

# THE CASKET.

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## THE CASKET.

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22.

After all the years of misrepresentation, and open calumny, to say nothing of suspicion, and distrust, which Ireland has suffered, here comes an instalment of the truth at last from an English source. To unprejudiced people, it has long been known. The British Encyclopaedia, just published, says that Ireland is the most moral country in the world.

In October, amongst the converts to the Catholic Church, in Great Britain, was a clergyman named Knox, a direct descendant of John Knox. John Knox probably supposed that the Catholic Church was doomed, even in his day. Many a man has thought so since Knox's day. Many are saying so to-day. Circumstances such as this might, one would think, cause them to reflect more deeply.

If you have a full dinner table on Christmas Day, do not forget those who are hungry. If your children are glad and happy in the possession of the trifles that the childish heart loves, remember the many poor children to whom Christmas brings nothing but unsatisfied longings. Let us not be selfish. If each one did some little act to make the Christmas time more pleasant for some unfortunate person to whom otherwise it must be dreary, what a different place the world would seem, for a day or two at least.

Judge Greenbaum, of the Supreme Court of New York, said the other day:

"It seems to me that most of the divorce and annulment cases we have here are the result of City Hall marriages."

By "City Hall marriages," he means marriages before the Mayor, or such civil official as may be authorized by law, without a clergyman. It would be most astonishing if good results followed upon such travesties of marriage.

The two or three Ontario bigots who went to Parliament last month, breathing fire and brimstone, are having cold water spilled over them in discouraging quantities. The "representative Canadian papers" who have been shouting, "treason" and "Popery" ever since the Congress, might take notice. In the Commons, on Dec. 6th, in answer to Dr. Sproule:

In reference to the parade of the 6th Regiment, Sir Fredrick Borden stated that guards of honor are authorized, in addition to the customary occasions, on other occasions, "If deemed expedient to receive distinguished personages." He added: "The 6th Regiment did parade at the Eucharistic Congress during the carrying of the Host and were equipped with rifles and bayonets. They paraded voluntarily under the authority of the commanding officer of the regiment, Lt.-Col. A. E. D. Labelle. In this connection it might be stated that it has been customary for many years past in Montreal, Quebec, and elsewhere, for French-Canadian regiments of the Militia to attend the feast Corpus Christi and parade with arms."

Sir Wilfred Laurier answered the question in regard to the action of the Speaker, Hon. Charles Marcl. He stated that there is no rule or practice of the House of Commons which governs the wearing of his official robes by the speaker during recess, but that he can be accompanied by the mace only when Parliament is in session or when specially authorized to do so by the House of Commons. "The Government is informed by His Honor the Speaker," went on the Premier, "that he did take part in a solemn religious procession in September last in the city of Montreal, but that he did not do so in his official capacity, and was not accompanied by the mace, which is the emblem of his office."

The New York Sun publishes a dispatch from Berlin which says:

"The Kaiser, while visiting the Benedictine monastery at Beuren, to which he had previously presented a crucifix, addressed the abbot and a number of Catholic dignitaries. He said: 'I look to you to help me keep my people religious. This is very im-

portant, as the twentieth century has let loose ideas which can only be successfully combated with the help of religion and the support of heaven. My crown can only guarantee me success when it relies upon the word and personality of our Lord. The governments of Christian princes can only be carried on according to the will of the Lord. The altar and throne are closely united, and must not be separated."

Emperor William's ideas differ from those of the Freemason socialists of France. But better men than the latter have talked of the complete separation of Church and State, as though it were something admirable and desirable, without realizing that no complete separation can ever take place because the Church can never stand by composedly and see nations and peoples fall into unbelief and paganism. If she could have been content that such should be the fate of the world, she would never have poured out the blood of her martyrs to redeem nations from the worship of idols; never have confronted the barbarian invaders; never have resisted the encroachments of the Turks. The Emperor's speech is the more noteworthy that it is addressed to Catholics in a monastery. If this monastery were in France, some of the political rascals who rule that country would, by this time, be handing it over to their satellites to be knocked down for a nominal sum to some political heeler.

