

Orestes A. Brownson.

HIS CAREER BEFORE AND AFTER HIS CONVERSION TO CATHOLICISM.

The various news items and editorials relating to the Brownson Memorial in the Catholic press throughout the country during the past three months have aroused considerable interest in Dr. Brownson and have aroused many to express a wish to know more about the man, which indicates the beginning of a Brownson revival.

Orestes Augustus Brownson, LL. D., the distinguished reviewer, controversialist, publicist and philosopher, was born at Stockbridge, Vt., September 16, 1803, and died at Detroit, Mich., April 17, 1876.

His early life had been a constant struggle in quest of religious truth. He had carefully examined all the creeds, and had been in turn a Congregationalist and Presbyterian, before becoming a Universalist. After his ordination, on closer scrutiny he found he could not reconcile his reason to the teaching of Universalism, and in 1828 withdrew from its communion.

Robert Dale Owen at this time was before the public with his plans of world-reform. This drew the attention of Brownson to the social evils which exist in every land, and to the inequalities which existed in our own. His sympathies were enlisted, and he became a socialist in the highest and broadest sense.

He had a more or less intimate acquaintance with all the prominent men in literature and politics, and his influence on the thought of the day—political, social, philosophical and religious—was not exceeded by any other man in the country at that time.

When Dr. Brownson in 1844 announced his conversion to Catholicism many of his associates predicted his return to Protestantism in a short time, to the appreciation of his charges, as Channing did, "not as fluently but as step-by-step progress."

Great as his broad scholarship and profound philosophy was his transcendent patriotism, and this quality rings through almost every page he has written. Previous to and after the outbreak of the Civil War, which threatened the destruction of the country, many of our foremost men hesitated as to the real issues involved.

to the power of thought and beauty of style which are their characteristics, or the intrinsic value of their argument as an exposition or defense of great truths and principles. The terse logic of Tertullian, the polemic crash of St. Jerome, the sublime eloquence of Bossuet, are all to be found there in combination, or alteration, with many sweet strains of tenderness, and playful flashes of humor.

His writings have been collected and edited by his son, Henry F. Brownson, and are published in twenty volumes. A life of Dr. Brownson's son, in three volumes, has also been written by his son.

The object of this article is to give as briefly as possible some general information about Dr. Brownson in answer to a number of inquiries, and no attempt is made at a critical review. There is great need to-day throughout the Christian world for many men of the type of Brownson, and it is firmly believed that a study of his writings will lead to a Brownson revival which will result in higher ideals, greater moral courage, and a stronger Catholic public spirit.

This has been the main purpose of the movement to erect a monument to his memory.

Chairman Brownson Memorial National Committee.

Father McNamee Won't Take a Saloon-keeper's Money.

Father Joseph McNamee, of Peotone, in returning to a saloon-keeper the \$10 he had paid for pew rent, sent him this letter:

DEAR SIR:—Without desire or the intention to slight yourself or family, I am obliged to herewith return with thanks, \$10 pew rent, which you paid to the gentleman who collects the church dues.

"We do this to prevent the church being handicapped in the future by the impression that she accepts and uses tainted money.

"Your name will be retained on the pew, free of charge, for the use of your family as usual, and in all matters spiritual you will be treated like other Catholic families of the parish.

"We could without sin, of course, receive money, but St. Paul tells us that we should avoid performing actions which, although not in themselves sinful, are liable to cause scandal to the weak.

"We don't believe in absolute prohibition. We think liquor should be allowed in drug stores in small quantities to be used medicinally if prescribed, the same as castor oil or other drugs.

"We condemn the saloon as an institution, because it is the school of drink where the boy starts in at his 'A B C' about the time his beard begins to sprout, and according to his capacity in a long or short time graduates with full diploma.

"We cannot consistently do this and at the same time accept the money made therein.

"Whiskey sellers contribute to Catholic funds as liberally as other Catholic people, but the church would be richer even financially, if their business did not exist, because they deprive her of more than they give.

"The members of this congregation who call frequently at your place, give little or nothing to the church, for the good reason that they give it all to you. With temptation removed, their faith and natural good qualities would make of them pillars of the church. They are specimens of the 'soaked' Catholics of the country that make up the small, untidy tails of the different congregations.

"Minus the opportunity of learning to drink, they would be the cream of the church, and divorced from liquor, their contributions would run into the millions.

"If the amount of money spent annually by practical Catholics with the only result of making holes in their stomachs and giving scandal to their neighbors, were turned over to Dr. Kelly of the Church Extension Society, he could dot the Southern States with churches and schools even more profusely than Chicago is dotted with saloons.

"The Catholic Church, like a tender mother, has been conservative and charitable in dealing with her children who, against her wishes, have gone into the business, but her charitable expressions have been used as war cries in behalf of whiskey.

"On account of some uncertain remarks, attributed to Cardinal Gibbons, that prelate has been quoted by liquor operators as the champion of the trade. All the money in possession of beer and whiskey people of this country could not heal the wounds and black eyes inflicted on the church by Catholic names written over beer kegs and dirty pictures.

"The Church wishes to get her people out of the unpopular trade, and her policy towards that end is growing more pointed and practical.

"My reverend predecessor protested against a saloon in your village because, having lived a long time in the parish, he could foresee its bad results. What a pity that his protest was not respected.

"It is no opportune that Catholic saloon keepers should listen to the advice of the bishops at the Baltimore Council, to seek a more lawful and more honorable means of living. With best wishes I remain, Yours in Christ,

JOSEPH McNAMEE. Catholic Rectory, Peotone, May 15, 1909.—Illinois Issue.

European statesmen are now seeking the cause of the sudden outbreak against the Republic in France. If the French people are not satisfied with a republic, the most democratic form of government that exists, and with a Ministry presided over by an ex-Socialist, evidently there is no security for individuals or for property in the future. The recent strikes were more serious than is generally realized. Notice the Commune has such grave danger threatened Paris. The whole population, aroused by the strike on the railroads and by that of the electricians, was seething with discontent. Any sign of weakness on the part of the Government would have led not only to a general strike amongst all the

workers, but to a regular rebellion and to the sacking of the rich quarters of the capital. The firmness with which M. Briand acted, undoubtedly postponed the revolution which is sure to come.

And the spirit of unrest is not confined to France. The peace of Europe is seriously menaced. There is increasing opposition against all constituted authority. As many as 6,000 policemen were required to quell the recent outbreak in Berlin. The Kaiser was well advised if he is correctly reported to have said, on the occasion of a subsequent visit to the Benedictine monastery at Beuron, "the twentieth century has set loose ideas which can be successfully combated only with the help of religion and the support of Heaven. My crown can guarantee me success only when it relies on the word and personality of Our Lord. The governments of Christian princes can be carried on only according to the will of the Lord. The altar and throne are closely united and must not be separated."—Ave Maria.

Our Schools and their Scholars.

[From "Seedlings" by the Right Rev. Charles H. Cotton, D. D.]

Everything looks bright and cheery at the schools. They are regular beehives of study—no drones are allowed to remain in them. The scholars are attentive and painstaking in their tasks. It is well—for if a child is allowed to remain at school and not study, it would be criminal. If it has sufficient reason and can comprehend, then, by application, it ought to succeed, as many have succeeded and are succeeding in every grade of life. We have but little fault to find with the scholars or their parents with regard to the amount of study done at home. For the most part they give evidence of the same by their recitations in school. Apart from the good that comes from home study in the advancement of the children, there comes the benefit of the habit of occupation and industry which they acquire and which will stand by them in after life.

Parents should never allow their children to be idlers, for if they idle away their youth, they will idle away their after years, and then become useless to themselves and to society. It is the wish of Holy Church to uplift and better the condition of her people through the grand foundation given the children in her schools; and it carries its aim through every grade of study from the A. B. C. up to the highest in the Catholic University. The Church's system is complete and is open to all her children. Let the parents, then, instill the noble ambition in their children to profit by the advantages placed at their disposal. It is said, and truly, that the best heritage a parent can leave a child is a good education. It is worth more than gold—for it will purchase far more than gold can, since it will bring the delights and benefits of knowledge that will sweeten their lives in the intelligent enjoyment of the things of life, while it will enable them to put their knowledge at the same time to the best advantage of themselves and society.

The Legend of the Cross Bill.

Everyone has heard the legend of the robin redbreast,—how one of these little birds, flying over Mount Calvary, saw Our Lord hanging upon the Cross. His head drooping beneath the crown of thorns. Full of yearning compassion for the sacred Sufferer, the robin, forgetting his usual timidity, flew down, and perching lightly on the cruel casket of pain, drew with his beak from the brow of the Saviour a thorn that had sunk deep into the flesh. As he did so the blood from the wound splashed the feathers of his breast, and ever since the robin has proudly worn the ruddy badge of honor.

Not less beautiful than this story of how the robin won his crimson breast is that explaining the name and blood-red color of the beak of the crossbill, who is said to have tried to pluck out the nails from the hands of Christ, as related in a poem by the German Julius Moser, which our own Longfellow has thus translated:

On the Cross the dying Saviour
Heavenward lifts His eyelids calm,
Feels, but scarcely feels a trembling
In His pierced and bleeding palm.
And, by all the world forsaken,
Sees He how, with zealous care,
At the nailless nail of iron
A little bird is striving there.
Stained with blood and never tiring,
With its beak it dreads not cease;
From the Cross 't would free the
Saviour.

Its Creator's Son release;
And the Saviour seeks in mildness:
"Blest be thou of all the good!
Bear as tokens of this moment
Marks of blood and holy rood."
And that bird is called the Crossbill,
Covered all with blood so clear;
In the groves of pine it singeth
Songs like legends strange to hear.

The crossbill is a native of Europe and Asia as well as North America; dwelling chiefly in evergreen forests, and extending as far north as they do, not dreading the coldest climates. These little friends of the air go about in small, chattering flocks. The power of their bill is such that with it hard wood may be split to pieces.—The Ave Maria.

Modern Superstitions.

One of the most widespread of modern superstitions consists in the belief that the Church of Rome is a great political factor in the world, not only anxious but able to wrest all authority from temporal rulers. It is believed by not a few apparently that the church has designs even on the British Empire, of becoming the political master of all King George's subjects, and that she is in a fair way of accomplishing that end. And that when that end is achieved, slavery, or at least loss of freedom, will be the portion of all Britons. People affected by this sort of superstition are evidently not to be moved by facts. They would prefer to hug the delusion, fearsome but at

the same time like the belief in fairies rather pleasing, than have it dispelled by cold hard facts to the contrary. Now proof is to hand almost every day that the church not only is politically dominant in the affairs of nations, but is the most powerless, the most vulnerable from a mere physical or temporal standpoint, of any organization in the world.

Witness the events of late years in France, Spain and Portugal. If the church as an organization is capable of exercising power of a political kind why does she not use it in defence of her rights, in those countries where the bulk of the people are Catholics?

Instead we find public affairs in each of the countries in the hands of noisy minorities whose chief policy notoriously is one of antagonism to the church.

We see then that the church is powerless, or at least does not choose, to defend her temporal interests, to protect herself from spoliation, in countries where the great majority of the people if they were properly roused and organized would rise to defend her. Why then should people in countries largely non-Catholic lose sleep over the bogey of Rome's political dominance?—Sydney Record.

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Breakwater at Monk's Head, N. S." will be received at this office until 4.00 p. m., on Monday, December 19, 1910, for the construction of a Breakwater at Monk's Head, Deloroy's Beach, Antigonish County, N. S. Plans, specifications and form of contract can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department, at the offices of E. G. Millidge, Esq., District Engineer, Antigonish, N. S., C. E. W. Dodwell, Esq., District Engineer, Halifax, N. S., and on application to the Postmaster at Monk's Head, N. S. Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures, stating their occupations and places of residence. In the case of firms, the actual signature, the nature of the occupation, and place of residence of each member of the firm must be given. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, for the sum of seven hundred (\$700.00) dollars, which will be forfeited if the person tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender is not accepted, the cheque will be returned. The department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, R. C. DESROCHERS, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, November 5, 1910

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MARTA.

Along the Atlantic coast it was still winter, but where Gaetano lived, in Southern California, spring had already come, even though the calendar showed that the young year was scarcely out of her swaddling clothes. In Gaetano's heart it was spring also, in this pleasant afternoon, and as he worked in the orange orchards of "ill Signor Inglese," he whistled as blithely as the Mexican thrush in the trees above him.

Gaetano, sturdy, good-looking, and but twenty years old, felt that the summer of life was before him as rich in promise as the great fruitful country extending on one side of the sea, and on the other three, as far as vision could reach, to the snow-capped peaks of the giant mountain ranges.

As the young man's eyes lingered upon the prospect, he sighed for very happiness. "Yes it is beautiful," he said aloud, "as beautiful as Italy, though never even when Marta comes will it be so dear."

Before the eyes of his mind arose a picture of spring in the district where he was born; the fertile slopes of the Apennines, the lakes gleaming in the heart of the valleys, the silver sheen of olive orchards, the dark green of orange and lemon trees, flecked with gold, the little chapels by the wayside, the voices of the workers in the vineyards, the laughter of girls by the fountains of Marta, merriest and sweetest of them all.

The dreamer turned again to his work. Gaetano had come to California with his parents and a round half-dozen of brothers and sisters two years before. His father, Giordano, hoped by frugality and patient industry one day to buy a small fruit farm which he would cultivate with the aid of his family. Thus they would all become well-to-do. That day, was, to all appearances, still far off. Having shown skill in orange and olive culture, however, Giordano was in charge of the orchards of "ill Signor Inglese," and Gaetano, after an experience in apricot and prune growing in a neighboring ranch worked with him. At the start the young man's labor had gone for nothing, since the apricot grower failed to pay him.

