

## THE CASKET.

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8.

The sad news brought to Halifax last week of the death of Rev. Father M. A. McPherson and his burial at sea, brings up sharply a question that admits of no further delay in its settlement if we are not to persist in a practice that is uncivilized and barbarous. That necessity arises, in some cases, for burial at sea, no one denies. That no such necessity exists, in a large proportion of cases, in these days, is absolutely plain and clear. Voyages are now greatly shortened. Steamers are fitted with a thousand appliances and contrivances for the comfort of the living. How is it that no provision is made for rendering decent respect to the remains of the dead who die at sea? Steamers are luxurious and resplendent. Large sums are wasted in unessential equipment and display. Yet, there seems to be no arrangement for carrying the bodies of dead passengers to land, when it can safely be done, to afford their sorrowing friends the last sad consolation of laying them in the ground. This is not as it should be; and the reformation required ought not to be left to steamship owners to perform. The law should oblige them to bring the dead to land when necessity does not otherwise require. We commend this question to those who make or mend the laws.

Tolstoi was a teacher; and his pupils have raised themselves to the dignity of "a school of thought." The world has seen many schools of thought. Most of them have been merely a reversion to pagan principles, and pagan philosophy, the very things which the Apostles set out from Jerusalem to abolish in the world, and which the Catholic Church has been fighting from that day to this. The trial of the serpent is over all these "schools of thought." Voltaire and his coterie of blaspheming infidels founded one, which split, in the making, into a dozen. Voltaire was looked upon, in his time, as a leader of the "thought" of Europe. He denounced "Christ-worshipping superstition," and the "educated" men of Protestant England visited him and hung upon his words. The first question put to an English traveller returned from the Continent was—"Have you met Voltaire?" He was dirty in his personal life; obscene and blasphemous in his writings; false to his friends; and unfair to his adversaries. But he was a leader of thought, and "thought-worshippers" fell down and adored him. Tolstoi did not denounce Christ—the only whittled down His mission, His gospel and His laws, and rejected His deity. He advocated some things that his apologist in this Province, the Halifax Echo, is not prepared to accept. He advocated non-resistance. If a man tried to rob you, let him. Ownership of property was universal. Prisons, legal punishments, trials, courts,—all were wrong. Every kind of organized government is pernicious. No kings, presidents, senators, mayors, or policemen. Marriage is wrong. All creeds are shams. War is always a crime. All these things he taught, at one time or another. Here was a "school of thought," indeed—of the kind which, in this country, we establish in isolated places, surround with high fences, and place in charge of humane and kindly doctors, nurses, and keepers. Tolstoi's teachings, if accepted, would have made the world one huge madhouse. He had "thoughts;" and the eccentric devotees of "thought" in every land hailed him as a wonder, and "a leader of thought," and as a "reformer." We do not see what the world has to hope for from the reforming efforts of a lunatic; and if Tolstoi was not a lunatic, which of us is sane? This was the man who died with the blessing of the Halifax Echo, which gives the Greek Church and similar institutions a trimming because they have declined to make a mockery of

their sacred ceremonies at the graves of such men as the Russian "leader of thought."

### THE FEAST WE CELEBRATE TO-DAY.

On the 8th of December, 1854, Pope Pius IX. surrounded by a splendid throng of cardinals and bishops, promulgated the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. As an eminent writer says, the doctrine, even before it was thus pronounced upon by the Pope, was, in itself, a most probable one, since it was hard to think that the flesh, from which the flesh of the Son of God was to be formed, should ever have belonged to one who was the slave of that arch-enemy whose power he came on earth to destroy. And, though much discussion took place, at times, amongst Catholic writers and thinkers, upon the subject, and some differences existed, they were for the most part differences as to the exact scope of the doctrine and as to the proper form of its expression. The Blessed Virgin has been venerated throughout the whole history of the Church, as the sinless one.

Mary was not merely the passive instrument of the Incarnation. By the free use of her own will she cooperated in our salvation, and was associated with her divine Son. It depended on her will whether or no the divine economy by which the Incarnation and our redemption were accomplished was to be frustrated, as the first dispensation had been by the disobedience of Adam and Eve. Her cousin St. Elizabeth said,—"Blessed is she who believed, because there will be an accomplishment of the things spoken to her by the Lord."

One of the most eminent Catholic preachers in America has put it in this way:

"There was never in the long history of the providence of God, an event recorded like unto this. In a moment of poetic rapture, the great prophet called out, 'Who has been God's counsellor? Who has ever given to Him, and recompense shall be made.' Mary became that counsellor. God sent His ambassador to treat with her; to propose for her consideration a plan of salvation He Himself had wrought out from all eternity. And he waited for her operation. He was God, and she was only a creature; but as a creature made in the image of God, she had absolute power over her own will. She was free, with the freedom with which God her creator had made her free; and God had to wait for her reply. All Heaven was hushed until she spoke. The archangel stood mute in her presence; and it was not until her virgin lips spoke these words of fate, 'Be it done unto me according to thy word,' that heaven received the reply it so anxiously awaited, that God received the answer He expected from all eternity; and the great heart of heaven felt rapture at the joyous announcement. All creatures of God knew their fate depended in some sort upon the fiat of this little virgin of Nazareth. 'Who has ever given to God,' said Job, 'and recompense shall be made.' No one gave God anything but Mary, and recompense is being made to her thenceforth and forever. The eternal Word became flesh; receiving flesh from Mary. He received from Mary His flesh. His blood, His body; everything that humanly equipped Him for the office of Redeemer. The God-man owed all His humanity to Mary. He could not have become a Redeemer without the body she gave Him. As God, He could not have suffered, and it was necessary for the Redeemer to suffer; as God He could not have made atonement for man; and atonement had to be made. It was absolutely necessary that the Saviour should assume flesh in order that He might suffer in His flesh, and atone for the sins committed by the flesh. And he owed that flesh to Mary."

The God-man, as an infant, suckled at Mary's breast. She refreshed Him of Her own life's tide. When He suffered, she sorrowed. When He was naked, she clothed Him. When He was weak, she supported His tottering steps. When He was in danger, she sheltered Him. When He roared with pain, she fled with Him to a foreign land and hid Him from those who sought His life, she wove and spun for Him, she made and mended His garments for Him. She washed and scrubbed, and oiled for Him, she cooked His meat and made His couch. All this labor and love and care Mary gave the God-man, and recompense has been made. Mary is to-day, while still a creature, only less divine than her Son. Mary gave Jesus the power to suffer and die. Her compassion completed the efficacy of His passion. She is the co-operatrix with her divine Son in the work of man's redemption."

It was inevitable that she who was to have this great part in the scheme of redemption should be sinless. The contrary is inconceivable. The veneration of the Blessed Virgin is most natural—it is not one of the teachings which bind, whilst they are somewhat beyond the scope of the ordinary mind. The most ordinary intellect can appreciate the reasons why Mary is so greatly honored! and why she

must have been sinless, and sinless from the first moment. And it is a tribute to the convincing force of the Catholic teaching on the subject, that many thousands who are without the Church, and who do not know exactly what that teaching is, are shaping their mental attitude towards the Blessed Virgin, in our own days, more and more in unconscious conformity with that doctrine. Twenty years ago, no Protestant publication expressed the slightest honor towards her. To-day, she is a favourite subject with them. Of late years, Protestant journals have vied with Catholic, in reproducing all the most beautiful of the many tributes which the art of painting has paid to her. At Christmas time, Protestant journals give the most prominent places to pictures of the mother and the Child. The Catholic attitude has won its way over all opposition; and is adopted to-day by many who outwardly profess still to condemn the Catholic dogma on the subject. After centuries of opposition, based upon nothing but sheer, unreasoning prejudice, Protestantism has been forced to the conclusion that Mary is a Saint; and the further step is inevitable—If she is a Saint, she must be, as we call her in the Litany, "Queen of all Saints."

### CONSPIRACIES AGAINST RELIGION.

XVI.

"Deism is belief in God without revelation or form of worship. It is the religion of the future, destined to replace all religions." *Ragon, Ritual of the Mason Apprentice, p. 45.*

"I affirm that the name of God is a word without sense." *Speech in Liege Lodge, reported by A. Neur, XI, p. 287.*

"We must not only place ourselves above different religions, but above all belief in any God whatever."—*The same, 223.*

"It is only fools who speak and dream still of a God." *The same.*

On the occasion of a royal state funeral in Belgium, the Masons who directed the funeral put up the following inscription: "The soul, emanating from God, is eternal."

The outcome of this act is interesting. Louvain Lodge, "La Constance," addressed the following protest:

"Considering that free-thinking has been admitted by the Belgian Lodges as a fundamental principle, we energetically protest against this blow dealt by the 'Grand Orient' to the principles which are the basis of Freemasonry."

*Protest of Lodge Constance, Jan. 17th, 1886, M. Neur.*

Now, here is an interesting circumstance. The other day, we were asked to believe that a Jesuit priest, just come from Portugal, had, in an interview in Montreal, given a clean bill of health to the Freemasons of England. If the good priest referred to them, he was, no doubt, speaking by way of comparison with the deviltries of the Portuguese Freemasons; and we do not deny that Freemasonry in England behaves itself better. But are its doctrines different?

Backing up the protest of the Louvain Lodge, came the following from "The Chain of Union," a Masonic journal, then published in London:

"Who can affirm that the soul, emanating from God, is immortal? Who has any proof of it? For centuries, Popes and Councils have sought for this evidence, and have not found it. . . . and they will never find it in heaven, because the human soul is self-created. We support, therefore, the protest of our brothers of Louvain. It is with such phrases, always empty and incoherent, and emanating from the region of fancy and imagination that one arrives, sooner or later, at enslaving a country. Brothers of Louvain, you were right to protest."

*"The Chain of Union," London, May 1st, 1866, quoted by the Monde-Macconnique.*

Needless to say, the Belgian Grand Orient caught it from others also:

"How is it that the Belgian Grand Orient does not understand that, by publicly affirming, through this inscription, the immortality of the soul, a serious attack is made on liberty of conscience." *The Monde-Macconnique, November, 1866.*

The Grand Orient of Belgium, thus battered right and left, was in need of defence. This is how its apologists went about it:

"Already, in 1837, the Grand Orient of Belgium had freed national Freemasonry from all religious and philosophical dogmas. . . . The Grand Orient prescribes no dogma whatever. If the principle of the immortality of the soul should appear in its rituals or in its formularies, it is the idea of God should be produced under the denomination of the 'Great Architect of the Universe,' it is because such are the traditions of the Order. But this formula is binding on no man's conscience. In these days it would be puerile to strive to raise questions which can lead to no possible solution."

Add thus, the immortality of the soul went overboard in the Grand Orient of Belgium.

"A true Mason ought to die as he had lived, as a free-thinker, and so far from looking upon such a death as a disgrace, it is a title which should be frankly claimed." *Speech of Brother Rauwet, Sovereign Grand Commander. Neul, t. 1, p. 155.*

But what is the idea of these Free-thinkers as to what becomes of man after death? Great is the human intellect, when freed from the old superstitions about God and a future life. Here is one idea:

"Death is the de-personification of the individual, whose material elements are decomposed, united to analogous elements, and thus concur in the infinite transformations of continually animated matter." *Ragon.*

Clear, isn't it? And hopeful, and helpful, and sustaining in the shocks of life—to feel that we shall at last contribute all that we have to the "transformations of continually animated matter!"

And yet, all this is not surprising, to any man who has followed the quotations we have made from the eminent Masonic authorities of the United States, Dr. Mackey and General Pike. The same theory is traceable all through; there is nothing in all that we have quoted of the blasphemies and horrors of the European lodges that does not follow inevitably for any man who accepts Freemasonry as explained to American Masons by Mackey and Pike.

Here is another idea, or the same idea in another form:

"Brother Bourdet, each of the parts of thy body is about to disappear from us, and return to the universal crucible whence they came out, to concur in the formation of a myriad of other bodies." *Le Monde-Macconnique, July 1867, reporting a funeral oration at the tomb of Brother Bourdet, of R. L. "La Perseverance, of the O. of Arles, by Brother Coindre.*

Now, if we thought that any part of the bodies of dead and gone blaspheming scoundrels had come back out of a "universal crucible" to form part of us, we should be seriously annoyed.

But, there is another "crucible" that does send out something that goes to the make-up of a modern infidel. It is the "crucible" of "free thought," as it is commonly called,—the thought is not "free" however; never was thought as much enslaved as by those who call themselves "free-thinkers." The greatest artist in the brewing and stirring up of this "witch's caldron," was, of course, Voltaire. He was the first and greatest amongst the manufacturers of "free-thought;" the first and greatest wholesale and retail purveyor and caterer to the trade. He was surrounded by a host of imitators and rivals; but he towered above them all. The little squeaks of the modern lodge orators are but repetitions of the blasphemies, lies and errors of Voltaire. Sometimes they try to improve upon him; and to go even further than he went. But the body and bulk of their vicious nonsense they owe to him. Voltaire's mind was the crucible in which "incredulity" was fashioned into a "school of thought."

The "modern" infidels have no originality; they owe their notions to Voltaire. To Voltaire, who was the meanest man and the most consummate liar that Europe ever saw; who fawned upon the rich for money and position, and slandered and vilified them when their favors grew scant; who despised the poor, while he incited them against the rich; who lived most of his life in adultery, and made ribald fun of the deathbed efforts of one of his companions in guilt, to seek forgiveness; who unblushingly made submission to the Church when he had an axe to grind, and vilified her when his turn was served; who recanted, communicated, reviled, and blasphemed, almost in the same breath; who wrote for years in language of almost adoration to Catherine II., the royal harlot of Russia, who was a Frenchman when it paid to be French, and had no language too bad in which to revile France when he wished to please foreigners; who was afraid to die a free-thinker, and ashamed to recant; who signed at the eleventh hour a retraction of his false teachings, and kept a string attached to it; and having made a fraudulent attempt at reconciliation with the Church, spent his last days in the company of harlots and rouses, and pinned down at last by his final illness, died a death that drove hardened reprobates from his room in horror—crying out that he was deserted by God and by men, and cursing both, his face twisted in agony that was as nothing to the agony of which rent his blackened and crime-stained soul.

So lived Voltaire; and so he died. He was the prince of free-thinkers. He was a Freemason. Freemasonry has delighted to do him honour. He

was the friend and boon companion of Frederick, called "the Great," of Prussia. Frederick was a wonderful soldier, and his career was an excellent illustration of what a great brain can accomplish when freed from scruples and principles. He, also, was a Freemason, and Grand-Master of the Freemasons of Prussia. We have heard a great deal, in recent years, about suppression of religious orders. The Freemason infidels of Europe have executed such suppressions on a large scale; but even in this they have not been original. Frederick "the Great" and Voltaire discussed that in their letters to each other a hundred and sixty years ago; and the idea seems to have originated with Frederick or with Pombal in Portugal. Here is something for those writers to reflect upon, who perseveringly persuade themselves, and would gladly persuade others, that the Catholic Church is doomed to-day because the politicians of France, Spain, Italy and Portugal are persecuting her. Step back a hundred and sixty years, and listen to Frederick "the Great." On February 10th, 1767, he wrote to Voltaire:

"What an unhappy day for the Court of Rome! It is openly attacked in Poland; its body-guards are chased out of France and Portugal, and the same thing will probably happen in Spain. The philosophers are openly undermining the foundations of the Apostolic throne; the conjuring book of the magician is understood; its author is splashed with mud; toleration is preached. The Church has been stricken with a terrible apoplexy, and you will have the consolation of burying her, and of writing her epitaph, as you did for the Sarbonne. The Englishman Woolston, according to his calculation, gave to the infamous thing two hundred more years of life; but he could not calculate on what has recently happened. We must destroy the prejudices which form the foundation of this edifice. This is what Bayle began to do; many Englishmen have continued the work; and it has been reserved to you to accomplish it."

On March 24th, 1767, Frederick wrote to Voltaire:

"It will not be given to force to destroy the infamous thing." (These worthies were in the habit of referring to the Holy Catholic Church as "the infamous thing.")

"It will perish by the arm of truth and the seduction of interest."

Then he suggests that all the sectarians concentrate their efforts for the destruction of all religious orders.

"Every government which resolves to effect this destruction will be a friend to our philosophers. Here, then, is a little project which I submit to the consideration of the Patriarch of Ferney (Voltaire.) "It will be for him, as the father of the faithful, to execute it."

On April 5th, 1767, Voltaire wrote to Frederick:

"Your Majesty says rightly that the infamous one will never be destroyed by force of arms. Arms may dethrone a Pope, dispossess an ecclesiastical elector, but they will not destroy imposture. I cannot understand why you did not obtain, by the last treaty, some fat bishopric that would defray the expenses of the war; never-theless I realize that only the weapons of reason will destroy the Christ-worshipping superstition. Your idea of attacking it through the monks is the idea of a great general. If the monks are once abolished, error will be exposed to universal contempt. Much has been written in France on this matter, everybody talks about it; but the grand affair is not yet sufficiently developed. In France, people are not yet sufficiently daring; devotees are still esteemed."

Frederick and Voltaire are only names to-day. The latter, however, left a hundred volumes of books behind him—the work of a long life. Every species of intellectual and moral villainy is represented there. From slander of his contemporaries to blasphemy hurled squarely in the face of God; from ridicule of those who had befriended him to scurrility and obscenity directed against France's pure heroine, Joan of Arc; from unblushing glorification of murderers and harlots to calumny of the pure, the good, and the true,—Voltaire ran the whole gamut of iniquity; and was himself entitled to rank high amongst the worst fiends who have ever been permitted to afflict the world. He failed. Frederick failed. The German Empire has, to-day, seventeen million Catholics. France, a few years after the death of Voltaire, passed through the consuming fires of the French Revolution, only to spring up more Catholic than ever. And so she will do again, when the efforts of Voltaire's modern disciples are exhausted.