### CHRISTMAS.

There are few subjects upon which it is more hopeless to try to say anything new, or even to say the same old things in some new way. Christmas changes not at all, as the passing years bring it around again and again. Always the same, since that night when the God-Child lay in the manger, it will be ever the same until time shall have merged in eternity. The Church which has preserved and perpetuated the great feast, brings to it each year the same manner of celebration; presents it to our consideration in the same terms; reads there-out for us the same old lessons; sends us to our homes with the same old pictures before our eyes—her Divine Founder wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger; Mary His Mother at His side, watching and caring for Him then as she was to do at all times until that bitter, yet glorious, day when she saw Him raised aloft upon the cross. For the essence and the substance of Christmas, the reason of its celebration, its dignity and its grandeur, its claim and its hold upon mankind—all are summed up in the simple sentences of the Gospel:

"And she brought forth her first born son, and wrapped him up in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn. And behold an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone round them; and they feared with a great fear; and the Angel said to them: Fear not; for behold I bring you tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people; for this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David."

In a world of change, in a world in which all change is hailed by some as progress; in a world of uncertainties, here is the great unchangeable thing; and Christmas is but the fixing of a day on which we are carried back in spirit to that little stable in Bethlehem, whilst, in unison with the Church throughout the world, we repeat the words she has repeated through so many centuries:

"Glory be to God in the highest; on earth, peace to men of good will."

The superficial view of Christmas changes somewhat, of course, from time to time. The social customs and observances, the worldly aspects of the celebration, have not at all times been quite the same. Yet, even here, there has been a wonderful continuity, a remarkable accord in all countries and amongst all peoples, reflecting, somewhat, the never-varying attitude of the Church towards the feast in its graver and essential characteristics. And, if Christmas had done nothing for the world, save to perpetuate kindly customs, to repeat each year a brief space when smiles and friendliness have full sway, and enmities and strifes are laid aside, the world would, for that alone, owe much to Christmas. But, Christmas offers more than that to the man who will pause to think, and that, even without going into deep reflections on the tremendous mystery of God becoming man, even without long meditations on the goodness of Him.

"Who for us men, and for our salvation, came down from Heaven and became incarnate by the Holy Ghost

of the Virgin Mary, and was made man."

Many men who recognize, as well as men of God, the greatness and the goodness of God, do not reflect much upon the smallness of the human affairs which take up so much of our time, and keep us so busy in this busy world. On the first Christmas Day, the world was busy, as it is busy to-day. The known world was smaller, then; but all the human forces that keep men going, with their feet pattering upon the world's treadmill, were at work in the world, on that night when Mary brought forth her first-born and laid Him in a manger. With what are we occupied to-day? With business? So were the Jews. With politics? So were the Romans. With military power? "Rome's mighty sceptre ruled alone the world, from Caesar's lofty throne." With agriculture? So were the people of Judea. With dissipation and vice? Pagan Rome has hardly yet been equalled therein. With human learning? There was learning in the world then, so much that its influence upon the minds of men has not yet wholly departed. The world had its "great men" then, as the world has its "great men" now. Who cares to-day for all the work, the pomp, the wealth, the splendor, the power, that occupied men's minds on that first Christmas Day? The student reads, with passing interest, some fragmentary account, called history, of the races and the nations of that time. Imperial pagan Rome dominates the imagination and stands forth in all her power and grandeur, with her marble halls, her grave senates, her courts of law, her multitudes of slaves, her unconquerable soldiers, her brilliant generals, her subjugated peoples, her luxurious homes, her traditions of vicory, her fear-inspiring name, the combined boast and passport in every clime which she gave to her men. "I am a Roman citizen,"—the social hall-mark of that day, respected throughout the then known world. She is gone—has been gone for many centuries—a subject of interest only to the student and the antiquary. And the Child who was laid in a manger, in a poor hamlet, in a remote province of that mighty empire, on the first Christmas Day, has outlived her—aye, and all her successors—as He will outlive all the nations, races and powers we know to-day. The complete obliteration of the Roman Empire is but a circumstance in the long history of the world since the birth of Christ. The men who managed the world that night have been succeeded by other generations,—how many generations! Their bodies and bones form the soil of the world's burial places, many feet thick; but the manger of Bethlehem still attracts the eyes of mankind; the contrast between the things that end and the things that cannot end, is still before men's eyes, and our view of it is refreshed at every recurrence of the Christmas feast. The Empire of Rome, the Empire of Napoleon, the mighty Republic of Venice, all were built on foundations which had the appearance of solidity, as many human institutions have to-day, the appearance of solidity; but Rome and Venice, and the conquests of Napoleon are gone; and the power whose beginnings in this world were in the stable in Bethlehem, has seen their end. Nations rise and fall; generations live, are happy or unhappy, rich or poor, good or bad, and sink into their graves; but every year brings Christmas, and we turn once more to the old, old story, to the stable, to the Child who lay in the manger, to the mother who watched Him whilst He slept. God Himself established this contrast; and we can never forget it. The greatest lesson the world has ever had, upon the littleness of the things that men pursue on earth, was taught in Bethlehem, when the Creator and Sovereign Lord of Heaven and earth and of all things, was wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger, as fragile and as weak as any human being was that night in all the wide provinces of Rome. The poet priest, Father Ryan, having described the grandeur and the glories of Rome, thus describes the scene:

"Twas night; that self-same silent night,  
Far, far away from Caesar's home,  
Was born the rival of his might,  
The future King of lofty Rome.  
His palace was a stable cold,  
His throne was not of gems and gold,  
Within a crib of straw He lies,  
Who rules the earth and lords the skies.  
He had no crown, to show His claim  
To noble birth, to royal name.  
But, there he lay, to all unknown,

An infant Babe, the promised One,  
The Prince of Peace, God's only Son,  
Centuries ago."

### CONSPIRACIES AGAINST RELIGION.

XVIII.

SENATOR ROSS' LETTER.

When the worthy Senator informs us that any Mason who violated the Ten Commandments would be expelled from the Order, we fear his enthusiasm for Freemasonry betrays him into an exaggeration. We have heard and read some pretty large claims made for that Order; but we never before heard it credited with absolute perfection. But, though this and some other passages in the letter rather tempt one's sense of humor, the subject is far too grave for any other than serious treatment.

We come, therefore, to Senator Ross' second main point, namely, that Freemasonry in England, the United States and Canada is different from, and not to be confounded with, the Masonry of the Grand Orient of France. We have already admitted, and we now again admit, that Freemasonry has played a more respectable part in some countries than in others. We have already admitted and we now again admit, that, in all countries, there are to be found many Masons who are not acquainted with the false philosophical teachings of the system; and, probably, many who know what those teachings are, but do not give them complete acceptance, nor apply them to the affairs of life. The former class deserve, probably, more sympathy than blame; but the latter class are not to be readily excused for clinging to the Order. The Mason who has never heard of Mackey or Pike, for instance, or of similar writers, or who knows them merely by name, and has never read their works, or heard the teachings of those works set forth, may be excused for supposing that Masonry is a Christian institution. But the Mason who knows what these men have written, what they have set forth as the doctrines of the Order; who they were; how the Order has honored them; how Masons are encouraged and urged to read and study their books; such a Mason is not to be excused for continuing in an Order which venerates such false and anti-Christian teachers; nor is such a Mason to be excused on the ground

that he still holds his personal Christian beliefs intact, for he upholds the false before all men, though he may keep his own heart free from accepting the false. We emphasize this because it truly states the position of very many Masons.

Now, let us go at once to the heart of Senator Ross' argument that Masonry in England and in North America has kept its skirts clear of the atheism and infidelity of the Grand Orient of France. In July, 1907, an international convention of the Scottish Rite Masons of the old and new worlds was held in the city of Brussels, in Belgium. The supreme Councils represented there were: Southern and Northern jurisdictions of the United States, France, Belgium, Italy, Ireland, England and Wales, Scotland, Portugal, Peru, Venezuela, Columbia, Argentine, Uruguay, Colon, Mexico, Greece, Hungary, Switzerland, Canada, Dominican Republic, Chili, Spain and Egypt. The Grand Orient (Grand Lodge) of France, does not contain all the Masons of France; and it is only with the Grand Orient of France that there has been a break. But the Grand Orient of France is in harmonious relations with nearly all the Supreme Councils above-named; and it is a powerful adviser in many of those Supreme Councils. Albert Pike was "an honorary member of almost every Supreme Council in the world." And so we have the Masons of England, Canada, and the United States, bob-nobbing in "international convention" with a dozen Supreme Councils which have not broken with the Grand Orient of France. But, let us leave the Grand Orient of France out of it for a moment. The Grand Lodge of Italy, or its Supreme Council, the Grand Lodge or Supreme Council of Belgium, or of Spain, are not a bit better company for Canadian and American Masons than they would find in Paris. Senator Ross would not receive much encouragement to talk about the Bible in the Supreme Council of Italy or of Belgium. But let us leave all Europe out of it for a moment. In the beautiful city of Brussels, our Canadian and American Masons discussed the present and future of the Order, no doubt, with representatives of the Supreme Councils of Chili, Argentine Republic, Peru, Uruguay, Colon, and Mexico. Does Senator Ross know the history of Freemasonry in South America? If he does not, we shall be pleased to furnish him with a detailed and specific account of its career there.