The bitter remembrance of this vain toil came to him now with the thought of Marta. He had made plans of his own which the disappointment frustrated. But he would not dwell upon them in the springtime with the world so beautiful: "ill Signor Inglese" was the richest man in the country, and was not every day's work for him as good as gold in one's pockets? So, peering up into the tree under which he stood for a glimpse of the brown thrush, banishing all but happy thoughts.

Through the glossy foliage gleamed the white blossoms, the green, newly-formed spheres and the ripened golden fruit growing together; the air was laden with the fragrance of the flowers. As he looked up higher, he saw a tiny cloud, half sunlight, half mist, floating in the blue sky. The breeze wafted it toward the purple and snow-covered mountains, beyond which, far across the continent and beyond the sea, lived Marta, to whom he had pledged his love. Marta had promised to come, under the care of some immigrant family, to California to marry him when he should send for her. Well then might Gaetano be happy. Here he picked the ripe oranges and dropped them into the cloth-lined baskets, to be carried later to the packing houses; there he examined the boughs carefully, on the watch for the first sign of the possible blight, when the leaves suddenly wither even in the rain; the young tree struggles on, blossoms bravely, and even puts forth fruit but the fruit fails to ripen, and the tree is sure to die if the blight is at its height. There is a chance of saving it in the beginning, however, as a branch thus grown listless is at once cut off. As the young orchardist espied a wilted twig and pruned it with his knife, marking the tree for treatment, he heard the voice of some one calling:

"Gaetano! Gaetano!"

Between the lines of trees his father was coming towards him.

"Gaetano!"

"The desiderate?" he cried, and started forward to meet the old man, as he called him in his thoughts. The paternal years, being fifty odd, seemed to youth a crown of age. In his hand Giordano waved something white, which, as Gaetano came up, he saw to be a sheet of paper closely written over.

"Here is news from Italy," said the father, taking off his broad brimmed hat of home woven straw and fanning himself with it.

Gaetano eagerly took the letter. It was addressed to the older man by a relative who had evidently sought the assistance of the professional correspondent of the village, and formally of interest were somewhat already spelled them out, and now, Gaetano, who possessed advantages of education began to read it eagerly to himself.

His eyes sparkled; he smiled; once he even laughed outright. Then the brightness died out of his face, a flush overspread his dark skin, and faded as quickly, leaving him more swarthy than before. A fierce despair burned in his eyes as he raised them and looked at Giordano and one word broke from his quivering lips.

"Marta!"

"Che fortuna! I should have told you gently, my son," lamented Giordano in Italian, laying a hand affectionately on his boy's shoulder, "but my heart outran my feet to bring you sympathy. Non lo credo! It may not be so bad after all."

Gaetano sadly shook his head and read aloud from the letter, in their native dialect:

"Marta is dying of fever. All the long days she raves of Gaetano; sometimes she thinks he has forgotten his troth. Then she begs the Madonna to send him back to her. It is pitiful."

He broke off, choked with emotion, and raising a hand to his eyes, dashed away the tears that dimmed them.

"Marta is dying! Could a worse misfortune come to me?" he cried, and rushed away from the orchard,

and across the fields to hide himself and wrestle with his sorrow amid the solitudes of the neighboring hills.

"Cielo! Youth is ever desperate," exclaimed Giordano, mopping his face with his red handkerchief as he looked after the young man. "Marta is a good girl, but he might better marry here with us, Cassini has done well with his market garden, and would give her a dowry. Buono. It may come about in the end."

To Gaetano, speeding away as if with the wish to outstrip sorrow in the race of life, existence seemed no longer tolerable with Marta lost to him. As he stood on a hilltop and looked across the green valley to the white and purple mountains and above him still to the calm sky he stretched forth his arms in pleading to the Omnipotence and cried out, simply as a child:

"O God, spare Marta's life! O Madonna mia, obtain that we may meet again."

Quite exhausted by his mad flight, he flung himself upon the ground and sobbed out his misery.

With calmer thoughts a plan took form in his mind.

"Marta asks for me." He returned to his home in the valley. No one was there; on a balmy evening who with Latin blood remains indoors? Going to a corner where he kept his belongings, he tied up a change of clothing in a handkerchief of generous dimensions, hid a leather money belt, unfortunately light of weight, in his bright-colored girdle, and took his coat. Then, after forcing himself to eat a little of the supper of fruit and bread set ready for him on the table, he took a loaf under his arm, picked up his packet, and, going out, trudged through the dust of the road in the moonlight towards the pass of the hills.

It was very early on a June morning but the air was chill, and a fog lay over the great city of New York, shutting out from view the smokestacks of the ocean steamers lying at the piers in the North River, the cruisers of the time at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, the Statue of Liberty, and the shipping down the bay. At the entrance to one of the bridges, those bonds of steel that bind Brooklyn to old Manhattan, a party of boys had built a bonfire some hours earlier, and a few bright embers still glowed in its heart. Here, close to the place where the fire had been, the roundsman of the boat now found a man lying on the ground asleep.

"You drunken tramp, wake up and move on," he cried roughly, giving the prostrate vagabond a thrust with his foot.

The sleeper stirred but did not awaken.

"Up with you, I say!" repeated the trusty guardian of the law. And stooping, he caught the vagrant by the coat and shook him vigorously. The man staggered upright and wretched himself free.

He was a young fellow; his bearish face was not the countenance of a hobo, and the dark eyes that looked out from it were keen and clear, not dimmed by dissipation.

These characteristics in his favor were lost, however, on the police officer. "What are you doin' here?" he continued, flourishing his club significantly. "I arrest you for sleepin' in the streets. Come along with me without trouble; it's better for you."

Business in the E-Police Court was greater than usual that morning, and the sharp-featured little magistrate was meeting out sentences to disorderlies and petty offenders at the rate of one every three minutes.

Impatience quite overruled the judicial calm when the young Italian found asleep by the bonfire stood before him.

"Humph! That such an abled-bodied fellow should be arrested for vagrancy," he snapped out. "Are you not ashamed of yourself, young man?"

The prisoner steadily met the stern eyes fixed upon him.

"No, Excellence, I am not ashamed," he said.

The judge started. His words had been but the beginning of the homily, such as he sometimes addressed to hardened cases. He expected no reply, yet that gently-spoken "Excellence," even more than the sturdy denial, disarmed him.

"Then how is it that you are released to this? There is employment to be found by those who seek it," he proceeded, with a frown.

"I work in California," exclaimed the young man with a soft Italian accent. "One day a letter from Italy brought me bad news. 'Marta,' the betrothed of Gaetano, is dying,' it said; 'she begs to see him.' I am Gaetano, Excellence, Gaetano Decard. That evening I set out to return to my own country, and to Marta. I had little money. Sometimes I rode under the freight cars, sometimes I walked for days. To-day I find a ship. You will let me go free, Excellence?"

The judge softened. He was human, after all.

"Decard, are you hungry now?" he asked, leaning over his desk.

A red glow mounted to the brow of the prisoner. For a moment he did not reply. At last he admitted shame-facedly.

"Excellence, I have not tasted food for two days."

"Very well. The best sentence for you is a dinner, boy," declared the judge, with whimsical severity.

Two days later Gaetano was on his voyage across the sea. Somewhere in midocean, unseen, unknown, his ship passed another, westward bound. One afternoon soon afterwards with a party of Italian immigrants just landed at Ellis Island, stood a fragile girl.

"She is too pale she will not be permitted to stay in this country," her compatriots whispered among themselves.

"She has been ill, but she will soon be strong again," said the mother of the family in whose care she had made the journey.

"I am Marta Franconi," declared the girl to the interpreter. "I am come out to marry my betrothed, who should be here to meet me. He lives just over in California; surely if he is not here to-day he will come to-

morrow."

When Marta remained day after day in the lodging of the detained women immigrants, and yet he did not come, with unfailing trust she still had recourse to the sweet confidante of her maiden heart, the blessed Madonna.

Finally word came from the tranquil orange valley in the distant West: "My son, Gaetano, disappeared the day he got word his betrothed was dying." Giordano wrote to the commissioner.

"We know not whether he is living or dead."

By her handwork Marta had shown that she could earn her bread. She was released accordingly, but only to find that the family with whom she came over had emigrated to some other place. One evening on her way home from work Marta stopped at a little church in the crowded Italian quarter. Here she always found comfort. Here the sweet face of the Madonna looked down at her from the gilded frame of a beautiful picture as through a window of heaven. Marta had been very lonely to-night, but this pause where the light of the chancel lamp led like a star to the Door of Peace made her brave again.

Just as she was about to go out a man came in quietly and knelt at the back of the church.

Marta rose from her knees and turned to go out into the world, taking up the burden of life again.

As she drew near the man kneeling at the last bench, her attention was in some way attracted to him.

"He is a sailor or just from a voyage," she said idly to herself.

Marta caught at the back of a bench to keep from falling.

"Gaetano! Was this an apparition?" "Gaetano—"

He had stared at her like one in a dream, but now he started up.

"Yes, Gaetano," he cried. "Ab, carissima mia, from across the mountains and over seas I have sought you long."

"I waited, mio caro, but when I grew better of the fever and my uncle wanted to marry me to Guido, the vine-dresser, my mother let me come to join you as we planned," stammered Marta in an ecstasy of happiness.

"Giorgia mia, when, landing in Italy and walking many a mile, I reached your village," he said, "they told me you had come to America with the de Sorios. As soon as might be, I got work on a ship again to return to the United States and seek you. But I was too eager to be cautious. After we sailed I discovered we were bound for Argentina. Only now have I got back to New York. To-day I searched through this quarter for the Sorios, but they have disappeared. Those who remembered them declared that no young girl was with them. When I spoke your name, Marta, no one knew or had heard of you. A few moments since, passing along the street, I came to this open door. I will into the church, I thought, and at least give thanks that our ship was not lost in the storm we encountered when coming up the coast. And so, beloved, as by chance—but no, surely it was a providence—I have found you. Ah, truly, God is good."

"Yes, though so near, how easily we might have been again lost to each other," said Marta, trembling at the very mention of the danger escaped.

Next day Gaetano and his betrothed were married in the little church—Exchange.

Emmaus.

The best things of life are gone before we appreciate them. They are figures in a dream that is a reality, but a reality that is past before we can appraise it intelligently. Then in our souls we build shrines for sweet and noble memories—but memories after all, not living, present joys. What ever recalls them only intensifies our loss. Great memories are unconscious and realized only in the retrospect. The parable is spoken. We revere the speaker, the magic of his voice, the beauty of the story. Long afterward we grasp the lesson, for which the parable was but the shell.

The sad disciples went out of Jerusalem talking together "of all these things which had happened." The risen Lord appeared to them as they were on the road, walked with them and raised their drooping spirits. They were glad, they knew not why. The evening came. The three sat at table. In the breaking of the bread their eyes were opened, and they knew Him; and He vanished out of their sight. Their hearts were burning within them as that beloved voice told them the things that were for their peace. They knew Him and He was gone.

As one goes on through life, and the twilight grows fainter and companions drop out of the line of march and are left behind, the past grows more precious. At first we were enthusiastic and thoughtless, excitedly pressing forward to the beckoning horizon. But later when he knew our quest to be the search for the end of the rainbow, we trudge listlessly, looking back, rather than forward. Every child of Adam enacts during the life-span the great drawn-tragedy of the first man. When his eyes are opened to the delights of Paradise, he must leave them and the other Paradise, the lasting City, is veiled in the mists of the future and seemingly set on inaccessible crags.

The gem knows nought of its own beauty of the sunlight of his own glory. The child senses not his happiness. All the e things are clear only to the eyes of him who looks upon them and feels only a vicarious thrill. The meaning of joy is a reflection, like the brilliancy of the moon, which shines not by its own light, but in the borrowed rays of the sun. Man is the real Tantalus. Happiness is all about him but not in him. What time he has it, he is in a dream. The cup is brimming, and tortured by thirst himself, he has the added pang of seeing others quaff it—drink unknowing. The spectacle of power sweeps by him and he appreciates its value far better than those who have the power. It is only the shivering newsboy who knows the sweetness of the heaped up

viands in the brilliant shops because they are not for him, who can weigh the bliss in the laughter of rich men's children, because there is no laughter in him. It is only the poor man who can measure the worth of wealth. If he would lose the charm, he would lose the charm. Understanding lies in loss or in want.

The trees in the garden of life are loaded with fruit that turns to dust and ashes in the mouth, not that the palate loses its sense of taste. We are victims of a perennial dilemma; either to behold and never enjoy or to enjoy and know it not. Satisfaction in the good things of life is given to them who lose its zest in much thinking about him. There is a delirium of the senses. It is not appreciation, but delirium.

The paradox is old. It was ancient in the fabled days when Apollo kept the flocks of King Admetus, an ancient tale when the pyramids yet slumbered in the hills overlooking the Nile. Every record of the elder days, every mythology and folklore teach the lesson in one form or another, and the burden of it is that the eyes are not opened until he has vanished.

What is the meaning of this promise whose performances we never know until it is too late? The joy that cheats us even in its fulfillment, the music whose harmony is not left until the last note has died away? Why did the risen Lord reveal Himself to the disciples only to vanish? Why do the rare sincerity and sterling generosity of our best friend become clear to us only when we stand beside his coffin?