Monsignor Stagni, the new Papal delegate to Canada in succession to Mgr. Sbarretti, is expected to arrive in Ottawa about January 1st.

President Taft's message to Congress does not contain many important announcements. The President is hopeful of the result of the reciprocity negotiations with Canada.

### THE CHRONICLE AND ARCH-BISHOP BRUCHESI—AN OUTRAGE.

We had occasion last Summer to protest against the Chronicle's statement that the Catholic Church was inciting a rebellion in Spain. The statement was contained in a headline and was not part of the contents of any news despatch. We told the Chronicle then that it had better stay in its own legitimate field; and that the Catholics of Nova Scotia would hold it accountable for the manner in which it treated the Catholic Church. Since then, we have been obliged, in two instances, to condemn the action of *The Echo*, the evening edition of *The Chronicle*, in publishing Catholic editorials—the last occasion being, only last week, its glorification of Tolstoi who denied most of the doctrines held by all Christians, and for its sneers at the Church which refused him Christian burial and similar institutions which had dealt similarly with similar wise fools, meaning by such institutions, principally, the Catholic Church.

Our attention is now called by a well-known clergyman of this diocese to the following dispatch, displayed prominently on the first page of *The Chronicle* of December 1st. We give it in full, so that there may be no misunderstanding as to what it is, and in order that our readers may fully appreciate the devilish malice and ingenuity of it:

### BRUCHESI MAY GET THE RED HAT.

A Movement Afoot for the Elevation of the Archbishop of Montreal.

### NEXT CARDINAL FOR CANADA.

INFLUENTIAL INTERESTS NOW AT WORK MAY SECURE FOR HIM THE HIGHEST OFFICE IN THE CHURCH.

Special to the Morning Chronicle.

Ottawa, Nov. 30.—The statement was made to-day, to your correspondent, by a person in close touch with the highest officials of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada that influences are now at work looking to the creation of a Canadian Cardinal with the ultimate end in view of finally securing for him the highest office in the Church, namely that of Supreme Pontiff. The selection of the Pope from Canada would appear at first glance to be altogether out of range of probability at present, but it is nevertheless, a fact that the possibility of a Canadian Cardinal securing the position is now being seriously talked over. It is stated that the man in view is Monseigneur Bruchesi, of Montreal.

### LIBERAL PERSONAL GIFTS

Some recent events lend color to the above interesting rumor. Three Cardinals, Da Curia, that is Cardinals who are members of the Council charged with the election of a new Pope were present at the Eucharistic Congress, in Montreal, last September. It is stated that Monseigneur Bruchesi's relation with them were of the most cordial and intimate character and that they took back with them to Rome, very liberal personal subscriptions from him totalling about \$100,000 and including gifts of \$50,000 to Cardinal Vanutelli and of \$25,000 to Cardinal Merry Del Val, the Papal Secretary, whose voice is most influential in the College of Cardinals.

### TEMPORAL HEAD OF CHURCH

It is further to be noted that there appeared in *La Presse*, of Montreal, a few days ago, two letters, said to have been inspired by Monseigneur Bruchesi, in which reference was made to the desirability and probability of the appointment of a Canadian Cardinal and also drawing attention to a prophecy of Malachi that a temporal head of the Church might come from across the seas. It was pointed out that in Portugal, Spain, Italy, and France political conditions during recent years, had jeopardized the influence and authority of the church and that in Canada there was a general loyalty and devotion to the Church that had remained unshaken for centuries.

### MR. BOURASSA'S MISSION.

It is further stated that Mr. Bourassa's present mission to Europe will include a conference with the Pope and Cardinal Merry Del Val, in which he will advocate the wisdom of strengthening the authority and influence of the Church in Canada by elevating Monseigneur Bruchesi, to be a Cardinal Da Curia.

Mr. Bourassa, himself, is declared to be in sympathy with the movement now behind the Archbishop of Montreal for various reasons, and an alliance between the Church and Mr. Bourassa would work to the advantage of a Nationalist campaign in Quebec.

It may be further noted that Monseigneur has been devoting considerable time to the study of Italian of late; that he is of Italian descent, and that in recent letters in *La Presse*, it was especially pointed that the proposed new Canadian Cardinal should be a Cardinal Da Curia with a seat in the Electoral College.

We have quoted this outrageous  
Continued on page 5.



Our London Letter.

LONDON, Nov. 18th.

The deeply involved political situation is claiming the attention of all men here, no matter what complexion their politics. But it is not so easy of solution as some persons would suggest. There is not merely the plain issue of the Veto exercised by the House of Lords to be decided by the next general election, nor can Home Rule be placed before the electorate as the one subject on which the great fight is to be fought, for there are a hundred and one other interests criss-crossing the larger questions in an endeavour to bring themselves to the front which has a confusing influence on men's minds. There is, moreover, another important issue for Catholics in the religious education of the children, and the very hopes of success entertained by the Irish members, give reason for graver fears on the part of priests and school trustees, for should Ireland have her own Parliament, the delegates at Westminster will be withdrawn, and who then will be left to plead, aye and to enforce the rights of the Catholic schools of the country. The attacks made upon our schools since Lloyd George and other Ministers with a Nonconformist following, arriving at power, lead us to expect no mercy, if that power is confirmed and the watchful eyes of a necessary and strong Catholic force are removed from them. Therefore, if we do not step outside the great issues, we already find perplexity and anxiety, like the old tale of the two doors and the Lady and the Tiger.

A specimen of what the Catholic community in England has to endure at the hands of the present administration, is only now before us. For a long time the policy has been one of starving out. A great school in the east end of London, largely attended by the children of faithful Irish settlers, has just been condemned by the educational authority, and unless the Catholic Managers immediately undertake the rebuilding at a cost of £10,000, the little ones of the flock will be scattered amongst board schools or Protestant denominational schools where their faith will soon be tampered with, for here in England the law does not permit the parent to keep his child from school as may be, and has been done in France when the Catholics schools have been closed.

Three significant occurrences have come in a bunch which give promise for the future. These are the crusade inaugurated by Father Ross, Director in England of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, the half yearly meeting of St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Society, and the campaign opened in London by the Catholic Missionary Fathers amongst non-Catholics. The first stirs up the minds and hearts of the people to emulate and surpass the missionary work of their richer brethren outside the Church, particularly in countries which are British possessions and which offer immense fields for the spread of the Gospel of Christ. The second, which was held this week, showed such efforts crowned with immense success and jewelled with the heroic sacrifices of young lives offered gladly to God in the earth's dark places, that there the lamp of faith might be enkindled. Within the last six months five of the young priests who set out only a short time since from the College chapel, knowing that they would never return to home, country or friends, have been called to explore that further country where lies their hope's desire. From Uganda, Borneo, Africa, India, come cheery letters from priests and sisters telling of crowded settlements of converts, of perils from head hunters, or wild beasts, from catarrhs and fever, and also of fields ripe for the harvest which cannot be touched because the laborers are also so few. And the third great work, so close akin, though so much nearer home, is inspired by the same noble personality which still informs with the old spirit of self-sacrifice and zeal the students of the College that he founded, Herbert, Cardinal Vaughan. His nephew, Dr. Herbert Vaughan, has taken up the work of converting London with a zeal which is already reaping its reward. He chooses the most densely populated districts for his Missions to non-Catholics, and during this week, he and Father Arden are occupying a church which stands on the public highway in London's latest and most popular business thoroughfare, Kingsway. It is almost startling to see amongst the prominent newsboards of the neighbouring stationers' shops, one bearing the words "What do Catholics Believe?" and an explanation that what they do believe may be heard any night at St. Anselm and Cecilia's, where all will be welcome. The Holloway Mission just completed, had large results, the Kingsway Mission, though of only half its duration, is likely to have larger still. And it is to be noticed that many who have not yet placed themselves under instruction, follow the missionaries from place to place to hear more of the doctrines of the Catholic Church. In Liverpool Father Benson has just been telling his hearers that Protestantism is a moribund force, and Dr. Whiteside, the Bishop, added the information that more than twenty-one thousand converts had been received during the last twenty years. The Bishop of Liverpool also pointed out that if the present awful prevalence of race suicide continues in England, she will, like France, eventually become a Catholic nation from natural causes, since the Church forbids the malpractices which are dwindling the population around us.

The Marquis of Bute has just purchased the magnificent Gaelic library belonging to the Rev. Donald McLean of Dunvegan, Skye. It is said to be the largest and most complete Gaelic library in existence, and as such is a great acquisition to the already fine collection of books at Bute House, Rothsay. For the present at least, the Marquis proposes to retain it, though many Scottish institutions would gladly receive or purchase it.

This talk reminds me that a French Abbé, who is studying at the British Museum here in London, has just had a remarkable find. This is no less than a Syrian palimpsest subscribed on a book of Isaiah, which now ranks as the oldest Biblical MSS. in existence dating back to about 458. The other MSS. considered until now the most ancient in the world is also in the Museum, being a Pentateuch dating from 464. This discovery opens up vast regions of promise to the student of ancient MSS. for though palimpsests are rare they may be more numerous than we consider. CATHOLICUS.

arms, rests the mortal remains of the monarch. Sad relics of greatness, these few dismembered bones, mixed with the dust of their once royal raiment, showing a man some five feet nine inches in height, about forty-five years of age, and having dark brown hair, whose skull still bears the mark of the assassin's blow. The remains were reinterred after the examination on the same spot under the arch, and it is proposed to place a stone over them for the benefit of future knowledge.

People have been dipping greatly into the past lately. A discussion has arisen in the daily press as to whether the Archbishop of York has any historic right to crown the Queen Consort, and many ancient coronations were cited to show that he had none. We might as well say that the whole tribe of Bishops and Archbishops of the Anglican communion have no right to anoint the sovereign with the sacred chrism of consecration to his high office, since historic custom would show the officiating prelate to have been always a Roman Catholic, holding his jurisdiction from the See of Peter, until three hundred years ago. A recent brilliant coronation procession which will cause such an influx of visitors to London next year several propositions are made. One is that the custom of a procession from Westminster Hall to the Abbey should be revived, another that the state progress on the return should be made in a royal barge down the Thames, once the silent highway of all the mighty pageants of London town. Another that colonial offices in Victoria Street and the grounds of Buckingham Palace should be turned into grand stands with innumerable seats at five shillings ahead, the proceeds to go to King Edward's hospital fund and the work of erection to be carried on all through the winter for the assistance of the unemployed. All these matters rest with the Duke of Norfolk, England's Earl Marshall, who is one of the busiest men in Britain at the present time. Strange that militant Protestantism does not raise a shout, that such important national affairs should be in the hands of a Catholic even though his right be hereditary.

The Marquis of Bute has just purchased the magnificent Gaelic library belonging to the Rev. Donald McLean of Dunvegan, Skye. It is said to be the largest and most complete Gaelic library in existence, and as such is a great acquisition to the already fine collection of books at Bute House, Rothsay. For the present at least, the Marquis proposes to retain it, though many Scottish institutions would gladly receive or purchase it.

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Germany's Picture.

The United States is not the only nation which is permitting itself a measure of self-gratulation just now, because of the evidence its latest census affords of the national vigor and wide-spread growth of its people. Official figures just published in Berlin lead enthusiasts of the Vaterland to indulge in rosy pictures of what the future has in store for the empire. They affirm that the national wealth of Germany is increasing at so rapid a rate that by 1950 it will be more than double the estimated present wealth of the whole British Empire, and that the population of their country will have grown to 96,000,000 within the same period. That they do not deem their forecast at all visionary appears certain, since they assure us that the army and navy are being expanded with these figures in view.

Do the official figures bear them out in their claims? It is true that the German Empire is now growing in population at the rate of little less than a million a year, and that the excess of births over deaths in Germany in the last twelve months was almost 880,000. Meantime, however, the birth rate has declined in all the states of the Empire and in all parts of the country in the last ten years. It now stands at 33 per 1,000 of the population, while the death rate has risen from 18.98 to 19.01 per 1,000 of the inhabitants. The decreased birth rate has been especially rapid in Saxony, which is a great manufacturing State. A markedly low rate is reported from Hamburg, Mecklenburg-Schwain, Brunswick, Alsace-Lorraine, Mecklenburg-Strelitz and Reuss. The highest birth rates are in Posen, Westphalia, West Prussia, Silesia, the Palatinate, the Rhine provinces and Bavaria.

This year's reports show, too, that while the decline in the nation's death rate has been checked for the first time in many years, yet there has been an increase in infant mortality—375,022, as compared with 351,046 in the previous year. Immigration into Germany was 30,713, less than in 1906, which was a high year, and emigration from Germany was 25,000 which is 6,000 more than in the year before.

Other features of the nation's reports are calculated to shake an American's faith in the optimism of German forecasts of the Empire's future glory. The German army now costs \$5 a year for every inhabitant of the Empire—a total of from \$200,000,000 to \$250,000,000—a fearful burden to be carried in the arduous march to national wealth and greatness. Its peace strength exceeds 620,000 men and 120,000 horses. There are more than 1,000,000 men under arms at one time or another under the reservist plan. More than 435,000 men, the very flower of the 1,200,000 recruits, examined every year under the compulsory military service laws of the country, are

incorporated into one or other branch of the military establishment. About one-half of these are twenty years of age, and the rest twenty-one or twenty-two. It is no very difficult problem one sets himself when he begins to calculate the tremendous sapping of national energy contained in a system which thus disposes of the youth of the land.

One may not deny the progressiveness of the German Empire, or the sturdy character of the people who have made its onward strides so notably evident in recent history, but there are features of its policy that make one hesitate to admit the glowing forecasts which enthusiastic statisticians sketch of its approaching splendor.—America.

Common Mistakes About the Body.

Few things better illustrate the natural conservatism of humanity than the ancient and discarded ideas of the average person in regard to medical matters. Let us enter the doctor's office and note a few of those he meets with.

The first patient complains of a backache, and is certain that the kidneys are affected. The physician smiles internally, locates a few tender points over the spine, and prescribes for lumbago, a form of neuralgia. He knows that there is seldom or never any pain in the back with kidney disease. This error is fostered by the patient-medicine advertisements.

"Doctor," says the next caller, "my boy had an earache a few nights ago, and I put some sweet oil into his ear. I want you to examine it and see what is the matter now."

The doctor does examine, and finds that the oil that remained in the ear has become rancid, and has caused inflammation of the canal and of the drum of the ear. When this lady leaves, you may be certain that she will put no more oil in her children's ears.

The next case is that of a man, a hard worker and not giving to dissipation, yet showing all the signs of the use of alcohol. The examination discloses the fact that for many years he has considered it absolutely necessary to use a certain amount of alcohol each day as stimulant to enable him to do his work. In spite of his condition it is practically impossible for the doctor to convince this man that alcohol is not a stimulant, but a narcotic, and that it has not enabled him to do more work, but, on the contrary, has markedly diminished his efficiency. Yet this is true; alcohol will diminish the output of all work, mental or physical.

Comes now a mother with a child constantly subjected to colds, backward, dull, apathetic, and supposed to be "half-witted" owing to the fact that one of his grandmothers died insane. The doctor knows at a glance the real trouble, makes an examination, advises an operation for adenoids; and in a few weeks the boy is an entirely different mortal, "smart as a whip," says the happy mother.

The next case is a sad one, a young girl, a victim of consumption; and only a glance is needed to show the physician that the case is hopeless; yet this ought not ever to have been allowed. Several errors have contributed to the final results. First, this girl's father died of the same disease, and for years she was held to be "doomed" to follow him. She lived with and cared for him during his illness. No attention was paid to disinfection or prevention of contagion either before or after his death.

When the girl was attacked with the same scourge, merely the expected happened; the doom had fallen, and the family believed nothing could be done, as they were too poor to afford a change of climate.

Finally, when too late, they were bitten with the open-air treatment craze. With a lot of half-digested facts in regard to this they attempted to carry it out at night while the unfortunate girl worked day-times. The open-air treatment of consumption is, it is true, a marked success; but there is a great deal more to it than merely sleeping in the open air; and it is a grave question whether as practised it does not do more harm than good, except when directed by competent physicians. Above all, few if any consumptives can work and be cured.—C. E. World.

Advent.

With Sunday began the season of Advent. According to present usage it is a period beginning with the Sunday nearest to the Feast of St. Andrew, which is November 30, and embraces the four Sundays immediately preceding Christmas. With its first Sunday the ecclesiastical year begins. In fact, one might note how throughout the Church year the whole cycle of God's work in the world is called to mind. Thus, the four Sundays of Advent commemorate the four thousand years of preparation for the "Coming" of the divine Redeemer. The weeks from Christmas to Purification remind us of the Childhood of Christ. Thence to Lent we are concerned with the hidden life of Our Lord at Nazareth. During Lent the Church speaks constantly of the preaching and sufferings of Our Lord, until the time of His Resurrection. Thence to Pentecost, she tells of His glorified life on earth and His Ascension. After Pentecost we are reminded of the life of the Church in the world until the end of time.

Among the usages in Advent that may be of general interest are the customs of displaying around the altar and in the vestments of the priest the penitential color, purple. This rule is broken on the third Sunday, when rose-colored vestments may be worn. Moreover, during Advent the solemnization of marriage, i. e. during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and with the nuptial blessing is forbidden. This prohibition extends to the Feast of the Epiphany and its octave. All Friday in this season are fast days as well as days of abstinence.

The immediate intention of Advent is to give an opportunity to all to prepare for a blessed Christmas, a feast whose glory is greatest when the Christian soul refreshes itself with the Blessed Sacrament in Holy Communion.—The Pilot.

