so hurriedly sketched. But there is a practical question before his eyes, as well,—not, "Shall Rome conquer the Protestant religion in Ireland," but, "Shall the heirs of the Catholic millions who were so long made hevers and drawers for the thousands of "the Protestant Ascendancy," at length, now, in this 20th century, have a fair share in the administration of Irish affairs, and their due proportion of public offices which are now held in most undue proportion by Protestants and by a Protestant minority? And he swears by "the pious, glorious and immortal memory," and by the sacred waters of the Boyne, that ere that shall come to pass, he will see to it that the Crown of England, which his Orange predecessors sought to take from a little girl named Victoria, by the conspiracy of 1835 (as appears from the Parliamentary debates of that year and of 1830), and to place on the head of her uncle, their own Grand Master, shall not continue to be worn by a monarch who may be weak enough to sign a Home Rule bill. At the least he shall not be King of Ulster.

Reflections and Sophisms Suggested by Year 1911.

(By Principal M. Cumming, in Halifax Herald New Year edition.)

The secretary for agriculture looks back over the year, and in a mood somewhat reminiscent he draws the lesson of the season.—The chief is how to farm profitably in dry weather.

When the secretary for agriculture contributes something to a paper, whether it be its everyday business edition or its special holiday number, the public probably expect that he will deal with matters agricultural.

If such is the idea of the public, the present article will come within the prescribed limits and the title should, therefore, be completed by the addition of the words "In regard to agriculture."

'Twas a dry season—1911. And as we look back on it, we think we could have improved it, at least, so far as the growing of crops was concerned. How unlike 1910! Then, we had rain—all we wanted—and we grew crops whether we farmed well or no.

Others, too, harvested large crops of hay and grain and roots, and are thankful. They were the good farmers, the ones of whom it might truly be said "To him that hath shall be given."

Were 1911 the means of impressing its lesson as to how these good farmers gathered in their bounteous harvest, despite the season's drought, it will have left a legacy greater far than any year's barter's of apples, or loads of hay, for it will have taught the farmer how to till his soil, so that he can grow big crops every year, whether rains come copiously or no.

This, we believe, is the legacy 1911 has left with us and it's this lesson legacy that we purpose making the theme of our New Year's letter to the readers of "The Herald."

IGNORE THE WEATHER.

This is not our first word on the subject. Thrice before have we written on the theme and more times still have we spoken of it, but we would do so oft times again if we felt that our words, penned or spoken, would lead to that kind of farming, in this Eastern Province, which is ready for whatever season may come—dry or wet.

A "Dry Farming" congress was held in Denver, Colorado, last summer, i. e., a congress where experts discussed methods of growing crops where the rain fall is light. No one from Nova Scotia was there, for even at its driest, Nova Scotia is flowing with water in comparison with some of the western provinces and states.

Still, some things worth while to Nova Scotians were discussed there. One farmer, for example, told how, with four inches of rainfall during the actual growing period, he grew 20 bushels of wheat to the acre (in comparison with an average of 12 bushels for the whole of the United States.)

He did so, not by irrigation, but by thorough tillage of the soil before the wheat was sown. The same farmer told how in a season, when there was only a 10-inch rain-fall during the whole year, he grew over 300 bushels of potatoes on an acre. He thoroughly tilled the soil the year before he put in his crop and he commenced tilling it just as soon as he could after the spring opened up and he frequently cultivated between the rows while the crop was growing.

THE METHOD THE THING.

The facts are, that there never has been a year in the history of Nova Scotia, but when, if right methods were followed, it were possible to grow big crops—but we said right methods.

Let me give some figures. A rainfall of 6 to 9 inches contains sufficient moisture to grow 200 to 300 bushels of potatoes and 40 to 70 bushels of oats, if only the moisture is properly conserved. Last year, as already stated, was considered a dry season and yet the rain-fall at Truro from the 1st of January up to the date of writing, (December 19th), was 35.74 inches and there fell during the growing months, May to the end of August, 9.18 inches.

It is clear, therefore, that their was abundance of moisture if only farmers knew how to save it for the crops after it had fallen to the ground. Here is where the second part of the article comes in—the sophisms.

The oil in the bowl of a lamp may be likened to the free water: that which rises up through the wick to capillary water. Plants use the capillary water and the ideal soil for growing plants is one in which the free water, during the growing-season, does not come nearer than 3 feet below the surface and in which the soil above that level is in such an open, friable condition that it will carry a maximum store of capillary water. Sometimes, in order to produce these ideal conditions, farmers have to under-drain their lands, as a consequence of which the somewhat anomalous result occurs, that under-drains, which are for the purpose of carrying off water, actually help to conserve it. Under-drains, however, only carry away the free water, the presence of which within the root zone is injurious to plants. Under-drains do not carry away capillary water, rather they increase it.

SOIL'S HOLDING QUALITIES.

The one who does not actually know, will be surprised to learn how big a volume of this capillary water can be held in a well tilled soil. You dig up a spadeful full and, from its color and feel, observe the presence of moisture. But since you do not actually see water, you can scarcely believe how much there is. Investigation has shown that when the soil is put in ideal condition for growing plants, the two surface feet will hold as capillary moisture the equivalent of 6 inches of rain fall. And this amount is sufficient, as already stated, for a big crop. If the farmer could always keep, whether it is dry or no, about this amount of capillary water in the upper two to three feet of his soil, he could always grow big crops. Surely this should be easy. Only six to nine inches of rainfall are necessary for big crops. When the soil is in proper condition it will hold all this as capillary moisture. Every farmer who grew big crops in 1911 did, in a large measure, those things which were necessary in order to conserve this amount of moisture.

Just think of the amount they had to work upon. Over 35 inches fell, altho it is true that only nine inches of this came during the actual growing season. Even that, however, would have been sufficient if the farmers had conserved it, and there was still to work upon over 27 inches that fell during the previous fall and winter.

If a farmer would always make sure to have abundant moisture for his growing crops, even during a dry season, he would recognize that the following are the sources of his supply: (1) The amount of rain that has fallen upon the soil and has soaked down and is stored in the lower areas; (2) that which falls during the growing season. Now he can put his soil in such a condition as to store up a maximum of the fall and winter rains for use during the growing season, and he can also have it in such shape as to absorb practically all that may fall during the growing season. It is still easier, however, to keep the soil in such condition as to hold a minimum of the amount of rain which falls at these seasons. Simply leave the soil in a hard, uncultivated condition during the fall and early spring and the vast amount of water which should have been absorbed by the soil will run off and pass down through the brooks to the sea. On the other hand have the soil in as good a condition as possible, which can be done by fall plowing all of that in which crops are to be put the following season. This will put the soil in such a condition that it will absorb large quantities of fall and winter rains that would otherwise be lost to the farmer.

TO KEEP THE STORE.

The next important thing is that after the farmer has got as much as possible stored in his soil, he should keep it there solely for the use of the crop which is to be grown. Here is where early spring cultivation counts for much, and here is where the growing of garden crops and all hoed crops, like potatoes and turnips, the value of, frequent cultivation comes in.

The principle upon which water-saving is effected, as referred to in the foregoing paragraphs, is as follows: After water is stored in the soil and dry weather comes, it rises from soil particle to soil particle, just as oil creeps up in the lamp wick. In the end, unless prevented by some obstacle, it reaches the surface of the soil where it is evaporated and passes into the atmosphere as vapor. If you can stop it from reaching the surface, you can stop this evaporation and save the water entirely for the thirsty roots of plants. You have, no doubt, seen it stopped many a time. For example, you have picked a board from the ground, or a stone, or leaves, or grass, or straw, and you have found wetness beneath these, no matter how dry the surrounding soil was. There was but one way in which this could happen. The moisture had come up toward the surface and everywhere, except where one of those obstacles was, it had reached the surface and evaporated. But in the cases we have referred to, the stone, or board or other matter acted as a blanket and kept the water from reaching the surface. This principle is so well established that it has been developed the practice of moisture saving by providing a layer of loose, dry soil or mulch from two to four inches deep at the surface, to serve as a blanket to prevent the moisture from reaching the surface and being lost by evaporation.

GET IT READY EARLY.

It is important that this soil mulch be established just as early as possible in the spring, even if it were not intended to seed the land for some two or three weeks. An interesting experiment carried on by King, of Wisconsin, illustrates this. He had a piece of ground plowed on April 29th, and an adjoining piece plowed one week later, May 5th. He determined the amount of moisture in each piece at the latter date, May 5th, and found that the piece not plowed till then held in its first four feet 396,000 pounds less moisture to the depth of four feet per acre than the piece first plowed. This is equal to nearly two

inches of rain fall, and was more than quarter enough to grow a big crop of any kind, and yet it was entirely wasted, so far as the soil was concerned, by delaying cultivation for one week. The history of every big crop of oats, or potatoes, or turnips grown in Nova Scotia this year, we will guarantee, included the earliest possible cultivation of the soil in the spring and, usually, too, previous fall cultivation.

In all hoed crops, such as garden truck, turnips, potatoes, corn, the cultivator should be kept going frequently during the growing season, in order to constantly maintain this soil mulch. Particularly important is it that this cultivating should be done immediately after a rainstorm, which will compact the soil mulch and reduce its efficiency. We have seen many an amateur gardener laboriously carrying water to his garden plots when he might far better have been using the hoe as a means of saving water from evaporating during the hot part of the day, through which source more water probably passed off than he could think of carrying back.

OTHER FEATURES.

There are many other features of this water conservative problem, which should be dealt with, but this is more the scope of a text book than a newspaper article, and we will only deal with one more and we do that because it touches upon one of the most vital problems in Nova Scotian agriculture. It has to do with the amount of vegetable matter in the soil. The more vegetable matter in the soil, the more water will it hold and the better will it withstand drought. A cubic foot of average soil can hold from 27 to 40 inches of capillary water. In comparison with this, a cubic foot of soil rich in vegetable matter, where, for example, barnyard manure has been freely used, will hold 48 pounds of capillary moisture. A similar weight of pure vegetable matter can hold from 200 to 300 pounds of moisture. The addition, therefore, of even a comparatively small amount of vegetable matter to a soil will increase its water holding capacity enormously. The practices which will lead to the increase of vegetable matter in the soil are, the use of barnyard manure and the plowing under of grass and clover sods. If you will take the pains to think of those farms that resisted drought the best during the past summer, you will find very few exceptions to the rule that they were farms on which live stock was kept in fairly large numbers, and on which the fertility of the fields was kept up by the application of barnyard manure, which is so rich in vegetable matter, rather than by the application of commercial fertilizers, which, not only contain no vegetable matter, but which, unless used with great judgment, will deplete the original store of vegetable matter. Once again we come back to the proposition we have so often announced before, that in live stock more than anything else, lies the salvation of maritime agriculture.

THE FRUIT GROWERS.

No class of farmers in the Province have appreciated and acted upon these principles of moisture conservation so much as the fruit growers of the Annapolis Valley. We were in their part of the country at the time when the drought conditions were at their worst, and into whatever orchard we went, we found the farmers were carefully keeping the soil mulch established so as to conserve every pound of water for their trees. And to keep up the vegetable matter, they have made the practice almost every year, where stable manure is not used, of growing and ploughing under various green crops.

The principles we have dilated upon are therefore not new ones to the farmers of Nova Scotia. The facts are that by adopting these very principles, these good farmers grew record crops in 1911. The contrast is all the more striking of those farmers who grew poor crops and who blamed the season for their failure. Well might they profit by the conditions which prevailed in 1911, and learn the lesson which the good farmer taught them during the season and which we have tried to explain in the previous paragraphs—to cultivate the soil so as to conserve the water supply for the growing crops.

"Long Green" Farming in Canada.

In certain favored sections of the Dominion there is springing up a comparatively new farming industry that is becoming an important factor in the agricultural development of the country. This is the production of tobacco.

The traveller in the counties of Essex and Kent, at the extreme southwestern part of Ontario, and in some portions of the Province of Quebec, will find farmers who enthusiastically assert that tobacco is the best-paying crop they can grow. So profitable has the industry become that the domestic production increased from 530,000 pounds in 1896 to over eight million pounds for the last fiscal year.

Where a farmer can grow a ton of tobacco to the acre and get 16 cents a pound for it, as he did last year, he is long-headed enough to figure out that few other crops will yield him \$320 an acre.

It used to be said in Essex county that corn was king there, but there has been an agricultural insurrection and King Tobacco reigns on the throne in the place of King Corn.

In the Province of Quebec members of "L'Association des Planters de Tabac de la Vallée de Yamaska" will tell you that tobacco is a veritable gold mine for them.

Across on Pelee Island, the most southerly point of Canada, there arises a chorus of praise for tobacco, which was the means of "pulling through" many a farmer who would otherwise have suffered a slim financial year on account of the exceptionally dry weather that prevailed last summer. Nearly every farmer on the island planted from five to a dozen acres of tobacco as a measure of self-protection. And it was a good thing they did, because it has been their salvation—speaking in an agricultural sense.

Tobacco is such a rich crop and requires so much attention that small individual acreage is the rule. One authority has claimed that five acres will make as much as one farmer should grow, but in Mersea township of the county of Essex there are fields of ten, twenty, thirty, and as high as forty acres being grown on one farm. In the vicinity of Blenheim, in the county of Kent, there are forty and fifty acre farms of tobacco. Large fields are also encountered all the way along the shore of Lake Erie as far as Elgin county. Messrs. Walker Sons of Walkerville have the unique distinction of cultivating in one field the largest crop of tobacco in the world. It is a plantation of 250 acres, containing one million two hundred and fifty thousand plants.

The tobacco plants are set out in May, sprayed and cultivated until September or October, when the tops are cut off, which widens and lengthens the leaf. The sprouts are "suckered" once or twice, and along in October the harvesting begins. This operation consists in cutting the leaves, placing them upside down in the sun for half a day or so to wilt, after which they are stacked in piles, "lathed" and then follows the curing process.

Quite often the tobacco buyers will purchase the crop in the field. Recently agents of Canadian firms went over Essex and Kent, spending hundreds of thousands of dollars, paying 12½ to 13 cents a pound for immediate delivery. Quite a considerable part of the crop will remain until spring in tobacco barns, and be then shipped to the manufacturers.