It is the old, old lesson taught to the slow intelligence of the children of men, that the beauty of the world, the value of friendship, the late-born perception of all that is worth while in life, are flashed before our eyes for an instance and then withdraw that taking courage from the realization, we may go on valiantly. We are given a glimpse of the best that this world can give so that we may long for the never-ending vision and possession of a better world than this. The prodigal's glad welcome. The friend we left behind is waiting at our destination. All the grandest moments of the noblest life will be eternal joy of those who prove themselves worthy. If we listen and hope and work, one day our hearts shall burn and never grow cold again, our eyes shall be open to behold Him forever, and then we shall know and enjoy a never before, the reward of faith and faithful service, the true meaning of life, the ecstatic answer to all our sad soul questions.—The Pilot.

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Between, DUNCAN FRASER and J. LESLIE JENISON, Plaintiffs

JAMES F. CAMERON, Defendant.

To be sold at Public Auction, by the Sheriff of the County of Antigonish or his Deputy at the Court House in Antigonish, in the said County of Antigonish, on

Monday, the 5th day of December, A. D. 1910 at the hour of ten o'clock, in the forenoon.

All the estate, right, title, interest, claim, property, and demand of the above named Defendant at the time of the recording of the Judgment herein, or at any time since, of, in, or out of the following described lot of land, viz: That certain lot, piece, or parcel of

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS

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The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy must be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of 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 eighty acres solely owned and occupied by him or by 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 \$3.00 per acre

Duties—Must reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six 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 \$300.

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

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There is what is called the worldly spirit which enters with the greatest subtlety into the character of even good people...

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1.

"MODERN PROGRESS" IN HALIFAX.

(Continued from page 1)

Pike and back; from Condorcet to Theophile Braga and back; from Pombal to Canalejas and back; from Erasmus to Tolstoi and back again.

All these "systems" and "schools" and "movements," have made much use of the "watchwords," "progress," "reform," "humanity," and "the uplifting of mankind." The fundamental fallacy of their reasoning and their methods has always been that they ignored the only true friend that progress, reform, and humanity have in this world,—Christianity,—and by methods sometimes gentle and argumentative, by methods sometimes cruel and bloody, they have sought to pull Christianity down.

The Echo is a daily journal, appealing to men of all Christian creeds. How is it that we find it, in this editorial, insulting every man in Nova Scotia who is more than a nominal member of any Christian denomination?

There must be more than that to disturb The Echo's repose. What is it?

The action of the Greek Church "is in keeping with the attitude of all similar institutions in treating with those who have been permitted to point the way of reform," says the Echo.

What are "all similar institutions"? There is only one institution that is closely similar to the Greek Church, and that is the Catholic Church. Is the shadow of the Pope falling across the editorial desk of The Echo to the disturbance of the editorial mind?

This brings us to the question—what churches did Tolstoi denounce? The Encyclopaedia Americana says: "His religious and theological views include the denial of the Trinity; of the deity of Jesus and his vicarious atonement; of orthodox conceptions of the future world, of every kind of sacramentalism, and similar dogmas."

In an article published in a leading Canadian daily a few days ago, we are told that:

"His religion had to do with this life only. He categorically denied any future existence. He said that the survival of the soul after death, is, like the resurrection of the body, only a superstition, contrary to the spirit of the Gospel."

If all the Churches which hold the

doctrines, or some of the doctrines, so repudiated by Tolstoi have "buried the simple gospel of Christ beneath the limbo of religion," then that "simple gospel" is hopelessly lost to mankind. But, the truth is, that Tolstoi knew nothing of the "gospel of Christ"; and if The Echo means all that its words imply, its knowledge thereof is by no means greater than his.

Will The Echo kindly explain, or withdraw, this extraordinary utterance? Or, does it wish the Christian people of Nova Scotia to regard it as an exponent of a cult which magnifies the human until it shuts out the divine; which holds him who gives his labor to improvement in purely human things, greater than the man who prepares the soul for eternal life; which adores the perishable brain of man, and ignores the claims of the imperishable revelations and teachings of God?

It is wholly beside the question that Tolstoi did some deeds in his life that were useful and good. The Echo is at liberty to credit him with those things. But, he would have had the Russian peasants believe that death ends all. Does The Echo believe that? And, if not, how does it dare to insult its Christian readers in its glorification of Tolstoi?

Our London Letter.

LONDON, Nov. 3rd, 1910.

A Catholic Reference Library, a new Catholic Club and Assembly rooms, a new Catholic hospital and the extension of the work of the Catholic Soldiers Club, these are some of the social events of the week. I think I have previously referred to the first of these three institutions, and the Archbishop formally opened the comfortable and artistic rooms which appeal immediately to the student and litterateur, and which owe their inception to the enterprise of two ladies. The shelves are already well stocked with works of value, many great tomes which appear necessary to the priest and layman who seeks to study some important branch of Catholic belief, tradition or practice but are seldom to be found in the public libraries of the land and too expensive to appear on the table of every student. It is already apparent that the library will be extensively used and will fill an important want in the lives of London Catholics.

The beautiful rooms of the Catholic Association situated in the heart of London, in a fine old mansion fitted with all the most modern aids to beauty and comfort, presented a brilliant appearance on Friday last. Several officers in uniform, papal chamberlains, and other gentlemen wearing decorations bestowed by the Holy Father were to be seen amongst the crowd of well-known ladies, and the numerous priests who gathered to receive the welcome of Archbishop Bourne to this latest rendezvous of Catholic London. Busy and ardent Catholics from all the various grades of Society rubbed shoulders with each other, and the three Kingdoms were well represented. There was an air of good fellowship and camaraderie pervading the assembly that was very good to observe and gives pleasant auguries of the Club life which is to commence in these elegant salons, where members may drop in to scan the international Catholic press, play a game of chess with a friend, chat with acquaintances, make new acquaintances, or take some light refreshment. In the evenings there will be more solid attractions, lectures on various subjects of interest by well-known men and women having been arranged for the winter months, which alternate with dances and whist drives as more exciting relaxations. Next year the large number of American and Colonial Catholics who may be expected amongst our coronation visitors will find the Rooms of the Association a very valuable asset, where they can learn a good deal of interesting information, and where they will be gladly welcomed. As the rooms are in the very centre of Hotel land they are likely to be largely patronised.

The voice of the Catholics of Britain has been heard in no uncertain terms this week regarding the unwarranted libels that the press have seen fit to publish on the religious orders in Portugal directly they saw an opportunity to strike a fallen and helpless community. I have already referred to the wild and monstrous statements published in the daily press of Britain regarding the private life of the Portuguese religious, the sort of foul aspersions that no one in their right senses credits even for a moment. Not only did the Rev. John Gerrard, the well-known Jesuit historian, give the lie direct to these tales and rumours at the half yearly meeting of the Catholic Truth Society, but Archbishop Bourne also referred to the matter as a further incentive to the support of the Society's work, since it was evident that Catholics would never get fair play from the press, of its own accord. Another large gathering was that which came together at the fortnightly meeting of the Westminster Catholic Federation, when several clergy and laity spoke with keen knowledge and strong indignation on the treatment meted out to Portuguese Catholics in the press, and a resolution of sympathy and condolence was passed in the names of the Catholics of Great Britain with the religious orders, men and women, who were spending themselves in the service of the poor, the sick, the aged and the children, and whose only reward was robbery, violence, and exile. This resolution has been forwarded to several leading papers, but of course it has not been published by them.

The miracles at Holywell conti n u

in large numbers. Only this week three cures are reported, all of which have been thoroughly investigated by properly qualified medical men. A young Irish girl from Bolton who had been obliged to go about on crutches for the last five years, owing to severe ulceration of both legs, bathed in the well three times, and after the third ablation, found herself suddenly free from pain and practically able to walk without assistance, only a little stiffness remaining owing to the length of time since she had set her foot upon the ground. More remarkable still was the recovery of a little boy of seven years who had suffered from hip disease since he was two years old, and was carried about upon a chair. The little fellow made a novena of very simple and pious exercises with his good mother, bathing every day in the Saint's well and on the ninth day he rose as if he knew not what pain was and is now running about, well and happy. Little Edward Kelly came all the way from Scotland, and remained at the shrine several days in thanksgiving for his wonderful recovery; he has now returned to his Glasgow home.

When we are hearing so much of the coming Dickens centenary it is interesting to note that the Dickens Fellowship, a club or Society in honour of the great novelist which is very popular and each member of which takes the name of a Dickens' character, was founded by Catholics. Indeed some of Dickens' descendants are now members of the Church. One of the methods of perpetuating his memory, comes from this Society who desire to found a bed with Catholic subscriptions to be called the "Tiny Tim" bed, in the St Vincent Home for Boys at Harrow Road. For this end Tiny Tim Christmas parties were inaugurated last year, and now the £300 necessary has just been completed by an anonymous gift, so that the cot is secured, and one little wanderer will be always sure of a warm corner and a helping hand, in memory of Tiny Tim and his well loved creator.

A sacerdotal jubilee of more than local interest takes place on Dec. 8th next. It is that of Father Francis Stanfield, who on that date celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the Priesthood. He is the gifted son of a gifted father, for the name of Clarkson Stanfield, R. A., can still command good prices in the great auction rooms when any of his noble landscapes come under the hammer. Father Francis is known beyond Britain by his lovely hymns, of which the sweetest and most perfect is surely "Sweet Sacrament Divine" which has within its haunting numbers a revelation of the Blessed Sacrament that few other hymns have attained to. He was present in St. Peter's as he has often told the writer, on the great day when the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception was proclaimed, and from the depths of his heart welled forth that other beautiful and harmonious prayer "O Mother, welcome is the Feast." Music and words are worthy of their sublime subject, and of each other, and both come from the same hand. Father Stanfield is a musician and composer of no mean ability, and until failing health compelled him to retire from the Mission, his eloquence as a preacher was intense. I have known him fill a Church with men for the meeting of the Sacred Heart Confraternity, where no men were usually to be found, and this by sheer force of compelling personality and sweetness. He is a very old man now, but his face is still that of a poet, his deep childlike blue eyes, and silvery hair, his old world courtesy and gracious speech, being links with another and less hurried age which is fast slipping from us into the mists of the past. It is suggested that all who love Father Stanfield's music, should offer a communion for him on the great day of his golden jubilee. It is the only offering acceptable to him, or which seems to recall him for a moment to earth from those dreams of fairer worlds which now fill his poetic soul.

Golden opinions have greeted the latest work from the pen of that great Catholic composer, Sir Edward Elgar. His new Violin concerto was given the other evening in London to an immense audience, and though it is difficult to appraise a great work on first hearing it, it is safe to say that Sir Edward's Concerto will be one of the best pieces for coming violinists of the future. Moreover, not only does it brist'le with difficulties, but it has none of that reminiscent music in it which is such a feature of modern composers' work. It is all pure unadorned Elgar, and is all the better for this distinction. And while we are on the subject of music and musicians it is interesting to note that the veteran singer of sweet songs, Sir Charles Santley, a loyal Catholic, is about to have a benefit, under the auspices of Lady Knill, and hat the King and Queen have given their patronage thereto, while it has been absolutely difficult to niche in the numberless well-known artists who have offered their services. It will be a rare treat, and an evening to be remembered in the annals of Covent Garden, for the performance is to open with Grand Opera, continue with Herbert Tree in Julius Caesar, and wind up with Sir Charles himself in "The Watermen."

Lord Lovat brought home his bride in true Highland fashion to Beaufort Castle a couple of days ago. The Clan Fraser were out in numbers to greet the bridal pair, and the horses were soon unharnessed from the carriage which was dragged up the long drive by relays of tenantry and retainers, and to the strains of the pibroch gallantly sounding the family march. In the great Hall of the Castle Lord Lovat formally presented his bride to his people, and afterwards led in the Highland games with which the day closed. At evening a great feast was spread for everyone, after which a mighty bonfire was kindled on the nearest hill, and, heading a torch light procession, the pipers seranaded Lady Lovat for an hour.

A very strange event is reported from a Mayo Convent. One of the scholars, a little girl of thirteen, was heard sobbing loudly in the dormitory a few nights since, and on being awakened, stated she had just dreamed most vividly of the Crucifixion. No interest was attached to the matter till the following morning, when upon the child's wrist was found a long red cross above which appeared the letters, INRI, and later a crown of thorns became visible below the cross. The marks cannot be accounted for in any ordinary manner. They have been examined by several persons, including medical men, and all agree that the occurrence is most remarkable. Private information reached me this week also that Our Lady is said to have appeared in Paris to a Nun in a well known convent there. The ecclesiastical authorities are investigating the circumstances with all that care and scrutiny which makes it a perfectly true saying, that a Catholic is the last person in the world to believe in a miracle.

Professor Kuno Meyer, whose Gaelic classes were so successful last year in London, has again arranged course of very interesting studies for the coming months at University College here, and already he is inundated with requests for tickets. The gifted professor is making a special study of Irish MSS., but also finds time to plan a course of Gaelic Lectures for beginners. Part of the cost of this most valuable contribution to our knowledge and literature is being borne by an anonymous benefactor.

The remarkable evidence of that great physician, Sir James Crichton Brown, before the Divorce Commission, which so conclusively proved that true science is the greatest ally of the Catholic church in all that makes for the good of the human race, and which elicited the remarkable figures showing some 400 Church of England marriages per annum end in the Divorce Court as against, 10 Catholic, 7 Jewish, 100 odd contracted at Registry offices, and so on, has been followed by the experiences of a gentleman who is a champion of the new science yecept "Eugenics," and would sacrifice every ideal to the health and physical well being of the body. This man bears unconscious testimony to the power for moral well being of the Church, for being in favour of Divorce, he relates his experiences amongst several poor women, all of whom desired it save the Catholics. He remarks as strange that he has never met a Catholic who would avail themselves of the law, and adds this is due to the fact that of course it is only the Catholic Church which regards marriage as a Sacrament and elevates it above the level of a mere civil contract. We agree. It is also apparently only the same Church that has the power today to deter her children from that which is evil, standing firmly for authority while thrones rock and kingdoms are swept away, and still swaying mankind with the sceptre of the cross. CATHOLICS.