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Reduce the Cost of Living LET us look into this problem of high cost of living. Let us see if we can whittle it down a bit and extract some of its fangs. We'll agree that the cost of living has gone up. Eggs have gone up, butter has gone up, meat and poultry and vegetables have gone up. Everything we put on our tables has advanced in price from 30 to 50%. Except one item—Flour. Most of us have known this in a way sometime but have we ever for a moment realized that 10 cents spent in good Bread buys more real value than fifteen times that amount spent in Eggs, Beef or Mutton. Just glance at the tables above showing the comparison made by the U. S. Government bulletin. From a food

Reduce the Cost of Living (continued) pork, fish or vegetables. The only element of asceticism that it lacks is fat and that you provide for by using butter. Bread is the one item of food that has not advanced in price, and has advanced in quality. Modern first-class bread made from ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR is vastly superior to the crude bread of our olden times. It is not only better in taste but vastly richer in food elements. It is the result of scientific study and scientific methods of milling. "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" is the highest perfection of flour. No ordinary flour is comparable with Royal Household for quality and uniformity. One way to reduce household expenses is to eat more bread and pastry made from Royal Household Flour.

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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, Dalroy'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 honorable 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 be 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



THE LAST CLASS.

A Little Alsatian's story By Alphonse Daudet.

The poignant little story that follows is one of the "Contes du Lundi." In this short tale Daudet is at once charming and great. In the feelings of the schoolmaster who is to leave his school to a German, the heart of Alsace is laid bare to us. In the manner in which the schoolmaster is understood, we learn something of the heart of Daudet.

I was very late in going to school that morning, and I was very much afraid I should be scolded, especially since M. Hamel had told us that he would question us upon participles, and I did not know a word of them. For a moment I thought of shirking the class, and going off across the country.

The weather was hot and clear. One heard the blackbirds whistling on the edge of the woods, and, in the Rippert meadow behind the saw-mill, the Prussians were at drill. These things were much more attractive than the laws of participles; but I had the strength to resist them, and I ran very quickly towards the school.

In passing by the Mairie I saw that there was a group of people by the little notice-board. For the last two years, all the bad news has come to us from there; lost battles, requisitions, orders from headquarters, and, without stopping, I thought: "What is it now?"

Then, as I crossed the square on the run, the blacksmith Wachter, who was there with his apprentice reading the notice, shouted to me: "Don't hurry so fast, little one; you will always get fast enough to that school of yours!"

I thought he was laughing at me, and, out of breath, I went into M. Hamel's little courtyard. Usually, at the beginning of a class, there was a great noise that could be heard from the road, desks opening and shutting, lessons being repeated all together at the top of the voice, with stopped ears to learn them the better, and the master's big ferule tapping on the tables, for "a little silence."

I counted on all this fuss to let me reach my seat unnoticed; but on this particular day all was quiet, like a Sunday morning. Through the open windows I saw my schoolfellows already in their places, and M. Hamel walking to and fro with his terrible iron ruler under his arm. I had to open the door and enter in the midst of the calm. You may well think I blushed and was afraid.

Well, nothing happened. M. Hamel looked at me without anger, and said very gently: "Go quickly to your place, my little Franz; we were going to begin with you."

I stepped over the bench and sat down at once at my desk. Only then, a little after our teacher was wearing his beautiful green frock coat, his fine frilled shirt-front, and the embroidered black cap that he only put on on inspection days, or for prize-givings. Then, too, there was something unusual and solemn about the whole class. But what surprised me most was to see at the end of the room, on the benches that were usually empty, the men of the village, seated and silent like ourselves, old Hauser with his cocked hat, the old mayor, the old postman, and others besides these. They all seemed sad, and Hauser had brought an old dog eared spelling book, that he held wide open on his knees, his big spectacles laid across the page.

While I was wondering at all this, M. Hamel had gone up into his chair and said, in the same grave and gentle voice with which he had received me: "My children, this is the last of your classes that I shall take. The order has come from Berlin that in the future nothing but German shall be taught in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine. . . . The new teacher comes to-morrow. To-day's is your last lesson in French. I beg you to be very attentive."

These few words terrified me. Ah the wretches, that was what they had posted up at the Mairie. My last lesson in French! And I, too, who scarcely knew how to write! I should never learn! I should have to stop there! . . . How I longed now for the time I had lost, lessons shirked for birds'-nesting, or sliding on the Saar. My books that so lately I had found dull, and heavy to carry my Grammar, my Sacred History, seemed now old friends from whom I should find it hard to part. It was the same with M. Hamel. The idea that he was going away, that I should not see him again, made me forget punishments, and blows with a ruler.

Poor man! It was in honor of this last lesson that he had put on his fine Sunday clothes, and I understood now why the old men of the village had come to sit at the end of the room. It was as much as to say that they were sorry they had not come more often to this school of theirs. It was also a way of thanking our teacher for his forty years of good service, and of paying their respects to the departing fatherland.

I was at this point in my reflections when I heard my name called. It was my turn to recite. What would I not have given to be able to say from end to end that famous riddle of the participles, in a loud voice, very clear, without a mistake; but I got muddled in the first words, and I stopped, swilling against my bench, willy-nilly, my heart, not daring to lift my head. I heard M. Hamel speak? "Little Franz, you should be sufficiently punished. . . . Every day one says to oneself: 'Beh! I have plenty of time, you see what tomorrow!' And then, Ah! the great happens. . . . Place has been always to put off being till to-morrow. Now, this is what! You pretend to say to us, 'What! You pretend to be French, and you do not know how to read or write your own language!'"

In all that, my poor Franz, you are not the most to blame. We have all of us a good deal for which to reproach ourselves. "Your parents have not been sufficiently determined to see you educated. They preferred sending you to work on the land or in the spinning factories, to gain a few extra sous. And I, have I nothing to regret? Have I not often made you water my garden instead of working? And when I wished to go trout-fishing, did I scruple to give you a holiday?"

And then, from one thing to another, Mr. Hamel began to talk to us, of the French language, saying that it was the most beautiful language in the world, the clearest, the most solid; that we ought to keep it amongst us and never forget it, because, when a nation falls into slavery, so long as it clings close to its language, it holds the key to its prison.

Then he took a grammar and read us our lesson. I was surprised to see how well I understood. Everything he said seemed to me easy. I think, too, that I had never listened so well and that he had never put such care into his explanations. One would have said that the poor man wished to give us all his knowledge before he left us, to get it into our heads at a single blow.

When the lesson was done we went on to writing. For that day, M. Hamel had prepared new copies for us, on which were written in fine round hand: France, Alsace, France, Alsace. It was as if little flags waved all around the class, hung to the rods of our desks. It was a thing to see how we all worked, and in what a silence. There was nothing to be heard but the scratching of the pens on the paper. Once some cockchafers flew in, but no one paid any attention, not even the very little ones who were busy in tracing their pot-hooks with as much good-will and earnestness as if even the pot-hooks were in French. On the roof of the schoolhouse pigeons were gently cooing, and I said to myself as I heard them: "Will they make them sing in German, too?"

From time to time when I looked up from my page, I saw M. Hamel motionless, gazing at the objects about, as if he wished to carry away with him in his mind's eye the whole of his little schoolhouse. . . . Think! For forty years he had been there in the same place, with his little courtyard in front of him, and his class just the same. Only the benches and desks had been polished with the rubbings of use; the walnut trees in the yard had grown, and the hop he had planted himself now climbed around the window and up to the roof. How heart-breaking it must have been for the poor man to be leaving all these things, and to hear his sister packing their boxes, coming and going in the room overhead. For they were to go next day, to leave the village forever.

All the same he had the courage to go through with our lesson to the end. After the writing we had our history class; and then the little ones sang their Ba-Be-Bi-Bo-Bu all together. Away at the end of the room old Hauser had put on his spectacles, and holding his A B C in both hands, was spelling the letters with them. It was clear that he, too, was serious in his work; his voice trembled with emotion, and it was so funny to hear him that we all wanted to laugh and to cry. I shall not forget that last lesson.

Suddenly the church clock struck for noon, and then the Angelus. At the same moment the bugles of the Prussians coming back from drill sounded under our windows. . . . M. Hamel rose, very pale, from his chair. I had never thought him so tall.

"My friends," he said "my friends, but something stifled him. He could no longer finish his sentence. Then he turned to the blackboard, took a piece of chalk, and pressing on it with all his strength, wrote as large as he could: VIVE LA FRANCE!

Then he stayed there, leaning his head against the walls, and without speaking, signified to us with his hand—"That will do. . . . Dismiss."

New-York.

According to the Census the population of New York State is 20,118,270. This is a gain in the last decade of 1,844,385, or 25.4 per cent. In the preceding decade the increase was 1,271,041, or 21.2 per cent. New York easily retains its place as the first state in the Union in population. Under the apportionment of ten years ago New York increased its membership in the House of Representatives from thirty-four to thirty-seven the same ratio would now exist in Empire State to be remembered, Congress by forty-seven in New York in the last decade the gain in the rest of the State. An outside of city was 130,081; at the first time city was 515,704, a greater population New York City of the same. The population of the State is more than that of either Norway or Scotland and Ireland combined.

Ang Children Self Control.

It was a pleasure to find, not long ago, in a neighbor's child, the striking out of the theory of rewarding goodness instead of punishing badness in children. Little Margaret, of ten, was a girl of unusual brightness, but her quick, sharp tongue brought her many troubles. Whippings she accepted as a natural birthright, but they left her no nearer self-control. At last, a mother was taken ill, and a nurse with experience came into the home. The care of Margaret was her duty, and as she watched her, her duties, she felt a pity for the child, day by day she studied Margaret, and she found a wonderful love of Margaret, and she was never so happy as when listening to the recital of one.

Here was her chance. A story was promised to Margaret every night at bedtime, provided she had not given away to her temper during the day, and the rule was strictly adhered to. At first, of course, there were many nights of no story-telling. But with the help of the wise nurse little Margaret guarded her tongue more and more, until after a few months she seldom missed a story, and was herself proud of the victory. — C. L., in Harper's Bazar

Tolstoy.

Count Leo Tolstoy, whose recent death, under circumstances peculiarly characteristic of the man and his life, has been the occasion of long panegyrics and superlative eulogies in the public press, was a foremost figure among so-called modern reformers. Like the reformers of the sixteenth century, he was a "protestant"; but whereas as they protested against Catholic ecclesiasticism and teaching, Tolstoy carried the doctrine of protest and reform to extremes which, without his literary art, would have made his mission ridiculous and harmless and created grave suspicions of his mental sanity.

That this is no hasty and gratuitous calumny, the offspring of mere prejudice, a reference to some of his principal beliefs will make sufficiently clear. He wrote vigorously for years in favor of what he called "non-resistance." If a man attempted to steal what belonged to you, you should not try to prevent him, for the ownership of any property is immoral and besides one of Christ's first laws is that you must not resent injury. Prisons, legal punishments, trials, judges, juries are all wrong and ought to be abolished. Organized government of every kind is pernicious. There should be no kings, presidents, senators, mayors or policemen. Marriage is a sin. Everyone is under the obligation of preserving virgin chastity. All religious creeds are shams. War for any reason whatsoever is a crime, and everyone who takes part in it is a criminal. These are but a few of the tenets advanced seriously and repeatedly and most earnestly during a long life by the late Count Tolstoy. Even his ardent admirers have to admit his excesses in theorizing and to make apologies for his unpractical and absurdly irrational views.

Why, then, is such a man hailed the world over in dignified editorial utterances as a great apostle of humanity? To simple and unspoiled minds the explanation is not an easy one to grasp. For one thing, Tolstoy was a master in the art of writing. He had the power of seizing upon a sore in modern society, studying it with microscopic vision and picturing it with a clarity and strength of phrase which compelled wide attention. This power goes a long way to explain what else would be a mystery. With this gift of keen observation and vivid portrayal the diary of a surgeon in the ulcer ward of a hospital could be made the most popular book in a dozen nations. Tolstoy had the gift; and he made it subservient to the squinting and myopic deductions of an unsound brain from facts which he saw and described with remarkable graphic intensity.

Hence, his claim to our veneration, as put forward by his eulogists, is mainly threefold: first, he was a great artist; secondly, though his remedies for the ills of society were fantastic, still he has attracted attention to the ills and awakened the consciences of the rich, the selfish and the sensual; and, thirdly, he strove to embody in his private life the principles of conduct which he wished to inculcate on others. As to the first of these claims we are at one with Tolstoy himself in believing that the work of any writer stands or falls according to the judgment that has to be made on its content; and in our opinion, the content of Tolstoy's art is singularly and ably pernicious. It is a kind of every law except a vagabond which gether undefined "Divine" and never Tolstoy frequently reverts Tolstoy's formulates fully. Wried out — and teachings have benevolent followers? when has any quality led to misery, — they have invagated. As for the unhappiness and overshooting the contention that least made it clearer mark, he has and easier for them to for others' confess a lack of conviction, we migration is always distant, and a whirling dervish credence conspicuous advocates of amou cause will inevitably injure anause in the eyes of those who thest qualified to help it along.

The last of the claims put forward by Tolstoy's admirers, that he deserves respectful regard for his personal sincerity, can be urged only in a modified form. In his old age, it is true, he divested himself of his property, as Ruskin had done before him; but, unlike the latter, he tied a string to it by transferring it to his wife and children. Furthermore, he found it easy to practice his non-resistance by shifting upon others the crime of protecting him from its obvious disadvantages. We do not deny, however, a large measure of sincerity to the man; but it seems to us that sincerity, as such, is not necessarily an object of reverence. Sincerity ceases to be a virtue when it has said farewell to reason, prudence and discretion. A madhouse, it conceivable, may offer more striking instances of sincerity than a university. Tolstoy's sincerity is uttered in accents that continually suggest the fanatic and the madman. It is strange to reflect that the world, which so admires the renunciations practised by Tolstoy, has nothing but contempt and ridicule for those that have been practiced so often in a saner spirit in the life of the Catholic Church. A Father of the Church has pointed out that for personal perfection self-spoilation is not enough; for even Crates, a pagan philosopher, disencumbered himself of all earthly luggage. We must, in addition, follow Christ, slatoy, indeed, took the lesson to "use and profess to be a follower of Christ. But the Christ, whom he followed, was one of his own devising, not a Russian novelist Christ, was "ine, but only a man like Socrates, Buddha. Tolstoy rejected the

Christ of the Gospels wherever Christ did not agree with him. He felt amply capable of understanding Christ for himself and he brooded no instruction on the subject from outside sources. Tolstoy was, for all his mujik's dress and humble self-denials, pre-eminently a proud man. He labored hard and with skill, but a spirit of insane pride, breathes through all his work. That is why it will never lead anywhere. It ended for him in the confusion of his own soul. It survives him to work confusion and despair in the souls of those who in the valley of darkness hail the voice of every new prophet. — America.

France.

The statistics of criminality, published annually in France, made their appearance in the Journal Officiel early in November. The official figures make distressful reading. Crime is rapidly on the increase among youths between the ages of seven and twenty years. As the record runs, "the percentage of criminality added by the youth of the country to total criminality of the nation has notably increased." Nor is this the whole story. "As regards children under seven years," says the report, "the figures given do not furnish a complete idea of the prevalence of evil-doing." It appears that minors haled before the courts at this tender age are dismissed with a warning and no record is made of their appearance to answer charges. A rather naive reason of the situation is advanced in the Journal Officiel. "The increase is due," says the writer, "to a lack of surveillance on the part of parents and to a non-frequentation of the schools." Some one commenting on the report in L'Echo de Paris, has this remark to make: "The excuse alleged shows at once the helpless infirmity of the authorities and the culpable illusion of those who pretend to justify them contrary to all evidence. The real reason of the lamentable increase of crime among the young, which the official records cannot conceal, is, he adds, the frequentation of schools in which the very name of God is tabooed. And he comments further on the unsavory outcome of the lay schools established with so great a flourish by the government twenty-five years ago. The parents trained in them fail to safeguard their little ones, the little ones now being formed in them grow in wickedness year after year. — At the closing session of the Catholic Congress recently held in Lille, Cardinal Luçon gave a strong address on the school question. He affirmed that the success of the free-thinkers' efforts to laicize the schools of France would not merely dechristianize their country, they would rather make it atheistic. French normal schools to-day, said His Eminence, are practically atheistic, and they who are trained in them, go forth to teach what they have learned. Catholics must not falter in their struggle for the liberty of the school until they shall have won complete success in their just demands. — America

No Rowdies Need Apply.

When we see the ways on the streets and public places, often wonder if they know the business men are watching them. In every A. K. store and office there will soon be a place for a boy to fill. Those of business will select him of ability to swear, smoke cigar, or do other unbefitting things. Business men may not be perfect themselves, but they are looking for boys that are as near gentlemen in every sense of the word as they can find. They are not looking for rowdies. When a boy applies for one of these places and is refused, they may not tell him the reason why they do not want him, but the boy may depend upon it that he's been rated according to his behavior. Boys can not afford to adopt the habits and conversation of the loafers and rowdies if they ever want to be called to responsible positions.

Our Own.

If I had known in the morning How wearily all the day The words unkind Would trouble my mind I said when you went away, I had been more careful, darling, Nor given you needless pain But we vex our own With look and tone We might never take back again. For though in the quiet evening You may give me the kiss of peace, Yet it might be That never for me The pain of the heart should cease. How many go forth in the morning That never come home at night; And hearts have broken For harsh words spoken That sorrow can ne'er set right. We have careful thoughts for the stranger, And smiles for the sometime guest, But not for "our own" The bitter tone, Though we love "our own" the best. Ah, lips with the curve impatient, Ah, brow with that look of scorn, 'Twere a cruel fate Were the night too late To undo the work of morn! —Margaret E. Sangster.

Farms for Sale.

I am agent for the sale of a number of good farms. Write for particulars. ALLAN MACDONALD, Barrister, etc., Antigonish.

PLEURO-PNEUMONIA AND BRONCHITIS

Brought Mrs. Baker to Death's Door. Father Morrissey's No. 10 Saved Her.