The Dominion Government has fostered the tobacco industry by the establishment of a special branch, which is known as the tobacco division of the Department of Agriculture. This branch was established by Hon. Sydney Fisher, who was instrumental in bringing out Mr. Felix Charlier from France to become chief of the division, a position he still holds. In other ways the Government have rendered assistance from time to time, as, for instance, the placing of the almost prohibitive duty of 28 cents a pound on the use of foreign leaf in Canadian manufacture, the passage of the anti-tobacco trust act, and the introduction of the uniform revenue stamp, the latter being, perhaps, one of the greatest boons to the industry.—C. L. Barker, in Toronto Globe.

Be Neighborly.

There is no loneliness more dreary than that of one who lives and moves and toils in a crowd in which he sees not one familiar face and hears not friendly voice.

Those who have felt it comprehend the indescribable sense of mental suffocation oppressing one like physical asphyxia. The dwellers in adjacent houses are cruel in the selfishness that hinders them from recognizing the newcomer as a neighbor to whom they owe the form of courtesy.

Deny it as the stubborn pessimist may, there is no use in trying to gloss over the ugly truth that the old-fashioned virtue of neighborliness, as practiced by our forebears, has fallen into disrepute. I am thankful that I recollect it as a living, active principle. The fact that a new family had moved into the neighborhood set pulses to dancing and wits to work at once in devising ways and means by which to make the strangers welcome. It was esteemed only right and becoming the occasion for the residents whose back yard adjoined that of the just-opened house to send in a dinner or supper, already cooked, with the compliments of the housewife who prepared it. Offers of assistance in the labor of moving and settling were likewise the conventional "thing."

In times of sickness and affliction the neighborhood was a unit in sympathy and kindly offices. It was not an uncommon occurrence for all the food eaten by the invalid to be sent in by acquaintances and intimates.

And the continual interchange of gifts from the tables of such as lived near enough together to allow the passage of a hot dish from one dining-room to another was as much a matter of course as attention to the sick. Today it was a plate of rolls fresh and fragrant from the oven; tomorrow a loaf of cake or a pudding which the maker fancied might taste good because it wasn't cooked in your own house, although it mayn't be nearly so nice as if you had made it. When ice cream was made, a thought of the "folks next door" went into the freezer. If a new recipe for cake or pie, muffins or custard "turned out" well, a sample must be sent around the corner or handed over the fence to the appreciative fellow housemother who would do the same when her experiments were successful.—The Catholic Citizen.

Loans Without Interest.

In the city of Barcelona, Spain, there is a peculiar pawnbroking establishment bearing the dainty name of "Our Lady of Hope," where loans are made without interest to necessitous persons on the deposit of any articles in pledge. Two-thirds of the value of the deposit is at once advanced, and the loan is made for six months and a day, but if at the expiration of that period the depositor should declare himself unable to redeem it, after another period of six months the pledges are sold, but if they yield more than the amount advanced the difference is given to the original owner. This institution is very popular. Thousands are every year suitors for the favor thus afforded by "Our Lady of Hope."—Richard Ford, "Gatherings From Spain."

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS Any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at an agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of the intending homesteader. Duties—Six months residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least eight acres solely owned and occupied by him or his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister. In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$30 per acre. Duties—Must reside upon the homestead for six months in each of three years, from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent and cultivate fifty acres extra. A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$200. W. W. CORY, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior

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ASEPTO SOAPS St. John, N. B.

PALS.

Neither Helen or Jack noticed that every table but theirs had been vacated. Why should they watch the coming and going of the usual Saturday night diners in the dingy Italian table d'hote restaurant, when they could see far more wonderful things just by looking into each other's eyes.

As the waiter, carrying his last burden of dishes and glasses, vanished through the narrow corridor leading to the kitchen, Jack Reed leaned over the table until the feather on Helen's hat swept his closely cropped hair.

"I was a coward to tell you now!"

"Why?" demanded Helen, with the gentle insistence of one who longs to hear the beautiful truth in a hundred different forms.

"Because I have no right to bind you by any promise. It will be so long before I can decently ask you to marry me. You see, I've never had to think of anyone but myself, and I've saved nothing against the day when I would meet the loveliest girl in the world and want to marry her, right off."

He spoke whimsically, but his eyes were grave.

"I suppose it costs a lot to furnish a flat and keep house?"

"I suppose it does," answered Helen, but she hardly realized what she said. She was studying the strong, supple hand that fingered the lace that rippled from the sleeve of her blouse.

"So you'll understand if we cut out the theatre after this? Just dinner here Saturday night. The rest—every cent—must go into the bank for our home—our home!"

His hand closed suddenly over hers.

"Oh, you don't know how I want you, Helen, for my very own. I did not know it was possible for a man to want anything so badly. And now—"

He broke off impatiently, as if his thoughts had reverted to his past extravagances and his present financial limitations.

"Silly boy," replied Helen. "You talk as if we were going to be miles apart. Why, we'll meet every morning at breakfast, walk down-town together, lunch together, and after dinner I'll play for you, as I've been doing right along."

Something in the man's eyes made her turn her head and say irrelevantly, "I wish Mrs. Langdon would have the piano tuned."

Jack did not answer. Her words had summoned a picture of the tawdry boarding-house where they had met, of the great office building in which they both worked, of the crowded cars in which they rode home. These had been the background of his wooing. They must serve as the hard, sordid environment for this period of tenderest happiness, their engagement. He could close his eyes and see the sly winks of his fellow-boarders. He could hear the cheap jests of their fellow workers. He recalled with a shudder how he had strolled through the park, laughing at blissfully unconscious lovers. Suddenly he felt that he was being cheated out of his right to give expression to the first great emotion of his life. The next instant he was gripping Helen's hand almost roughly.

"What's the use of all that when—when I just want to take you in my arms? Don't you see this is the worst of our life? We are never alone—and"

He flung a swift glance at the half-closed door going into the corridor; then he raised her hand to his lips. When he looked at Helen again the soft color had faded from her face, leaving it quite pale. Her hands trembled in his.

"You hadn't thought of that, had you, dear?"

She shook her head.

"I hadn't thought of anything, except just this minute and you, telling me that you love me. That seems happiness enough for one night."

The man's eyes turned somber.

"I'll find some night work. I'll write Uncle Fred. He could help me out. I'll—I'll do something desperate."

She glanced at him keenly; then her glance fell and she began to trace the sprawling pattern in the cheap damask cloth.

"If you are—so—desperate—as all that, why don't you—just marry me?"

The man gasped.

"Right away? To-night?"

"No-o! Next month!"

"Helen, darling!"

The delicate color came and went in her cheeks.

"You mustn't misunderstand. I couldn't have said it—if I hadn't first said that the waiting would be so hard. I can get along without a flat. Even Mrs. Langdon's would be more

bearable—if I were married. And I don't mind working. You never hear me complain about things at the office."

"I don't want my wife to work."

"It won't be for long, dear. And I am marrying you, not a flat! We'll both work and save until you have a law office of your own. Think how chummy it will be, going to business together, your office next to mine. I'll always be there to remind you of your umbrella, so you won't have laryngitis. I'll sew and mend for us both, evenings, while you read aloud, and we'll have geraniums in the window, and a canary, and it will be a near-home!" she added, enthusiastically.

She stopped abruptly, realizing that she was pleading. She lifted her head proudly and withdrew her hands. Jack regained his grip upon them quickly.

"Don't make any mistake, Helen, or think I don't appreciate every word you've said. But I have some old-fashioned ideas. I don't want my wife to earn her living. I want to earn it for her. I want her to feel that everything she has, from the parlor rug to her happiness, she owes to me. I don't want to look into the office next to mine and hear her taking dictation from a real estate operator."

"Do you think I will love you any less, dear heart, because I write letters a few hours each day for Mr. Brown or Mr. Lovatt? Can't a woman be her husband's pal down town, and his wife in the second floor front of a boarding-house?"

With a mental snap, the girl's thoughts travelled back over the lonely years of struggle in a great city. She shivered at the mere recollection of their hideous emptiness. She longed for a home, yes; but far more, she yearned for the companionship, the sympathy, the understanding which marriage would bring. These were all she asked just now, all she needed. The home with its creature comforts, its leisure, would come later. The golden current of her thoughts leaped across the narrow space and gripped the wavering resolution of the man. Once more he carried her hands to his lips.

"I don't deserve it, dear, but I will, sometime. Heavens, how I will work to make a home for you."

And so they were married, these two who loved and were hungry for a home, starved for that perfect companionship which, shutting out the rest of the world, is sufficient unto itself.

The man whose tired eyes were framed in fine wrinkles picked up his hat and crossed to the door. There he turned and looked back at the alert woman who was folding papers to fit them into her rich but business-like looking bag.

"I congratulate you, Mrs. Reed."

"Thanks," she replied, flinging him a grave, impersonal smile.

Five minutes later, he faced his partner, who looked up inquiringly.

"Well."

"Just ten minutes too late."

A check for six figures fluttered to the desk.

"Who got it?"

"Mrs. Reed. That's twice in six months she has beaten us to a good thing."

"It's hard to be beaten by a woman, but we've one consolation—we've been outplayed by the best posted operator in the field. I wonder whether she gets her tips by intuition."

"No! By close application. Not a single move in the real estate field escapes her. She must eat, drink and sleep options!"

"Are Brown & Lovatt in this deal?"

"No, I understand she put it through alone."

The partner whistled. The sound was an eloquent tribute to Helen Reed's business ability.

At the same instant Helen paused irresolutely outside the door of the office in which she had executed her sensational coup. At the end of the corridor there was a window. She made her way to this and stared across the irregular line of sky-scrapers to the blue waters of the Bay. She caught herself trying to figure how many of those towering buildings piled one upon the other would be required to represent a billion dollars. Then she fell to studying the glittering windows and wondering what the men behind them would say when they learned that a woman, single-handed, had made the most important move of the day in the real estate game. Many of them would be amazed to learn that the option had been even a possibility. Others would wish they had acted more quickly. Many would wonder how she had raised the price demanded.

Finally, from considering men in groups, her mind settled upon one man, her husband. Even with her hand clasped over the papers which represented her triumph, she felt that she must see him immediately, must feel the touch of his steady hand, must hear his voice. She would not even wait to return to her office. She almost ran to the telephone booth on the ground floor.

The voice of Jack's stenographer floated back to her.

"No, Mrs. Reed? Mr. Reed is not here."

"Not there?"

She had pictured him sitting beside the telephone, waiting for the result!

"Tell him to call me up at my office directly he comes in."

The voice at the other end of the wire hesitated for the fraction of a minute.

"He will not be back to-day, Mrs. Reed."

The blood throbbed in Helen's temples.

"Did he leave any message?"

"Yes, he said to tell you that the men at the Mayfield works have threatened to strike and he has gone out to confer with the manager. It looks very serious."

Helen Reed had herself well in hand once more. Her voice was quite clear and she said laconically, "Sorry to hear that!"

She stepped into the long canyon-like street. Its surging life seemed to beat upon her tired brain. After all she would not go back to the office. She signalled for a taxi-cab.

By the time she reached the fashionable apartment hotel, where she and Jack maintained an admirably appointed suite of rooms which they called "home," she felt benumbed in body and soul. She dragged her way to her own room and sank upon the low bench before her dressing table. She marvelled at the languor which completely enveloped her. She had anticipated no such sensations as these. Where were the sense of exultation, the mental hymn of triumph that accompanied always follow upon achievement? With a woman, perhaps, but not with men. Jack had never displayed such fatigue and lassitude after winning a big case. Lately he had rarely referred to his office affairs.

Why? Because winning had become a matter of course with him? Because she had lost the trick of concentrating on what he said, since her own problems had become more absorbing? Or because—

She paused in the act of drawing out her hat pins.

Jack jealous of her growing success? Nonsense! She laughed aloud, as with suddenly recovered spirits, she flung aside her hat. She drew out more pins, and her hair fell in a marvelous golden red shower over her shoulders, which no longer drooped. Actually she had become almost hysterical because Jack had deserted her in this, her crucial hour. Of course he would expect her to appreciate that the situation at the Mayfield works was serious. That was one secret of their even, untruffled married life. A business woman, she understood the demands of business upon husbands, and never interfered with her Jack's movements, never nagged. And she could afford to be forgiving to-day. She would be altogether charming on his return.

A warm plunge, clean linen, a lovely dinner frock all did their beneficent work, not because of their intrinsic value, but because each move brought her nearer to the dinner hour and Jack's return. A train left Mayfield Junction at 5.10. He must be almost in town by now.

She telephoned the head waiter and ordered the dinner Jack liked best, to be served in their private dining room. She telephoned to the florist across the way, for the most delicate of late spring blossoms. They would celebrate her victory. Then she sat down by the open window to wait. A church clock across the way struck. Ah! his train must have pulled into the station. Jack would be wretchedly hot. She hurried into his dressing-room to lay out fresh linen. She was interrupted in this task by the ringing of the telephone. Of course it would be Jack. He was calling from the station. All the sense of exaltation and triumph which she had missed during the past hour flooded her being. Her eyes shone as she lifted the transmitter off the hook.

"Hello, Helen—this is Jack. How did everything go?"

"All right, dear!"

"Closed the deal up good and tight did you? No chance for them to renege?"

"Not a chance. Everything signed, sealed and delivered."

"Good. Then I suppose you are perfectly happy, and—you won't mind if—"

He hesitated and Helen's figure stiffened.

"Won't mind what? Where are you?"

"Out at the factory. We had a pretty long session this afternoon, and I missed the 5.10. There's no other train, you know, until after seven; so Mrs. Mayfield has kindly asked me to stay for dinner. I wish you were here. The country looks beautiful."

"What time will you be home?"

He did not answer at once. She knew he was asking some one about the train service.

"Nothing stops here before 9.30. I am awfully sorry, but you understand."

"Yes, of course"

She wondered if he had caught the hint note in her voice. Evidently not for his reply rang cheerily along the wire.

"Good girl! See you by eleven. Good-by."

She leaned across the desk, her hands clasped, her gaze fixed on space. It had come, her long delayed hour of victory, and she must live it alone. The fruits of ten years' unremitting concentration and toil were turning to dust and ashes in her hands because—

She flung up her head proudly. After all, it was merely a business deal, a part of the day's work, Jack had not appreciated what it meant to her. He had just been thoughtless. She returned to his room and mechanically started to lay away his clean linen. But why should a husband be

thoughtless? She could make allowances for men and their ways as she knew them in business, but a husband in his home was different. Why had he gone out of town when she might need him sorely? Why had he failed to make the 5.10 home? Why—

She found herself staring straight into a pair of roguish faces, smiling at her from a large photograph. And beneath them, in childish handwriting, ran the legend:

"To the best playfellow in the world from Constance and Ruth."