Pleasant Trip of Engineering Students to Dominion Steel and Coal Plant and Mines.

Rev. Professor McIntyre, accompanied by the engineering classes to the number of twenty-four, went to Cape Breton on Saturday last to take advantage of the privilege accorded them to see the vast plant and mines of the Dominion Steel and Coal Corporation. They returned yesterday, greatly pleased with this trip which they found as pleasant socially as it was profitable educationally. They are enthusiastic in their praise of the kindness and courtesy of the officials and others that they met. Two visits were made to the coal mines. With the assistance of Manager A. C. McNeil, a detailed examination was made of Colliery No. 2, New Aberdeen. The machinery here was of great interest to the students, especially the huge new Turbine Engine, the largest in Canada. Two gentlemen of the Coal staff accompanied the geological formations and the subterranean workings at points over sixteen hundred feet below the surface. A profitable and interesting visit was also paid to the Dominion Steel Plant at Sydney, where Mr. Noble and several other officials explained the various parts of the great plant, and the processes of iron-smelting and steel-making, from the taking in of the raw materials to the turning out of the finished product. An exceedingly enjoyable trip to Dominion No. 4, and a Scottish Concert, which they attended in the Sydney Lyceum on Tuesday evening, are features of the visit which the students will always look back to with pleasure. They are all unstinting in their commendation of P. McLellan of the Grand Hotel in Sydney, and D. Sullivan of the Glace Bay Hotel, and John A. McIsaac, Esq., for kind attention and courteous treatment.—COM.

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BOOTS AND SHOES. It is true economy to provide good footwear for yourself and family. We are admitted lenders in offering good substantial foot wear. Besides "AMHERST" Shoes for men and women, boys and girls, we also carry a large assortment of other reliable makes, secured before the recent advance, which we still offer at old prices. Our stock of Boots and Shoes has never been as large or as well selected. Gum Sho. a. Overshoes and Larrigans arriving daily.

CUSTOM TAILORING. Just received, a large assortment of Suitings and Overcoatings, both fancy and staple. Place your orders early and secure first choice. Fit and workmanship guaranteed.

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT. Up-to-date Ready Made Suits, Overcoats, Uster-Coats, Saskatchewan Coats, Reversible Leather Coats. Hee soon Pants, Overalls and Jumpers, Winter Caps, Mitts and Gloves and a large stock of STANFIELD UNSHIRK ALE UNDERWEAR and Best Clothing. In this department, particularly, we have close to the line, let the chip fall where it may.

HARNESSES. Saskatchewan Buffalo Robes, light, driving and heavy Team Harnesses, Cart Saddles, Pads and Bridlebits. Highest Market prices paid for all Country produce.

THOMAS SOMERS Antigonish N. S.

General News.

Twenty-seven applications for divorce will be considered at this session of the Canadian parliament.

Thirteen miners were killed in an explosion at the Jumbo asphalt mine, Durant, Oklahoma, on Friday.

Judgment in a Toronto appeal case decides that Dominion officials, including judges, will have to pay taxes on their incomes the same as citizens.

Hattie LeBlanc, the young Arichat, C. B. girl who is charged with the murder, a little over a year ago, of Clarence F. Glover, a laundryman of Waltham, Mass., is now on trial.

Crossing the Bay of Fundy on the steamer Yarmouth Saturday Robert Tupper, of Round Hill, N. S., was swept overboard and drowned. He and his wife were returning from their wedding trip.

The British Parliament was dissolved on Monday and the new Parliament is summoned to meet on January 31, 1911. The elections are now on and the contest to be waged will be one of the most momentous in British history for the last hundred years.

What at first appeared to be rather severe rioting in Mexico, has taken on the proportions of a revolutionary outbreak, widespread and of considerable force.

There have been battles between the government forces and those of the revolutionists. The leader is Francisco Madero, who was a candidate for the Presidency in the last election, and who declares that Diaz, the present and long-time President, by illegal and tyrannical means thwarted the will of the people, and that his administration is a despotism, which the people should not longer endure.

Countryman's Joke.

To the Editor of the Casket: DEAR SIR,—In my first letter replying to "Countryman," I said that "most of your readers treated his letter as a joke." Now it would seem that he is one of those himself, in so far as he expresses surprise that so much attention has been given him.

Personals.

Mr. Ambrose Levangio of Havre Bouche left for Regina, Sask., on Thursday of last week, he intends to teach school at Regina.

Mr. James Levangio, postmaster, Frankville, Ant., who for three weeks has been in the hospital at Antigonish has recovered his health, and returned to his home on Monday.

Mr. James Gillis, P. P., of Port Harvey, N. S., is in the Hospital at Antigonish with bronchial trouble. He is much improved and expects to return home this week.

Mr. J. B. Trudel, of Montreal, Vice-President of the Canadian Farm produce Co., a concern similar to the Maritime Fresh Milk Co., spent a few days in Town, viewing the latter's plant. He expressed himself well pleased with the rapid progress of this industry since it started operations.

Mr. Trudel, who is an expert on milk and on dairy herds, visited the surrounding district, and speaks in glowing terms of Antigonish as a farming country.

We have on hand 50 bushels good potatoes, Chisholm, Sweet & Co.

Tea Cup Invades the Office.

AN OLD COUNTRY BUSINESS PRACTICE MAKING HEADWAY IN TORONTO.

(Special from Toronto Nov. 11th.) A reporter called yesterday afternoon shortly before four o'clock on a Toronto's large industrial concerns and promptly at four o'clock a young lady brought in two cups of tea. The reporter was invited to partake of what proved a most delicious and refreshing beverage, and business being laid aside for a moment, the manager explained that a few months before he had been to England where he had found the 4 o'clock tea custom practically universal among business houses. He had enjoyed it so much and it had seemed to fit in so well that after coming home he had adopted it in his own office. He said he always used Red Rose Tea because it had the fine flavor and smooth richness of some of the choicer kinds he had got in the old country.

Upon enquiry at the office of the Red Rose Tea Co. it was found that the practice had been begun there only a few days ago, and that with their usual ambition to be a little ahead of the profession they served a cup of delicious tea, not only to every member of the office and warehouse staffs but to every stranger who happened to be within the gates at the appointed hour. The tea is served to every one at his or her desk, the drinking occupies only a minute or two and the tea is so deliciously refreshing and stimulating that the working efficiency of the staff is increased for the rest of the day.

The remarkable success of Red Rose Tea and the high esteem in which the firm is held by the trade throughout Canada is a striking tribute to the forceful and progressive business methods steadily pursued by Mr. T. H. Estabrooks of St. John, N. B., the proprietor of Red Rose Tea. This success has made Mr. Estabrooks a national figure in the tea business.

Among the Advertisers.

Waldren's Studio open Dec. 1st and 2nd, two days only. Xmas photos. Good green cod, 5 cents; green hake, 4 cents, at Bonner's.

Raisins and currants, cider and spice for mince meat at Bonner's. The best meat chopper, large size, 5 cutters, \$1.25 at Bonner's.

Rat poison, mouse and rat traps, the right kind, at Bonner's.

Get your winter's tea, oil and general supplies at Bonner's. Quality the best and prices right.

25 men's suits at 25 per cent. less than regular prices. Sizes 36 to 42. Chisholm, Sweet & Co.

Wanted, a girl for light housework. Apply to Mrs. Robert McPhie, Church Street, Antigonish.

Wanted to buy, a good milk cow. Please address, David Hill, Reserve Mines, C. B.

Leather hand bags, from 75 cents up to \$10.00, also a large line of purses, at C. J. Macdonald's.

Leave your orders for Xmas cakes, plain, suitans, and fruit, any size, and quality guaranteed. Bonner's.

New books in silk and burnt leather bindings, and a large supply of children's books, at C. J. Macdonald's.

Wanted immediately, a girl to assist with housework in a small grown-up family. Apply at Casket Office.

A large supply of all kinds of stationery and Christmas papereries from 25 cents to \$3.95, at C. J. Macdonald's.

Mrs. Seaman is having a sale of fancy work at Miss A. Cunningham's Millinery Parlor on Dec. 7th, afternoon and evening.

Lost in a store in Town, on Nov. 23, a sum of money. Finder will confer a great favor on owner by leaving it at McGillivray & McDonald's.

Lost, in Town, on 23rd Nov., a five dollar bill, between Peter McDonald's carriage shop and Bonner's store. Finder please leave at Casket Office.

Lost, between Antigonish and Head of Lochaber, on Nov. 23, a bag of chopped feed. Will finder please notify Mrs. J. R. Norris, South Lochaber.

Volpeck cement mends holes in enamelware, tinware, brass or copper dishes, in a minute. Fix up your old dishes instead of throwing them away. 25 cents at Bonner's.

A lot of beautiful brass goods, also brass for piercing in lamp shades, candle sticks and shades, photo frames, etc., at C. J. Macdonald's Book and Fancy Goods Store.

Miss Violet McDonald will have a sale of fancy articles, including water colors and leather tooling, at her home on Church St., December 12th and 13th.

Beautiful, desirable and useful Christmas gifts in fancy goods, books and novelties at C. J. Macdonald's. Every article shown is the best of its class and at fair prices.

DIED

At Harbour Road, on the 29th inst., MALCOLM McLEOD, after an illness of a few hours, in the 74th year of his age. He is survived by one brother, four sisters, a son and a daughter. R. I. P.

At St. Martha's Hospital, Antigonish, on Nov. 16, ANNE MCGILLIVRAY, aged 36 years. A sorrowful father, one sister and five brothers survive to mourn her loss. She was consoled by the last rites of Holy Church. After Requiem High Mass, her remains were laid to rest in Maryvale cemetery. R. I. P.

At Glenagarry, Big Pond, Nov. 9, 1910, JOSEPH McNEIL, after an illness of over a year, borne with Christian fortitude and strengthened by the rites of the Church. He was in his 51st year. Besides fond parents, five brothers and one sister mourn his death. His remains were laid beside those of his sister, who died but two months ago. R. I. P.

At Ashdale, Ant., after a lingering illness, MARY, daughter of the late DONALD McCAE, Esq., in the 76th year of her age. Consolated by frequent reception of the Sacraments, she peacefully passed to her eternal reward, after a Requiem High Mass, her remains were laid beside her sister, who preceded her to death a few weeks ago. May her soul rest in peace!

At Trenton, Pictou Co., MALCOLM MACDONALD, deceased was born at Murrayville, Ant., and was the son of Angus Macdonald and Louisa Catherine Macdonald. He was born on 25th July, 1837. He died as he had lived, full of Christian piety. He passed

away on Friday, 18th of November, consoled by the rites of our Holy Mother Church, of which he was always a devout and sincere member. R. I. P.

At Glenora Falls, Mabou, Nov. 10th, 1910, after a lingering illness, MARY A. beloved daughter of Margaret McQuarrie. She bore her sickness with exemplary patience and resignation. Strengthened by the frequent reception of the sacraments, she died a beautiful and happy death. Her amiable and cheerful disposition had endeared her to a large circle of friends, and her untimely death, cut down as she was in her 27th year, has cast a gloom over the entire community. The deepest sympathy is felt for her bereaved parents, brothers, and sisters. Her remains were borne to St. Mary's cemetery, Mabou, where the funeral took place. May her soul rest in peace!

At North Sydney, on Monday last, 28th ult., Mrs. Christina Kosnyne, widow of the late John Kosnyne, of Sydney Mines, at the age of 92. Deceased was a native of the Antigonish County, and a sister of the late Rev. Hugh McDonald, of Antigonish Diocese. The children living in this country are Mrs. James McLeod, North Sydney, and William Kosnyne, Sydney Mines. Another daughter entered the Order of Little Sisters of the Poor in 1832, and is now in France. Mrs. Kosnyne was much beloved by all who knew her, and preserved always the strong faith and kind heartiness of the Scottish pioneers of Nova Scotia. R. I. P.

At St. Martha's Hospital, on the 25th ult., after a short illness of paralysis, CAPTAIN DANIEL MCKINNON, aged 72. The deceased, who was a native of the Antigonish County, was the son of the late Archibald McKinnon, son of his brother, Lauchlin, was born at William's Point and educated at St. Andrew's Grammar School, St. Francis Xavier's College. His standing and reputation as a successful and trustworthy master mariner may be judged from the fact almost his entire career as such was spent in the employ of one house—Messrs. C. S. Whidden & Son. A man of the deepest character, and a sincere and humble Christian, his death is mourned by a large circle of friends here, married a strong, daughter of the late Stephen McDonald, of this town, who died a number of years ago. Of his two children, a son and a daughter, only the former survives him. The funeral, from his late residence on Sunday a tercenon was largely attended. R. I. P.