Of the many hundreds of cures wrought by Father Morrissey's No. 10 (Lung Tonic) few are more remarkable than the saving of the life of Mrs. John S. Baker, of 164 Rockland Road (North End), St. John, N.B. She wrote on Oct. 15, 1909: "I wish to express my gratitude that I am living to-day, saved from the grave by Father Morrissey's No. 10 (Lung Tonic). This time last year I had pleuro-pneumonia and bronchitis, and had been given up to die, and had my lungs tapped in the City Hospital, and never expected to walk again; I was continually getting worse every day. I came home from the hospital, and everyone was watching for me to die. I tried everything but there seemed to be no cure for me. "I began taking Father Morrissey's No. 10, and the second day I could eat without pain. I used 22 bottles of No. 10, as I was run down right into consumption, and for six months was just a shadow until I began to use it, and now I am in good health, and surprised most of my neighbors by gaining so quickly. I feel it my duty to publish it everywhere I can, as with all I can say I cannot recommend it too highly—it was a life saver to me, and I am very thankful to recommend it, as it is worth all it is said."

Father Morrissey's No. 10 is very different from the many preparations that simply relieve a cough. No. 10 relieves the cause of the cough, restores the membranes of throat and lungs to a healthy condition, and tones up the whole system, giving strength to resist future attacks. Trial bottle 25c.—regular size 50c. At your dealer's or from Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B. 92

Moir's Chocolate Chips. Think of little, thin squares, sweet as honey, and coated with purest of smooth, rich chocolate, and you'll have a slight idea of the delicious sensation known as Moir's Chocolate Chips. Buy a box and introduce yourself to them in reality. MOIRS, Limited, Halifax, N.S.

Table Silver. Grace, beauty and quality are all combined in silver articles marked 1847 ROGERS BROS. made in the heaviest grade of triple plate. Many designs to choose from in this renowned "Silver Plate that Wears". Silver trays, bowls, tea sets, etc., should always bear the mark MERIDEN BRITA CO. SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS

5 ASEPTO STAMP POWDER. ASK YOUR GROCER

THE FISH BRAND SLICKER is famous for its sureness of doing its day's work and that day's work is to keep you dry and comfortable when it rains. SOLD EVERYWHERE. BE SURE THE GARMENT YOU BUY BEARS THE SAGON OF THE FISH BRAND. TOWER CANADIAN CO. TORONTO, CANADA.

Sufferers from Indigestion, read this

MONCTON, N. B., Sept. 21st, 1904. C. Gates, Son & Co., Middleton, N. S. DEAR SIRS, — I had been troubled with indigestion, and tried quite a number of different medicines, from none of which I received any benefit until recommended by Mr. Thomas Grotto to try a bottle of your

Invigorating Syrup No. 1.

which gave me instant relief, and up to this time I have not felt any of the old trouble. Yours truly, GEORGE A. ROBERTSON Of the firm of Robertson and Givan, Hardware. Mr. Robertson was interviewed this present year by one of our representatives and expressed himself as enjoying the best of health for the past 10 years. He still uses Gates' medicines and is recommending them to his friends.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers everywhere at only 50c. per bottle.

C. Gates, Son & Co.'y.

Middleton, N. S.



F. H. RANDALL

Buyer and Shipper of RAW FURS AND SKINS OF ALL KINDS.

Highest Cash Prices paid. B.E.C. Antigonish, October 25, 1910.

WANTED. 1000 Chaf Skins; 1000 Wool Pelts; 5 Tons Wool for which we will pay CASH. Also on hand a full line of Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Crockeryware, Shirts, Overalls, Etc., etc. Macgillivray & McDonald Opposite Post Office.

LAND FOR SALE

1889, A. No. 467. In the County Court District No. 6. Between, DUNCAN FRASER and J. LESLIE JENISON, Plaintiffs; and 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.

LAND

situate, lying and being at Middleton, in the County of Antigonish, bounded on the North by lands of John K. Cameron, on the East by lands of Robert Stewart, on the South by lands of said John K. Cameron and on the West by lands of John Stewart, containing thirty seven and one half acres, more or less, with all and singular the privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging, or in anywise appertaining the same having been taken under an execution at the suit of the above named Plaintiffs. The Judgment in this action was recorded in the life time of the said defendant for more than one year before the date of the issue of said execution, in the Registry of Deeds, kept at Antigonish, in and for the said County of Antigonish.

TERMS.—Twenty percent, deposit at time of Sale; remainder on delivery of deed. Dated at Antigonish, Oct. 28th, 1910. E. LAVIN GIBROIR Solicitor of John K. Cameron Assignee of Plaintiffs.

DUNCAN D. CHISHOLM Sheriff of Antigonish County.



SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS

Any person who is the sole head of a family, or any man over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at 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-empt 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 \$200. W. W. CORY Deputy of the Minister of the Interior



ESTABLISHED, 1852

THE CASKET

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT ANTIGONISH BY THE CASKET PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY (LIMITED).

M. DONOVAN, Manager.

Subscriptions Payable in Advance

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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 8.

THE CHRONICLE AND ARCH-BISHOP BRUCHESI—AN OUTRAGE.

(Continued from page 1) despatch with its headlines, and its sub-headlines. It is stated to be "special to the Morning Chronicle."

The chief points in the above despatch are as follows:

- (1) That there is a possibility of a Pope being chosen from Canada. We find no fault with this suggestion in itself. (2) That there are reasons for believing that Archbishop Bruchesi is intriguing to get the Chair of Peter...

(3) That "influential interests" are now at work to make Archbishop Bruchesi Pope, and amongst those the chief is Henry Bourassa.

(4) That "influential interests" are now at work to make Archbishop Bruchesi Pope, and amongst those the chief is Henry Bourassa.

(5) Mr. Bourassa is in sympathy with the plan "for various reasons"; and "an alliance between the Church and Mr. Bourassa would work to the advantage of a Nationalist campaign in Quebec."

This is the position of The Chronicle. Catholics should note it well. We do not for a moment believe that The Chronicle's friends will receive its outrageous attack with any other sentiments than those of anger and disgust.

We make no comment upon the dense ignorance displayed as to the manner in which Popes are elected, and the circumstances which surround such elections.

We have called this an outrage, and an outrage it is; and if The Chronicle has any sense of decency it will apologize for it without delay.

Father Phalen's Memory Fittingly Honored by His Loyal Canso Parishioners.

The Catholics of Canso owe a very deep debt of gratitude to their former Pastor, the late Rev. David Vincent Phalen; and that they are not unmindful of the obligation, and not disposed to allow his memory to fade is evidenced by the splendid monument, now nearing completion, that is to bear his name—"Phalen Memorial Hall."

Father Phalen when Pastor of Canso realized the necessity of a parish hall, and although the matter was frequently discussed, it was always regarded as a luxury beyond the means of the parish.

The building occupies a commanding site on the front of the Glebe property, and is three storeys high in front. The basement is of concrete with a finished interior height of ten feet, and thirty six feet square—a little more than half the length of the building, but so arranged that it may be excavated full size it needed.

The scene is a fragment of "stern Nova Scotia's ungracious strand" but viewed in its happiest setting—when the storm has spent its force and the grim unconquered granite, unmoved by the shock, stands proudly crowned by the golden glory of an Autumn sunset.

The building will be lighted from the generator that now supplies acetylene gas to the church and house. This with the finishing of the basement and the installing of an up-to-date steam heating system will complete the work.

Thus, to the worthy desire of the good people of Canso to keep green the memory of a man who gave to them the best of his all too short life; to the growth of that blessed association, the League of the Cross; and to the kindly sympathy and generous assistance of the Townspeople in general we owe the possession of our really beautiful "Phalen Hall."

Our London Letter

LONDON, Nov. 24th.

How well our opponents know that in unity is strength. It will not do to let those Catholics coalesce at a time like this, when so many wild forces are at work, churned into fury by under currents, which so few suspect, but which, like the seismic disturbances that reverberate through Creation, are a reflection of wilder outbreaks in more fervid climes, inspired by the avowed enemies of the Church.

valleys,—with blows, scalds, and bites, bestowed on them by their fair opponents—are merely to be regarded as the scum rising from the seething mass beneath. The Socialist and the anarchist may smoothly bait his less advanced brother with the suggestion of disestablishment for Wales and the argument for secular education, but these are merely preliminaries to the sweeping away of all belief in the Creator, should power come into his hands to do so, and the Religion that matters is the Catholic religion.

The departure of Archbishop Bourne for Rome this week has given rise to many surmises. The small coterie of English Modernists imagine they are the cause of this unexpected visit to the fountain head of all authority; the refractory Nottingham Priests, who persist in their ecclesiastical titles, consider their cause the primary object; the grumblers profess to believe there is some hitch in the application of the new law concerning First Communion, despite the Archbishop's letter on the subject; and the mischief makers aver that it is the differences between English and Irish Catholics which takes His Grace to the Eternal City—differences more imaginary than real, and more isolated than wide spread.

The Vicar-General of Southwark, Monsignor Brown, gave a very enlightening and timely address to the members of the Catholic League of South London a few days ago. The reverend gentleman is a great authority on the School question, and he has recently seen efforts being made to induce Catholics to believe that such a system of rate allocation as that practiced in Quebec and Ontario would be the proper answer to the education difficulty in England.

Father Martin McPherson's Death. The Rev. M. A. MacPherson of Little Bras d'Or, C. B., passed away last week, dying from heart failure on board the White Star Dominion steamer Canada, when she was one day out from Liverpool, G. B. The body was committed to the sea. The reverend gentleman had been in the old country for a few months and was returning home when called away.

The season when Charity flowers most profusely, like the Christmas rose, amidst the snows of winter, is upon us, and innumerable ingenious experiments are being resorted to by her handmaidens to crown their work with success. Apropos of Tyburn Convent for which Lady Montyn is making such a determined effort, an anonymous donor suggests what he, or she, calls the planting of a grove of "Tyburn Trees" each having twelve branches.

Just before Advent closes round us and somewhat curtains Catholic festivities, bringing with it general missions to Liverpool and some other large cities, a band of gay charity events endeavour to squeeze through the short space of time left. Foremost amongst these is Lady Edmund Talbot's charity Ball at the Grandon galleries, always a very smart affair, while close behind it comes one of the most fascinating bazaars of the season organised mainly by Lady Mary Howard, at which there are to be such novelties as a St. Winifred's Stall filled with articles all made by those who have been miraculously cured at the famous Welsh shrine.

But one of the chief attractions of the autumn season, and one which may, with propriety, be continued into Advent, are the lectures on the Passion Play of Oberammergau. You may have already heard that a French syndicate offered the pious peasants of the mountain village as much money as they receive from all the innumerable tourists every tenth year, if they permit a cinematograph representation to be taken and exhibited, an offer which was instantly declined, one is glad to say. But so impressed was I, and so impressed have others been by the solemn beauty of that stately presentation of the World's Tragedy, that it is good news to be able to state, for the benefit of those who cannot now see the Passion Play for another decade, that they may gain a perfectly reverent and very illuminating idea of its grandeur and beauty, from the superb set of lantern slides which have been prepared in London by a well known scientific firm, who have secured the rights for the whole world on terms which mean, that the good peasants of Oberammergau receive a commission every time these slides are exhibited. There are over ninety of the slides covering the whole play and several of the tableaux and they are as near perfection as anything can be. Augmented by the narrative of an eye witness of the Play, they can move an audience almost to tears and certainly impress upon them, as nothing but the Passion Play can, the reality of the most Sacred Passion. The writer has already tested them, and mentions them because up to now the slides of the Passion Play, taken twenty and thirty years ago, have been so inadequate, and created so unworthy an impression. I believe all necessary arrangements can be made for export, and the cost of hire is very reasonable.

Another great but silent work is being done by St. Augustine's House in London, where business men, who feel in later life a vocation for the priesthood, many of them converts to the faith, can have their vocation tested and their studies directed, without taking the irrevocable step of throwing up their employment in the world only, perhaps to discover that they are not suited to the sacred Ministry. Several young men have recently passed through the quiet house in the busy London thoroughfare which is connected with the presbytery of the English Marys Mission, and having tried their strength have gone on to the great ecclesiastical colleges abroad such as Lisbon, Douai, Valladolid, or to our own seminary, while fifteen Priests who first found their vocation in the hubbub of city life, are now serving various missions in and near London. CATHOLICUS.

The Rev. M. A. MacPherson of Little Bras d'Or, C. B., passed away last week, dying from heart failure on board the White Star Dominion steamer Canada, when she was one day out from Liverpool, G. B. The body was committed to the sea. The reverend gentleman had been in the old country for a few months and was returning home when called away. The news of his sudden death and the burial at sea was heard with sincere regret throughout Eastern Nova Scotia, for Father Martin was widely and well-known in these parts. He was born at Big Pond, East Bay, on September 16, 1847. He attended St. Francis Xavier College and the Grand Seminary, Quebec, and was ordained to the holy priesthood at the Grand Seminary by the late Cardinal (as hereon) thirty-five years ago. He labored in the following parishes: Cape North and Ingonish; Port Felix, Little Bras d'Or and French Vale. Joseph McPherson, collector of customs at the port of North Sydney, is a brother of the deceased, and there are two other brothers residing at Big Pond, Neil and Hector M. Pherson.

GLACE BAY, Dec. 5th, 1910. To the Branches of the League of the Cross in the Diocese of Antigonish: BROTHERS:—The Christmas Number of the Total Abstinence will be ready for distribution between the 15th and 20th of this month, the work being now rushed to completion by the printers and the matter all in hand.

The Number, which is in form of a magazine of about forty pages, with an illustrated cover, contains articles by a number of prominent writers in the diocese, dealing with the different phases of the temperance question and the total abstinence movement. The Number is also profusely illustrated, has short sketches of the League of the Cross and of the diocese of Antigonish, showing cuts of the Bishops given to the Church by our diocese. It will be sold at TEN CENTS a copy. The issue is two thousand copies, and as it is expected that there will be a large demand for copies, the branches of the League of the Cross are requested to state the number required by each with as little delay as possible. It is most important, in the interests of total abstinence, that the articles in this Number should be as widely read as possible, and each Branch should, therefore, take the greatest pains to have it well distributed within its own jurisdiction.

Following the Christmas Number, the regular issues of the Abstinence will be resumed and continued during the coming year with greater regularity than in the past. All orders for copies of the Christmas Number, by members of the League of the Cross and others, will be thankfully received by the undersigned. Yours fraternally, JNO. A. MACDOUGALL, Grand Provincial L. O. C.

Hospital Building Fund. Previously Acknowledged, \$100 00 Angus McGillivray, Merchant, Antigonish 20 00 Capt. Maurice G. When, 10 00 Angus McDonald, West, Merigonish 5 00

America's Leading Pianos Direct From Factory to You. It is an established fact that America leads the world in the manufacture of fine Pianos. No piano is better or more favourably known than the Hallet & Davis. Endorsed by the world's leading musicians since 1850, it to-day enjoys the distinction of being the world's leading piano for the lowest price.

A. KIRK & CO.'Y Our stock of Fall and Winter goods is now complete. Price and quality better than ever, consisting of Ladies' Coats, Suits, Skirts, Sweater-Coats, Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves, Collars, Belts, Mufflers, Furs, Motor Scarfs, Muffs, Furs Coats and Fur-Lined Coats. DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT. In our Dress Goods Department you will find all the newest shades in French and English goods. FURNITURE. In our Furniture Department we have a full line of Beds, Springs, Mattresses, Bureaus, Commodes, Chairs, Parlor Suites, Couches, Dining Room Suites and everything to furnish a home. Price and quality the best in Town.

Agent for McCall Pattern and Magazine WINTER OVERCOATS With Presto Convertible Collars Two Collars together far all sorts of weather. Not a freak or a fad, not a clumsy contrivance, but a neat, dressy, sensible arrangement which gives you two coats for the price of one equally useful for Men's, Women's and Children's garments. Men's Overcoats with Presto Collars, \$15, \$16 \$18. Men's Overcoats with Convertible Collars, \$10, \$12 \$14.

A. KIRK & CO.'Y THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA Capital, \$ 6,200,000 Reserve Fund, 6,900,000 Total Assets, 95,000,000 A General Banking Business Transacted. Accounts of Firms and Individuals carried upon favourable terms. Out-of-town accounts receive special attention. SAVINGS ACCOUNTS OF \$1 AND UPWARDS may be opened in the names of two or more persons. Either to withdraw P. S. C. HARRIS, Manager : : Antigonish Branch

THOMAS SOMERS GENERAL STORE PROVISIONS AND GROCERIES Flour, Oatmeal, Bran, Oil, Cakes, meat and all groceries found in a first class grocery store, kept constantly in stock. Our "Shamrock Brand" Tea is the best tea value to be had. Get your winter's supply of it and enjoy good tea. BOOTS AND SHOES. It is true economy to provide good footwear for yourself and family. We are admitted leaders in offering good substantial footwear. Besides "AMBERST" 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 shoes, Overboots and Larrigans arriving daily. CUSTOM TAILORING. Just received, a large assortment of Suits and Overcoats, 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, Undercoats, Saskatchewan Coats, Reversible Leather Coats. Heavy Pants, Furalls and Jumpers, Winter Caps, Mitts and Gloves and a large stock of STAINED UNSHIRK LIE UNDERWEAR and Hosiery. In this department, particularly, we have come to the line, let the chips fall where they may. FURNITURE. Saskatchewan Buffalo Robes, Light driving and heavy Team Harness, Cart Saddles, Pads and Bitbrons. Highest Market prices paid for all County produce. THOMAS SOMERS Antigonish N. S.



General News.

Sixty youths have joined the Canadian cruiser Niobe at Halifax. The Springhill mines have become the property of the Dominion Steel Corporation. The Dominion Steel Company of Sydney has issued directions that all its employees be vaccinated.