With trembling hands she reached for the photograph. She had found the answer to the vexing questions. Behind those two children stood their mother. Because of her Jack had rushed away to settle a strike which any capable superintendent should have been able to avert. Because Mrs. Mayfield would ask him to dine at the quaint, rambling old house, perched on a hill overlooking the works, he had had no hurried to make the 5.10.

To be sure, Mrs. Mayfield was one of her husband's best clients, and yet—

Still staring at the photograph she recalled a hundred significant words and actions, dovetailing them until they formed a picture which set her her jealousy aflame. The average family lawyer was not called upon to select a new motor car, to pass judgment on plans for pergolas and terraces, to decide upon the merits of private schools and governesses for small heiresses of moderate fortunes. He was always buying the Mayfield children toys or taking them on hilarious all-day jaunts, and only a few months back he had gone down the bay on a revenue cutter to welcome them back from Europe.

How often she had heard him pity Gertrude Mayfield for the burden of responsibility her widowhood involved. Just as if he were not bearing the most of the burdens for her! Yes that was the sort of women men liked, and could understand. And Jack had fallen in love with this slim, girlish woman whose eyes were big, wide and appealing, who reached out for help and support as a delicate tendril sways towards a strong, sure branch, because—

She tried to arraign this other woman who had come into her life and Jack's, but with a bitter cry, she flung aside the photograph and faced the truth. The pitiless logic of the woman, who knew life and men through long years of business experience, flashed through her soul, a blinding light that would not be denied. Jack had fallen in love with this tender, womanly creature because his wife had sacrificed him to her own success.

Their ten years of married life unfolded before her eyes like the flickering film of a moving picture—their early struggles, Jack's little successes and her's alternating, overlapping, the first big case he had won and his immediate demand that now she should resign her position. She had really meant to do it, to go home-hunting and to free both of them from the bondage of boarding-house life; but Brown & Lovatt had offered her a substantial raise in salary to remain. She had ejected Jack into letting her work another year, with the promise that their joint savings should buy a suburban home. But then she had induced him to let her invest her savings in a desirable option. And she had been buying options ever since, turning her money and Jack's until they were well-to-do. To-day's

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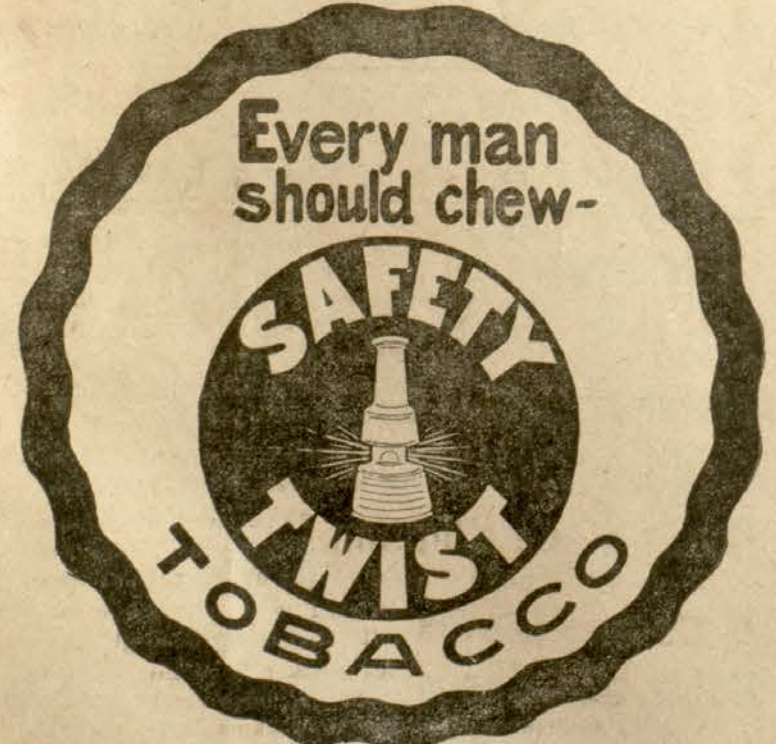
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Pastors who have not yet sent forward the collections of 1911, for Peter's Pence, Propagation of the Faith, Holy Places, etc., etc., are requested to do so at their earliest convenience.

A NOTABLE TRIBUTE TO DR. JAMES J. WALSH.

All those who had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Walsh lecture in Antigonish last August, and all who are familiar with the work he is doing will be much interested in the following review of his new book, which appeared in the British Medical Journal of December 23rd.

We are indebted to a gentleman of the medical profession for calling our attention to it. In his letter he says: "There is probably no medical journal in the world which in its reviews uses more careful discernment or bestows more praise more judiciously than the British Medical Journal. I thought, therefore, the article might be of some interest to you as well as to many readers of THE CASKET who had the privilege of hearing this delightful speaker and scholar last summer in Antigonish."

The book under review is, Education, How Old the New, by James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., Litt. D., Dean and Professor of the History of Medicine and of Nervous Diseases at Fordham University School of Medicine, published by the Fordham University Press, New York, 1910; price \$2.00 net. Dr. Walsh is one of the ablest and staunchest lay champions of the Catholic Faith in North America; and his complete exposure of long-held and boldly asserted fallacies as to constant and regular progress in literature, science and art, have made him famous. Only shallow thinkers ever suggest that there is any such thing as progressive development in religion. Religious truth is immutable, unchangeable. But many minds which cannot be called shallow have accepted the view that in the great fields of human knowledge and attainments with which Dr. Walsh's books deal, there has been progressive development from age to age, and that we are now farther advanced than any preceding generation. That Dr. Walsh has been able to make such an argument against this time-strengthened view as to draw the following tribute from a very conservative journal of the high standing of the British Medical Journal, shows his ability and the force of his arguments and facts:

EDUCATION OLD AND NEW.

Unlike many modern authors, Dr. Walsh has chosen a singularly appropriate title for his new book, Education, How Old the New. The volume consists of a series of essays, or rather lectures, on the mental training of youth in the past; and the author has succeeded admirably in proving how much of our vaunted progress in education exists in imagination rather than in actual fact. The latest methods and most recent systems for teaching the young idea how to shoot are of no nothing but an unconscious throwback to earlier days; and that which modern educationalists fondly imagine to be the latest thing in educational novelties is here shown in many instances to have been invented, tried, and discarded or forgotten by those who have gone before us. Like man himself, the various systems of education have their exiles and their entrances, and probably will so continue in regular rotation long after the disappearance of our existing civilization. Dr. Walsh is strongly of the opinion that human knowledge, like civilization itself, goes in cycles. Whenever the human race has reached a certain standard of learning and refinement, he says, it has almost invariably lost it in some great convulsion which has plunged the world once more into the darkness of ignorance and superstition. It follows, therefore, that what is lost has again to be sought for and found, only to vanish in its turn like les neiges d'antan. "Man's skull has not changed," says Dr. Walsh, "his body has not been modified, his soft tissues are the same as they used to be. His brain is no different. Why, then, should he not have done things in the olden time just about as he does them now?" That he did them, and in many instances did them better, is proved by Dr. Walsh's extremely interesting account of the old-world schools and universities, and the mental fare they offered to those who came to them in search of knowledge. It is well known, of course, that much

of the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome arose from the splendid opportunities for self-culture afforded by these ancient civilizations, which, in the region of art and literature we, with all our boasted progress, have never been able to surpass. But it may not be so generally realized that a great part of the Greek and Roman learning came from Egypt, where amongst other things, medical education appears to have been highly developed and advanced centuries before the coming of Hippocrates and his disciples. The oldest medical textbook in existence—the Ebers Papyrus—was written in Egypt, seven hundred years before the birth of Christ; and in that volume, portions of which date from 3000 B. C., we find that "there is scarcely a disease of any important organ with which we are familiar in the modern time that is not mentioned here." While the mentioned was mainly symptomatic, it was not more so than is a great deal of therapeutics at the present time, even in the regular school of medicine. Further on Dr. Walsh points out that professional education in Egypt "was not very different from our own, and its results particularly in the line of specialism, are startling anticipations of the most modern phase of medicine. They anticipated our interests in psychotherapy, and some of them were mental healers and more of them used the influence of the mind on the body than our physicians have been accustomed to until very recent years." Even our spas and sanatoriums find parallels in the cures at the Egyptian, and later at the Greek temples. At Alexandria (which Dr. Walsh describes as the first modern university, resembling "our own in so many ways that I, for one, find it impossible to discover any essential difference between them.") the curriculum was almost the same as that of any university at the present day; and, moreover, both students and demonstrators had the advantage of scientific laboratories such as we have enjoyed only during the last hundred years. Unhappily, the whole of this wonderful fabric of learning was demolished by barbarian invaders, and the knowledge painfully acquired through centuries of labour and research was in great part lost to the world in the sack of Alexandria. But Dr. Walsh is careful to point out that even in the darkest period of the Dark Ages the lamp of knowledge was ever wholly extinguished. Speaking of mediaeval medicine he reminds us that "Simon of Genoa" worked out the dosage of opium and indicated its uses. Anodyne drugs were employed much more generally and successfully than we are apt to think. Various methods of anaesthesia, one of them by inhalation... were invented, and a large number of drugs and simples were experimented with. Down at Montpellier, Bernard Gordon suggested red light for small-pox." Moreover, we learn that "not only were the (medical) schools excellent and the teaching progressive, but there was a fine development of medical science and, above all, of surgery.... There was no great period in the history of surgery than that from 1200 to 1400." It was due to the fact that they were formed upon the same lines as the mediaeval medical schools that the medical schools founded by the Spaniards in South America were so infinitely superior to those which sprang up later on in the United States. In what is perhaps the most striking essay in the whole book, "Origins in American Education," Dr. Walsh shows how much the American nation owes to the Spanish settlers, and how for generations South America, following the ancient methods of teaching, was in science, art, and literature, immeasurably in advance of the United States with her brand new modern scholarship. For the Reformation on accomplished more than the partial overthrow of the old faith; to a great extent it paralyzed education. The enthusiastic love of learning manifested in every rank of society at the period of the Renaissance was crushed in succeeding years by the great religious conflict which tore Europe asunder, whilst the abolition of religious houses removed the only refuge which learning might otherwise have found. The long wars of religion afforded a possible explanation of the deterioration of popular education and the intellectual stagnation of the masses which followed the revival of the new learning. The eighteenth century, says Dr. Walsh, witnessed the lowest ebb of human education, and it is only during the last two or three generations that we have begun to recover lost ground and to rediscover many of the things that our forefathers found out long ago. It is a chastening reflection, but a very salutary one. It is difficult to give an adequate account of the manifold charm of this most interesting book. Unlike a large proportion of modern historical literature, it is no mere piece of bookmaking, but the careful, reflective work of a widely-read and cultured man, whose deep learning and thorough understanding of his subject fully qualify him for the most fascinating of all tasks. Some of Dr. Walsh's opinions, we imagine, will hardly find favour amongst such of his fellow-countrymen as hail from New England, for he is no respecter of persons, and the dubious or ill-founded legend, even when it sheds glory upon his native land, fares very badly at his hands. But those who desire a lifelike and unprejudiced account of the state of popular education at different periods of its development cannot do better than to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest one of the most delightful historical studies that has appeared for some time.

The Arian heresy, and other movements have plunged large portions of the world "into ignorance and superstition" is unquestionable. A feature of those movements to which too little attention has been heretofore given, is their effect on knowledge, in science and the arts, which preceded their coming. Their effects on religion are well known; but their other effects have been insufficiently studied. The believers in the "Reformation" have been crying out so long that all things worth talking about began with Martin Luther and Henry VIII., that their clamor has filled the world for nearly four hundred years. Now, to their great astonishment, they find that calm research bids fair to classify their "Reformation" as one of the great destructive movements of history. Men's views are changing fast when the "Reformation" can be put under the microscope in the British Medical Journal.

A Letter From Archbishop McNeil.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CASKET: SIR.—Mr. Donovan has remitted to me the amount collected by THE CASKET for a mission motor boat on the Pacific Coast, and I cordially thank the generous contributors. It was in a Toronto paper I appealed for funds for this purpose, because the majority of the Catholics in B. C. are from Ontario; but there is no place like home, and I suppose people on the Atlantic can appreciate this special need better than people of an inland country like Ontario.

I do not know how many miles of coast line there are in this Diocese. A priest went from Vancouver lately, six hundred miles up the coast on a mission to fishermen, and that coast is so irregular and the islands are so numerous, and in some cases so large, that the total coast line must be thousands of miles. The islands make it possible to visit a large part of it in a small motor boat. There are many logging and mining camps along that coast, and it is for these especially that the motor boat is needed.

People naturally ask: is not British Columbia a rich Province? Why, then, the need of appealing for funds elsewhere? Let me give a few facts. Within a year and a half we have built throughout the diocese ten new churches. Eight of them are in places where there had never been a church. In some other parishes other buildings have been erected—a school, a hall, or a house. The total represents an expenditure of about a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. A large part of this is borrowed money. New settlers are not, as a rule, in a position to help much. In any case, it is evident that I am not trying to get money under false pretences. We need a good deal more than we are likely to get. In the above calculation I actually forgot to include the house in which I live. I happen to be the first bishop to reside in Vancouver. My predecessors had their residence in New Westminster, which was a town before Vancouver existed, and the house in which they lived is the property of the Oblate Fathers. Lately I bought a house here and enlarged it at a total cost of ten thousand dollars. In Antigonish a similar property would cost little more than half that amount. A city site in the West is an expensive article. Then we have thousands of dollars to pay every year in taxes on church property, which is exempted in the other Provinces of the Dominion. I have also expended some thousands in buying sites in Vancouver and its suburbs, where churches are likely to be needed in the near future. The price is going up all the time, and I thought it better to buy soon. I have learned that the founding of a weekly Catholic newspaper in a new country is somewhat like trying to get a baby to take medicine. The baby turns its head this way and that, and protests that the thing is not needed anyway. So many are new-comers who had become attached to the Record or the Register-Extension, or THE CASKET, and who ever heard it said that these are not good Catholic papers? Far be it from me to say they are not; but we need our own, and I am sorry to say that I have sunk a few thousand dollars in the effort to secure one. Lastly, to plant the faith deep in the hearts of the children, we have to expend thousands every year on parish schools. There is no give-and-take here as there is in Nova Scotia in the matter of Catholic schools. Fourteen miles from Vancouver there are two schools within a few hundred yards of each other. In the Catholic school there are over a hundred pupils; in the public school about a dozen. The former is supported entirely by the parish, and I suppose it will have to pay its share of the school tax to support the latter. There is no remedy in sight for this state of things. We must have our schools. This morning, a priest, who at ends some of the many places where Catholics are too few to have schools of their own, said to me: "I do not see how it is possible to save the children from being lost to the Church." They do not become Protestants as a rule. They become indifferent and cease all practice of religion. In the cities Catholic parents are generally as much alive as the priests to the need of a Catholic atmosphere in the school, though it costs a lot of money.