At West Merigonish, Pictou County, on Nov. 12, WILLIAM McNEIL, fondly known as Willie, in the fifty second year of his age. The deceased was of a lovable character, kind, affable and industrious. He had always the highest regard for honesty and truthfulness, and was a man of no ordinary intelligence. Though in failing health for about three years, his many friends and relatives had grave reason to fear the untimely end of his earthly career. Yet, they were ill-prepared to hear the sad news of Willie's death. His demise is regarded as a distinct loss to the community. For many years he was one of the wardens of his native parish, and always took the keenest interest in its welfare. A thorough, practical Catholic he had lived, and died fully resigned to the Divine Will, and firm in hope of a glorious resurrection. Twenty-five years ago, he married Miss Catherine of Salt Spring, Ant., by whom he had eleven children, all of whom survive him to mourn a kind, affectionate father. To them as to his brothers and sisters is extended the sympathy of the community. R. I. P.

Acknowledgments.

- Rev J J Walsh, St John, \$1.00
Daniel McDonald, St John, 1.00
V A Chisholm, Dawson, 1.00
A H McQuarrie, Arisaig, 2.00
Hector H McNeil, Sheuacadie, 1.00
John W Chisholm, Lismore, 1.00
Rev Jas Q Dolan, Milford, 1.00
Benjamin Bates, Sydney, 2.00
Henry Orris, St Andrews, 3.40
Alex McPherson, Antigonish, 1.10
Mrs J Doherty, Lambhige, 2.00
Seymour R Kelley, Casso, 2.00
Kate McDonald, River Dennis Station, 1.00
Rev H C McPherson, St Margaret's, 2.00
Dan H McDonald, Lismore, 2.40
St Joseph, St Jacques, 1.00
John McDonald, Ironville, 1.00
Jas F Webb, Frankville, 5.00
Matthew Fitzgerald, Quispesport, 2.00
Wm McDonald, Hazel Hill, 1.00
John Chisholm, Gloucester, 1.00
Angus McGillivray, Farrabro, 1.00
Eunice Melrose, Brookline, .50
John J Macdonald, Sydney Mines, 3.00
John Doyle, Harbor au Bouche, 3.00
Collin McDonald, Glassburn, 3.00
Mary K White, Newton Centre, 1.00
Kathleen Hurley, Port Dufferin, 1.00
Mrs Martha McNeary, Casso, 2.00
Joseph McLennan, Sturgeon Creek, 1.00
A D Smith, Glenade, 1.00
Mrs Dea McFarlane, St Andrew's, 2.00
Benjamin Pitts, Big Tracadie, 2.00
Mary McDonald, Caledonia Mills, 1.00
Mrs H S Fitzroy, Centre Harbor, 1.00
S A McAdam, Maiden, 1.50
Rev M A MacAdam, Antigonish, 1.00
Alex McDonald, Seaman, Heatherton, 1.00
(Many acknowledgments crowded out)

Card of Thanks.

To the Electors of Polling District No. 2:

Gentlemen.—I take this opportunity of thanking you for the generous support you gave me at the last Municipal Election. Considering that I was a non resident and that I have been seeking and receiving your support for eighteen years, I have every reason to be grateful. I remain,

Your obedient servant, L. J. McEACHERN.

Stoves and Ranges

We have just completed and have ready for mailing our latest

STOVE CATALOGUE

which shows a full line of both heating and cook stoves and ranges, with the prices shown for each style, freight paid to your nearest railway station. We will be pleased to mail this catalogue to your address on application. We are also prepared to quote fine prices on machine work of all descriptions. Address

Bridgetown Foundry Co., Ltd. Lock Box 249, Bridgetown, N. S.

FOR SALE

Residence on St. Andrews St. Six acres excellent intervals adjoining. Also 30 acres of land at Harbor, with summer cottage, cook house and barn. Also 100 acres woodland at Briley Brook

Terms easy. Inspection invited. Write, or apply to L. C. ARCHIBALD, Antigonish, September 24th, 1910.

Xmas Gift Suggestions

Let us help you decide What to get for her. The best gifts for ladies — things that are useful as well as ornamental, gifts that are sure to be highly appreciated, are here in a hundred forms.

Call and look over our stock of fine furs, you'll like the elegant things we show.

We illustrate here our leader for Fall and Winter coat for ladies, made of best beaver cloth, astrachan lined, fur collar, \$19.50.

- Mink Ruffs, \$17.75
Mink Muff to match, 15.75
Canadian Mink Ruff, 28.50
Mink Muff to match, 21.50
Mink Pillow Muffs, \$9.75, \$10.50, \$13.50.
Mink Marmot Stoles and Ruffs, \$2.00 to \$18.00
Dog Skin Coats, \$31.50 to \$48.00.
See our Mink Marmot Muff for \$6.75



We wish to direct very special attention to our line of Sealette Coats. This is the very newest feature, and Sealette Coats will be much worn this season, see them, ranging in price from \$20 to \$37.50.

A wonderful line of smart, fashionable suits at prices that will save you big money.

- New Winter Suits \$10.50 to \$18.75.
New Winter Coats, \$8.00 to \$18.70.
New Winter Coats, \$8.00 to \$18.00.
Misses' Winter Coats \$4.50 to \$10.50.
Children's Winter Coats, \$2.25 to \$4.50.
Do your Xmas shopping early.

Everything Displayed

Where you can readily inspect the goods and make your selections however busy we may be

Chisholm, Sweet & Co.

Advertisement for Underwear featuring Eureka brand. Text: 'The only kind made of All Nova Scotia wool — absolutely unshrinkable — no irritating burrs — no wear tempting dropped stitches — well and sensibly finished — exceptional underwear value, in heavy weights at medium prices. Compare it with others — that's the test.' Includes Nova Scotia Knitting Mills, Ltd. Eureka, N. S.

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A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED AT ALL BRANCHES. DRAFTS AND MONEY ORDERS sold, and money transferred by telegraph or letter. COLLECTIONS made in all parts of Canada and in foreign countries. FOREIGN BUSINESS. Cheques and drafts on the United States, Great Britain and other foreign countries bought and sold. 123 ANTIGONISH BRANCH W. H. HARRISON, Manager

The D. G. Kirk Woodworking & Cont. Co.

DOORS, WINDOWS, MOULDINGS, and FINISH OF ALL KINDS, BIRCH and SPUCE FLOORING, SHINGLES, BRICK, LIME, LATHS, PLASTER, etc. BUILDING MATERIAL OF ALL KINDS FURNISHED AT SHORT NOTICE. PLANS AND SKETCHES PREPARED AT MODERATE PRICES

Advertisement for Sharples Dairy Tubular Cream Separators. Text: 'Good Reasons Why SHARPLES DAIRY TUBULAR CREAM SEPARATORS Are The World's Best. Later than, entirely different from, and vastly superior to all others. Produce twice the amount of cream, therefore skin faster and twice as efficient as common separators. This saves clear profits other separators lose. The double skinning force makes disks and other complicated contraptions entirely needless. This makes Sharples Dairy Tubular the only simple separator—the lightest, most easiest washed, for the most durable. In world wide use for 20 years. Patented. Only known way of building modern, simple separators. Guaranteed Forever by the oldest cream separator concern on the continent. The manufacture of Tubulars is one of Canada's leading industries. Tubular construction has completely superseded other contraptions out of date. What Tubulars save by doubly cleaning, skimming and filtering, long durability makes them far cheapest. What common separators lose in cream and returns makes common machines more costly. See our catalogue and be convinced. It is fully explained in our catalogue, and proved by the Tubulars. Write for catalogue No. 340 THE SHARPLES SEPARATOR CO., TORONTO, ONT. WINNIPEG, MAN.

Advertisement for Hides and Pelts. Text: 'Hides! Hides! 500 Hides Wanted. C. B. Whidden & Son are paying cash as usual and pay as high as the highest. Also want 1000 Pelts C. B. Whidden & Son. Watch, Ring GIVEN FOR SELLING POST CARDS. FREE. WALLACE The Optician and Jeweler Antigonish, N. S.

Maritime Dental College

Affiliated with Dalhousie University and Halifax Medical College.

Session opens
August 30th, 1910.

For information and calendar address
DR. FRANK WOODBURY, Dean
192 Pleasant St., Halifax, N. S.

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From Boston Saturdays at noon.

Through tickets for sale, and baggage checked by Railway agents.
For all information apply to Plant Line Agents at Halifax.

H. L. CHIPMAN, Manager.

Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing

The undersigned is now prepared to do the highest grade of work on all watches, clocks and jewelry entrusted to him.
Your jewelry repairs will be correctly and promptly attended to, at a moderate charge, if you leave them with

Pratt The Jeweler,
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When You Want Society Supplies

Such as Badges, Pins, Buttons, Souvenir Spoons

for League of the Cross and Auxiliaries' Holy Name Society, St. Aloysa Sodality, or any Society you belong to.

as prizes for K of C, C. B. A., L. O. C., P. W. A., send to us. We will send samples and prices upon request.

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West End Livery Stable

The subscribers have opened a FIRST CLASS LIVERY. Carriages, Harness, Double or Single Rigs can be supplied at short notice.
In connection with our Stables, Horses always on hand for sale.

E. B. WHIDDEN & SON,
Head of Main Street: Antigonish Telephone 20.

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Miners and shippers of the celebrated

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SCREENED RUN OF MINE SLACK

First-Class for both domestic and steam purposes

COAL! COAL!

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

INVERNESS RAILWAY & COAL CO
Inverness, C. B.
J. McGillivray, Superintendent, Inverness, N. S. JAMES KENNA, Local Agent

MISSIONS!

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

There are several grades of goods — I deal only in the best.

IMPORTANT
Every article is marked with its retail price, so that a child could conduct the sale. All goods unused may be returned to me, at my expense. See my Mission circular as to amount of profit guaranteed. Remember the address

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

The Church in the Polar Regions.

To the Mois Littleraire (Paris) Father Joseph Bernard, S. J., contributes in the current issue an account of his life and labors in the mission to the Esquimaux of northern Alaska, a country which despite the fact that it is one-seventh the size of Europe has a population of only 100,000 inhabitants.

The particular district over which he exercises his apostolic mission is, he tells us, about the size of Belgium. The name of the Jesuit's mission is called St. Mary Igloo and is situated about 150 miles north of Cape Nome, the last station on the border which separates the civilized from the uncivilized world.

St. Mary's is, says Father Bernard, the nearest station to the North Pole from which it is separated by less than five hundred miles of glacial seas.

The weather is not his worst enemy, says the Jesuit, although the winter cold sometimes touches the fifty below zero mark. The snow blizzard is the only real danger of the mission, and it is no unusual experience for him to experience a visitation of this kind, which endures for a whole month at a time.

So terrible are these storms that it is impossible to stir from the hut (or igloo) while they rage, and in one case, a miner who ventured out to fetch logs lying less than fifty yards from his shack, entirely lost all sense of his whereabouts and succumbed before help reached him.

At such periods his log-chapel becomes a veritable snow-house. The snow becomes ice-hard and the priest is forced to cut an entrance which, during the cold weather has all the consistency and hardness of a stone structure.

In summer Father Bernard has a degree of variety, though not much. The thermometer then registers on an average 11 degrees above zero. This is not enough, he says, to grow vegetables, and if your fancy runs that way, you have to cultivate them as near your stove as possible.

The summer in these regions is, of course, the reverse of the winter, inasmuch as it is perpetual day, and the question of deciding exactly at what time to turn in becomes a daily puzzle which gives a little interest to the deadly routine of the period in which the Esquimaux are most apathetic, for they are winter-animals by nature and the departure of ice and snow means the departure of their natural energy and good-will.

The mosquito is the scourge of Alaskan regions in summertime; they lay their eggs (says the Jesuit) in the moss at the end of August; the snow preserves the larva until the following June when an eruption of the pests takes place. And they are the worst specimens of their kind, says the Jesuit; very poisonous and persistent and a terror to the dogs whose eyes they often succeed in draining of blood, driving the brutes mad and causing the loss of their sight.

The natives on the Upper Yukon are Red Men; up north near the Behring Sea, there are none but Esquimaux, who come of a remote Mongolian stock. They are pagans, believing in a just God, the existence of the soul and a devil; they possess no religion, nor any rite. Contrary to what the explorers have recently informed us, Father Bernard declares the Esquimaux to be an extremely truthful people. During the four years the Jesuit has been at St. Mary's he has had sufficient leisure to learn the language. It is by no means a conversational tongue and single words and signs seem to suffice for all purposes.

The Jesuit gives an example of the opening of the verses of the Adeste Fideles in Esquimaux, as follows:

Karetsesi (adeste) nakusuet (fideles) koessumaessi (laeti triumphantes) karetsesi Bethieemun (venite ad Bethlehem).

His little church is naturally a very primitive structure of log and process-pulp, which cost \$500; its altar is a plank on which stands a statue of the Sacred Heart, a statue of Our Lady of Lourdes, the Protectress of the little mission, and a few ornaments which the lonely Jesuit keeps in a case near the altar. This is all his sacristy; but there is a little harmonium possessed of a weirdly plaintive wail that sounds strange in those ghostly solitudes.

His own apartment is not elaborate, he says; the same corner is his bedroom, his dining-room, kitchen, dispensary, store, drawing-room, dog-roost—and it is 15 by 12.

Outside is an elevated cache, raised beyond the enterprise of his often hungry dogs. Nearby is a cemetery in which the corpses are buried deep—again for fear of their being dug up by hungry dogs with keen scent.

The Esquimaux dies easily. His life (says Father Bernard) is so hard that his only regret is to leave his children whom he cherishes very fondly; he surrenders his ghost with a requiem on his lips that is more like an all-lujah.

From mission to mission—there are seven of them in the region—giving instruction, saying Mass, hearing confessions—this is the work of the Jesuit day in, day out. On short journeys he travels on snow-shoes; on long excursions, he takes his sleigh and eight dogs. This sleigh is sixteen feet long, weighs sixty pounds, is entirely of oak without a single nail or screw and cost \$30. The dogs cost from \$50 to \$100 apiece, and are capable of doing sixty miles a day. Father Bernard once did seventy-five miles in less than seven hours.