Mrs. Mary Baker Glover Eddy, discoverer and founder of Christian Science, died late Saturday night, at her home at Chestnut Hill, Boston. Forty persons were seriously injured, a number of them fatally, in a collision on the London-North Western Railroad at Willensden Junction on Monday.

Capt. John C. Peters was presented with an Imperial Service medal at Flat Point Light, Cape Breton, Saturday, for his forty-four years of service at that point.

For the eighth time Diaz was on Thursday last inaugurated President of Mexico. Madero's movement against him has dwindled, though not totally suppressed.

At Truro, E. J. Peery was convicted of manslaughter for killing Maud Wright, in a drunken quarrel. He was sent to the penitentiary for twenty years.

An Ottawa despatch states that Government committees to the number of 38 have been sold this year. Of these 37 were to males and 220 to females. The fund amounts to \$484,929.

The Countess De Nicolay, her son and the chauffeur in charge of the automobile in which they were driving were killed Sunday at a railroad crossing near Lemans, France, by being hit by a train.

Canada's fire loss estimate for November, as compiled by Monetary Times, is \$1,913,708—an increase of \$1,088,517 for the same month last year, and a decrease of \$252,073 from the month of October.

Mr. A. C. Ross has submitted to the Sydney, C. B., council a new ship-building plant and dry dock proposal. They want a free site, a bonus of \$350,000 city 4 per cent. bonds, or guaranteed interest at 1 1/2 per cent. up to \$7,500,000.

To show the growth of a town in Western Canada, it is stated that Wainwright, Alberta, which is not more than two years old, is negotiating for a \$5,000 steam fire engine. They have also authorized the employment of an engineer to run the level of the entire town preparatory to the installation of a complete drainage system.

An important step has just been taken by Ontario with the object of expanding and increasing the efficacy of her army and navy. Prince Tsai Sun, uncle of the Emperor, who recently paid an extensive visit to the United States, has been appointed president of the new department and his full recommendations for the reorganization of the navy has been approved.

The United States navy, according to the estimates prepared for submission to congress, will cost next year \$126,000,000. This is \$5,000,000 less than is asked for the present year, but it amounts to over \$1.30 a head of the population. Besides the expense of maintenance, provision is made for the construction of two new battleships, one collier, one gunboat and three other craft.

Thanks to Queen Mary's example, the Irish lace industry will benefit very largely by the coronation. Always a supporter of the Irish Industries Association, Her Majesty has now decided that all the lace used in her Coronation robes shall be of Irish manufacture, while the magnificent veil which will fall from her crown will be of Irish needlepoint. In deference to the Queen's wishes, Irish laces will also figure in the robes of the Peereses at the great ceremony in June next.

The British elections are not going to prove decisive on the great constitutional issues before the country. While the Government is going to be sustained, its strength will not be materially increased in the new Parliament. After the first days polling the Unionists showed gains, winning seven seats from the Government, while the latter gained but four from their opponents; on the second day the Unionists gained two more seats. Later returns, however, have increased the Government's supporters by one over the number in last Parliament from the constituencies in which the elections have been held.

The tide now seems turning in favour of the Liberals and is flowing perceptibly towards them, so that they will be somewhat stronger than before the elections. Two hundred and ninety-nine seats have now been filled, giving 152 Government supporters and 147 Unionists. Among the liberals returned on Monday were two Canadians, Mr. Joseph Martin, in one of the London divisions, and Mr. Hamar Greenwood, in Sunderland.

At Ottawa Dr. Black brought a bill that a medical practitioner qualified to practice in any province could practice throughout the Dominion. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, speaking on the naval policy, said, "it is a policy broad in its conception, a policy Canadian, and not sectional," and that the government will go on with it. The debate on the address ended Thursday, the amendment which called for an appeal to the electorate on the naval question being defeated by a vote of 123 to 70. The estimates were brought down Thursday. They provide for a total expenditure of \$138,832,000, an increase of \$6,035,775. The Minister of Justice made a statement of the Hague Arbitration award.

Toys galore at Bonner's. Hides! Hides! Bring your hides, sheep pelts and tallow, to C. B. Whidden & Son's. Slippers of all kinds, prices from 17c. up, at Fraser's Shoe Store. Candles, wholesale and retail, for Xmas lighting all colors and sizes. T. J. Bonner.

Bonded Debt.

To the Editor of the Casket: Having had occasion lately of examining annual reports issued by the Municipal Council, I find several matters that, in my opinion would need further explanation. The first of these is the Bonded Debt of the Municipality, which, in the last report at hand is given as \$37,000. In January 1904, the financial statement gave it as \$23,000. I do not include in this short loans from banks, to be paid after taxes are collected every year. I presume the above bonded loan was necessitated to pay off the outstanding loans following: College Loan, amounting to \$10,805.35 Dan McDonald, Debentures... 3,075.00 Debentures maturing 1907... 9,000.00 Total... \$22,880.35

I find in Report (1906), receipts for 1905 show an item from debentures of \$22,956.66, which would likely be proceeds from the \$23,000 bonded loan stated above. This should be sufficient to pay off the amount of the debt items referred to.

It seems it was not, however, for just before the \$9,000 debentures matured in April 1907, the Council passed the following resolution: "That the Municipality petition the Local Legislature of Nova Scotia to pass an Act to enable the Municipality to borrow upon debentures the sum of \$9,000 to redeem outstanding debentures falling due."

At the same session it also adopted the following resolution: "That this Municipality petition the Legislature to pass an Act authorizing the Municipality to borrow the sum of \$6,000 upon debentures payable in 30 years for the purpose of erecting a Jail and Municipal offices for the Municipality."

Also resolved, "That the Warden and Treasurer be authorized to borrow from the Royal Bank of Canada the sum of \$5,000 as a temporary loan to assist in paying the \$9,000 debenture loan maturing in April, 1907." Passed.

We may safely assume that this temporary loan of \$5,000 would be paid as soon as the \$9,000 debenture loan was effected, and would therefore be no addition to the bonded debt.

It must be clear also that the \$9,000 loan, as it was to be applied to the redemption of the \$9,000 maturing debentures, which necessarily formed a part of the previous bonded debt, would not increase that debt, but leave it practically at the same figure.

Hence the increase to the bonded debt of \$23,000 would be only \$8,000 for the new buildings, making, so far as appears from reports, (1906 to 1910), \$20,000.

But it is given as \$37,000, and the estimates for the past few years contain an item of \$1,800 for debenture interest, which is paid yearly in our taxes.

From reports I find receipts from bonded loans to be as follows: In 1905, from Debentures... \$22,956.66 In 1907, " Bonded Loans 14,737.50 Total... \$37,694.16

DISBURSEMENTS. 1905, paid D. McDonald, Esq., \$ 3,075.00 1906, paid College loan... 10,805.35 1907, paid Debentures... 9,000.00 1907, paid New Public Buildings... 6,000.00 \$28,880.35 \$37,694.16

From the above we find that \$8,513.81 should be available for other purposes. What were these purposes? Gentlemen who have been in the Council since 1904 to the present time and more particularly those of them who almost continuously constituted the Committee on Finance should consider themselves, by courtesy as well as by duty, bound to give municipal taxpayers this information.

I am aware some of them differ as to the amount of the bonded debt in January 1904. This should be satisfactorily decided at once and for all by those of them who can do so.

Yours, etc., W. D. CAMERON, South River, Dec. 2, '10.

Mr. A. McGillivray of the Woolen Mills, Antigonish, is wholly recovered from a slight stroke of paralysis suffered some weeks ago.

Mrs. Prue and Miss Flo Macdonald of Antigonish, were visiting friends in Boston, the latter remaining there until the Harvard-Antigonish hockey game.

Mr. Kenneth Chisholm of Somerville, Mass., a member of the Metropolitan Police Force of the State of Massachusetts returned home yesterday after spending a few weeks with his parents at Beech Hill, Ant.

Among the Advertisers. Finest quality tea and coffee at C. B. Whidden & Son's. Toys galore at Bonner's. Fresh figs, dates, grapes, raisins, currants at C. B. Whidden & Son's. Xmas tree, church and house decorations at Bonner's. Boudoir tan kid slippers, latest novelty, at Fraser's Shoe Store. Lightning hitch hockey shoes, men's, boys' and women's sizes, at Fraser's Shoe Store. Greatest values in lumbermen's footwear, overshoes, heavy rubbers, larrigans, etc., at Fraser's Shoe Store. Stock immense and prices right on every thing, follow the crowd to Bonner's. Larrigans, sweaters, horse rugs, gloves and mitts, a large stock, just opened at Bonner's. Wanted, good man, to attend cattle. Must know how to milk. Address, K. Casket Office. Lost, last week, between Trotter's

Farm and Sylvan Valley Mills, a lady's overcoat, Finder please leave at Casket Office.

Sleighs—A car load of all kinds, single and double, just received. Don't buy till you call on me, T. J. Bonner.

Our stock was never larger in Xmas raisins, currents, peels, essences, etc. etc. Quality the best and prices right, follow the crowd to Bonner's.

For sale, one first-class general purpose horse, sound and reliable, excellent puller, aged 5 years, weight 1100. C. A. Harrington, Antigonish

Strayed from the Hospital, on Saturday, Nov. 26, a cow, color red, white face. Persons having knowledge of her whereabouts, will please inform the Sisters.

Strayed, from the premises of Angus McDonald, Williams Point, a cow, color white. Any information regarding her whereabouts will be gladly received.

300 bags Liverpool salt on hand and for sale either at wholesale or retail. Country merchants will do well to get their winter's supply of salt from us. Chisholm, Sweet & Co.

We are determined to close our balance of suits on our bargain counter. Last week they sold at 25 per cent. discount, what is left are offered this week at 50 per cent. discount. Chisholm, Sweet & Co.

With the compliments of the season to all our readers, we would remind them that there is a splendid lot of Christmas goods for men and women, boys and girls, at C. J. Macdonald's.

Manicure sets and dressing cases in sterling silver and also in ebony mounted in silver, shaving sets, smoker sets and all kinds of brushes at C. J. Macdonald's.

Dolls from one cent to \$5.00, and toys of all kinds and prices, rocking horses, carts and sleds. Everything in the Fancy Goods line, both cheap and expensive articles. Toilet sets up to fifteen dollars at C. J. Macdonald's.

The usual variety of goods suitable for Christmas gifts in stationery, books, leather goods, chinaware, fountain pens, kodaks and cameras, calendars, toys, dolls, etc. etc., are now on sale at Mrs. Harrington's Book and Fancy goods store.

Toys galore at Bonner's. Acknowledgments. Tena McIsaac, Harbor Road \$ 3.50 John J. McGillivray, St. Andrews 3.50 D. H. Gillis, Glen a-pine 3.00 Lauchlin McDonald, Big Marsh 2.00 Alex McIsaac, Morristown 3.00 John McPherson, Maryvale 3.00 Dan E. McDonald, Pleasant Valley 2.00 Mrs. Allan Chisholm, Marydale 2.00 Allan McDonald, Glenroy 1.00 Jas Chisholm, Caledonia Mills 1.00 Hugh Boyd, Boyd's P. O. 1.00 Angus Cameron, McPherson's P. O. 3.00 Dan H. McIsaac, Giant's Lake 2.00 John Rossion, Cape George 2.00 Mrs. E. McDonald, Monk's Head 3.00 D. D. Chisholm, North Grant 1.00 Flo McIntosh, Fitchburg 1.00 A. R. McKinnon, Leanox 2.00 Henry Davidson, Afton 1.00 Allan E. Boyd, West Lakevale 1.00 Alex Kennedy, West River 1.00 C. F. McKinnon, Pomquet 2.00 Mrs. Ann McDonald, Pleasant Valley 2.00 Rev. J. C. Chisholm, St. Joseph's 3.00 John McNeary, Canso 3.00 C. A. E., Windsor 1.00 Rev. J. W. Brown, Windsor 1.00 K. O. C., Antigonish 2.00 Alex J. McDonald, Bailey's Brook 4.00 J. H. McDonald, Pomquet River 2.00 Alex McDonald, Manchester 1.00 John McEachern, Cape George 1.00 Janet B. McDonald, Bailey's Brook 3.00 John A. Gillis, Georgeville 3.00 Donald McDonald, Baileys cove 1.00 Chas. McDougall, Arisaig 1.00 Rev. A. Forrier, Cape Cove 1.00 Mary Cameron, Boston 1.00 P. O'Connell, Cambridge 2.00 Julian Landry, Hesterton 2.00 Wm Smith, Antigonish 1.00 Hugh Gillis, F. Glen Island 2.00 Alfred Sullivan, Roman Valley 3.00 Albert Delorey, Tracadie 1.00 Onas A. Stewart, Lochaber 2.00 Capt. Angus McDonald, Halclynes Cove 1.00 St. Baptiste, Church Point 1.00 John A. McPherson, McAras Brook 4.00 Mary Jane Carroll, Beaulieu 1.00 Angus McDonald, Alexander 1.00 Rev. W. J. McCall, Peterborough 3.00 Alphonse McDonald, Hosmer 1.00 (Many acknowledgments crowded out)

DIED. At Malden, Nov. 27th, ANN, relict of the late Donald McLehman, aged 72 years. Consisted by the rites of the Church, she peacefully passed away, leaving four daughters, two brothers and sisters to mourn their loss. R. I. F.

At Malden, Mass., on Nov. 15th, in the 80th year of her age, MARY, widow of the late Samuel O'Neill of Grosvenor, Guy, a remarkably smart, industrious, upright and religious woman. Of a family of ten children, seven remain to mourn the loss of an affectionate mother. After Requiem Mass her remains were laid to rest in Holy Cross cemetery. R. I. F.

At St. Martha's Hospital, Antigonish, on the 25th ult., with all the rites of Holy Church, WILLIAM CHISHOLM, after a prolonged illness. Mr. Chisholm was born at St. Andrew's on the 28th of October, 1827, and so was in his eighty-third year. He had a large circle of relatives in and beyond this county. He was maternal uncle of Dr. Chisholm, M. P. for Inverness, his wife, who predeceased him only a few months, being paternal aunt of the same. He was highly intelligent, a good historian and an excellent conversationalist. On Thursday his remains were brought to St. Andrew's for interment, the parish priest, Father Chisholm, performing the ceremonies at the grave. Deceased leaves three sons and one daughter, Mrs. Harry Orris of Mansfield, Mass., to cherish his memory. R. I. F.

At Malden Ridge, Sunday evening, Nov. 13th, MRS. ARCHIBALD GILLIS, daughter of the late country doctor of Desjardins, Co. Inverness, at the age of 97 years. Deceased was taken suddenly in early in the morning when getting ready to go to mass, immediately the priest and sexton were sent for and in a very short space of time were at her bedside and everything possible was done to save her life, but to no avail. She lived till seven o'clock in the afternoon. Her disposition on her death bed to all who made her acquaintance. Her sudden and unexpected death was a great shock to her numerous friends, and it is to be regretted that she leaves behind her husband two sons and four daughters to mourn the loss of an affectionate wife and mother. The sympathy of the community goes out to the bereaved family. May her soul rest in peace!

The subscriber will be at Cape George on the 13th inst., for one week. A settlement of all over due accounts is requested. L. J. McEACHERN, Inverness, C. B. Dec., 6, 1910.

Farms for Sale. I am agent for the sale of a number of good farms. Write for particulars. ALLAN MACDONALD, Barrister, etc., Antigonish.

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. Raincoats, \$7.75, \$10.50. Umbrellas, 75c., \$1.25, \$1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 3.25. Overshoes, 2 to 2.65. Sweater Coats, \$1.75, 2.25, 2.50. Slippers, 20, 70, to \$1.75. Bradley - Knit Mufflers, 25 and 50c. Gloves, 50, 75, \$1.00, \$1.25. Silk Waists, \$2.50, 2.75, 3.50 up to 5.75. Fancy Aprons, 25, 35, 50, 75, \$1.00. Neckwear, 25, 50, 75, \$1.00. Mink Ruffs, \$17.75. Mink Muff to match, 15.75. Canadian Mink Ruff, 28.00. 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. Everything Displayed. Where you can readily inspect the goods and make your selections however busy we may be. Chisholm, Sweet & Co.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE. HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO. ESTABLISHED 1867. B. E. WALKER, President. ALEXANDER LAIRD, General Manager. Paid-up Capital, \$10,000,000. Reserve Fund, - 6,000,000. Branches throughout Canada, and in the United States and England. COUNTRY BUSINESS. Every facility afforded to farmers and others for the transaction of their banking business. Sales notes will be cashed or taken for collection. BANKING BY MAIL. Accounts may be opened by mail and monies deposited or withdrawn in this way with equal facility. 123. ANTIGONISH BRANCH. W. H. HARRISON, Manager.

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RAW FURS Wanted. I will pay extra for No. 1 White Weasel, Red Fox, Mink, Wild Cat and Racoons. Send Trial Shipment. If I can not suit you on prices, I will return at my expense. CHAS. G. WHIDDEN, Exporter of Furs, ANTIGONISH, N. S. THE SUCCESS. 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. Farm For Sale. The subscriber offers for sale a very desirable farm at Harbor Road, 5 miles from Antigonish. The farm contains 30 acres of good land, well wooded and watered, part of which is in good state of cultivation. Good barn and very fine large house. Very pleasing situation, convenient location, P. O. on the farm. Good site for tradesman. Will be sold reasonable. Death is family the reason for selling. MRS. ELIZABETH MCISAAC, Harbor Road, Ant. N.



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### The Nature and Meaning of the Priestly Vocation.

Considerable stir has been made, in ecclesiastical circles, of recent days, over the publication of a work by Joseph Lahitton, entitled "The Priestly Vocation; a theoretical and practical treatise for the use of seminarians."