I put "lastly" before the last item, not because there are not others, but because quite enough had been said to show that our needs far outstrip our means. In a vast new country which attracts settlers in large numbers, and in which our people scatter about and settle one by one, such a condition of things is, for a time, inevitable. All groups of a few families far removed from a resident priest are an expense to the Church, not a source of revenue, and in British Columbia there are hundreds of them. A happy New Year to all, especially to the thousands who do not know how well off they are, or may be, at home in Nova Scotia. N. McNeil, Vancouver, Dec. 29, 1911.

Our London Letter.

LONDON, Dec. 29, 1911. "It is as far off as ever!" Christmas has come and gone and the Capital though still unusually gay is again settling down to its usual aspect. There were thousands present at the Midnight Masses in the various London Churches, in Westminster Cathedral the number totalled two thousand alone. Now the usual pilgrimage is being made by Catholics to the various Crises, and as the time of the Forty Hours Exposition in the various Churches has again commenced there is a double attraction drawing many visitors, to the East and then to the West of London.

Festivities have also of course been numerous and amongst these was a dinner given by Cardinal Bourne to a well known Home Office official, Mr. T. G. Robinson, on the latter's retirement after thirty years service. When the Cardinal, in thanks for many courtesies shown to Catholics by Mr. Robinson, who is himself a non-Catholic, first mooted the idea of a farewell banquet among the gentleman's friends he had hoped to preside in person, but his engagements in Rome prevented him from doing so, and in his absence the three hundred guests who sat down last Thursday evening at the Hotel Cecil were presided over by Archbishop White-side. The evening was a very successful one, and, while not exclusively Catholic, emphasized the regret which Catholics feel the loss of this public servant.

When we come to speak of festivities however there is one event and one only which stands out supremely amidst the dazzling programme of Christmas fare. It is "The Miracle" at Olympia, produced by that supreme master of scenic and dramatic beauty, Professor Max Reinhardt. It is in many more senses than one a miracle; and with all its superb beauty, with all its dramatic effect and force, with all its wonderful colour and light and grouping, as I gazed down upon its first production last Saturday evening I trembled for the result, since the whole was so deeply religious, so completely Catholic in atmosphere. But the result was as great a triumph as the spectacle, and shows that all London will fly to see and admire during the brief visit which this stupendous production is making before it departs to cross the Atlantic and give you on the other side an opportunity of witnessing this marvellous resurrection of one of the old miracle Plays of the past. Let me add again that supreme reverence and a Catholic atmosphere characterises the entire performance, and as an instance I may add that in the recitation of the Rosary to the great procession enters the Cathedral the Holy Name is omitted, this is a token of the spirit which characterises the whole without causing anachronisms. In fact there is only one of the latter, that a vast Cathedral should be in the care of Nuns, and this could be got over by calling the edifice an Abbey Church. I make no apology for devoting some space to this most wonderful production of the age, because it is so important an event in our dramatic history, and has such a great bearing on the future, educating the masses so greatly in Catholic traditions and ideas and drawing with its true morality such a contrast between the spirit of the world and the spirit of prayer, that the enemies of the Church might well say it had been inspired by some professional and ubiquitous Jesuit! To commence with, in order to have the atmosphere of the thing complete, the great building at Olympia has been transformed to present the appearance of the interior of a Cathedral, and the audience are ranged on either side within the structure. As you take your place a faint odour of incense strikes upon your senses and when the gloom is slowly dispelled by the long rays of coloured radiance which appear to fall across the wide pavement from the painted windows that flank the spectators, you find that in the centre of the vast space opposite the great doors and under a golden baldachin which rises to the roof in rich Gothic tracery, is an exquisite figure of the Madonna, crowned and clothed in one of those magnificent cloths of gold mantles encrusted with jewels wherewith we are wont to deck our statues on great feast days. As the morning light increases myriad nuns with their Abbess at their head arrive to deck the shrine and fling open the great doors to the waiting populace. But before this is done, a young and beautiful nun is placed in charge of the keys and of the famous shrine, in succession to the old Sister who now relinquishes her duties. Then follows one of the great scenes of the marvellous spectacle. A mighty procession in honour of our Blessed Lady, is seen winding round the hill and over its green summit without the great doors, chanting our Lady's hymns and Litanies and telling their beads. First come the peasants in all the richly coloured and picturesque dress of mediaeval Germany, then the children, then acolytes swinging censers and bearing lighted tapers, then Priests bearing relics of the Saints, then magnificent canopies under which walk the three officiating Priests, and finally after many orders of the Church have passed in beautiful review comes the Bishop giving his blessing, while following him come the halt, the feeble, the blind and the lame, and last of all the most helpless invalids born on stretchers. By degrees this wonderful concourse fills up the whole vast space, and then the first miracle occurs, an aged man upon one of the stretchers is cured, he rises and totters to the foot of the statue. There is jubilation. By degrees the Cathedral empties itself, and at last the young nun is left alone, the shadows of twilight are falling, and as she passes to close the mighty doors she sees children dancing on the hill without. Here Humperdinck's music is most arresting and here enters that weird figure which through dominates the unhappy Nun and symbolises with deeply subtle touch the allurement

Guth na Bliadhna (The leading Scots bi-lingual quarterly) SUPPORTS Nationalism and Catholicism, and deals in the best Gaelic and the best English with all subjects of interest to Scottish and Irish Celts. A number of interesting literary competitions have been prepared for season 1912-13. For success in these valuable prizes are offered, and literary aspirants should make a note of them. PUBLISHED QUARTERLY, first week in February, May, August and November, ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION \$1.24 which must be prepaid. Now is the time to subscribe, as the February number will begin a new volume. "The editor of Guth na Bliadhna has enlisted the services of a body of contributors of marked ability. They are doing yeoman service in forming public opinion."—Dundee Advertiser. Write THE MANAGER, Guth na Bliadhna, 12-14 Mill Street, Perth, Scotland

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General News

3000 longshoremen are on strike in Boston, and much freight is being delayed.

Alaska's products for 1911 were valued at \$88,000,000, an increase of \$6,000,000 over the preceding year.

In Yarmouth two perceptible shocks of earthquake at midnight Thursday, made the houses shake and the dishes rattle. No damage.

The Minister of Militia is arranging for the military training next July for one week of 40,000 school boys at instruction camps in different sections.

The P. E. Island elections Wednesday, 3rd inst., resulted in a victory for the Conservatives, only two Liberals, Messrs. Richard and McWilliams, being returned.

That the Dominion of Canada will have in a very short time ten-dollar and five-dollar gold pieces in circulation is the declaration of T. C. Boville, C. M. G., deputy minister of finance.

Dr. Simon, the bacteriologist, died at Zurich, Friday, as a result of having been bitten by an inoculated mouse, with which he was experimenting in an endeavor to find a serum for curing blood poisoning.

The Canadian House of Commons resumed its sittings yesterday. Probably it will continue at work until April, when the Easter holidays will be due. The Senate will not meet until the 24th inst.

Eight steel moulders met a horrible death and eleven others were seriously injured on Tuesday by the bursting of a gun mould at the government naval arsenal in the vicinity of Angoulême, in the department of the Charente, France.

The government will place in the estimates an appropriation of \$10,000,000 for the block to be erected in Ottawa to house the branches and departments now housed in various rented buildings throughout the city.

C. W. Lane of Lunenburg and H. P. Duchemin of Sydney have been appointed commissioners to investigate charges of political partisanship against certain Government employees of the Province of Nova Scotia.

King George and Queen Mary witnessed a great pageant in their honour at Calcutta, Friday. There were two processions—Mohammedan and Hindu—in which there were fifty elephants, hundreds of camels and horses, and elaborate state cars. Hundreds of thousands of natives gave their Majesties an ovation.

Monday afternoon at St. Vincent de Paul Station, Quebec, on the C. P. R., the train which left Montreal was run into by the train from Quebec. Three passengers and the brakeman were killed. Five injured passengers were taken to a hotel close at hand to be attended to. The engineer of the train from Quebec, J. C. Hamilton, was badly injured, as was the conductor, O. Fréchett.

The Monument National, Montreal, the scene of former triumphs of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, was crowded Monday night to hear him speak from the cold shades of opposition. The late premier reiterated his adhesion to the old programme of Liberalism. The government came in for some criticism, chiefly in relation to the Nationalists, and the speaker spent a good deal of his energy in hitting at Mr. Monk and Mr. Bourassa.

At the annual meeting of the City Council of Charlottetown, P. E. I., held on Monday night, it was announced that the surplus for last year was \$431. The revenue being \$93,622. The debture debt is \$845,500. Civic finances are in excellent shape. The city has ten and a half miles of concrete sidewalks and eight miles of macadamized streets. The number of cases before the police court last year was 331, including 200 drunks.

"Sub" John McNamara, of San Francisco, known to detectives of half a dozen cities as Australian Mack, was arrested Monday at New York by central office detectives, on a warrant charging him with the larceny of \$375,000 from the Bank of Montreal at New Westminster, B. C., which was dynamited on Sept. 11. Eleven hundred dollars was found in his wallet, and detectives are searching the city for \$240,000 of the bank's funds which he is believed to have brought to New York with him.

Another interesting thing about Mr. Bonar Law is the fact that this new leader of the English party opposing Irish Home Rule is of Irish descent himself. His father, a Presbyterian minister, was born on the Emerald Isle at a place called Modynenny. And after his ministry in New Brunswick, where his famous son was born, he went back to Modynenny and died there. Bonar Law went alone to Scotland and made a fortune in the iron trade. His only brother stayed in Ireland, and is a physician with a large practice in Coleraine.

The Dominion Tariffs Council are asking the Government for following reforms: Allowing musicians to play on Sunday, one day off in seven for waiters and waitresses, exclusion of Asiatics and insistence that all immigrants have \$25 in cash on landing, eight hour day and increase for letter carriers, eight hour day in public works and adoption of Federal Department of public health, abolition of Senate, fortnightly pay for railway employees, opposition to bounties on steel, etc., more practical enforcement of alien labor law, and government inspection of locomotive boilers.

New Mexico, the forty-seventh State to enter the Union, ceased to be a Territory on Jan. 6th, when President Taft signed the proclamation of statehood. Four members of the President's cabinet, the two congressmen-elect from New Mexico, a dozen prominent citizens from the new State, several White House employees and three photographers, witnessed the ceremony which took place in the President's private office. The proclamation was signed in duplicate, one to be preserved in the records of the Government, the other to go to the New Mexico Historical Society.

One of the big sky-scrapers of New York, the immense marble and granite building of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, gave New York a most spectacular fire on Monday, when it was destroyed. The intense cold, the crowded, even huddled, condition of the fire scene, and the knowledge that men were imprisoned in the big structure and that its vaults contained hundreds of millions of securities contributed to make the fire a most thrilling one. Six men lost their lives, three of them by jumping from the roof of the building. One of the victims could be seen from the street and his limbs were pinned down by a mass of fixtures which had fallen from above. He was alive and held out his hand to those who made frantic though futile efforts to break through the heavy steel doors. Father McBean of the Fire Department, gave the last rites of the church to the dying man. The priest nearly lost his life, the firemen dragging him away just as shower of bricks and stones fell on the spot where he had been kneeling. As the firemen carried the priest away the dying man turned to him and piteously said: "For God's sake, Father, take me out of here, I am dying. Can't you get me?"

Last week it looked as though there might be a speedy peaceful settlement of China's troubles; now there is a probability of an indefinite prolonging of the war. Peace negotiations have been halted, and hostilities have been resumed. The Empress Dowager has advanced a large sum of money, and has issued an edict demanding loans from the princes for the Imperial cause. The Imperialists are apparently intending to make a determined effort to subdue the rebellion, or at least, to prevent the establishment of a republic. In explanation of Premier Yuan Shi Kai's course it is explained that he found that his concession to submit the decision as to form of government to a national convention was unsatisfactory to the revolutionists, that the Mongol princes pledged their allegiance to the reigning dynasty, that the generals of the Imperial Army in the field refused to give up the struggle, that the National Assembly in Peking passed a resolution against a republic under any circumstances, and that there seemed a good prospect of securing money sufficient to carry on the war for the suppression of the rebellion. He, therefore, decided to contend for a constitutional monarchy. Meantime the leaders of the revolution believe that the country is strongly with them, that the future of China is in their hands, and that the republican government will be established. What a day may bring forth no one can tell—whether further peace negotiations on the resumption of hostilities.

Such happenings show that all is not peace with us even at this season, and the determined attempt made by the enemies of the Church and of Ireland, leagued together to seize the new Motu Proprio as a weapon in defence of their cause, has occasioned great indignation as well as ridicule. The explanation by the Holy Father concerning those who do incur excommunication for bringing clerics before the civil tribunals, has been twisted until one Irish newspaper actually declares that the Romish Church will stand at the door of the Irish parliament, when it arrives, and threaten with direct spiritual punishment all those members who do not do her will to the letter! It is useless for the Canon Theologian of Westminster Archdiocese to expound the true meaning of the decree Quamvis Diligentia, or to point out that it is a spiritual ordinance binding between Catholics only. It is proclaimed as an insult to British subjects, a grave national danger, and many other terrible things, and various English news sheets following the example of the Irish "Times," are going to awake the electorate of Great Britain to the national danger, etc.