Alaska is not a country where converts are made by the hundred, says the Jesuit. If one makes twenty conversions in a year one is happy. Nevertheless, there are scores of native settlements where priests are wanted; some of two thousand Esquimaux. The life is as hard as life can be, but the cause is also as great as cause can be.

A little girl was asked the meaning of the word "happy." She said: "It is to feel like you wanted to give all your playthings to your little sister."

A Record of Growth at the Catholic University.

During the summer months many of the professors of the University were engaged in educational work in various parts of the country. Dr. Kerby delivered a series of five lectures at the Webster Summer School under the auspices of the Central Verein. At the Catholic Summer School at Cliff Haven, New York, Drs. Pace, Shields and Turner, gave an extensive and interesting course on the history, principles and methods of education. Dr. Shields also conducted summer institutes for our teaching sisterhoods in many sections of the country, including Rochester, Minn., 12 lectures; Watertown, N. Y., 24; St. Mary's of the Woods, Terre Haute, Ind., 24; Springfield, Mass., 24, and Boston, 24. At each of these centres a large number of Sisters had gathered, representing the schools and academies of their respective communities, so that by this means the work of the department of education is extended over a very wide area and the influence of the university reaches a multitude of teachers who cannot follow its courses during the academic year.

Earlier in the summer the degree of LL. D. was conferred upon the rector by Manhattan College and on Dr. Pace by Notre Dame University at the respective commencements of these institutions.

This year the registration of students far surpasses that of any other year, the increase taking place not only in the theological school, but also, and more especially, in the graduate and undergraduate schools of the lay department. The School of Science seems to be attracting the larger number and promises in the next few years to be very successful. One hundred and ten students are now enrolled in this school, all pursuing their studies with a view to obtaining the B. S. or Ph. D. degree in engineering (civil, chemical, mechanical or electrical), in architecture, chemistry, physics or mathematics. Directing the work of these students and attending to their interests is an able staff of professors and instructors, each of whom gives his entire time to the particular science he represents.

Two of the most important departments in the University are those of chemistry and of physics. The very Rev. John J. Griffin, Ph. D., dean of the School of Science, is in charge of the chemistry department and this year has been given two assistants in chemistry, Mr. Henry Frothing, A. B., and in metallurgy and assaying, Mr. Clarence Baltzley. The courses in physics are conducted by Dr. Daniel W. Shea, assisted by Mr. Louis H. Crook, who received the B. S. degree from the Catholic University in 1909. Both these departments, with their laboratories constructed originally for a comparatively small number of students, have long since outgrown their original quarters, carrying as they do at present from two to three times as many students as at first arranged for, so that a more generous provision for chemistry and physics will soon be a necessity.

In the department of civil engineering, which has enrolled more than forty students, a new professor has been appointed in the person of Mr. Fred J. Merriman, to succeed Mr. Francis J. Thompson, who has resigned to take up a position as patent examiner, but who will still continue to reside in Albert Hall as proctor of that college, and also give instruction in mechanical drawing to first year students of civil engineering. Mr. Merriman comes very highly recommended by President MacLaurin, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, from which he graduated in 1904, and he has had much experience in railroad work throughout New England, Florida and the Philippines. In mechanical and electrical engineering, classes will be conducted in very convenient and spacious lecture rooms on the second floor of the large brick structure now nearing completion to serve as a central heating and lighting plant.

This year the University has made an important new departure by adding to its School of Sciences a course in architecture, leading to a degree of B. S. in this branch. The professor of this new course is Mr. Frederick V. Murphy, one of the most efficient architects on the staff of the supervising architect's office in the Treasury Department. Mr. Murphy is a graduate of the famous Paris school of architecture, known as the Ecole des Beaux Arts and one of the few American students who have gained this coveted honor. Already several students are at work under his direction, looking forward to the B. S. degree in architecture after the usual four years' course of study. There is no reason why henceforth young men desiring to become architects should not find under Catholic auspices the necessary preliminary training and that, too, in a city which for many reasons is an ideal place of study for students in architecture.

In the School of Letters additional instructors have become necessary. Dr. John D. Maguire, professor of Latin language and literature, has received an assistant in Rev. James J. O'Connor, S. T. L. (Catholic University, 1908). Father O'Connor will act as instructor to the undergraduates while continuing his duties as assistant pastor of St. Augustine's Church in Washington. In the Greek department Dr. George M. Boling will be assisted by Dr. Charles W. Dale. He will have charge of the first and second year students of the undergraduate school.

The large number of students applying for admission to the School of Oriental Languages has made necessary an addition to the faculty in this department. Rev. Arthur A. Vaschalde, S. T. L. (C. U., 1895) and Ph. D. (C. U., 1901), who for the last seven has been professor of philosophy at St. Michael's College in Toronto and is a disciple of Dr. Hyvernat, professor of Semitic languages and Biblical archaeology, has been appointed instructor in Semitic languages and is now conducting classes in Hebrew, Syriac, Coptic, Arabic and Assyrian. Dr. Vaschalde is one of the best known specialists in Syriac and is a prominent collaborator of the "Cor-

pus Scriptorum] Orientalium" published at Paris. In that famous collection of ancient Christian Oriental writings he is now publishing, together with the original text, a Latin translation of the works of Philoxenos of Mablogh, a fifth century Nestorian writer on the Trinity and the Incarnation. The latest work of Dr. Vaschalde is the editing of the Syriac text and Latin translation of Babai's "Book of the Universe" (Paris, 1910.) With Dr. Hyvernat and Dr. Vaschalde, the University is sure that its department of Oriental studies is not outranked by any similar institution in the country.

In the department of education there is a very efficient staff of professors. This school is under the immediate direction of Very Rev. Dr. Edward A. Pace, dean of the faculty of Philosophy, who, assisted by Rev. Dr. Thomas V. Moore, C. S. P., lectures on psychology. This year the Rev. P. J. McCormick, S. T. L. (C. U., 1906), for several years superintendent of parochial schools in the Diocese of Hartford, has been made instructor in school management and will also lecture on the history of education, assisting Rev. Dr. William Turner, whose "History of Philosophy" is widely used as a text book not only in Catholic, but also non-Catholic schools both at home and abroad. The principles and methods of education are taught by Rev. Dr. Thomas E. Shields, well known for his zealous interest in all that pertains to the systematizing of Catholic education. These courses are becoming very popular at the University, in particular for young priests who later on find the training extremely profitable to them either as diocesan supervisors of Catholic education or as assistant pastors in places with large parochial schools.

Another new member has been added to the staff of University professors in the person of Mr. Francis J. Hemelt, of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. Mr. Hemelt will act as instructor in the English department, and this year will give to the undergraduates a solid training in rhetoric and prose composition and to the graduate students a course in Anglo-Saxon and in Chaucerian English. The usual graduate course, including the student dissertations for degrees, will be conducted by Professor P. J. Lennox, B. A. (Royal University of Ireland). Professor Lennox is not only one of the best known teachers of English that Ireland has produced, but he is also a polished and versatile writer, as evidenced by his brilliant editorials in the Washington "Post." During the past summer Professor Lennox was appointed by Secretary Nagel, of the Department of Commerce and Labor, as a special agent to investigate trade conditions abroad, and secretary Knox, of the Department of State, further honored him by sending him as a delegate to represent the United States at the International Congress of Chambers of Commerce held in London last June.

From this outline of the various activities of the University it will be seen that excellent opportunities for a first-class education are open for the Catholic young men who attend the foremost Catholic school in our country. A large staff of competent teachers are in charge of their training, and at their disposal is a library of 70,000 volumes. Physical education is not neglected. A new gymnasium is now under construction and will soon be open to the student body. The athletic field, which has been set off from the extensive campus, has been considerably enlarged during the past summer, so that all needed advantages are within the reach of the various athletic teams which came strongly to the front during the last scholastic year.

In the School of Theology the same rapid growth can be observed. For the first time in its history Caldwell Hall is filled to overflowing. Every room in this large building, which serves as a home for ecclesiastical students, is taken, so much so that the University has been obliged to seek quarters for its students elsewhere on the grounds. Through the kindness of Rev. A. P. Doyle, rector of the Apostolic Mission House, a number of rooms have been placed at the disposal of the rector to accommodate students who came to pursue studies in the School of Theology. Besides the forty ecclesiastical students now residing in Caldwell Hall, there are also fourteen ecclesiastical professors, so that the capacity of this hall is now taxed to its utmost, and it would seem that the time is approaching when this building should be finished according to the original designs.

In the department of sacred sciences a new instructor has been added to the staff, Rev. Joseph P. Munday, S. T. L. (C. U., 1910), of the Diocese of Alton. Father Munday has been appointed by the rector to the Thomas Sim Lee fellowship in theology, founded by Mgr. Lee pastor of St. Mathew's Church, Washington, and he will also act as an instructor in dogmatic theology. Father Munday is a brilliant graduate of St. Viateur's College, Bourbonnais, Ill., and won high honors during his studies at the University for the degree of licentiate.

Another of last year's students, Rev. P. J. Waters, of the Archdiocese of Boston, has returned to the University, being appointed private secretary to the rector, to succeed Very Rev. George A. Dougherty, D. D., recently elevated by the Board of Trustees to the vice rectorship of the University. Father Waters spent two years at the University as a student in the department of education. He has recently been appointed by the rector to the Anna Hope Hudson fellowship in philosophy, and is now a candidate for the Ph. D. degree, having received his Ph. M. last June.


Rev. Abel Gabert, of Morristown, N. J., and previously for thirteen years organist and choirmaster at Neuilly, Paris, has come to the University to direct the musical formation of the ecclesiastical students. He will be the instructor in ecclesiastical music and also serve as the organist at the University chapel. Shortly after the opening of the year's work, the choir, under his direction, assisted at the Requiem Mass which was celebrated by the Right Reverend rector for the repose of the soul of Very Rev.

Did you ever hear any one say they could not get good coffee except in the States?

I have heard it, scores of times, and it's one of the reasons that made me decide to go into the Coffee business.

Of the Americans who visit us in summer, hundreds take home a supply of Red Rose Tea because they have never tasted such good tea before. I determined to put up a coffee that would make for itself just as good a reputation. It has not been easy, but I am sure I have succeeded.

Estabrooks' Red Rose Coffee, put up in sealed tins is—well, it's good coffee. You and your American friends will say so.



Estabrooks' Red Rose Coffee

Try it for Breakfast To-morrow

Estabrooks' Coffee for breakfast and Red Rose Tea for other meals.

Anthony Walburg, R. D., of Cincinnati, Ohio. Father Walburg was a generous benefactor of the University and the founder of the chair of German language and literature.

With the return of the students to the University there came also a very interesting gift in the shape of a little box of olive berries and leaves sent from Athens by a friend. These berries and leaves are from the so-called "Olive Tree of Plato," one of the objects of interest in Athens and said to date from the days of Plato and Pericles. Recently this venerable trunk, though long apparently dead and exhausted, put forth foliage and fruit, specimens of which have been sent to the principal universities of Europe and America, and to all well-wishers of Greece. The gift will be placed in the University museum, now occupying new quarters in McMahon Hall.

Football Played by Romans.

Football owes its origin to the Romans, who played with a ball of cloth or leather stuffed with flocks, called harpastum, or with a windbag called follis.

It is not possible, says an English writer, to produce any direct evidence of the progress or popularity of the game in England prior to the year 1175. It is fairly conclusively established, however, that football goes back several centuries further than cricket in 1175 William Fitzstephen, writing in his history of London, mentions the fact that it was the habit of the young men of the city to play at the well-known game of ball after dinner. And there can be no doubt that this game was football, but what its outstanding features were can only be a matter of guesswork. The game was confined to the lower classes; no rules existed for its control; the contests seem to have been more in the nature of general scrambles, the goals being placed at either end of a town or street; and the number of players seem to have been unlimited.

Colds are Contagious.

The common cold runs a more or less definite course and generally extends from one portion of the mucous membrane to another. The symptoms depend on the region involved and the severity of the attack, and do not suddenly arise and disappear, as with hay fever. It seems to spread between people in close contact, and occurs less frequently in summer than in winter. It is a little more common in children than in adults. No specific organism has been found, but this is also true of some other diseases which we know to be contagious. The common belief is that it is due to chilling of the skin, and hence often the opportunity for contagion is overlooked.

There is no much evidence to show that colds are directly contagious. Epidemics of children often remain all summer without colds and have them on return to school, or if one member gets a cold in the summer the other members of the family are likely to have it. All cases in a family do not begin at once, as would be the case if due to the weather, but they come in succession. When there is no chance for contagion, as in Arctic explorations, there are no colds. But colds make their appearance on arrival in port in a warmer region. In Greenland there are no colds, except when they are brought by ship.

Colds have an incubation period of from two to four days and are usually transmitted by sneezing, coughing, embracing, speaking at close range, or by means of towels, etc. They occur more frequently in children because of the closer contact. Colds may be more effectively prevented by avoiding close contact with those who have the disease than by attention to clothing, weather and the like. When we come to realize the difference between hay fever, which is of vaso-motor origin, and the common cold due to germ action, the community will gain.

The objection to drafts and wet feet, which causes the community to shut itself up in tight rooms is due to the fear of catching cold by exposure to close contact with one another. — *Medical and Surgical Journal.*

Be What Mother Thinks You Are.