The work has received a very warm eulogy from Mgr. Touzet, as well as a commendatory letter from Cardinal Merry del Val.

It is, says Frere Jean de la Croix, writing in *Etudes Francaises* (Paris) a work which marks a station in the history of Catholic ecclesiastical literature. It is divided into three parts: the first part exposes and justifies the true notion of the vocation; it is wholly theoretical, and forms the thesis which provides the bases of the succeeding parts.

The second part is addressed to those who grant the sacerdotal vocation, the so-called appellants, bishops and others who recruit the clergy for the Church.

The third part is for those who are seeking the call to the priesthood.

In the first part, the author shows that a vocation is a condition of mind which is of so positive a kind that it amounts in the person possessing it, to a virtual obsession in respect of the sacerdotal calling or state.

Lahitton defines such a vocation as "the selection and the call of a man to the ecclesiastical state; this selection is altogether gratuitous and God manifests it at his own time through the legitimate ministers of the Church."

M. Lahitton will not agree with the notion that such a call is sanctioned by the simple desire of the aspirant himself. The true sanction comes only with the call by those already chosen to the higher functions of the altar.

Aaron for instance was called by Moses to the service of the Almighty, and there are many examples in the Church in all ages of her history.

The power of transmitting vocation is vested in the Pope and the Bishops; under these, however, there are many who take a part in effecting the call; those who call in virtue of a delegated power and who prepare the candidate for his call. The directors of great seminaries have the right to exercise the power of the call, delegated to them by their bishops.

Naturally, much responsibility rests upon them; they must not be too easy in admitting to orders, they must be relentless against the spirit of Modernism or any semblance of it.

Auxiliary to these, in the matter of effecting the call to holy orders, will be seminarian confessors, directors and professors, priests in general especially parish priests, Christian and devoted Catholic parents.

Naturally, one's spiritual guide counts for much in probing the heart of the young aspirant, nevertheless, Lahitton does not accord him an overwhelmingly preponderant role in doing so.

Every priest, he says, must do the work of recruiting for the priesthood, now-a-days more than ever. The best way, he adds, to do so is not to confine oneself to the children who manifest a desire for the priesthood, for sometimes such signs are deceptive, but to seek to find out from the real aptitudes born of family favors towards the idea, or at least an impartial attitude on the family's side.

In the case of Catholic parents, it is not sufficient in them not to obstruct the vocation of a child; they must further seek to call forth the real desires of a child, and try to find out the real tendency of the soul.

As to those who are seeking a call to Holy Orders, the chapter dealing with the last part drew from Mgr. Touzet the warmest praise. According to Lahitton, there must be right intention, sufficient science and suitable sanctity.

As to the first the right intention is based on the will of the candidate himself; it must be definitely fixed.

The right intention is shown by the desire of the candidate to bring about the salvation of souls—this being the supreme test. A sufficiency of knowledge is required, and the "limited mind" much to be excluded (says Lahitton), from the higher forms of sacerdotal function. Ignorance in the priesthood covers the ministry with ridicule.

The measure of sanctity can be fairly gauged by those who have the care of candidates; the unworthy can never succeed in wholly disguising their unworthiness.

In fine, M. Lahitton distinguishes three kinds of vocations, absolute vocations, like the miraculous and very rare; conditional vocations, those which are subject to a multiplicity of human causes which condition them; and permissive vocations which are given to the unworthy, but the responsibility for which reacts upon the appellants, if the selection has been made without due investigation, and on the candidate if he has been guilty of ruse.—*Freeman's Journal*.

### Significant Figures.

Under the heading "Catholic Lowest Church of England Highest," the *Catholic Herald* (England), notes that the Chairman of the Divorce Commission read statistics bearing on the question of religious denominations and divorce. He gave a return showing the denominational marriages which have been the subject of divorce. The figures in 1907 were given in the following cases:

Church of England	410
Catholic	7
Denominational Protestants	59
Jewish	10
The figures in 1908 were:	
Church of England	485
Catholic	9
Denominational Protestants	57
Jewish	14

The moral of these figures needs no printing. By their fruits you shall now them.

Take things as they are, and proceed to make them better.

### A Cheerful Heart.

(By Cardinal Gibbons).

The cheerful man not only has sunshine in his own heart, but he diffuses it around him. When he enters a room, the company feels the warmth of his presence, and their hearts expand with pleasure. He exercises on their spirits the same influence that the electric lights, when they are turned on in this cathedral, produce upon your senses. The gloomy man, on the contrary, repels them, and casts a dark shadow over them. O, my brethren, what is wealth or honor to a man! What is a kingdom to him, if the kingdom of his soul is dark and desolate, and overshadowed by the clouds of sadness and despair! What was the pomp and splendor of Herod's court! What was the sound of revelry and the most delicious music to him, when there was no responsive melody in his soul! What were the bewitching smiles and graceful figures that glided through the dancing hall! What was the sumptuous banquet when his heart sickened at the contemplation of his incestuous marriage, and of his innocent blood of the Baptist which he had shed! How true are the words of the Prophet: "The wicked are like the raging sea which cannot rest, and the waves thereof cast up dirt and mire. There is no peace to the wicked, saith the Lord."

What should be the basis of our joy? The foundation of our gladness of heart should not rest on our temporal possessions. I am far, indeed, from decrying the legitimate acquisition of wealth. For if judiciously employed it contributes to the alleviation of human misery. But what is not lasting cannot bestow the fullness of satisfaction. We have a very uncertain tenure of our riches. They may take wings and fly from us. We will certainly part with our wealth at the hour of death.

Nor should our happiness rest on the power we may exert, nor on the erated place we may fill, nor on the honors conferred upon us, no matter how well merited they may be, or how sincerely they may be bestowed. The disciples returned to our Saviour full of joy and complacency after their first mission, because they had wrought miracles. Our Saviour admonished them not to take complacency in a power that was only delegated to them: "Rejoice not in this but that your names are written in Heaven." O how capricious and treacherous is human applause, as we see from daily examples! A few years ago J. G. Blaine was, perhaps, the most popular citizen in the United States. He was called by his admiring friends "the plumed knight." He drew thousands to him by his personal magnetism. He almost became President, and would have obtained the coveted prize were it not for the ill-timed speech of a fanatical preacher. His name to-day is well-nigh forgotten. His memory arouses no enthusiasm, and I do not know whether there is a monument over his grave. He himself became profoundly impressed with the vanity of earthly glory. On the occasion of a visit to me shortly after his defeat, he enumerated on his fingers the names of the Presidents who were weighed down by the cares of the state, or whose public careers were suddenly cut short by death.

Do not make the pleasure of life the subject of your delight, for some of these pleasures are base and shameful, and they are all of brief duration. Our glory as citizens of God's kingdom on earth does not consist in the pleasures of the table, but in the God-given grace of the Holy Ghost. Solomon possessed all these temporal advantages of which I have spoken. He ruled a kingdom, and no pleasure that his heart desired, was denied him. Yet he left us the solemn verdict that "all is vanity and affliction of spirit."

What then should be the basis of our joy? What is the oil which should feed this blessed lamp of cheerfulness? St. Paul tells us when he says: "Rejoice in the Lord." We should rejoice because we can look up to Heaven, and claim as our Father the Creator of the universe. We should be glad of heart, because we are the brothers and sisters of Jesus Christ by adoption, that we were redeemed by His precious blood. We should rejoice that we are heirs prospective of the Kingdom of Heaven, and that theye hath entered into the heart of man what things God hath prepared for them that love Him." We should be filled with delight by the thought that one day we shall enter into our eternal rest, when "God shall wipe away all tears from (our) eyes, and death shall be no more, for the former things have passed away."

What intensifies this spiritual joy is the reflection that no man and no earthly power can rob you of this happiness which awaits you. You lose wealth and health, and place and power, you may be incapable of relishing earthly pleasures, but no man may wrest from you, against your will, the interior delights of the heart.

Another feature of this alacrity of soul is that it is not reserved for a few or for a particular class of persons, but you all may participate in it, no matter what may be your condition of life. This is a remark of St. Leo. You that are young should be light-some of heart, because your innocence render you dearer to God. You that are old should rejoice, because you are nearer to the palm of victory. You that are in a state of righteousness, should be glad, because you are more comfortable to the standard of Christ. You that are sinners should rejoice, because you are invited to pardon. You that are wealthy may rejoice, because, like Zaccheus, you may make your riches subservient to the comfort of others, as well as to your own gratification. You that are poor should be glad, because you imitate your Master, Who being rich, became poor for our sakes, that by His poverty we might be enriched.

If we study the life of St. Paul we will find that the dominant note in his character was joy amid sufferings. His apostolic ministry was a continuing scene of privations and hardships. Yet notwithstanding all these sufferings, or rather because of them, the heart of Paul was habitually joyous,

for he knew that every stripe and every trial would be put to this account on the Lord's day. "I rejoice," he says, "with great joy in the midst of my tribulations. I am as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing, as needy yet enriching many, as having nothing, yet possessing all things." Again he says: "We rejoice not only in hope of the glory of the sons of God, but we glory also in the tribulations, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience trial, and trial hope, and hope confoundeth not, for the charity of God is poured forth in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, Who is given us." Here is a golden stairway ascending, like Jacob's ladder, from earth to heaven. The first step, which is tribulation, rests on the earth, and the last step, which is hope, reached heaven. Let us like the apostle, joyfully ascend this heavenly stairway. From tribulation let us ascend to patience; from patience let us mount up to trial or approval, from approval to hope; let us ascend in the spirit to the kingdom of heaven. "For the Spirit Himself giveth testimony to our spirit that we are the sons of God; and if sons, heirs also, heirs indeed of God, and joint heirs with Christ."

Let me offer you in conclusion a few practical suggestions. First of all, endeavor to establish the reign of joy and sunshine in your own heart. To accomplish this blessed result, three conditions are necessary. First, you must have a pure and upright conscience before God. Second, you must maintain an habitual spirit of benevolence toward your fellow man; for you cannot have serenity in your heart so long as it is clouded by resentment toward your neighbor. Third, keep yourself from inordinate attachment to anything earthly; for you cannot soar heavenward so long as your wings are clogged by the bird-like of carnal passions.

Once you have planted the blessings of joy within you, let its beams radiate throughout your household. Let the husband be a source of joy to his wife, and the wife to her husband. Do not permit the clouds of gloom and melancholy to gather on your brow. Let the children be as lesser lights in the domestic firmament, diffusing the rays of sunshine on their parents. No matter what may be the storms you may encounter in the ocean of business cares, do not let them invade the harbor of your homes. Be cheerful at your meals; cheerfulness is a good digester. A gloomy temper produces dyspepsia. Imitate the primitive Christians: "Who took their meat with gladness and simplicity of heart."

Above all, worship the Lord with gladness of heart, for God loveth a cheerful giver. He wishes to be served, not with the sullenness, gloom and reluctance of a slave or a hireling, but with the alacrity of a son. Come to the house of God on the Lord's day, not as to a place of mourning, but as to the bright home of your Father. Be animated with the sentiments of the Royal Prophet, when he exclaimed: "I will go to the altar of God, to God Who rejoiceth my youth." If the house of God is associated with feelings of joy in our innocent childhood, why not in the days of our erring and sinning manhood as well? Is He not the Father of the transgressor as well as of the righteous? And has not the prodigal more need of the shelter and refreshment of his Father's home than the unoffending son?

### An Episode of the Franco-Prussian War.

In his work recently published, entitled "My Social Vocation," Count Albert de Mun, the most heroic Catholic figure in France of our days, tells how the tragic episode of the war of 1870-71 prompted him to forewear a life of social ease and luxury to undertake a work of regeneration among the people of France which inasmuch as it culminated in the founding of the Cercles de France—the clubs of France—has been instrumental more than any other work in saving the French people from wholesale defection from belief in Christianity.

Reviewing this work, E. Trogan, writing in *Le Correspondant* (Paris) declares that the advent of a man so moved by a sense of duty as de Mun, at a time when the Catholic Church had not a defender among the laity of France, can only be looked upon as an act of God.

The national catastrophe on the battlefields of France appeared to de Mun to be the least of the evils of the "terrible years" of 1870 and 1871.

With his friend and companion in arms, another great Catholic figure still living, M. Tour de Pin, he resolved to put aside the feeling of resentment and desire for revenge, and inaugurate an era of regeneration. We did not want military reform, but a reform in our ideas, aspirations and moral calibre.

The terrible spectacle of the Paris Commune let in a flood of light upon his mind as to the depth of despair and cynicism and degradation to which the French people had fallen. On the part of the people there was no attempt to lift themselves up, or to attempt a single act of self-regeneration. Indifference, indolence, cowardice were the marks they bore when the German hosts had swooped down upon them and vanquished them in the vain and reckless impiousness that characterized their social life during the meretricious splendors of the imperial regime.

The infamies of the Commune showed the true inward wickedness of the French rabble which Napoleon described as the most heartless and conscienceless in the world. Nothing was sacred from his savagery and priests, nuns, women and children were maltreated and massacred like things inhuman.

Here is an episode described by de Mun, which he says led him more than any other motive to attempt his work of regeneration:

"I still see at our headquarters, at Versailles, a man poorly dressed and dishevelled who came to the barracks asking for the orderly officer of the day. I received him and found that my visitor was the vicar of the Church of St. Laurence. The soldiers of the Commune had broken into his church

and arrested him. He managed to escape before his sentence of execution was carried out, and had come to me not to seek for redress or revenge, but to beseech me to rescue a young commandant of sixteen who had been wounded at the barricades.

"Like many other youngsters he had gone to the insurgent troops and fought without knowing the reason why. When the boy was desperately wounded his mother came to the vicar asking him to save the lad, and the priest had come thither on that errand. . . . The moral, de Mun says, applied then in seventy-five cases out of one hundred, just as the moral applies in France to-day.

The poor and the ignorant are forced into the army of dechristianizing influences, not knowing why nor understanding that they are the easy victims of cowards and outlaws in highly-placed security, just as the youthful commandant at Versailles.

The lesson had to be brought home to the weak intelligence of the lower orders; they were being imposed upon by incendiaries, agitators who were then, as they are now, exploiting the pusillanimity of the unthinking masses for their own ends.

One expression seemed to incarnate the truth of facts. Some commandants were carrying a wounded soldier and in answer to a question replied: "One of the insurgents."

The dying man raised himself on his ambulance, and shouting to the troops, said, "You are the insurgents, not we."

Between the revolted and legal society there dawned upon me (says de Mun) that there was a terrible void to be filled, and that by educating the masses to a realization of life and its solemn earnestness. With that object in view, I founded the Clubs of France for the regeneration of the people and the revivifying of the truths of Catholicity.

"We do not want a restored monarchy, nor a revolution," declared de Mun in speaking of the work of these clubs. "But what we do want is a Christian society."

This still realizes the aim to-day of the most energetic and forceful of Catholic laymen in modern France.

### Why Anticlericalism Triumphs in France.

A voluminous work has just come to hand, published by Bloud of Paris, and entitled "The Art of Deceiving, Intimidating and Corrupting the Voter." It is from the pen of Charles Marcault, and its appearance marks an epoch in the fight for Catholicity in France, for the work amounts almost to a mathematical demonstration that the enemies of the Catholic Church in France at the present hour owe their triumph to the fact that on one side—that of the majority—there prevails and persists a woeful unconscienceousness of its own Catholic and moral and national strength; and on the other—that of the hostile minority—all conceivable methods of fraud and chicanery have been resorted to to hide from the people the weakness and the veritable impotence of the handful of men who hold a great Catholic country in their grasp.

It is simply because the anticlerical party is using the stage artifice of thunder, says Marcault, that the long suffering Catholic party imagines itself to be in a hopeless minority.

According to the most recent statistics accounting for the religions of France, there are out of a population of thirty-eight millions, more than thirty-seven and one-half millions who registered themselves as Catholics.

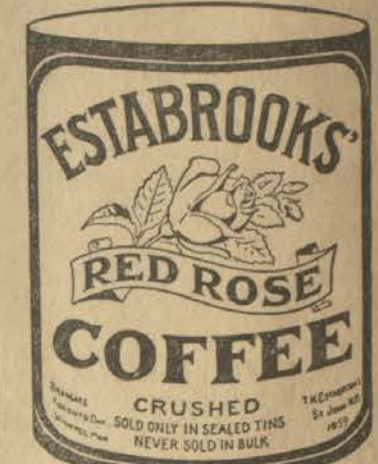
There were some eighty-five thousand who registered as "of no faith or as free thinkers."

It follows, therefore, says Marcault, that there are four hundred and forty-four times more Catholics than atheists, and logically, it there is one Catholic who accepts the disestablishment laws voted by the Chambers, there are four hundred and forty-four who do not accept. This simple sum suffices of itself to show that the people of France is not hostile to the Orders, or to the Church, and that the Disestablishment Act did not possess its sympathies.

### Estabrooks' Coffee

is quality coffee from top to bottom of the double sealed air tight tin. It is as easy to brew as Red Rose Tea with an equal result in goodness.

The final proof is in the steaming, fragrant breakfast cup.



Sold only in 1 and 1/2 lb. tins.  
Try it for breakfast to-morrow

Experience has shown, says Marcault, that the majority of any people retains much of its childhood's characteristics, and that it is incapable of directing itself.

All the more so is it the case with the French provincial populations who are a nation of thrifty and industrious workers. It is easy, therefore, for a governing class to impose its dictates upon a majority that looks, before all, for non-interference in its working life.

Orators and editors are subsidized by this minority to conduct a propaganda of lies throughout the country, and this is precisely the state of France to-day.

It is impossible to realize, says the author, the condition of ignorance that prevails throughout France; the hopeless credulity of the peasantry and the workers and shopkeepers in the towns is so pitiable as to be beyond credibility; they are (he says) the victims of the most impossible kind of stories printed by papers, or retailed by local speakers and gadabouts employed for the purposes of the hostile propaganda.