Great interest is also taken in the action which is pending by the Bishop of Queenstown and his clergy, who have drawn together as "the Catholic authorities" accused by a Dundee paper last August of using their influence to institute a boycott of Catholics in Queenstown. The paper in question was first asked to publish an apology but declined to do so, thinking apparently that the terms used were too wide to permit an action for libel. But Bishop and parish priests have joined together to prosecute the issue, and as specific statements were made were made which cannot be supported, for the writer remained anonymous, it is hoped by many that the Catholic authorities will score to such an extent that it will be a lesson to anti-Catholic scribes in the future.

CATHOLICUS.

A Letter From Gael.

To the Editor of The Casket:

DEAR SIR,—As I look at the first page of the last Casket and read, December 21, 1911, I realize the truth of the poet's words:

"Yes, the year is growing old, And his eye is pale and bleary'd; Death with frosty hand and cold, Plucks the old man by the beard Soberly,—Solely."

From the time, one year ago, when we were wont to say to one another, "A Happy New Year to you," many a one has been plucked from our midst by the reaper. Death. But I am still alive in this north-western corner of the United States and able and willing to wish THE CASKET, its writers and subscribers A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

I see that you are kind enough to take donations from the generous ones who are willing to come to the assistance of Archbishop McNeil, to enable him to get a motor boat so that he can reach his widely scattered flock. It is, certainly, a worthy cause, and one which should appeal strongly to his friends in Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, as well as elsewhere. But what is the matter with the McNeil clan when there is the name of only one of them in the published list of subscribers to the fund? *Ch'an eil so mar bh'choir dha a bhli!* Are there not enough of that noble clan even in Cape Breton to give money enough to buy a good motor boat for the only McNeil Bishop in all Christendom? If the two MacNeils of Barra, Scotland, who figured in the following

dialogue were now with us, I venture the opinion that this fund would not go a-begging for subscribers: Barrach No. 1—"Scoil thu fhein Jain e'ad an robh MacNeill Bharrach n'air a bha an a'ic aig Noah?" Barrach No. 2—"Illeoir 'ille cha robh e na taing; bha sg'othaige dha fhein."

Too many of Washington's people flock to the cities. This State, which has an area of 69,127 square miles, 2291 of which are water, had a population of 518,103 in 1900, which had increased to 1,141,990 in 1910. Of these latter 724,803, or 63.47 per cent, live in towns and cities, while but 417,187, or 36.53 per cent, live outside of them. In this county of Walla Walla, which had a population of 31,980 in 1910, nearly 20,000 live in this city, while only about 11,000 live in the country districts. This is a per cent, of 66.69 for the city and 33.31 for the country. A great many of the newcomers flock to the towns and cities, where a few of them acquire wealth, while the large majority become hewers of wood and drawers of water. Those of moderate means who are wise enough, go to the country, where they get land at fair (though rarely cheap), prices. In nearly all cases this land requires hard labor to put it on a productive basis in a few years; but after that the life of the careful and industrious farmer or fruit-raiser is not very hard, and he has for the use of his children who have sense enough to stay on it, a farm that will provide them with a comfortable living, if they cultivate it intelligently.

A native of Antigonish in Walla. I have met but one native of your County, of whom I shall make mention here. He is Dan McEachern, son of the late Neil McEachern of Upper South River, and of his wife, Mary McPhee. He left Antigonish in 1876, coming to Colorado, where he stayed for about five years. In the city of Denver in that State, he served on the police force for four years. Burly of form and tough of sinew, he must have been a guardian of the peace fit to inspire the evil-doer with a salutary fear of the majesty of the law.

Mr. McEachern first came to Walla Walla some 30 years ago, but he has not been here continuously since. He was for some time in Mexico, and in California; he spent some time in Los Angeles and in San Francisco. He also lived for some years in Portland and in other parts of Oregon, in which State he married a wife, from whom he has one daughter. He is a blacksmith, and has a good shop on one of the best streets of this city. Mr. McEachern was much interested in the excellent article of the Rev. A. McL. Sinclair in his clan in a recent issue of THE CASKET. If these lines come under the eye of the worthy author of that article I would beg to ask him if the MacEachern is not a sept of the McDonald clan. G.A.R.L. Walla Walla, Wash., Dec. 30th, 1911.

DIED.

At Mattie Settlement, Parish of Tracadie, on 24th inst., ANDREW BARRITO, aged ninety-three years. May he rest in peace.

At Tracadie, on 7th inst., LENA DELOREY, daughter of FRANCES DELOREY, aged twenty-four years. May she rest in peace.

At East Bay Portage, Dec. 24, 1911, ANGUS GILLIS, J. F., at the advanced age of ninety years. The deceased was deservedly loved and respected. His whole life was peaceful, pious and charitable. He leaves behind him a widow, three sons and three daughters. May he rest in peace.

At Antigonish, on Wednesday, Jan. 3rd, 1912, ANGUS D. MCGILLIVRAY, aged 72 years. Always a quiet, inoffensive man, friendly to all, he was highly esteemed. He leaves a sorrowful widow, three sons and three daughters to cherish the memory of a good husband and parent. May he rest in peace.

At Pomquet River, on January 3rd, in the 37th year of her age, MARY, beloved wife of JOHN A. CHISHOLM. The deceased by her Christian virtues and amiable qualities in life endeared herself to a large circle of friends. She leaves a sorrowful husband and four young children to mourn their irreparable loss. May she rest in peace.

Acknowledgments.

- Sacred Heart Convent, Halifax, \$3 00
Ronald McNeil, Boston, 2 00
John McKezlie, Hay Cove, 2 00
Stephen McKezlie, Hay Cove, 2 00
Alex McDonald, Bear Malton Coal Mines, 1 00
Commons R. R., Ottawa, 1 00
D R Battie, Duncan, 1 00
John McNeil, Ironville, 1 00
John McDonald, 1 00
Angus McEwen, " 1 00
T Curtis, Hamilton, 1 00
John Wynn " 1 00
Moses T Pettipas, Cambridge, 1 50
Neil & McNeil, Glace Point, 4 00
John C McNeil, Grand Narrows, 1 00
Alex McDonald, Brook Village, 1 00
Rev M Gillis, Antigonish 1 00
J A Cameron, Montreal, 1 00
Saddle Campbell, No Cambridge, 1 00
Alex L McEachern, Ballentyne's Cove, 2 00
Hugh J McInnis, Cross Roads Ohio, 1 00
Christy Gillis, Pinevale, 3 00
Smith Ballentyne, Ballentyne Cove, 2 00
John S McEachern, " 1 00
Annie Quinlan, Halifax, 1 00
R O G Campbell, 1897, " 3 00
D T Lynch, " 1 00
Chas Jessome, Little Bras D'or, 1 00
Rev J W McIsaac, " 1 00
Wm Mattie, Boston, 1 00
J S McDonald, Seattle, 1 00

FARM FOR SALE

The farm owned and recently occupied by Mr. Charles Hamilton, situated at St. Andrews, in the county of Antigonish, containing 117 acres of excellent land. The place is in a good state of cultivation, cutting a large quantity of hay. The buildings are comparatively new. This farm is very conveniently situated, being about 5 minutes walk from school, church, post-office, telephone office and stores. It commands a fine view of the surrounding country. Price moderate. If necessary easy payments can be arranged for. Apply to the undersigned.

F. H. MACPHIE, Agent. Antigonish, N. S., Nov. 22nd, 1911.

NOTICE

All debtors of the estate of the late Douga McGillivray, East End, Antigonish, are requested to settle before the 1st of September next, as after that date the matter will be placed in the hands of an attorney and sued for without further notice. JOHN MCGILLIVRAY, Executor

When Your Eyes Demand Relief
When they object to be further imposed upon, you will very likely be compelled to seek the aid of an Optician. It is much better to obey the first signs of eye trouble. Much annoyance is then saved and relief is easier to secure. However, we are able to afford relief in cases of all degrees of advancement.
No charge for examination.
THOS. J. WALLACE, Optician and Jeweler, ANTIGONISH, N. S.

When you buy a PIANOLA PIANO
This is what you get
The product of the greatest house in the musical industry of the world. The instrument that has received the indorsement of nearly every living musician of note. An instrument that is being more extensively imitated than any other musical instrument ever produced. A piano that you can play artistically, even though you know nothing of musical technique. A piano that is perfect hand-playing. An instrument that has been purchased by many of the rulers of the world, by prominent statesmen, financiers, captains of industry, and others who may be expected to own the best article of its kind. We can supply the Pianola Piano with either 65 or 88 notes, in the latter case the whole key board of the piano is played and it is possible to play such overtures as William Tell in the most artistic manner. In the Maritime Provinces the Pianola Piano is for sale only in our stores. Our attractive Exchange Library plan enables the owners of Player Pianos to secure the greatest variety of Music Rolls at the least cost.

J. A. McDonald Piano and Music Co.
46 Barrington St., Halifax
Branches: Amherst, New Glasgow, Sydney, Glace Bay, Moncton

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE
SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., PRESIDENT
ALEXANDER LAIRD, GENERAL MANAGER
CAPITAL, - \$10,000,000 REST, - \$8,000,000

FARMERS' BUSINESS
The Canadian Bank of Commerce extends to Farmers every facility for the transaction of their banking business including the discount and collection of sales notes. Blank sales notes are supplied free of charge on application.

BANKING BY MAIL
Accounts may be opened at every branch of The Canadian Bank of Commerce to be operated by mail, and will receive the same careful attention as is given to all other departments of the Bank's business. Money may be deposited or withdrawn in this way as satisfactorily as by a personal visit to the Bank. A231

ANTIGONISH BRANCH
W. H. HARRISON, Manager

Monuments, Headstones
Square Cook Stove
For Wood and Coal

This is a large square stove, and has no equal for burning either wood or coal. It has four full size pot holes on top, and has oven 20 in. x 20 in. x 12 in., and fire box for wood 24 in. long. The stove weighs, when fitted to burn wood 250 lbs, and with coal linings 320 lbs. It is well nickelled, and has also pouch feed, with broiling doors, and aluminized oven doors. We will guarantee this stove to give good satisfaction, both as a heater and baker. We will land this stove, freight paid to your nearest railway Station, for the following prices, cash to be sent with the order: To burn wood, \$14.25 To burn wood or coal, \$15.50 Add for reservoir on either style \$4.00 Write for catalogue showing this, and a full line of stoves and ranges at very low prices.

H. M. GRATTAN & SONS
Manufacturers of Granite, and Marble Monuments, ST. GEORGE, - - N. B.
Show Rooms 384 George St., Sydney

Agent at Antigonish, N. S.— P. S. Floyd, Undertaker. All inquiries will be carefully attended to by him.

Clearance Sale
The subscriber will sell the balance of his stock of Winter Goods at Cost price for Cash. The stock includes Ready-Made Clothing Boots, Shoes, Rubbers Larrigans, Sweaters Caps, Etc., Etc., Etc.

Sleighs
Do you want a new sleigh this winter? Right Kind Right Prices
Bonner's FOR SALE
The house on Church Street, the property of the late R. H. McPhee Apply to W. HUNTLEY MACDONALD

Gates' Remedies

Gates' Life of Man Bitters and Invigorating Syrup—The greatest tonic blood purifiers, and health givers of the 20th century.

Gates' Acadian Liniment for Out and Inward uses. Gates' Certain Check for all Summer Complaints.

Gates' Nerve Ointment Strong Antiseptic for Healing Skin Diseases. Gates' Little Gem Pills for Indigestion.

Gates' Vegetable Plaster, for pains in the back and muscles. Gates' Eye Relief, for Inflamed Eyes. C. GATES, SON & CO.

Middleton, N. S. Messrs. G. GATES SON & CO. I am a mill man but for years a keen sufferer from Stomach and Kidney troubles and finally Dropsy set in.

PLANT LINE. DIRECT ROUTE TO BOSTON. And All Points in United States. SAILINGS in effect Dec. 13, 1911.

NOTICE! All persons indebted to N. K. Cunningham, Town, are requested to make payment to the undersigned before the 31st instant.

West End Livery Stable. The subscribers have opened a FIRST CLASS LIVERY. Carriages, Harness, Double or Single Rigs can be supplied at short notice.

Inverness Railway & Coal Co. INVERNESS, CAPE BRETON. Miners and shippers of the celebrated Inverness Imperial Coal.

MISSIONS! POINTERS I have full stocks of up-to-date, first quality Mission Goods, and Missions can be supplied promptly on short notice.

J.J.M. LANDY Importer and Manufacturer. 416 Queen St., West, Toronto. Phone Coll 305.

Catholic Colony Ideal.

MISSIONARY PRIEST SHOWS DANGER OF UNORGANIZED CATHOLIC IMMIGRATION.

DEAR DOCTOR BURKE. Owing to an unfortunate accident to my eye that almost destroyed its sight, for the last three months and more I have had to remain in semi-darkness for the most part of that time, but, thank God, once more I can open both eyes to the light of day and do a little reading, and with very much pleasure indeed I take up the Register-Extension to find its pages brimful of sound healthy matter.

I notice a timely letter in the Sacred Heart Messenger of this month from Archbishop McNeil of Vancouver touching upon the necessity of organization in effecting and directing settlement of Catholic immigration to the West, especially from the Eastern Provinces.

Witness the zeal and generosity at the present moment displayed by non-Catholics in religious matters. A memorial church to Timothy Eaton, costing \$200,000, was donated by his relatives; a scheme inaugurated by Y. M. C. A. to collect \$25,000 in three days; a whirlwind campaign to raise \$1,500,000 in five days for McGill University, to say nothing of the hundreds of thousands of dollars raised every year in Ontario alone by Protestant organizations to carry on their missionary work.

These are the simple facts relative to this particular case, and the extraordinary happenings of that night I can never forget, and were often referred to for years afterwards by the driver whenever I had occasion to drive with him over that road.

It is any wonder, then, that His Grace of Vancouver, with prophetic eye, sees into the future and beholds what the fearful loss will be to so many losing the faith when settling down in the Western Provinces without being guided in the proper direction where opportunity is given to practice their religion.

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deal would make them rich. A fine record, yes; but at what cost? Her husband's love. She had done everything to hold trade, nothing to hold her husband. When had she done anything for her husband? When had she given him inspiration, sympathy in his work? When had she kissed him last? With strange insistence she repeated the question. When had she kissed him? If only she could remember!