Whilst walking down a crowded city street the other day,
I heard a little wretch in a comrade turn and say,
"Say, Chimmy, lemme tell youse I'd be happy as a clam
If I only wuz de feller dat me mudder tink I am."

"She tink I am a wonder an' she knows 'ber little lad'
Could never mix wit' nuthin' dat was ugly mean or bad.
Oh, lots o' times I sit an' tink how nice 't would be, gee whizz!
If a feller wuz de feller dat his mudder tink he is!"

My friend be yours a life of toil or undiluted joy,
You still can le-arn a lesson from this small, unlettered boy.
Don't aim to be an earthly saint, with eyes fixed on a star,
Just try to be the fellow that your mother thinks you are.

Religious Training in Schools.

But little more than a year ago whilst presiding at the laying of the corner-stone of a new parochial school in a densely populated West Side parish of Manhattan, Archbishop Farley, in a brief address of congratulation to pastor and people, touched a note which strangely thrilled the hearts of those present at the ceremony. Not an old man as yet, the Archbishop has lived through the exciting days of conflict when the mere suggestion of a need of religious instruction in schools stamped the Catholic as an enemy of the Republic, when the building of church schools to safeguard the faith of God's little ones was openly proclaimed to be a dangerous attempt to introduce into the country religious dominance to the ruin of its free institutions.

No wonder then rang through that warm-hearted talk of the prelate to his people a note of triumph and of victory! Fifty years back Catholic Americans were a destructive leaven in the national life: to-day their persistent efforts to preserve religious instruction as an essential element of the school training of children wins for them the cordial approval of their one-time enemies. Old fallacies are forgotten in the better vision that has come to many, enabling them to perceive that the Catholic position implies the presence in the land of a strong conservative force preparing with vigilant care for the combat that threatens, when the one safeguard shall be that respect for authority and obedience to law which a religious training alone can assure.

Fancy the storm that fifty years back would have loomed black over the heads of an assembly in which even an inferential condemnation of the American public school system was heard. Yet, scarcely a month ago, as the public press reports, something very like such a condemnation was launched during the fourth joint session of the House of Bishops and the House of Deputies of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Cincinnati. The news reports of the discussion on education, to which that session was devoted, tell us that no word was said against the system of training contemplated by the people of the forty-six States, still their significant comment affirmed it to have been made plain by the speakers that they thought education and religious training should go hand in hand.

One is not surprised to learn that many of those in the audience showed themselves not wholly in sympathy with the proposal of a combination of religion and education. It requires years of illuminating experience to destroy the baneful influence of fetiches once held in full honor; and convictions that have been part of one's religious faith almost are not readily shattered. Unfortunately the fancied need of a complete exclusion of religious instruction from the American public school system has been long a ruling fetich in this land. Yet there were strong champions of the right in that all-day discussion in Cincinnati. Rev. Dr. Endicott Peabody, the distinguished head of the Groton School in Massachusetts, pleaded for the establishment of parochial schools in Episcopal communities, "because they are the best that can be furnished for the children." He argued, even, that, in districts where parochial schools do not or can not exist, parents should have their children excused from their public school rooms for a portion of each day, that religious instruction may be imparted to them in rooms or buildings apart from the school houses.

Bishop Charles H. Brent, a delegate from Manila, P. I., in discussing the methods which should be used to establish these schools, did not hesitate to utter an expression which in the old days would have pilloried him with the dangerous "un-American Papists." "State education is a menace to the Church of Christ," he affirmed, "unless it be supplemented with religious education." Mayhap the atmosphere of his chosen missionary field has temperamentally favored Bishop Brent, as it has undoubtedly worked salutary influence in the development of his brother-missionary, Bishop Albion W. Knight, who attended the convention as delegate from Havana, Cuba. This latter warmly condemned an educational system which ignores the essential factor of religious training, and said "that until a parochial system is evolved for the Protestant Episcopal Church, and is followed out, the children of the Church will continue to live amid surroundings not at all conducive to their religious well-being."

Nor are the Episcopalians alone in their onward progress towards the Catholic position in regard to the school question. The *New Church Messenger*, a Swedenborgian journal published in Chicago, contains in a late issue (Oct. 19), an eminently fair plea for religious training in schools. The article asserts that the question is forcing itself with daily growing strength upon the attention of thoughtful men. "There is not amongst us, thus far," says the writer, "any considerable infidel objection as in Continental Europe, to religious education." An optimistic view, no doubt, and one which, if well founded, would make easy the acceptance of the plan the writer ventures to advocate.

In Great Britain, for many years, schools belonging to several religious bodies have received grants of money based on the results attained by the children under government inspection and examination. That is the State paid these schools for services rendered when they fully deserved recognition and payment. There is no reason why Jewish or Catholic schools here should not receive similar payment; as it is, the Catholics and others pay twice over, first in the support of their own parish schools, then in the support of the public schools which they do not use. If this measure of fairness is realized, there is likely to be less strain between Catholics and Protestants generally."

The *New Church Messenger* article touches the economic side of our subject, a phase of the question that

has aroused among Catholics in the United States a readily understood bitterness of feeling though they have loyally borne the double burden which their strong stand for religious instruction in schools imposes upon them. Patience is the word of exhortation in the words of the year of their long struggle, wiser counsels will surely come to prevail, and with a recognition of the fallacy of the principles underlying the system of education now in honor in this country, a way will be found to repair the injustice under which Catholics are chafing. Unquestionably wiser counsels are beginning to be manifested among us. Perhaps the horrible stories that are coming to America from lands whose first fruitage of freedom was an edict suppressing religious teaching in the schools, will help to produce a salutary change in the mental poise of our countryman regarding the question. Revolution and anarchy never have been and never will be lightly thought of in this country; and a system of education which fits those trained within its influence to throw of respect for authority and obedience to law will not appeal to Americans once they have allowed themselves to measure its full and natural possibilities.—M. J. O'Connor, S. J., in *America*.

How to Get Married.

THE PROPER COURSE FOR SELF-RESPECTING CATHOLIC PEOPLE TO PURSUE.

A good beginning in any undertaking, is half the work. So it is also with company-keeping. Young people should first of all make sure that they are intended for the married life. Next, they should pray to God for a happy choice, preserving at the same time within their hearts the proper disposition and the correct motives.

Whilst sincerely wishing to find the one who will be the best and most fit companion for life, they must also wish to be the same for the other party. Let them carefully read the "Don'ts" in order to know exactly what they wish to find or avoid in a partner—also to realize what they should not be themselves. These "Don'ts" indicate the desirable and undesirable qualities and dispositions in each one, and are therefore very valuable.

Much depends on the family of a young person, hence it should be carefully considered. Virtues and vices are often inherited and character is generally made or unmade by good or bad surroundings, and the example at home. A person will be practically the same after marriage that he or she is at home before their marriage. A young man will treat his wife much as he treated his mother and sisters. The same may be said of a girl. She will be to her husband what she was to her father and brothers, for marriage will change her name but never her nature, disposition and habits. No young man should think of keeping company unless he is able to support a family and has saved something at least to start with. Love may be very poetic and interesting, but it is rather thin diet and will never pay the bills.

No girl should accept the attention of anyone until she has become a good housekeeper, a fairly good seamstress and has acquired the virtue of staying at home. The home circle is a married woman's kingdom, where she is to be the queen. There she will shine more by her neatness and activity than by her sweet voice or her choicest music. Her good cooking will prove more attractive in the end than her beauty, which will fade sooner or later.

Both should be sincerely religious and should be seen frequently at holy communion. Nothing will do more to shield them against temptations and to encourage virtue. The occasions and places of the first meeting should be honorable and respectable. "Bids of a feather flock together." Hence, the young man whom you see with a companion of questionable reputation or conduct—or with signs of drink on him is not for you, Mary.

Meet your company in your own home and in the presence of the family. Any other way shows bad intentions, or at the least, recklessness. If you really mean to act decently—and if you do so, allow nothing but what is just and right, you will have no need of being in a room all by yourselves—perhaps, even with the gas turned down and the shutters carefully closed. Nor will you stay there under any compromising circumstances till all hours of the night. Of course, you will say, there is nothing wrong. Well, you will have to say some thing. But who will believe it when everything else points to the contrary? Say what you will—but the fact remains in 999 cases of this kind, out of a thousand that there is immorality of some sort practiced or permitted.

With your years of experience and maturer judgment, parent, you will be able to give valuable advice. By no means, and, under no circumstances, retire until the company has left your house, and if you have ever done so, be sure to accuse yourself of it in your next confession.

A special method of getting truly well acquainted is to visit first the family of one and then of the other. By entering into conversations, games, music, reading and the like, they will appear natural, just as they are, and a fairly good idea may be obtained of one another's disposition.

Courts ships that last for several years are to be condemned as dangerous and improper. They either should have started later or ended sooner in a happy marriage.

Lovers quarrels will happen from time to time—they reveal certain features in people's make-up that should be carefully noted. Much can be learned from these squabbles, as they often furnish a forecast of what is to come. They may serve as storm signals. A person who is easily provoked and quarrels frequently—will

do so after marriage—hence, beware. One who, after a misunderstanding, grows dark and unapproachable and wants to humiliate you more than can reasonably be expected, will probably continue in the same strain afterwards and will make life miserable for you. But some are bound to quarrel—they seem to enjoy it, they make life a burden for one another and yet they are too silly to see it now, or to realize that everybody else is laughing at them.—*Sacerdos*.

A Difficulty Dealt With.

If you don't mind, will you explain how it happens that out of 706 prisoners in the Minnesota State Prison, there are 278 Catholics? ... If you notice this letter—you probably won't—don't try to dodge the difficulty.—"A. P. A."

We do not "mind" and we shall not "dodge the difficulty," which is more apparent than real. The figures, if correct, would go to show that there are ever so many Catholics in this country than is generally supposed. We say "if correct," because we have been assured by a prison chaplain that numerous criminals who, for reasons of their own, declare themselves Catholics, are found to be utterly ignorant of the Catholic Church.

The second remark to be made is that if the Minnesota prisoners who profess themselves Catholics, and really are such, had practised the Catholic religion, they would never have found themselves where they are. And let us add that if the ancestors of the Protestant prisoners had remained Catholic, instead of allowing themselves to be led astray by an ex-priest (the Rev. Martin Luther), there would have been less likelihood of their children's ever getting into jail. Of course the Catholic inmates in question are most to blame, but let us not refer to them as criminals, because many of the offences for which people are arrested are not moral crimes, but merely violations of the civil law, which are due very often to ignorance, misfortune, or inadvertence. Even in cases of criminality, the majority are not always those who suffer penalty. The number of persons who richly deserve to be in jail is probably large in comparison to the number that are actually there. If all the blackmailers, adulterers, perjurers, defaulters, etc., in the United States were to be arrested to-morrow, the penitentiaries, we venture to say, would be more crowded than the churches.

Keeping out of prison is largely a matter of luck. For instance, if a poor man gets drunk, he is apt to be arrested; while the "prominent citizen" is put into a taxicab and escorted home or taken back to his club. The detouring cashier generally manages to make his escape to foreign parts; the tramp who steals a sandwich or a pair of shoes is almost certain to be apprehended and convicted. Wealth, social and political influence, legal ability—or trickery—account for many escapes from justice. As a rule, the offender with most money is able to secure the best defence. So it goes in this "naughty world" of ours.

We rejoice that those poor fellows in the Minnesota State Prison have not increased their guilt by denying their faith. As for their being a dishonor to the Catholic religion, the Church can stand the reproach. Her divine Founder was taunted with being the friend of publicans and sinners. Fidelity to her teaching produces saints. If it were everywhere followed, there would everywhere be an end of greed and lust and uncharitableness. These, more than ignorance or prejudice, account for the opposition to that teaching.

A last word to our correspondent: Don't pin your faith to statistics, and—don't write anonymous letters.—*Ave Maria*.

Catholic Education.

In England, Germany, Belgium, Canada and other progressive countries says Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis, their legislators are wise enough to realize that the child that is trained without knowledge of God and of divine law, and of the various sanctions that religion supposes, and that a rightly trained conscience will in the end work for the State itself, and its enduring character, and consequently they have wisely enacted that secular training shall be re-enforced by religious instructions. Thus we have together the laws of God and the duties of citizenship which these laws impose.

From the beginning the Catholic Church has held, and holds, that truth is not alone of the natural order, but there is the supernatural also that truth in both orders is important that one explains the other, just as one is incomplete without the other; that the child, in the order of nature should learn the truths of revelation; that consequently, an education for the child to be complete should include the truths and laws of the world around them, and the truths and laws given to this world and to him by the Author of the one and the other. Hence, we hold that a complete education is the weaving together as a warp with the wool, the lessons of nature and the laws of God, thus making for the child a mantle which becomes for him a cloth of gold.

From this you will see that the Church is not hostile to what is called the secular education. It does not condemn secular education as such. For it includes it in its own curriculum of studies, but what it does say is that secular education of itself and segregated from religious training is necessarily incomplete, narrow and limited; teaching the world not how to live in that broader life where death and heaven meet, but only that life which is of the earth, in the last analysis, teaching him not how to live but how to die.—*Catholic Columbian*.

Bleeker—How's your better half this morning, old man? Meeker—Better half! What do you mean by that? Bleeker—Why, your wife, of course. Meeker—Huh! She's not my better half; she the whole thing.—*Chicago News*.

The Dime Novel.

During the past month at a Congress of psychiatry in Berlin, Professor Pick, of Prague, told of a boy of thirteen, who, together with another lad of the same age, strangled himself. The professor demonstrated that the determining incentive of the act was the reading of certain cheap novels with flashy covers. The young mind is full of fantastic activity, and when this is nourished upon such literature it conduces to a pathological state whose final end is crime.