During election times this credulity on the part of the country voter becomes a thing of infinite exploitability on the part of the anticlerical suffrage-seekers.

Who, for example, can credit the fact that it was sufficient in a district of the department of Lot to tell the peasant electors that a body of priests and nobles were just leaving London for this particular locality (with the object of annexing large areas of the territory under cultivation), to bring about the return of the anticlerical candidate?

A Texas tradesman has this pertinent sign in a conspicuous place in his store:

Man is made of Dust.  
Dust Settles.  
Be a man!

### Farm for Sale

The subscriber offers for sale a very desirable farm at Harbor Road, 5 miles from Antigonish. The farm contains 50 acres of good land, well wooded and watered, part of which is in good state of cultivation. Good barn and very fine large house. Very pleasing situation, convenient location, P. O. on the farm. Good site for tradesman. Will be sold reasonable. Death in family the reason for selling.

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Harbor R. ad., Ant., N. S.

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That a shoe should look well, is a matter of the outside, but it is careful and honest construction of the inside that makes a shoe wear right.

Say "Amherst" at any up-to-date shoe store and you will get satisfaction. The demand for

"Amherst shoes has necessitated a large increase in our factory capacity this year.

Amherst Boot & Shoe Co.  
Limited,  
Amherst and Halifax.



Amherst Make Excels

Ask for Amherst-Made Shoes



My Mother.

(Translated from the French by Marlon Lindsey.)

Yesterday, in trying to bring order out of the chaos that reigned in my library, I came across the old, faded book in which my mother taught me to read.

It was a school prize given to my mother, a "Life of St. Louis," bound roughly in soft leather, and published at the beginning of the Restoration.

This souvenir of my mother's childhood is filled with memories of my own childhood days. I glanced through the faded yellow leaves in which I learned—oh, so slowly, and with what effort—to spell the words she pointed to with her knitting needle, and in gazing at this relic of the past, I suddenly realized that a little girl had bent her studious head over these same pages long years ago, and that little girl was my mother.

A strange thought! This thought that my mother had been a child. It comes to me for the first time with a feeling of wonder and deep emotion.

My mother was nearly forty years of age when I was born. In her youth, as I have been told, she had great beauty and freshness of complexion, but the only portrait of her that exists today was taken a few years before her death, and as far back as I can remember her beloved face seemed to me already touched by age.

Those who remember their mother as beautiful and young, do they experience a certain sweetness in calling her thus? It may be. However, I think that the privileged ones whose first look beheld a face leaning over their cradle marked with the stress of life; and to whom their mother was ever old.

The memory they cherish of her, if not dearer, will be more sacred, and all that is venerable in age will but add to the grandeur of motherhood.

This old worn book in which my mother taught me the difficult art of reading this book which belonged to her in her school days, brings back to me the fact that she was once a little girl. But I find it hard to picture her games, her childhood tasks, her girlish dreams, or the joys of her married life. I wish to see in her only my mother, my dear old mother.

It seems to me that I should fail in that command of God, "Honor thy father and thy mother," and that some of the tender respect with which her dear image is enshrined in my memory would vanish, did I think of her for one instant out of her maternal role; without the first snows that touched her hair, and the wrinkles that lined her face when I was a little boy.

It needs a pen more delicate than mine, and words the choicest and most ethereal, to express reverent and jealous feeling, this delicate scruple, this "nuance d'ame." I can give but the faintest idea of it in recalling the touching and profound mystery of Christian faith, the mystery that shrouds the Mother of Christ is an ideal of purity.

Yes, for him whose heart is truly filial his mother is immaculate. Moreover, it is not natural that I should evoke only under the guise of motherhood her for whom I was always a little child.

When she died she was seventy-one years of age and I was thirty-three. I was then a man—a man who had lived, worked, enjoyed, suffered; who had passed many times through the flames of his passions; a man who had remained faithful to his early principles, but guilty, alas! of many faults, and who had lost his innocence.

And my mother knew it. She knew my strivings and encouraged me; my weaknesses and excused them. She shared my joys and consoled me in dark hours. A woman of great strength of mind and sure judgment, who spoke to me as a man would when I sought her counsel, yet, I became once more for her her child, her little child when I needed her protecting love.

Not only do I recall her thus, when crushed by sorrow I could find no comfort save in embracing my mother and drying my scalding tears on her cheek, as I used to do when she carried me in her arms. No, it was in the little nothings of daily life that my good mother treated me as she did in my childhood, naively attributing to me thoughtlessness and impudence.

Be careful of that step at the foot of the stairway.—Do not take cold.—Have you a handkerchief?—I pity those who do not receive with a tender smile these childish recommendations. But perhaps more than another was I the object of these loving attentions, for in my youth I had many serious illnesses. My mother was ever anxious about me, not with the ordinary solicitude that surrounds a child, but with the anxiety that keeps guard over a delicate child.

One winter the physicians sent me south, and on my return after an absence of some months I found my mother so changed that the following year I remained in Paris, where I lived a prisoner during the bad winter months. She was then failing and very weak, but ever faithful in her tender and untiring ministrations.

I recall those sweet hours; hours of perfect satisfaction in an atmosphere of maternal tenderness, while I turn over the leaves of the book in which my mother taught me my letters, in looking for, and kissing, her finger prints; and yet, what anguish, what sorrow, I caused that admirable woman!

Not that she ever for one moment doubted my respect and my love. O God! but one is young; one rushes through life sweet by the wind of desire, and one forgets that at the family fireside, alas! too often shrouded, there sits an old and lonely mother. Ah! filled with infinite indulgence, who so rarely dares address a timid big son, who is alarmed at the dangers he is running, who suffers in seeing him lose his candor and purity, and who weeps.

Should these pages fall into the hands of a young man, may they stop him on the brink of some serious fall. The dearest bitterness his soul can know in his declining years will be the thought that while he had not been a bad man, not a man who could

reproach himself with having failed in the essential things of life, yet—he made his mother weep.

It is thirty years since I lost mine, and I had always the heart of a son. On that day my youth fled, and something was taken from me that can never be given back. Never before have I so often gone back in memory to my dear mother as during this illness and this long convalescence: a time filled for me with grave meditations. In repeating after so many years the prayers she taught me in my childhood my soul struggles to lift itself toward God.

The hope of seeing again my mother made me long ago believe in eternal life. Oh, how I thought of her when to merit the recompense of finding her in Heaven I vowed that the time that remains to me should be filled with purer dreams and better actions.

Christ who has placed His Mother so high in the Divine Kingdom will bless the prayer of a son and a Christian.

Many pretend that our feeble intelligences are incapable of conceiving the extent and perfection of the joys reserved for the elect! But it seems to me, an humble-minded man and a poor sinner, that I have already glimpsed Paradise, when as a child I slept in my mother's arms.

The Crown of Virtues.

What great value men attach to a prize! What will they not do and risk for the sake of it! "Every one," says the Apostle, that "striveth for the mastery, refraineth himself from all things; and they indeed that they may obtain a corruptible crown." St. Paul takes his illustration from the ancient games, where the prize consisted of a wreath. What efforts those men made for a wreath that would soon be withered and gone! Even the more durable crown of a monarch, made of gold and precious stones, is but a corruptible crown. Many a ruler retired at night as a mighty king and woke up in the morning with all his regal splendor gone. Witness Louis Philippe of France, and Napoleon III. There is, however, a crown which is incorruptible, and which should adorn the brow of every Christian young man, a crown which gleams brightly in the sight of God and of His holy angels, which no power in the whole world, not even the hand of death, can wrest from you.

The crown which should adorn a Christian young man consists of three pearls set in a circle of gold.

The first pearl is purity. Purity consists in overcoming the concupiscence of the flesh, and in preserving the body as well as the soul free from every stain of uncleanness. Consequently the eyes must be pure, the hands must be pure, the thoughts must be pure, the tongue must be pure, the heart itself must be pure. "The flesh must be crucified" (Gal. v. 24).

The second pearl is obedience. Obedience consists in submitting to what is commanded by superiors and willingly fulfilling their behest. The son who has a docile heart will cheerfully comply with his parents' wishes; the employee with those of his employer; the servant with those of his master; and the young man obeys in all that is not contrary to conscience. "My son, here the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother" (Prov. i. 8). Obedience and docility are a shining pearl in the young man's crown. The Spirit of God, speaking of obedience, says, "It will be grace to his head and a chain of gold to his neck" (Prov. i. 9). Obedience is the summary of perfection and of the whole Christian life.

The third pearl is humility. Humility consists in not desiring that preference be shown to one's self, but rather choosing the lowest place, and yielding precedence to others. A humble man does not boast of his talents, nor talk of the creditable actions he has performed; he does not laugh at another or hold him up to ridicule because he is less gifted by God than himself. "Let another praise thee, and not thy own mouth; a stranger and not thy own lips" (Prov. xxvii. 2). Such is the counsel of the Wise Man. Humility is a brilliant pearl. "Glory shall uphold the humble in spirit" (Prov. xxix. 23). Humility gives its due place and its due measure to every other virtue; it imparts beauty and durability to all. It is the teacher of morals.

The circle of gold in which the pearls are set is the love of God. This is the sum total of all that is beautiful, of all that is an ornament to man in the sight of God. Charity gives value to all the other virtues. Where charity is lacking every other virtue loses its brilliance. Hear what the Apostle says: "If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And if I should have prophecy and should know all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I should have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing" (1 Cor. xiii. 1, 2). On the other hand, in the light of charity every virtue shines brightly, especially the three pearls that form your crown, purity, obedience, and humility; for it is only when you practise these virtues out of love of God that they acquire a heavenly value. What the sun is to the planets, that charity is to the other virtues. The planets obtain their light from the sun, and charity, makes perfect the deeds of virtue.

This is the crown, the crown of virtues, which should adorn the Christian young man; it is composed of the three pearls, purity, obedience, and humility, set in the golden circle of divine charity. Ask yourselves if you possess this crown. Do you each and all possess it? Are you chaste, obedient, and humble; does the love of God dwell in your heart and prompt your actions? Happy indeed are you if this be the case.

Freshman—"Who is the smallest man mentioned in history?" Sophomore—"I give it up." Freshman—"Why the Roman soldier who slept on his watch."

Turning from Diaz.

It is not sixty days since the elaborate exercises in honor of the first hundred years of the independence of Mexico were brought to a triumphant and almost dramatic close. The whole month of September was a round of celebrations, commemorations and inaugurations, one after another every foreign country of importance commissioned special representatives to honor Mexico in her year of jubilee. And now, when the last echoes of the centenary have hardly died away, the muttering and rumbling of revolt is heard in widely separated parts of the republic; the secret police are active; bodies of troops are hurried to exposed points; imitating the action of Diaz himself in 1870, Mexican revolutionists are about to hurl themselves across the border from their rallying points in Texas and Arizona. Sweden and violent is the change, yet the suddenness is largely on the surface.

In our opinion, the aged President did not know when to quit. He has made Mexico. What was the neighboring republic when the revolutionist Porfirio Diaz took up arms against President Benito Juarez and his two immediate successors, Lerdo de Tejada and Iglesias? At home, Juarez, ruled the country as he might have ruled the few bucks and squaws of his native village; abroad, the government was discredited. What Juarez might have done to restore the prestige of his country, we do not know, for he was taken away almost suddenly by a fatal malady at the time his former pupil at Oajaca and his most efficient military leader was in open war against him. Thus did Porfirio Diaz gallop up to the presidential chair. Utterly sick of warfare, wasted fields, highwaymen and kidnappers, the people welcomed him and changed the Constitution a few times to please him and retain him in office. He responded to their hopes and expectations. Mexico began to thrive. Foreign capital came in, because under Diaz it was safe; valuable concessions were granted to the foreigners who came to develop Mexico's immense buried wealth, to make the country more prosperous, and, incidentally to enrich themselves. The people murmured, for they thought the best of everything was rapidly passing into the hands of Englishmen, Germans, and especially Yankees; but the strong arm of Diaz was at the helm and the threatened storm subsided.

Diaz was growing old. A man born in 1830 is no longer a youth in 1904. He wanted a vice-president, and the people obligingly made room for one in the Constitution. Long tenure of office made the old man eager to name the vice-president and obstinate in sticking to his choice. Again the people fretted, but he had his way. Corral of Sonora was duly elected for a term of six years. Corral was not well liked, not favorably known, still he was the old man's favored boy and that had to suffice.

When the presidential election of 1910 approached, General Bernardo Reyes, then Governor of Nuevo Leon, was loudly acclaimed as the next vice-president; but as is commonly the case, advancing years had made the aged President even less supple in his limbs and in his will, and he clamored for Corral as children cry for some favorite plaything. Reyes, dashing, gallant soldier that he was, seeing that valor's best part was discretion, resigned and slipped off to Europe. He went with a government appointment to spend plenty of time in studying the cinches used in the French army, or words to that effect.

Francisco I. Madero offered himself to a small but admiring group as a candidate for the presidency and began to deliver campaign speeches. He was charged with inciting the people to sedition and was lodged in jail, where he spent election day. After seven weeks as a guest of the Government, he was released on bail, and was finally told to go in peace, if he would leave the country. He went to San Antonio, Texas, it is said, and there found some malcontents who had preceded him. The present activities are inspired by him, if common report be trusted, and their object is so much to depose poor old General Diaz, who is travelling so speedily towards the setting sun, as it is to oust the unpopular heir apparent, the hated Corral. What lasting glory would have been that of Diaz if he had recognized the signs of the times and had gracefully bowed himself off the stage while the audience was still good-natured, or at least tolerant! For a time he was necessary; for a longer time, he fancied he was necessary; the people waited for him to outgrow the childish hallucination, but they waited to little purpose. And now, in bitterness of heart, he hears the hurrah of yesterday changed into the curse of to-day. His dream of greatness has outlasted the real greatness that once was his. God is necessary; any man's place can easily be supplied. This, the regenerator of his country, the "maker of modern Mexico" may now begin to realize.—America.

Modern Education.

The bane of modern education is multiplicity of studies. There is a striving after more than can be attained; a grasping at the shadow of a superficial knowledge of many things, and a missing the substance of solid mental training. How many times must it be repeated that the true purpose of education is to train the mind! He who knows a little of many things is not educated; but he who knows one thing well is already in the way to become an educated man. An educated man is one who is skilled in thinking, skilled in using his mental faculties, and such skill is not got by random work in many subjects, but by earnest, patient, persevering work in a few. What is true in every manner of handiwork is also true of brain work: the "Jack of all trades" is master of none. Education is a habit of mind, and habits can be acquired only by acts of the same kind repeated over and over again. Just as the youth who tries his "prentice hand at any craft must keep at his work

day after day, until a facility in doing it well has been wrought in his very muscles and bones, so the pupil must be kept at the subject that he has most aptitude for until by dint of patient study it has been woven into the very fibre of his mind.

"The objectionable seeking after knowledge," says Hamerton, an English writer, "is the seeking after the knowledge which does not belong to us. In vain you argue me to go in quest of sciences for which I have no natural aptitude. Would you have me act like the foolish camel in the Hebrew proverb, which in going to seek horns lost his ears?" The same writer points out that in the case of the most celebrated Athenians, education was limited to a knowledge of very few subjects. "Our brains," he goes on to observe, "are not better constituted than those of our forefathers, although where they learned one thing we attempt to learn six. They learned and we attempt to learn. The only hope for us is to take a selection from the attempts of our too heavily burdened youth, and in those selected studies to emulate in after life the thoroughness of our forefathers."—"The Intellectual Life," page 70.

The Art of Having Time.

The people who work the hardest and accomplish the most are not those who complain of lack of time. Those who constantly put their time to good use do not excuse themselves from duty on the plea of lack of time. The people who have the most iron in the fire are those most ready to receive and forge another. Goethe, one of the busiest men that ever lived, has said: "Time is endlessly long, and every day is a vessel into which much may be poured, if one will readily fill it up." And again: "One has always time enough, if he will improve it well." But we are also to remember what another wise German has said: Today is the opportunity for enjoyment and work. Knowest thou where thou wilt be on the morrow? A greater spirit than either has said: "Are there not twelve hours in the day?"

"Are you good at measurements?" asked Paul. "I am that!" said Pat quickly. "Then could you tell me how many shirts I could get out of a yard?" asked Paul. "Sure," said Pat, "that depends on whose yard you got into!"—Melbourne Australasian.

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. New Currants, Figs, Loose Raisins and Malaga Grapes, Just arrived.

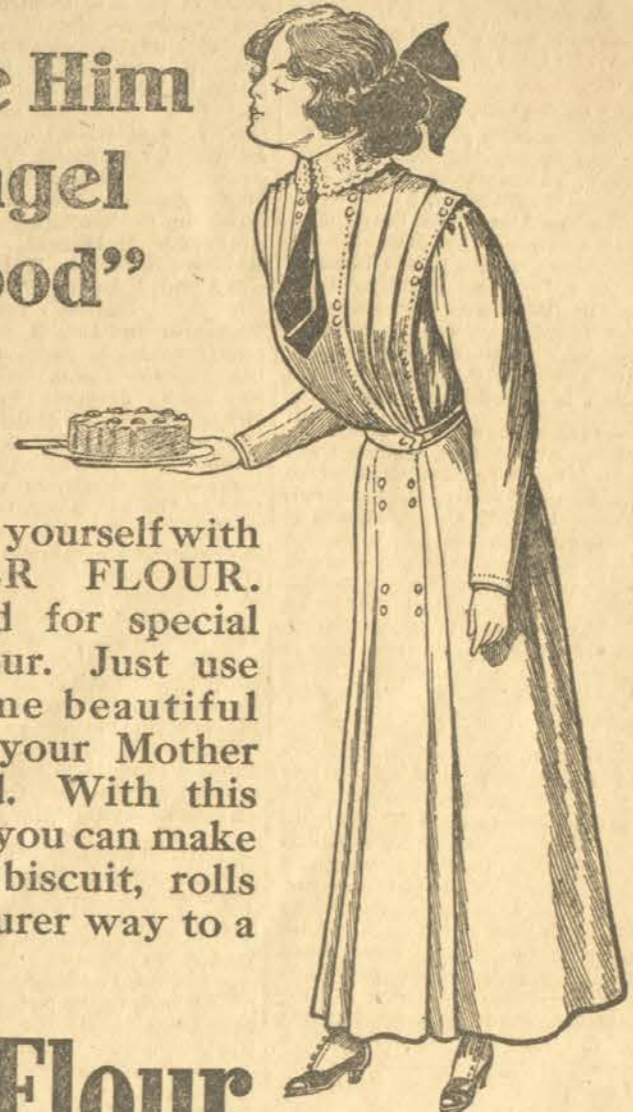
New seeded raisins expected next week. All goods of best quality, and prices right. Produce taken in exchange at highest prices.