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PALS

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A burst of childish laughter swept down the stairs, and above it rose Mrs. Mayfield's voice, sweet and clear. "Children! Children! If you don't quiet down Mr. Reed will never come to see us again."

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THOUGH IT'S "ONLY A GOLD"—STOP IT BEFORE IT STOPS YOU

Have you ever heard of a case of catarrh, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, or pleurisy that did not start with a common cold? Every cold you catch has in it the makings of one or other of these diseases, if it can break down your defences.

THE WISE COURSE, as soon as you feel the cold coming on, is to start taking Na-Dru-Co Syrup of Linseed, Licorice and Chlorodyne, and keep it up till the cold is knocked out completely. This splendid cough syrup will do the trick quickly and thoroughly.

YOU CAN FEEL PERFECTLY SAFE in taking Na-Dru-Co Syrup of Linseed, Licorice and Chlorodyne, or in giving it to your children. We'll gladly give your physician a list of its ingredients if you like.

YOUR DRUGGIST can supply either 25c. or 50c. bottles. The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, 117 King St. W., Toronto.

FOX and RACCOON A SPECIALTY. I pay highest cash price for Raw Furs of all kinds. SEND TRIAL SHIPMENT. I guarantee satisfaction.

CHAS. G. WHIDJEN Exporter of Raw Furs, ANTIGONISH, N. S. Maritime Dental College. Affiliated with Dalhousie University and Halifax Medical College.

TO LET A Shop in the building one door west of Merrimac House. MRS. W. H. MACDONALD.

Land for Sale A lot of land containing 50 acres, 3 miles from Antigonish, on the Old Gulf Road. This lot has good hard wood and poles on it.

Are you in a position to? SELL NURSERY STOCK. in your district during fall and winter months. We have a profitable proposition to make.

NOTICE

All debtors of the estate of the late Donga McGillivray, East End, Antigonish, are requested to settle before the last of September next, as after that date the matter will be placed in the hands of an attorney and sued for without further notice.

Our Candy Experts combine the purest and richest cream with the chocolate ground in our own factory from selected cocoa beans.

Moir's, Limited, Halifax, Canada. Then, with a burst of sincere admiration, she concluded: "But of course you would understand. You are so clever!"

CHOCOLATES. Cramming down ill-chosen food, and rushing back to work, leads straight to dyspepsia, with all it means in misery.

PRIVATE OFFICE. Cramming down ill-chosen food, and rushing back to work, leads straight to dyspepsia, with all it means in misery.

LAND situate at Ashdale aforesaid, and described as follows:— Bounded on the North by the farm now owned by A. Kirk & Co., on the East by the lands of Dan Chisholm.

MARY ANN McMILLAN, Administratrix, Ashdale. Proper habits of eating, with a Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal, restore good digestion, health and happiness.

LAND situate at Ashdale aforesaid, and described as follows:— Bounded on the North by the farm now owned by A. Kirk & Co., on the East by the lands of Dan Chisholm.

The Catholic Church.

(Rev. J. J. McKeough, P. P., in Christmas Number Canoe News.)

Any historical sketch, however brief, of the Catholic Mission at Canso must involve considerable research as the ground has not before been covered; and the difficulty in the present case is increased by the very limited space within which the present article must be confined. The first difficulty is to determine the point at which the history of the Mission may truthfully be said to have commenced.

Starting with the comparatively happy conditions obtained at present, and taking up one by one the links that connect us with the past, we can trace a chain of Catholic faith and worship reaching back three hundred years. Many of these links are golden with the heroic self-sacrifice of the early soldiers of the Cross, and the unswerving loyalty to the faith of pioneer settlers, others are blood stained—the work of irresponsible savages, or worse still, of Christians whose finer instincts were over-ruled by the unholy lust for land and gold.

Official France of to-day seems bent on banishing God from its borders, and of obliterating even the memory of Him from the mind of the rising generation. Not so, however, the people of present day France. Not so the Kings of France of three hundred years ago. They strove indeed to plant the Fleur-de-Lis on the hill-tops of the virgin continent of America; but, at the same time, they looked with christian charity on the untutored children of the forest, and desired just as earnestly, to bring to them the knowledge of Christ and Redemption. So, when the French soldier embarked for the new world, the French missionary accompanied him; and when the man of war paused on the verge of the continent, to fortify his position, the man of peace plunged into the pathless forest, and up and down the length and breadth of the continent, in pursuit of souls, he led the way.

Just three hundred years ago the first official act of Catholic worship within the diocese of Antigonish, was offered at Canso. Beincourt, on his way to Port Royal, entered Canso in May 1681, and Fathers Masse and Biard, who accompanied him, offered here the sacrifice of the Mass. Las Carbot assures us that there were Catholic Indians here at the time. They had been baptised the year before at Port Royal with old Chief Memberton. Thus we find the beginning of the Catholic mission at Canso in the offering of that first Mass—perhaps in an Indian tee-pee, perhaps in a fisher's hut, or perhaps "beneath some patriarchal tree" of the forest primal, with the worn and weary crew and the christian Indians as reverent participants; and on the outskirts some pagan Indians, familiar with the French fishermen, stoically observant of this new and strange performance. That Mass was offered in a place which was to-day, but the vestments used were grander than the mission can now afford, for they were the gift and handiwork of the Queen of France and her noble ladies.

But already the struggle between France and England for the possession of the continent had begun. In 1628 David Kirke plundered the Acadian coast and captured the valuable supplies sent out by the Company of the Hundred Associates for Quebec. Father Noyrot, who sailed in that expedition, was taken a prisoner to England, and allowed to proceed to France. In the following year, 1629, he again sailed with supplies for his mission at Quebec, having with him Fathers Lalament and Vieupont. The vessel was wrecked on the Canso Islands and Father Noyrot and nine others were drowned. The other priests remained at Canso, for three months, ministering to the many fishermen on the coast, and instructing the Indians. Fr. Lalament sailed for France in the Autumn with the returning fleet, while Fr. Vieupont, with an Indian guide, proceeded through the Bras d'Or Lakes to the Jesuit Mission, established the year before by Captian Daniel at St. Ann's, C. B.

The treaty of St. Germain en Leye (1632) gave back the country to France and colonizing and missionary work was again taken up. Attempts at permanent settlements were made at Canso and Guysboro by Nicholas Denys; but the suicidal raids of rival companies harassed the settlers, and prevented any marked growth. In 1647 D'Aulnay forced Denys to relinquish his claims to the stations in this county, and in 1650 LaBorgne destroyed his fort at St. Peter's, C. B. The station at Canso, called Fort St. Peter, maintained a resident priest until 1655, when Father Pantoise was obliged to leave. The Cromwellian forces were now in Acadie, and the time was not propitious for Catholic missionary work. The little colony at Canso was not however left without the comforts of religion. In 1659 Fr. Lyons established a mission at Guysboro and, after the departure of Fr. Pantoise, attended Canso until his death at Guysboro in 1663, when he was succeeded at both places for one year by Fr. Richard. With the departure of the latter, there remained but one priest in the whole of Acadie. This was the venerable Fr. Belthazer who attended the settlements on both sides of the Bay of Fundy, and who, more than once, on foot or in bark canoe, covered the whole coast from Bay Chaleurs to Canso. In 1667 the treaty of Breda brought peace, restored the country to France, and the missionaries to the country. About 1677 we find several missionaries attending the important stations at Canso and Guysboro. In 1688 the bishop of Quebec visited the Acadian missions, including those in Guysboro, and finds, at this early date, nearly all the Indians Christians.

But war again has swept over the land, and nominal peace comes with the treaty of Ryswick (1697) which again restores Acadie to France. Fr. Gaulin is now in charge of the field, and we find him vigorously opposing the company's agent at Canso because of the demoralizing traffic in whiskey with the Indians. Border raids, now by French, now by English, make peace impossible, and the

final struggle is near at hand. Among the raiders, Ben Church stands out prominently. In 1704 he laid waste the prosperous settlement of Baubassio, (Amerhest). For some time previous to this the mission at Canso had been regularly attended by Father Trave, P. P. of Baubassio. He was at Canso when an Indian runner brought word that his church, and the homes of his devoted people had been given to the flames. Broken hearted he turned his steps homeward, but was spared the grief of beholding the ruins. He died on the shores of the Strait of Canso, and was buried there by his devoted Indians.

With the final passing away of French influence in Acadie by the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, the work of the Catholic missionary became more difficult, but was not abandoned; and the Catholic mission at Canso, because of its nearness to important French settlements in Cape Breton, was better attended than were those in the Land of Evangeline. Events were now leading up to that saddest event of all—the expulsion; and at the time of that, now generally deplored affair, the three missionaries who had been labouring in the country were prisoners at Halifax. Longfellow's Father Felician adds a ray of sunshine and comfort to that gloomy picture, but, alas, he is a myth. The exiles of 1755 were denied the comforts of their religion in those dark days. The French inhabitants of Canso were not deported, but many of them left the country, for in addition to their other troubles, the penal acts passed at Halifax in 1759 and 1760 ordered all priests to leave the country forthwith and forbade the opening of schools by Catholics. Many however remained, for the Catholic population of Canso in 1765 was 276, of which 197 were Acadians. In 1774 twenty families of exiles came from Jersey and settled here. After 1783 the penal restrictions were relaxed somewhat and the mission took up a new lease of life that marks the beginning of the modern Canso mission, the history of which holds less of romance but much of interest. Space however confines us henceforth to the merest outline.

The Irish emigrant now figures prominently in the mission, for the Acadians, the better to preserve their national identity, religion, language and customs, had gradually withdrawn to the more purely Acadian centers. Up to this time the whole country had been under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Bishop of Quebec. In 1818 Rt. Rev. Edmund Burke became Vicar Apostolic of Nova Scotia, and at once assigned priests to the missions, those in Guysboro being among the most important. From 1819 to 1845 we find the following priests stationed at Guysboro, serving the whole country:—Fathers Grant, Loughnan, Meehan, Lawler, McKeegney. Then the County was divided into two districts and for thirty-two years Canso was attended by the following priests stationed at Port Felix:—Fathers Drummond, Von Bleck and McPherson. In 1878 the Canso mission had so increased that a resident priest became a necessity, and Father Alexander McGillivray became the first resident pastor. He remained but one year and was succeeded in 1878 by Father Duncan McDonald who was pastor for two years. Both these men did good work during their brief pastorates in laying firmly and well the foundations of the permanent mission. The real constructive work was taken up when the kindly, genial, gentlemanly Father Richard took charge in 1880. The old church had been built in 1845 by Father Drummond, who by the way was an ardent advocate of the Guysboro Railway—what a venerable institution it is! The church had been wrecked by the August gale and was almost unfit for use. Fr. Richard at once set to work to build the present church, which is a testimony to the good judgment and courage of the man, and to his confidence in the future of Canso. At the time of its erection it was generally thought to be out of all proportion to the needs and means of the parish. It was built in 1883. He saw it free of debt, and it is now too small for the congregation. For twelve years he labored in the parish and won the esteem and confidence of all classes to a remarkable degree. In 1892 Fr. Richard was succeeded by Fr. Phalen. If the former's work was constructive, that of the latter was educative.

Fr. Phalen found the parish well organized and free of debt. He built the present Glebe in 1893, and the exterior of the church at Queensport in 1897. But his time and his great talents were given to the instructing of his people in the principles and practices of their faith, through the press, pulpit and Sunday School. Ignorance, he justly regarded as the greatest enemy of the faith, and the faithful nursery of vice; and ignorance he assailed in season and out of season. His influence for good cannot be easily over-estimated, and will long endure. He prepared the material out of which our present flourishing Catholic societies have been built up. The foundation that he laid, and the desire for better things that he implanted, have rendered easy what little has since been accomplished. He was removed to the teaching staff of St. Francis Xavier College in 1889 and immediately succeeded by the present incumbent, Rev. J. McKeough. The story of the mission's Loss and Gain since 1880 must be left to others. Let us note only that the interior of the Queensport church was completed and furnished in 1901, the Dover church built in 1908, and Phalen Hall, Canso, in 1910.

Since the locating of a permanent pastor at Canso the mission has steadily grown, having now with the attached missions a population of 1300 souls, and its moral tone greatly improved. If tradition speaks truly of ye olden times in Canso, when Trial by Combat prevailed, and sobriety was not a shining virtue, then truly has a great change taken place, for there is not to-day in the Province a more sober or more orderly Town than this Canso of ours; and in the Crusade that has led up to this happy condition, the Catholic church has done her part and the Catholic people, nobly responding, have maintained an honored place in the march.

Pilgrimages of Moslems to Their Sacred Mecca.

Although one of the most inaccessible cities on earth, Mecca each year has visitors in such number that it must be ranked in this particular with London and New York, writes William T. Ellis, in Harper's Magazine. Even the world's metropolis on the Thames can boast no such cosmopolitan character as is imparted to this mysterious city in the wilderness of Arabia by the myriads of pilgrims who, at the cost of incredible pains, annually crowd into its confines. This city is the oldest place of resort in existence, yet of all the millions who have visited it, not a score of Christians are known to have come out alive. No flag of citizenship would save a man's life were he known to be a Christian within the sacred precincts of the city where the prophet himself decreed that no unbeliever should set foot.

Of the 225 million Moslems in the world only fifteen and a half million live under the Turkish flag, yet most of them acknowledge the Sultan of Turkey as their caliph, the successor of the prophet. As Mohammed shrewdly foresaw, the Mecca pilgrimage binds together his disciples into a unity which could be effected in no other way.

VARIED PEOPLES.

On the streets of Mecca one may see drawn together by a common faith the Turkish effendi in Parisian costume, with Constantinople etiquette; the half-naked Bedouin of the desert; the fierce Afghan mountaineer; the Russian trader from the far north; the almond-eyed Moslem from Yunan; the Indian graduate from the Calcutta universities; Persians, Somalis, Hausas, Japanese, Sudanese, Egyptians, Berbers, Kabyles and Moors. World politics have to reckon with Mecca. It is the possession of this city, and of the caliphate, that enables the Turkish Empire to hold together, despite its ancient elements of disintegration, that makes the Sultan a considerable factor among world rulers.