What were the Canadian, English and American Masonic representatives doing in Brussels in the company of delegates from so many Supreme Councils which are, and have been for generations past, hotbeds of political and social devilry; breeding centres of the most outspoken and unblushing assaults upon the very existence of God and every fundamental Christian belief; channels of propagation for the most degrading adoration of human reason, in the false guise and pretence of "progress." Why were they found in such company? Do not think it sufficient to say that they came home with their own Christian beliefs intact and undisturbed. We can never get to the heart of a question by merely skirting its edges. Freemasonry is a system, world-wide in extent. It was fairly represented at Brussels, surely, in that Convention. If any part of this system is free from the errors and false teachings of the rest, let us behold that part,—England, Canada and the United States, for instance,—rise up and cast from it those false teachings and principles, and refuse longer to meet those who hold and teach them, in international convention, or otherwise.

Did the Masonic representatives from English-speaking countries, at that Brussels Convention, repudiate the Grand Lodge of Italy, or the Supreme Councils of South America? Did they demand that those Grand Lodges and Supreme Councils repudiate the Grand Orient of France? Every man who lives a year and a half longer, will see the same Supreme Councils meet in international Convention again, and in the United States. Will the representatives from England, Canada and the United States take that occasion to show to the world that they possess a Freemasonry that is all their own; and that they will not fraternize with the Masonic religious anarchists of Spain, Italy, Belgium and South America? They have not done so; and they will not do so.

Before they undertake to do so, there is work for them to do nearer home, and that is, to banish from their lodges, and from the homes of their members, the books of General Grand High Priest Mackey and

Sovereign Grand Commander Albert Pike. So long as these pass current amongst the Masons of North America, we cannot see how they can very becomingly preach Christianity to the lodges of Europe or of South America.

Suppose a Canadian or American Mason reproaches a member of the Grand Orient of France for banishing the name of God? Suppose the member so reproached points to the blasphemous attacks of one American Masonic writer on the God of the Old Testament; or to the fact that another places Jesus on the same level as Confucius, and no higher; or to the fact that such a writer says that the Bible is, in Masonry, only one of the "Books of the Law," and that every Mason may choose his own book—the Koran, if he will, or the Zeud Avesta? Suppose he points out the passage in Mackey's Encyclopaedia, p. 97, in which he says that when the Grand Lodge of Ohio, in 1856, declared 'that a distinct avowal of a belief in the divine authority of the Holy Scriptures should be required of every one who is admitted to the privileges of Masonry and that a denial of the same is an offence against the Institution calling for exemplary discipline,'—then, "It is hardly necessary to say," says Dr. Mackey, "that the enunciation of this principle met with the almost universal condemnation of the Grand Lodges and Masonic jurists of the country." (Italics ours.) "The Grand Lodge of Ohio subsequently repealed the regulation." What answer can the Canadian or American Mason make on these points to his brother of the Grand Orient of France? And if the Canadian or American Mason protests that he himself believes in God and in the Bible as Christians do, his brother of the Grand Orient of France may fairly remark that, if he does so believe, his belief has very little to do with his membership in the Masonic Order, and that he holds his beliefs, not because of Freemasonry, not as a necessary consequence or accompaniment of his membership in the Order, but, rather, in spite of the teachings and expositions of its most learned and able writers.

Senator Ross tells us that the Holy Scriptures are open on their altars and the lodges are opened and closed with prayer. We knew those facts before; but we find a difficulty in accurately appraising the value of those practices; and perhaps Senator Ross can clear the difficulty out of our way. General Grand High Priest Mackey, speaking of the "Book of the Law" in Masonry, says:

"This is the Holy Bible, which is always open in a lodge as a symbol that its light should be diffused among the brethren. . . . Masonically the Book of the Law is that sacred book which is believed by the Mason of any particular religion to contain the revealed will of God; although, technically, among the Jews, the Torah or Book of the Law, means only the Pentateuch, or five books of Moses. Thus, to the Christian Mason the Book of the Law is the Old and New Testaments; to the Jew, the Old Testament; to the Musselman the Koran; to the Brahmin, the Vedas; and to the Parsee, the Zeudavesta." *Encyclopaedia of Freemasonry*, p. 124.