D. R. Graham FARM FOR SALE.

The farm situated at Rear Arisaig, owned by the undersigned is offered for sale. It consists of 300 acres of excellent land, on which there is abundance of hard and soft wood. For further particulars apply to MRS. EDWARD J. CODY, Kaslo, B. C.



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made by yourself with BEAVER FLOUR. No need for special cake flour. Just use that same beautiful white flour with which your Mother makes such perfect bread. With this famous BEAVER FLOUR, you can make the most delicious cake, biscuit, rolls and pastry. There is no surer way to a man's heart.

"Beaver" Flour

is made from the finest wheat that can be grown, being a scientific blend of Ontario Fall Wheat and Manitoba Spring Wheat. In this way, we secure a flour that makes not only more wholesome and nutritious cake and pastry, but more delicate and appetizing bread. For both uses, BEAVER FLOUR is unrivalled.

DEALERS—Write for prices on Feed, Coarse Grains and Cereals.

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—from every standpoint—where-with to build things about the farm. This recently-published book, "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete," will prove to you the superiority and "in-the-long-run" economy of "CONCRETE" as a Building Material

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You may send me a copy of your book, "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete."  
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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Gramophone Offer—J. A. MacDonald Piano Co., page 8. Raw Furs—Charles Whidden, page 5. Bonds for Sale—J. C. McIntosh, page 8. Collection Notice—J. J. McEachern, page 5. Strayed—Moses Delorey, page 8. Pure Bred Stock—Chas. T. Logan.

LOCAL ITEMS

CORRESPONDENCE crowded out. "COUNTRYMAN" wishes to state that as his opponent has remained silent on the present Liquor Law, he does not wish to continue the discussion.

LARGE SIZED BEAR.—A bearskin purchased by Mr. F. H. Randall of Antigonish from Pictou County men last week measured nine feet by eight. It is said to be the largest skin ever secured in the Province.

THE SMALL-POX situation in Town has very much improved. No new cases have developed. Two children are yet under observance because of the disease, but both are about free of it. It is believed there will be no traces of the disease here in a week or so.

CHARITABLE BEQUESTS.—Among the charitable bequests contained in the will of (the) late Captain McKinnon which was probated last week, are \$100 to the College; a like amount to the Cathedral, and \$50 to St. Ninian's Conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul in aid of the poor of the town.

HYMENEAL.—At St. Mary's Cathedral, Halifax, on Nov. 21, the Rev. Dr. Foley united in marriage Miss Lillian McGillivray, daughter of Angus McGillivray, Caledonia Mills, Antigonish, and Mr. George Allen of Halifax. The bride was attended by Miss Maude Morris and the groom by Mr. Thomas Lynen. After a brief wedding tour to places in Western Nova Scotia, the happy couple have taken up their residence at Halifax. The many friends of the newly-married couple wish them a long and happy life.

THE SMALL-POX of the Harbour, Antigonish, about five miles from Town, which last week appeared to be epidemic, is now well under control. The County Health Officer has had four houses quarantined, in which five persons are suffering with the disease, and has had some twenty-seven people vaccinated, all who were liable to acquire the sickness by contact with those who had the trouble or it was really known to be small-pox. The disease at the Harbor is a very mild type.

THE RECITAL given at Mount St. Bernard on Tuesday evening of last week did credit to the musical and elocutionary departments of that institution. The efficiency with which the several phases of the program were enacted revealed the superior merits of the training imparted to pupils at Mt. St. Bernard in those branches. Only those who have taken active part in public presentations of this nature, or in the preparation thereof, can form any adequate idea of the amount of preparation they require; so that considering the many disadvantages to be contended with, the efforts of the several participants are to be commended most highly. All who were fortunate enough to be present, and to witness for themselves the evidence of the high standard of excellence maintained at this, the only Catholic institution of its kind in the provinces, that aims at higher education for ladies.

SCOTTISH CONCERT.—Mary M. MacLeod with her Company of Scottish singers and entertainers appears at the Celtic Hall on Tuesday evening next. Of Miss MacLeod herself it is scarcely necessary to say much. She doubtless possesses one of the finest and richest as well as the sweetest soprano voices ever heard in this town. It is one of great range, and her cultured and sympathetic rendering of Scottish songs appeals to every audience. She is accompanied by other talent of rare excellence. Mr. Henderson was never heard here, but in the United States his rich tenor voice is well known and applauded in every city. Mr. Campbell, whose mastery on the violin is recognized on both sides of the water, will be an attraction which no one can afford to miss. Miss Stewart, a pianist of rare ability, will accompany the singers, and Miss MacLeod herself will accompany some of the songs on the harp.

THE HOLIDAY SEASON is rapidly drawing near. With it comes thoughts of gifts for friends and relatives. It is well to give this matter early attention. By so doing, one has a choice of full and complete stocks, and also receives better treatment than during the few days immediately preceding Christmas, when stores are thronged, buyers are plentiful and clerks are rushed and tired. Just now the stores of Antigonish have immense stocks of goods, and are showing most suitable and appropriate articles for the Holiday season. One can find here in Antigonish goods equal in variety and in quality to any shown in larger and more ambitious communities, and at prices that compare very favorably indeed with the bigger and more widely-known departmental stores. The holiday trade this season is expected to prove unusually heavy; the indications are that we will have some severe weather the present month, and the experience of our merchants is that with good winter weather early in December trade is almost double in volume to that when mild and fine weather prevails. Everything considered, it is much to the advantage of the buyer to select early. In this community the announcements in THE CASKET are an ample catalogue of the goods offered to the buyer. A careful reading of them will repay the shopper. In fact, before leaving home one should make a list of requirements from these announcements, to avoid mistakes consequent on the hurry and worry of buying much at one visit to Town.

BURGLARIES.—That we have a reckless or desperate burglar in this County is evident from recent burglaries committed. On last Friday night the I. C. R. Station at James River was broken into and the cash-box of the Station Master, containing

thirty-one dollars, was stolen. The freight-room adjoining was also entered at the same time and a box of liquor was taken. The following night (Saturday) the store of Ronald MacDonald, St. Joseph's, was burglarized, the burglar gaining entrance through a rear window. Here he filled two bags with shirts, collars, ties, hides, etc. To make their removal easy, he stole the horse of Mr. John MacDonald, Esq., from a nearby barn, rode up a mountain road and deposited the plunder in the woods, where it was found next day by a local constable and the owner. The MacDonald horse returned home. The suspect in this case is also suspected of committing the James River burglary. Noticing the constable near his home the suspect is reported to have fled, going to the barn of Angus D. McLean and taking therefrom his horse, on which he rode to Lochaber, where he attempted to get a wagon from the barn of Malcolm Fisher. While doing so, the horse ran away, and the suspect next turned up at the barn of Dougald Herlihy, stealing his horse. The latter animal was recovered next day. The suspect is still at large, and is thought to be around Goshen.

HIGHLAND SOCIETY MEETING.—The annual meeting of the Society was held in McDonald's Hall on St. Andrew's Eve, 30th November. After minutes of last meeting were read, the Treasurer's report on the financial standing of the society and the admission to membership of seven new members, the election of officers for the current year was proceeded with; the following were chosen: President, James M. Broadfoot, Vice President, Angus D. Chisholm; Secretary, J. C. McNaughton; Treasurer, Alex. D. Chisholm; Managing Committee: Alexander McDonald, Esq., Francis McLean, Roderick McDonald, R. M. Gray and John B. Fraser. Committee on Charity.—The President, Treasurer and Dan R. Chisholm. The purely business part of the meeting being disposed of, a telegram in reply to a kindly greeting from the North British Society of Halifax being sent, the members were agreeably entertained with speeches, songs and instrumental music, an excellent selection on the bag-pipes being given by A. McNeil, Barrister, of this Town. A suggestion was made by one of the speakers that the society, like the North British of Halifax, should hold quarterly instead of annual meetings. The carrying out of this suggestion will be left with the Executive. The singing of Auld Lang Syne and the National Anthem brought a very pleasant gathering to a close. The enthusiasm displayed by all present showed that this Society—the oldest organization in the town, has taken on renewed vitality.

MOTHER ST. MAURICE.—As we were going to press last week, the sad news came of the death in Montreal some days previously of Mother St. Maurice of the Congregation de Notre Dame. Mother St. Maurice was born in the city of Toronto eighty-one years ago, her maiden name being Mary Francis Liberta Collins. In her youth the world was one of promise to her, for she had about her all that would make life comfortable; but she early realized how valueless worldly things are and decided to forsake the world and choose God alone for her inheritance. She looked out upon the world, but it was not according to her heart's desires; whatever beauty it did contain she knew was but a reflection of Him to whom she desired to consecrate herself. She prepared to bid farewell to the pleasures of earth and to choose instead a life of sacrifice, and accordingly, over sixty years ago she entered the Order of which she was for so long a time a pious member. In the Diocese of Antigonish she worked with indefatigable zeal and noted success for forty-four years—thirty years in Arichat, seven years in Pictou and seven years in Antigonish. In each of these three places she had great difficulties to encounter, for all were Missions recently established; but nothing daunted she worked on, and results attained in her time show what an energetic woman, impelled by God's grace, can accomplish. When she was selected for work in this Diocese, Eastern Nova Scotia had not in it much that was tempting to a lady city born, nor did its reputation abroad brighten prospects; still this descendant of a distinguished European family, without a murmur and even cheerfully, entered upon her duties, and so interested did she become in her work and so firmly rooted did that interest remain that the Diocese of Antigonish was always first in her affections. A kinswoman of Lord Russell of Kilowen, the first Catholic Lord Justice of England since the days of the so-called Reformation, she possessed many of the noble traits of character of an illustrious house; and it mattered not how much she concealed her social position, there was that about her that showed the result of centuries of refinement and culture. Her last years of zeal were spent in the Mother House of her Order, preparing for the final summons. During this time her renunciation of the world made in her girlhood days were again renewed, the vows of Poverty, of Charity, and of Obedience were yet

fresh in their fragrance, and the Cross which over half a century before she accepted in imitation of her crucified Saviour, she still embraced. And thus prepared to meet her Judge, this good woman passed from this world to the grave beyond. "Eternal rest grant to her, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon her!"

CAR ACCIDENT CAUSES DEATH OF MABOU WOMAN in Portland, Oregon.—On November 21st as Mrs. Neil McInnis of 691 Pettigrove St., Portland,



An Easy Payment Gramophone Offer

For \$9.50 in cash and Forty Weekly Payments of 75c. each, you can buy a high-class

Berliner or Victor Gramophone

complete with 12 selected (6 double-sided) Victor Records.

Would you be without a Gramophone — that prince of entertainers — when you can secure one as easily as this? Just come in and examine — listen to the instrument for yourself.

With the approach of the long winter evenings, the Gramophone becomes an absolute home necessity, brings the world's greatest singer's and players to your parlor. Call or write for particulars.

J. A. MacDonald Piano & Music Company, Halifax, Amherst, New Glasgow, Sydney, Glace Bay, Moncton, St. John.

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: 1 Horse, 18 years old; 4 Milch Cows; 1 Fat Cow; 1 Heifer, 2 years old; 4 Yearlings; 2 Calves; 11 Sheep; Set Cart Wheels, Iron Axle, Farming Implements, Etc. TERMS: Twelve months' credit on notes of approved security. Sums under \$5, cash. HUGH POWELL, Middle South River. JOHN E. McDONALD, Auctioneer.

Girl Wanted

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

Ore, and her husband were returning from a visit to their daughter, Mrs. Mary Matson, an electric car struck her, throwing her violently to the street. When she was carried to her daughter's it was found that her skull was fractured, and a leg and her collar-bone broken. The injured woman was immediately taken to St. Vincent's Hospital, where three doctors and the Sisters of Providence did everything possible for her but she remained unconscious until the 24th, when she died. The remains were buried in Calvary cemetery on the 26th, after a requiem Mass in the family's parish church, St. Patrick's. Father Murphy, the pastor, in extolling the virtues of the deceased urged her descendants and his other hearers to imitate her virtues. He said that "she was a credit to her family and to her race." Mrs. McInnis was highly esteemed by her many friends and acquaintances. One woman walked in the rain three miles and came thirty-five miles by rail to attend the funeral. The following Nova Scotians and others attended the religious ceremonies for the dead: The brothers, Alex., Hector J. and Dan McInnis, Cape Mabou, and their wives; G. L. McIntyre, Sight Point, C. B., and wife; Dougald McPherson, Gulf Shore; Mrs. D. McPherson, nee Bell McKinnon, Big Point, C. B.; Dan Beaton, Mabou; the brothers John and Dan F. Campbell, Red Point, P. E. I., and Mrs. Murdoch Robinson, nee Forina McInnis, S. S. Whyecomaugh. Mrs. McInnis was in her sixty-fourth year and was Elizabeth McLean, daughter of Aonghas MacChaluin Ghobha of Mabou. He husband belonged to "The Cape." Nineteen years ago they came from there to this city where they have since resided with their family. At a coroner's inquest held over the remains the motorman of the car that caused Mrs. McInnis' death was censured for carelessness. It is likely that the railway will be sued for damage.—Gael.

STRAYED

from the premises of Moses Delorey, Pomquet Station. A three year old ox, grey. Anyone knowing of its whereabouts kindly inform owner.

Pure Bred Shropshire Rams For Sale.

I am offering for sale 15 pure bred Shropshire rams—yearlings and lambs, yearlings sired by ram imported from Scotland by Senator Edwards of Rockland, Ontario, and lambs by stock imported by Logan Bros., of Amherst. I will sell cheap in order to clean out the lot this fall. They are all in splendid condition.

Write or telephone CHAS. T. LOGAN Amherst Point, N. S.

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.

F. H. MacPHIE, Agent of present owner. Antigonish, N. S., Nov. 30, 1910.

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.

Teamsters Wanted.

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

Collection Notice.

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

THOMAS SOMERS, Antigonish, Nov. 9, 1910.

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. F. R. TROTTER.

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. Remember our store is full of bright new merchandise, an immense display of Men's Hats, Shoes and Gent's Furnishings. Always striving to please you.

Palace Clo. Co.'y

Main Street,

Antigonish

We own and Offer \$25,000 Canadian Cereal & Milling Company Ltd. 6 per cent. First Mortgage Sinking Fund Gold Bonds Dated 1st June, 1910. Due 1st June, 1930. These Bonds are attractive both from the standpoint of security of principals and in interest, and from the excellence of their investment yield. Denominations \$1,000, \$500, \$100. Price par and interest. Yield 6 Per Cent. J. C. MACKINTOSH & CO. Established 1873. Members Montreal Stock Exchange. Halifax, N. S. - - - St. John, N. B.

Furnaces, Stoves and Tinware Now in Stock at 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. We supply the best goods in this line and at reasonable prices. Estimates furnished, and all kinds of heating and plumbing neatly and promptly done. D. G. KIRK Antigonish, N. S.

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. A Gem or Signet Finger Ring. A Silver or Gold Wristlet Watch. A Strand or Pendant Necklace. A Swan Fountain Pen. A Plain or Gem-Set Locket. A Silver Photo Frame. A Silver or Gold Watch Fob. An Ebony Bush Comb and Mirror Set.

- FOR THE BABY. Rings. Spoons. Cups. Necklaces. Child's Sets. Bracelets. Brooches.

- FOR THE MAN. A Pair of Ebony Military Brushes. A Gold, Silver or Nickel Watch. A Single or Double Watch Chain. A Signet Finger Ring. A Pair of Cuff Links. A Gillette Safety Razor. A Swan Fountain Pen. A Silk or Gold Watch Fob. A Kingutter Razor. A Watch Locket or Charm. A Silver Photo Frame. A Gem or Signet Stick Pin.

Gold and Enamel Cuff and Beauty Pins, Sash and Veil Pins, Hat Pins, Silver and Ebony Novelties in Manicure and Watch Articles, Cigar Holders, Match Coxes, etc. Goods sent on approval until December 15th. Out-of-Town customers take note. The stocks of my Antigonish and Inverness stores are ready for your inspection or mail orders. Goods as represented or money refunded.

WALLACE The Optician and Jeweler Antigonish, N. S. Inverness C. B.

Land for Sale A lot of land containing 50 acres, 3 miles from Antigonish, on the Old Gulf Road. This lot has good hard wood and poles on it. For further particulars as to price, etc., apply to JAMES THOMPSON, Cloverville. FOR SALE A fine residence in Town. Also several good farms. TERMS TO SUIT PURCHASERS Apply or write to E. LAVIN GIRROIR, Barrister, Antigonish, N. S.

WANTED Thousands of Hides, Pelts and Calf Skins, Wool, Tallow, Etc. Our cash prices are always leaders. Take your stock to our local agent. HALEY'S MARKET and get the biggest prices on the market for everything you have. S. ARSCOTT & CO.