The building of the Hejaz Railway has not only made a notable increase in the number of pilgrims; it has created a new set of problems for the Turkish Government. For many years it has been the practice of the authorities at Constantinople, and at Cairo as well, to pay enormous sums in blackmail to the Bedouin tribes to secure immunity for the pilgrims. Mecca itself has no industry except the exploitation of the "guests of Allah;" at this art it excels. Until three years ago all the pilgrims were obliged to make the entire desert journey by caravan. Like the "neighbors of Allah" at Mecca, the Bedouins between Damascus and the Holy City relied for subsistence almost entirely upon the Haj, or pilgrimage, by supplying camels and provisions and drivers. The railway is in operation only as far as Medina, where it ends.

GREAT PILGRIMAGES.

Word has percolated to the remotest confines of the Moslem world that the journey from Damascus to Medina, which used to take thirty days, may now be made in four, and at less cost and in greater comfort. So last year the pilgrimage flood reached an unprecedented height. Because of the revival, if one may speak in a familiar western term which has of late been in progress throughout Islam, causing it to make great inroads into Christendom, not to speak of its greater success in converting pagans, the number of pilgrims has been steadily increasing. Careful estimate in 1880 placed the number for that year at 92,000; the Government of the Hejaz gave two hundred thousand as the number of pilgrims for 1904. In 1907 the official estimates put the number at 281,000—a remarkable increase.

By all this I was prepared for what I saw that morning of my first contact with the Hejaz railway in Damascus. There were a great throng of men and a few women crowding about the station door, trying to buy tickets. In number they were at least five hundred. Many of these despaired of making their way to the front row, and so stood or waddled dazedly about. The crowd at the station door fought wickedly for admission. Many had struggled in vain for more than a week to secure the few coveted bits of pasteboard that were issued only up to the capacity of the train or trains that were to be sent out that day. Soldiers mercilessly clubbed and kicked the most insistent.

PRIMITIVE LAW OF THE JUNGLE.

I saw the few pilgrims who had been fortunate enough to obtain tickets trying to crowd into the train of four cars which had at that moment come up. It was a wild scramble. These were not grave and reverend saints, bent on a religious mission, the supreme work of piety of their creed, they were human animals, acting by the primitive laws of the jungle. It was every man for himself; for the most heavenly spot on earth might get only the foremost. The narrow doors of the cars were quickly choked by the luggage of the agile first comers, and it is amazing what athletic feats a heavily-lumbered old pilgrim in flowing raiment may perform when Mecca is the goal. Others made for the little windows—and got in.

Then followed the dreary procession of the disappointed back to the particular spot in the station grounds where they had been encamped for days. The belated ones had no shelter; they simply spread their rugs or bedding on the bare ground, and there did their little cooking by day and shivered by night.

THE END OF THE PILGRIMAGE.

Worse than all these physical discomforts, which the immemorial patience of the Orient could surmount, was the heart-sickening dread of not getting to Mecca in time to perform the sevenfold journey around the Kaaba, to kiss the Black Stone, to drink of the water of the holy well of Zem-Zem (which the angel revealed to Hagar), to accomplish the Sai, or running seven times from the end of a certain street to another, and, most

important of all, to hear the sermons at Arafat, twelve miles east of the city. It was at Arafat that Adam and Eve met and recognized each other, after the hundred years of wandering and separation that followed their expulsion from Paradise. Then, next in the Mecca ritual, comes the ceremony of stoning the devil, after which the great sacrifice of animals, which commemorates Abraham's offering up, not of Isaac, but of Ishmael. This is practically the end of the pilgrimage each year. To arrive too late for these ceremonies means a year's delay at Mecca.—Toronto Globe.

The Art of Being Kind.

The two great, insistent cries of human nature are for sympathy and understanding. There are those rare souls who through much misery and much suffering have attained a spiritual enlightenment that frees them entirely from the material demands of existence; they are not dependent on their fellow men, but from a serene height they view dispassionately the earthly turmoil. But the ordinary run of us—we need each other.

How often we hear a person complacently assert he or she is "independent" of everybody. Such a thing is impossible. No human being can be independent of his brother; we are all equally concerned in the great and mysterious scheme of creation. No one can close his mind to the consciousness that we are not placed here in this world for our own individual satisfaction and gain, but to help each other. No one is meant to strengthen his own position by the misfortune or downfall of his neighbor, but he who endeavors to profit by such circumstance will surely suffer in the end.

It is unfortunately a fact that we are stupidly ashamed of our better selves; we hide our best feelings—why I do not know, writes Mary Isabel Fish, in Good Housekeeping Magazine. It would seem we should be proud of our higher sensibilities, but we are not. If we are ever moved to tears in the presence of others, we are horribly embarrassed, and as quickly as possible squeeze them away mumbering of a tiresome cold or a cinder that has found lodgment in an unwatchful eye. We are desperately afraid of one another, and afraid to be our real selves. The least timid points the way, and the rest follow like a flock of sheep.

Everyone is affected and even molded to a considerable extent by public opinion. It is only the great, the very great, who dare stand alone, unmindful of comment, criticism or calumny, and pursue to the end a clearly defined line of conviction and action.

Indeed, we are living in a very critical age; the spirit of criticism is rampant everywhere to the great detriment of the spirit of kindness. If we go to a place of amusement, with the ostensible purpose of being entertained, we look for flaws in everything. Whether this betokens a merely discerning intelligence or a fault-finding propensity, is a question to decide. Many persons pride themselves on their discrimination in character reading, and proceed to arraign the failings of those with whom they come in contact, announcing with satisfaction on their ability to see through anyone. It is so much better to be deceived again and again, and retain one's faith in human nature.

And so many of us are deceived by a mere surface presentation; we are so prone to accept and judge a person by a superficial demeanor. It is such a cruel mistake, for of an and often an outwardly flippant manner is the shield of shyness, or displayed to hide a sensitive, shrinking nature that assumes a light exterior to conceal a depth of feeling. There are natures which are absolutely starving for a little warmth and response, and the need of hope and encouragement. It is so easy to give, and it may mean so much to the one who receives.

If one stops to think, we never choose our friends for their brilliancy, but for their lovable qualities. Cham-

pagne is exhilarating and pleasant for certain occasions, but milk is the better drink for every day consumption.—Exchange.

To Prevent Winter Colds.

When you go out into the cold breathe deeply.

Be sure that your clothing is loose enough to allow of this.

If you don't breathe properly you are immediately subject to colds.

You are liable to colds if you let the system run down.

Eat regularly and don't go for long hours at a time without proper nourishment.

See that the air is pure in the home or your place of business.

By all means take fresh air and a short walk, if possible, at noontime.

Most of our homes and business places are overheated, and for this reason the outdoor garments should be warm and dresses of moderate weight.

Girls who wear thin lingerie blouses all winter should see that the chest is well protected against the cold.

Quick friction after a bath in winter is good, and for older persons an alcohol rub after the bath will keep them from catching cold.

Many doctors think that this is the only beneficial way to take alcohol—through the pores.

Always bathe the neck and chest in cold water, followed by an alcohol rub, before changing from a high necked dress to a low cut one.

If you catch cold don't ruffle up and sit by the fire. Put on your sweater, open your windows and go through all the bodily exercises you can remember from your school gymnastic lessons. See how the circulation will start.



F. H. RANDALL
Buyer and Direct Shipper of
RAW FURS
HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID
Antigonish, Nov. 15th, 1911.

Advertisement for King Cole Tea. Includes image of a tea box and a teacup. Text: 'Just one delightful sip of this—and even what you thought your favorite tea must take second place forever. For, here in King Cole tea is a rare flavor that will double your love for your tea-cup. Such fullness of flavor—such richness—yet withal such smoothness. Your first cup will be a flavor revelation. You'll want to tell all your friends about it. And—perhaps you had better tear this out as a reminder to get some King Cole Tea Quickly. YOU'LL LIKE THE FLAVOR.'

Advertisement for De Laval Cream Separator. Includes image of a woman operating a separator. Text: 'The Cream Separator by which all others are judged. For more than thirty years the De Laval has been acknowledged as the world's standard. You may hear it said of some separator that "It's as good as a De Laval;" or if some competing salesman wants to make his argument particularly strong he'll say "It's better than a De Laval." The concern with a cheaply and poorly constructed machine says "Just as good as a De Laval and costs less." Everywhere the De Laval is recognized by experienced creamerymen and dairymen and even by makers of inferior competing machines as the WORLD'S STANDARD. The cream separator is more frequently used than any other machine on the farm, and for that reason, if for no other, only the very best should be purchased, and that's the De Laval. The more you come to know about cream separators the more apt you will be to buy a De Laval. More than 1,250,000 De Laval's in use. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, Province of Nova Scotia. TRURO, N. S., Oct. 21, 1910. M. CUMMING, B. A., B. S. A., Secretary for Agriculture, Principal College Agriculture. D. C. McNEIL, Esq., Brophy's, Antigonish Co., N. S. DEAR SIR:—We have regularly in use at the Agricultural College Farm at Truro, a DE LVAL SEPARATOR, which has given us excellent satisfaction. Yours sincerely, M. CUMMING, Principal Agriculture College. THE DE LVAL SEPARATOR CO. D. C. McNEIL, Representative, Brophy's, N. S.

Advertisement for Canada Cement Co. Includes image of a concrete water tank. Text: 'The dampness which destroys lumber only intensifies the strength and hardness of Concrete. You can impair a wooden trough with comparatively little use; but it takes a powerful explosive to put a Concrete water tank out of business. Which is your choice—expense-producing Wood, or money-saving Concrete? We'd be glad to send a copy of our book, "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete,"—Free—if you'll ask for it. It tells the many uses of Concrete in plain, simple language—tells how to make Barns, Cisterns, Dairies, Dipping Tanks, Foundations, Fence Posts, Feeding Floors, Gutters, Hens' Nests, Hitching Posts, Horse Blocks, Houses, Poultry Houses, Root Cellars, Silos, Shelter Walls, Stables, Stairs, Stalls, Steps, Tanks, Troughs, Walks, Well Curbs. Canada Cement Co. Limited 51-60 National Bank Building, Montreal. Which?'

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Flanola Piano—J. A. MacDonald & Co., page 3
Correct Violin—Thomas Wallace, page 5
Notice to Voters—D. C. Chisholm, page 8
Subscriptions Asked—Chisholm, page 8
Notice of Meeting—H. P. McPherson, page 8

LOCAL ITEMS

S. P. C. AGENT.—J. C. Chisholm, East End, has been appointed Agent for the S. P. C. for the Town and County of Antigonish.

BELCHER'S ALMANAC for 1912 is now on sale. This is a very useful publication. It contains valuable information respecting the Dominion of Canada, its government, government officials, etc., and especially detailed information regarding Nova Scotia, its official, civic, professional and religious life.

THE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL of this Municipality is now in annual session, having convened Tuesday. Owing to the stormy weather some of the Councillors were not able to be present at the first day's session. The various committees have been appointed and their ordinary routine work is being proceeded with.

AT THE LAST REGULAR MEETING of the local fire department, held at their rooms on Sydney Street, Monday, January 8th inst., the following officers were appointed for the year 1912: Captain, W. S. Copeland; 1st Lieut., W. Archibald; 2nd Lieut., Angus D. Chisholm; 3rd Lieut., John Bowie; Sec.-Treas., L. McIntosh; Auditors, J. P. Clark, Jas. Taylor.

ALTHOUGH the weather has been somewhat tempestuous of late, with some keen frost, St. George's Bay and the Harbour are yet free from ice. Drift ice has often during past years made its appearance in the Bay as early as the first of December and some years even towards the end of November. Wild geese and ducks are still enjoying the open water in large numbers.

FIRE destroyed the office building of Dr. M. E. McGarry of Goldboro last Friday night. Doctor McGarry lost everything that was in the office, his clothing, drugs, instruments, library and furniture. The building was owned by Mr. Newton Cameron. There was a small amount of insurance on the building and on Dr. McGarry's property.

PRESENTATION.—On New Year's Day the parishioners of the district of Soldier's Cove in the parish of St. Peter's, C. B., presented their pastor, Rev. R. MacDonald, with a costly set of harness beautifully mounted and a purse of money. Fr. MacDonald in a few well-chosen words, expressed his appreciation of the gifts and his sincere thanks to the contributors.

LATELY the weather has been very cold, very changeable, with very violent and almost continuous windstorms, while in some parts of the Province there has been heavy falls of snow. On Monday morning of this week the thermometer registered six degrees below zero. On Tuesday morning it was still intensely cold, but by night the weather was quite mild and heavy rain was falling. By Wednesday morning it was again very cold, and at night the thermometer was registering zero weather.

GENEROUS GIFT TO THE COLLEGE ENDOWMENT FUND.—At a large and representative meeting of the Saint Nipian Branch of the C. M. B. A., held in this Town on Tuesday evening, a resolution was unanimously adopted, by which a donation of one thousand dollars was unanimously voted, to be added to the Saint Francis Xavier College Endowment Fund. This generous action on the part of the C. M. B. A. of Antigonish can scarcely be too highly commended. It sets a noble example which will, we believe, be widely followed. With such an inspiring precedent before them the Catholic societies in other places throughout this Diocese will doubtless take similar action to help on the great cause of Catholic education.

CURLING.—Two rinks of Antigonish curlers visited Halifax last week and took part in the series of match games between the Scotch curlers and the Bluenoses. Unfortunately, on the day set for the Antigonish game the weather moderated, leaving the ice in poor condition for curling, and the match had to be called off. The Scotchmen had a substantial lead when play had to be abandoned. The boys are unanimous in declaring the Scots a fine lot of fellows and "real sports." They all had a good time and enjoyed the trip very much. Two rinks of Sydney curlers on their way home from Halifax, dropped off Saturday morning and played a short friendly game with two rinks of the home club, Sydney coming off victorious. Three or four rinks of home curlers intend taking a trip to Sydney in the near future, to play a return match. Three rinks of juniors left yesterday for Canso and will play there to-day.

WE WOULD RECOMMEND our readers who are farmers to read the article on another page by Principal Cumming; and then to read it again and study it, and after that to preserve the copy for reference and further study when the time for cultivation approaches in the spring. The principles therein laid down are the very foundation of successful agriculture. They are: (1) In Nova Scotia the rainfall even during the growing season is more than sufficient for bumper crops. (2) Enough of the rainfall can be preserved in the soil even during a season like that of 1911. (3) This is done by keeping the soil in loose condition to conserve a maximum amount of the moisture from winter rain and snow, by means of fall cultivation and the addition of humus to the soil. Spring and summer cultivation, keeping a loose covering of earth—a mulch—on the surface, thus preventing the escape by evaporation of the moisture from the soil.