Everyone knows the effect of the excitement and suggestion aroused when children especially boys, devoured with avidity the lurid tales of Indian adventure, and were led to fly from their homes. To-day suggestion comes to the young from the reading of novels whose argument is criminality and gilded indecency. The result of such reading is an epidemic, more or less extensive, of like flagrant transgressions against the moral law. These facts thus stated, analyzed and discussed by men of science ought to serve as ample confirmation of the warnings so often uttered by the Church. It ought to teach those parents whose carelessness in this regard permits books of the most offensive and degrading character to litter the tables of their drawing rooms and parlors.

Moreover, these cheap novels, low in thought and slangy in diction, are found in the newspapers which are read day by day. It is hardly to be wondered at that the taste for decent Catholic reading grows less as this literature increases in circulation. An evil mind cannot appreciate the pure, the correct and the wholesome. The Catholic paper and the Catholic book thus becomes a bore. Men and women who are otherwise intelligent fail to see this point. They see children ruined; they see young men abandoning their faith; they see young women entering into unions full of unhappiness. They never seem to see that the cause of it all lies in the literature they read and the companionship they keep. The record of crimes emanating from such sources speaks for itself, and will be listened to by all whose perspective reaches beyond selfishness and unholy pride.—*Union and Times*.

A Noble Layman.

Preaching at a Requiem Mass celebrated in Bombay, the Rev. A. Seither, in referring to the late Marquis of Ripon, exclaimed: "What do you think of a viceroy saying his rosary before entering the council chamber, or serving Mass before setting out on a hunting expedition? Lord Ripon was a man of prayer, with his fixed hours for spiritual reading and meditation, a daily hearer of Holy Mass and a frequent communicant. Did he not bring with him to India his private chaplain, the saintly Father Kerr? Did he not tread the floor of this very Cathedral and kneel before this very altar? And, my Catholic brethren of India, sons of St. Francis Xavier, can you forget that our only Catholic viceroy, when he left for Bombay, sailed for Goa, to hear his last Mass on Indian soil before the shrine of the Apostle of India? Were not those two hearts akin? They burned in both the same all-embracing love for the people of this country and one benefactor of India knelt for a blessing from another."

A Black-List for Gossips.

Many people all over the world will sympathize with the action of the burgomaster of Hattersheim in Nassau, who, because of the amount of scandalous gossip current among the women there, has issued a decree forbidding such defamation of character, says the *Sacred Heart Review*. The burgomaster's decree runs: "While the men are hard at work away from home the women waste

their time talking scandal and quarrelling. The children are brought up all wrong and the household is not properly looked after."

The husband gets home tired and is given an entirely false account of the day's quarrel. Then of course he has to "protect his wife" and run off to the police, the local court of arbitration or the nearest solicitor. And that's the kind of place in which the husband has to seek a real "home."

It is perfectly useless to tell this sort of woman to stick to her real sphere,

chase the scandalmongers out of her house and look after her children and her husband's comfort.

Wherefore, be it known that the police have stringent instructions to place the names of these litigious and quarrelsome people on a list in order that the house owners may be warned against them!

A back-list of gossips such as this sturdy German has planned for Hattersheim would not be out of place in many an American community.

Moir's Chocolates advertisement featuring an illustration of a woman and text: "A Young Lady's Sweet Tooth will take a decided liking to Moir's chocolates. The Chocolate coating is marvellously smooth, and so fine that no grain is discernible. It is richer, more delicious, more acceptable to the refined palate than ordinary chocolate coating. So many exquisite flavors in each box that it will keep one guessing to think of what the center of the next chocolate will contain. Surprise your lady friend this evening with a box of Moir's. MOIRS, Limited Halifax, N.S."

"BEAVER FLOUR" advertisement featuring an illustration of a woman and text: "Just what I've been looking for. 'BEAVER FLOUR' makes ideal bread and pastry, because it is a perfect blend of Manitoba Spring wheat and Ontario Fall wheat. You don't need to keep two kinds of flour for bread and pastry. Beaver Flour makes both—a pure, white, nourishing, light loaf that 'stands up' in the oven, and pastry that is crisp and appetizing. It is more economical than other flours, and appeals to all thinking women. Order it to-day from your grocer. DEALERS—Write for prices on all Flours, Coarse Grains and Cereals. 115 THE T. H. TAYLOR CO., LIMITED, CHATHAM, Ont."

Do You Realize the Advantages of Concrete? This Book Tells How Concrete Aids Farmers. THE rising price of lumber has compelled the farmer to look for a suitable substitute. Concrete, because of its cheapness, durability and the readiness with which it can be used for every farm purpose, has proven itself to be cheaper than lumber and far more durable. Our Free Book— "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete" shows the farmer how he can do his own work without the aid of skilled mechanics. It demonstrates the economy of Concrete construction as compared with lumber, brick or stone. It shows how Concrete can be used to advantage on the farm in the construction of almost every practical utility. Send for this book to-day. You'll find it intensely interesting, even if you don't intend to build for a while. It contains much useful information that will put you in the way of saving money. Among the subjects treated are: Barns, Dairies, Fence Posts, Feeding Floors, Hitching Posts, Root Cellars, Silos, Stables, Stairs, Stalls, Troughs, Walks, Well Curbs, and so forth. REMEMBER—This book is yours—a postal bill will bring it promptly. Write now. You may send me a copy of "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete." Name, Address

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. Xmas Suggestions—Chisholm, Sweet & Co., 5 Jeweller, page 8...

LOCAL ITEMS

Dr. Cox will be at the Merrimac House, Antigonish Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday morning, Dec. 6th and 7th.

SCHR. "CARL E. RICHARD" arrived at La Have, N. S., on Monday evening after a stormy passage from St. John's, Nfld.

THE FARM at Springfield, Ant., lately owned by Hugh Cameron, has been sold to David McDonald, now of Montreal, formerly of Springfield, for \$800.

THE NOMINATION OF OFFICERS takes place at to-morrow evening's meeting of the C. M. B. A. Other important matters will also be dealt with.

THE CASKET will be printed next week on Wednesday evening, Thursday being a holiday—the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. All matter intended for insertion in our next issue should be in on Tuesday.

OBITUARY.—Hamby Knapp, the venerable father of Rev. M. Albert Knapp, O. P., the distinguished preacher who gave a mission in this diocese a number of years ago, died at Honfleur, Calvados, France, on November 3rd.

REV. MOTHER ST. MAURICE, well-known in Antigonish as Mother Superior of St. Bernard's Convent for several years, died at the Mother House, Montreal, on Saturday last.

FOUND DROWNED.—On Saturday morning last the body of Ronald McPherson, a man of, probably sixty years, was found floating in the river at New Glasgow, just below the tram bridge.

WHAT A pleasant birthday party said a lady on leaving the home of Mr. Clarence Beck on Thursday last, when a number of friends had gathered to congratulate "Grandma Beck" on her 84th birthday.

THE CONCERT advertised in another column for Tuesday evening, December 13th, will without doubt be one of the best ever given in this town.

SMALL-POX IN CAPE BRETON CO.—The small-pox situation throughout the county is growing worse every day and the dread disease has now become such a menace that Warden LeVatte has called a meeting of the members of the medical profession and others interested to discuss the situation.

THAT THE TENTH ANNUAL Winter Fair will eclipse all previous ones, is shown by the entries which are now in, and made up. The following is a list of the entries in the different classes:

SMALL-POX.—Reports respecting small-pox in this town are very much exaggerated. The North Sydney Herald stated last week that churches, schools and theatres in Antigonish were closed because of small-pox.

HARVARD-ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S HOCKEY GAME.—Arrangements have been completed between Harvard University and St. Francis Xavier's, Antigonish, N. S., for the game of Hockey referred to in our last issue.

keen. The team when finally chosen may be depended upon to give a good account of itself, notwithstanding the fact that several of last year's players will not be in the line up.

MARRIAGE.—At Arisaig, on the 2nd of November, John McDonald of Arisaig, son of Alex McDonald, blacksmith, now a resident of Portland, Maine, and Margaret McNinis eldest daughter of the late Ronald McNinis of Doctor's Brook.

At S. W. Margaree, Oct. 25th, 1910, Peter McFarlane joined hands in wedlock with Maggie Coady, the ceremony being performed by Rev. F. J. Chisholm.

At S. W. Margaree, Nov. 10th, 1910, Douglas J. McLellan and Mary H. Chisholm were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by Rev. F. J. Chisholm.

WANTED A HOME FOR WAYWARD GIRLS.—Within the past few weeks three young Presbyterian girls in this county were up before the courts for offences against the law, such as petty theft and vagrancy.

Now, we have not brought this matter up as a railing accusation against the Presbyterian Synod, but for the purpose of suggesting that the members of it get together and ask the members of the church to give them money to provide such a home as the gentleman suggested as being necessary.

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SCOTTISH CONCERT

MARY M. MacLEOD, The Great Scottish Soprano, ACCOMPANIED BY MR. and MRS. HENDERSON, at CELTIC HALL, Tuesday, Dec. 13th.

Tickets, 25, 35 and 50 cents. For sale at D. Chisholm's store, Main street.

Auction Sale.

To be sold at public auction, on the premises of the undersigned, on Thursday, Dec. 15th, commencing at ten o'clock in the forenoon, the following:

Girl wanted for general housework. Apply to MRS. L. R. RETTIE, Truro.

Cows for Sale. Four good Milch Cows, also 1 Horse 8 years old.

Wood Land for Sale. Fifty acres wood land at Merland, Ant., both hard and soft, for sale.

Tenth Annual Maritime Winter Fair, AMHERST Dec 5, 6, 7 and 8.

FOR SALE. A pure-bred Ayrshire Bull, 18 months old.

New Goods! Just received our fall and winter stock of Canned Goods consisting of Tomatoes, Peas, Corn, String Beans, Baked Beans, Peas, Peaches, Jams, etc.

D. R. Graham FARM FOR SALE. The farm situated at Bear Arisaig, owned by the undersigned is offered for sale.

Wallace's Suggestions for Xmas Jewelry Gifts

FOR THE LADY. A Gold or Gold-Filled Watch. A Plain or Gem set Bracelet. A Rope or Link Watch Chain.

FOR THE BABY. Rings. Spoons. Cups. Necklaces. Childs' Sets. Bracelets. Brooches.

FOR THE MAN. A Pair of Ebony Military Brushes. A Gold, Silver or Nickel Watch. A Single or Double Watch Chain.

FOR THE LADY. A Gold or Gold-Filled Watch. A Plain or Gem set Bracelet. A Rope or Link Watch Chain.

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NOTICE!

Any person or persons cutting wood or timber or in any other way trespassing upon the lands lately owned by Allan McGillivray, Fairmont, without authority from me, will be prosecuted to the utmost extent of the law.

Girl Wanted. Wanted, at once, a capable girl for general housework. Apply to MRS. JAS. DE GALLAIS, 39 Dominion St. Truro, N. S.

To Telephone Subscribers. Patrons of the local Telephone System will please add to their lists of subscribers J. A. Wall, Residence, No. 61-1.

Collection Notice. All past due accounts not settled before the first of January, 1911, will be handed over for collection without further notice.

REWARD OF \$20.00. A reward of \$20.00 is offered for information that will lead to the arrest of the parties who broke into several buildings at the Beach and destroyed and otherwise damaged contents and set fire to one of the Buildings.

Teamsters Wanted. Two good, steady, reliable men to work as drivers and teamsters. Address W. C. Casket Office.

WAKE UP! I pay Highest Cash Prices for all Kinds of RAW FURS.

CHAS. G. WHIDDEN Exporter of Furs, ANTIGONISH, N. S.

Tax Notice. Tax payers are hereby reminded that County and Poor rates must be paid on or before December 15th Next.

Collection Notice. All past due accounts not settled before the 5th of December will be handed over collection without further notice.

FOR SALE. A choice lot of fat July herring for sale. Call early and secure a half barrel. The July catch of Herring was very small.

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To Those Who want the Best



If you want to break into good society—or good business or a good position,

WEAR GOOD CLOTHES

WE SELL GOOD CLOTHES

Clothes that are right in quality; right in style, right in price, right for you or any other man who wants the best in the world for the money.

Palace Clo. Co.'y

The New Victor Gramophone Records for September are Here.

You will save much time and a lot of annoyance and trouble if you buy your Victor Records here. As soon as they are issued each month a stock is received by us.

We carry at all times the largest stock of Victor Records to be found at any music store anywhere in Canada.

Send us your name and address and we will send you our monthly catalogue of records.

J. A. McDONALD Piano and Music Co.

Furnaces, Stoves and Tinware

D. G. Kirk's Hardware Emporium.

A large and well selected assortment of Coal and Wood Ranges, Parlor and Heating Stoves, Stove Pipe and Elbows, Coal, Hods and Shovels, Granite and Enamelledware, Pieced and Stamped Tinware.

Examine our stock and get our prices before purchasing.

.. Furnaces ..

When in need of a heating outfit—either hot air, hot water or steam, send or bring us a list of your requirements and let us figure on it with you.

Estimates furnished, and all kinds of heating and plumbing neatly and promptly done.

D. G. KIRK Antigonish, N. S.

WANTED Thousands of Hides, Pelts and Calf Skins, Wool, Tallow, Etc.

Land for Sale

FOR SALE

HALEY'S MARKET and get the biggest prices on the market for everything you have.

S. ARSCOTT & CO. Y