AN ANTI-GONIBER IS DISCOVERED in Walla Walla.—In a large blacksmith shop at 212 Alder street, in this

city, can be seen the name "Daniel McEachern, Blacksmith." On coming to his place on a recent stroll I made bold to enter in order to see if he belonged to the Bluenose aristocracy. Sure enough I found that he is one of them, and as fine a specimen of burly manhood as can be seen but in few places. Mr. McEachern was born in Upper South River, Antigonish, N. S., in 1857. He is the son of the late Neil McEachern, and of his wife, Mary McPhoe, of that place. In 1876 he left his native South River and came to Colorado, where he stayed nearly five years, four of which he was on the police force of Denver. After spending about a year in Nevada he came here about 30 years ago. Although he has spent the most of the time since then in this State, he has spent several years between Mexico, California and Oregon, principally in Portland, where he was for five years. Mr. McEachern is married to a woman of Umatilla county, Oregon, and has one daughter.—San Francisco Maple Leaf.

WE DRAW the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Guth na Bliadhna appearing on page four of this issue. It is a live and excellent Gaelic-English quarterly of about 120 pages, always full of matter replete with interest to every Gael. Songs, folklore, points of history, old customs, questions of the day, receive their due share of attention and usually about half the matter is in Gaelic. It has won a place as an uncompromising advocate of the Irish Celtic ideal, and has done much to stir up interest in the old language and life of the Highlands. Some of the best writers of Gaelic in Scotland contribute to its pages and of late articles in Irish appear in it, thus bringing the Celts together and at the same time adding a pleasing variety. Among the rest, Father Campbell, S. J., "an sagart mor," finds time now and then to contribute a much welcomed article. This magazine should have a wide circulation among our Highland people in this country. It costs only \$1.24 a year in advance, and its address is Guth na Bliadhna, 12 Mill St., Perth, Scotland.

DISTRIBUTION OF SEED GRAIN AND POTATOES.—By instructions of the Hon. Minister of Agriculture a distribution will be made during the coming winter and spring of superior sorts of grain and potatoes to Canadian farmers. The samples for general distribution will consist of spring wheat (5 lbs.), white oats (4 lbs.), barley (5 lbs.), and field peas (3 lbs.). These will be sent out from Ottawa. A distribution of potatoes (in 3 lb. samples) will be carried on from several of the experimental farms, the Central Farm at Ottawa supplying only the provinces of Ontario and Quebec. All samples will be sent free, by mail. Applicants should give particulars in regard to the soil on their farms; and should also state what varieties they have already tested and in what way these have been found unsatisfactory, so that a promising sort for their conditions may be sent. Each application must be separate and must be signed by the applicant. Only one sample can be sent to each farm. Applications on any kind of printed or written form cannot be accepted. As the supply of seed is limited, farmers are advised to apply early in order to avoid possible disappointment. No applications can be accepted after Feb. 15th. All applications for grain should be addressed to the Dominion Cerealists, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa. Such applications require no postage. Applications for potatoes from Nova Scotia should be addressed (postage prepaid) to the Superintendent of the nearest Branch Experimental Farm in this province.

HYMENEAL.—It was a Canadian who set the pace in celebrating the glad New Year in Boston. The first marriage in the Cathedral for the year 1912 was that of Mr. Ronald S. MacDonald of Montreal, and Miss Mary A. McMaster of Boston, Rev. N. J. Cronin officiating. The bride was attended by her cousin, Miss Margaret McMaster, while Mr. Charles D. McKenzie, the groom's cousin, acted as best man. After the ceremony, which was performed at 4 o'clock, the bridal party proceeded to Arlington, to the home of the groom's brother, Peter D. McDonald, where supper was served, and where the groom's mother, Mrs. Margaret McDonald, had the pleasure of meeting her three daughters by marriage, together with her three sons—Mr. and Mrs. Rod K. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald S. McDonald, and Mr. and Mrs. Peter D. McDonald. The happy groom, who is a native of Antigonish, resided for a long time in Boston, where he is well known, having acted at one time as the efficient correspondent of THE CASKET in the Hub. His bride is from Crenish, Inverness Co. Mr. and Mrs. McDonald left Boston on the evening train for Montreal, where they will reside, accompanied by the best wishes of their many friends, in which THE CASKET heartily joins.

At St. Mark's Church, Dorchester Ave., Dorchester, Mass., on Nov. 28, 1912, Mr. Charles Bain of Aberdeen, Scotland, and Catherine Agnes MacDonald, formerly of Malignant Cove, Antigonish Co., were united in matrimony by the Rev. Father Farrell. The bride was supported by Miss Annie Chisholm and the groom by Mr. John McNabb. Both the principals in this happy event are deservedly popular, and their many friends wish them many happy years of wedded life.

Personals.

Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Boyd of Halifax were in Antigonish for the holidays. Mr. W. Chisholm, M. P., left for Ottawa on Monday, to attend Parliament. Mr. J. A. H. Cameron, barrister, of Mabou, C. B., has been admitted to the Quebec bar. Rev. M. A. MacAdam, Rector of the Cathedral, Antigonish, left for Boston on Monday, to spend a few weeks. Mr. Earl Ryan, West Street, Antigonish, left on Thursday, Jan. 4th inst., for Brockton, Mass., where he will reside.

A. MacNeil, barrister, Antigonish, on Monday started for Fernie, B. C., where he is to enter into partnership with a barrister of considerable standing.

Mrs. McDonald, of Hartford, Conn., Mr. Archibald McGillivray of Boston, and Mr. F. Boudreau of Boston, daughter, son and son-in-law of the late Angus D. McGillivray of Antigonish, were here to attend the funeral, held on Saturday last.

Miss Mary A. McDonald of Reserve Mines, C. B., a student at Mr. St. Joseph's Academy, North Sydney, the past few terms, and now a student at Mt. St. Vincent, Rockingham, has been awarded a beautiful gold medal, a donation by Premier Murray, for distinction in Graec B. work.

Mr. Frank C. Chisholm, formerly of Antigonish, has been appointed manager of the Royal Bank at Stellarton. Mr. Chisholm has had rapid promotion in the service of his institution as it is but a few short years since he entered the Royal Bank service at

TOWN VOTERS DISQUALIFIED

Ratepayers who do not wish to be disqualified from voting at the ensuing Town Elections had better see to it that their taxes (including water rates) are paid this week. I am about to prepare the voter's list to be used in case of an election and the names of all persons whose taxes are unpaid will have a "red line" run through them as the statute directs. This notice shall be a final warning to voters. By the way, I am keeping my books open this week for the accommodation of delinquents who have been notified and re-notified for payment of taxes and who have not yet responded to my appeals. The next notice sent out will be of a more drastic nature.

Dated Town Office, Antigonish, N. S., Jan. 1st, 1912.

D. C. CHISHOLM, Town Treasurer.

Clearing Sale Flour, Meal, Cracked Feeds, Etc. Etc.

To clear at a small advance on cost.

T. J. SEARS ANTIGONISH, N. S. NOTICE OF Assessment

Town of Antigonish. Office of Town Clerk and Treasurer.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the assessment roll for the Town of Antigonish, upon which the rates will be levied in and for the said Town for the present year, 1912, has been filed in the office of the undersigned, the Town Clerk, and the said roll is open to the inspection of the ratepayers of the Town.

And further take notice that any person, firm, company, association or corporation, assessed in such roll who claims that he or it should not be assessed, or who claims that he or it is over-assessed in such roll, may, on or before the

10th Day of February next

give notice in writing to the undersigned, the Town Clerk, that he or it appeals from such assessment in whole or in part, and shall, in such notice, state particularly the grounds of objection to such assessment.

And further take notice, that if any person assessed in such roll claims that any person, firm, company, association or corporation has been assessed too low, or has been omitted from or wrongfully inserted in such roll, he may, on or before the 10th day of February next, give notice in writing to the undersigned, the Town Clerk, that he appeals in respect to the assessment or non-assessment of the said person, firm, company, association or corporation, and shall in such notice, state particularly the grounds of his objection.

D. C. CHISHOLM, Town Clerk.

Dated Antigonish, N. S. Jan. 3, 1912.

ORDER QUICK

A Fountain Pen which looks as well and writes as well as the pen they charge \$3 for. People have been fooled for years paying fancy prices for Fountain Pens, to help pay for expensive magazine advertising. We gave a special order for

1,000 Fountain Pens which we can mail to any part of Canada or elsewhere for

45 CENTS

mailing free, neatly boxed, with full satisfaction guaranteed. Order quick. Enclose cash or stamps, 45c, and pen will be mailed immediately.

NATIONAL NOVELTY CO. ANTIGONISH, N. S.

Antigonish. He has been a responsible official in different agencies in Nova Scotia, and lately fulfilled the duties of inspector. Without doubt his ability will continue to merit promotion.

The Misses Emma and Bertha Taylor, of Vancouver, B. C., arrived in Antigonish last Monday night, on a visit to their sister, Mrs. George Bond. They are engaged in the millinery business in Vancouver, and took advantage of a business trip to New York to visit Antigonish, their old home, having left here for the West with their parents some ten years ago. The City of Vancouver, they report, is making wonderfully rapid growth, and that its prospects for greater development is most promising.

Among the Advertisers.

A muff found on road is at Casket Office.

Rabbits. We want lots of them, also potatoes. Bonner's.

CANADIAN BEAVER MARINE ENGINES GIVE CERTAIN SERVICE WRITE FOR CATALOGUE SHERMAN, COOPER CO. LTD. 1051 Eastern Ave. Toronto

WANTED Young men to take course in training School for Nurses in connection with Victoria General Hospital. For particulars apply to W. W. KENNEY, Superintendent, Victoria General Hospital, Halifax, N. S.

Notice of Meeting The Annual Meeting of the Casket Printing and Publishing Company, Limited, will be held at the Casket Office on January 25, 1912, at 2 p. m. H. P. MCPHERSON, President.

Sloppy Weather SHOES IT IS in wet and sloppy weather that WILLIAMS' SOLID LEATHER SHOES show their superiority over the imitators. Being made of nothing but well tanned leather and being sewn with extra care, they can and do stand up under hard usage in bad weather. Made in all sizes for men, women and children. Sole Agent for Antigonish J. P. GORMAN THE SHOE MAN Tell 67. P. O. Box 359

Graham's Grocery We now have a complete stock for the Holiday trade. Everything fresh and best quality consisting in part of Raisins, all kinds, Currants, Peels, Essences, Spices, Nuts, Oranges, Apples and Grapes. We also have a large stock of CONFECTIONERY including Chocolates in bulk and fancy pkgs. Call and inspect our stock and give us a trial order; we will try to please you. We have everything to be found in a first class grocery store. We buy all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE and allow highest price in exchange. Wishing all our friends and patrons the compliments of the season. D. R. GRAHAM

I wish you a Happy and Prosperous New Year THIS is a time of new vigor, of good resolutions. In 1911 I increased the business of the previous year 60 per cent. In 1912 I intend to double the business of 1911. I shall do this as in the past by honest and satisfactory work both in my optical and jewelry departments BY PROMPT WORK I am engaging an extra Watchmaker, also a typewriter and book-keeper. These are my resolutions. Now it is your turn. Perhaps you need a proper pair of glasses, or your old glasses changed, or a new watch. START THE NEW YEAR RIGHT THOS. J. WALLACE, OPTICIAN AND JEWELER ANTIGONISH, N. S.

For sale, a good milking cow and a good working horse, about 1100. Apply to William McDonald, St. Mary's Street, Antigonish.

Wanted, a first class lawyer, one who understands setting up a new portable mill outfit. Apply to McDonald Bros., Big Marsh, Antigonish.

For sale, gasoline engine, a marine, 3 1/2 horse power, just used enough to make it work good, guaranteed one of the best makes, everything complete, ready for your boat, price \$85.00, for fishing or pleasure, bite quick. T. J. Bonner.

The New Year has ushered in a new business house in Antigonish, the hardware, heating and plumbing establishment just opened by Messrs. Sears and McDonald, in the premises on Main Street formerly occupied by the old Halifax Banking Company. The principals in the undertaking are Mr. T. J. Sears and Mr. J. W. MacDonald. Mr. Sears is already well known in this community. Mr. Mac-

Donald, whose work has heretofore been chiefly in the neighboring county of Pictou, is known by all who have come in contact with him, to possess business capacity of a very high order. The new firm has secured the services, for its plumbing and heating department, of Mr. James Dunphy, whose reputation as an efficient and skillful workman is of the highest. The hardware department will be conducted on the ready-payment system, which is more and more coming into use and favour in business. The elements of long credit and bad debts have heretofore been heavy mill-stones about the necks of merchants and customers alike. The work of keeping and collecting insurmountable accounts and the losses arising from bad debts have in the end largely fallen upon the honest people who pay their bills, inasmuch as prices have had to be marked with an eye to these expenses and losses. Purchasers to-day have learned to appreciate the saving in buying for ready payment from a house whose prices are not enhanced by these considerations.

1912 Happy New Year Good Bye Old 1911. Your race is run. Good Bye Greetings WE WISH to thank our patrons and the public generally for their generous support of our efforts to add increased force to the career of "this store of good goods." That our efforts have been successful is best evidenced by the increase in the volume of business we are enabled to show at the commencement of each New Year. Again thanking you and assuring you that we shall always be untiring in our efforts to give you the best service and best values possible. We wish you a Prosperous and Happy New Year.

Palace Clothing Co. The Outfitters

Season's Greetings WHILE the Christmas Bells chime merrily their glad-some message of peace on earth and good will to men we wish to join in the greeting of the season and to wish our customers and those who should be our customers A MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY and PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR We take this opportunity to thank our numerous friends and customers for their liberal patronage during the past year. We appreciate all they have done for us and we believe they have found our prices as low, if not lower, than our competitors, and our goods have invariably been as represented. We solicit a continuance of their patronage during 1912. Remember we are headquarters for Automobile, Velox, Regal and Miemac Hockey Skates, Hockey Sticks and Pucks. BOYS' HOCKEY SKATES, 50c. and \$1 a pair

D. G. KIRK, ANTIGONISH

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