Now, if a Masonic lodge were only a place where men met for social purposes, with some sort of inner sanctuary attached, where each might resort for prayer, there might be no great objection to having on hand the whole outfit of "Books of the Law," that each man might, for his personal purposes, resort to whichever book he cared for. Freemasonry, however, involves much more than that. Dr. Mackey, in his *Symbolism*, has told us that "Masonry is a science of morality, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols." He tells us that eleomagnary aid is not its great aim. He tells us that it has a noble series of doctrines. *Symbolism of Freemasonry*, pp. 301-302.

He describes the man who comes to enter the Lodge as standing "within our portals, on the threshold of this new Masonic life, in darkness, helplessness and ignorance, and as 'seeking the new birth, and asking a withdrawal of the veil which conceals divine truth from his uninitiated sight.'" (Italics ours.) *Masonic Ritualist*, pp. 22-23.

This aspirant for admission into this school of divine truth is told,—"Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." He discovers that "Masonry is to introduce him to new views of life and its duties." (Italics ours.) There is to be not only a change for the future, "but also an extinction of the past." *The same*, p. 22.

"This mental illumination, this spiritual light, which after his new birth, is the first demand of the new

Continued on page 52.



**The Shrine of St. Anne.**

OSCAR L. MEAD GIVES A GLOWING DESCRIPTION OF THIS WONDER-WORKING PLACE.

Oscar L. Mead, circulation manager of the Springfield (O.) Daily News, who returned recently from attending the national convention of circulation managers at Montreal, Canada, visited the miracle-working shrine of St. Anne on the St. Lawrence river, during his stay in the Dominion.

Mr. Mead says the shrine is a wonderful sight for one who has never visited it. Just where the St. Lawrence, nearing the sea, spreads out into a mighty width, the immense cathedral stands in the little village where pilgrims numbering 100,000 annually wend their way.

In describing the shrine, Mr. Mead says: "Inside the entrance of the cathedral, now a basilica, at right and left, is the amazing spectacle of the place; hundreds, probably, indeed, thousands of crutches, high-soled shoes, braces, even a wooden leg stacked against the walls to a great height, left by the 'cured.' Here and there throughout the place you will see a crutch or two stuck in. There was an old pipe on the very pedestal of St. Anne during the solemnities, perhaps a memorial of a cure of the tobacco habit, perhaps a dearly given votive offering.

The mysterious statue of La Bonne Ste. Anne stands on a tall onyx pillar in front of the altar rail. It is colored like life, neither ugly nor exquisite, but pretty. Behind it spreads a gilt sun—a 'glory' fine and shining. On Anne's head is a high gold crown, presented, as well as that upon the head of the little Virgin in her arms, by Leo XIII, in 1887.

There were always some praying on the pavement before the statue, crippled or deformed or feeble; I saw none carried in helpless. They were not ragged, though some very poorly clad, and some were refined in appearance. The kneelers kissed a reliquary containing a bone of the hand of St. Anne. This was a glass-covered receptacle surrounded with masses of jewels, like a magnificent great brooch. A priest freely approved of our passing with a throng of worshippers and taking a look at it.

The ailments of some children were pointed out to a priest and he rubbed a reliquary on the spot. The plants arching the altar were a marvelously compact mass of bloom, so that I was quite ready to believe that they were the result of the very highest Belgian art.

I found myself at one time in the midst of a crowd who had gathered around a high pulpit to have their sacred souvenirs blessed; rosaries, scapulars, crucifixes, bottles of water from the holy spring, images of St. Anne. They were explained to, in English and in French, to hold them up; so they gather them in a matter of fact manner from pockets and purses and the priest blesses them.

The organ is of the finest, as also was the singing, especially the solos of two powerful male voices. They filled the great building.

The magnificence is very plentiful, some costly and of exquisite workmanship, some of cheap materials wrought with careful art in rich variety, an imitation often of marbles and carving.

The case of gifts and historical relics in the vestry is most interesting. There is a priest's garment, a chasuble, made by Anne of Austria, queen of Louis XIII, presented by her to this shrine as a thank offering for the birth of Louis XIV. The embroidery is very simple, darned work in shades of red, but it is tasteful and there is a great deal of it covering the whole vestment except where she sewed on wide ribbon bands of gold lace.

Near it hangs a heavy silver portrait, in relief of the Count of Paris, given by him in 1890, an ex-voto of his pilgrimage here. He is represented as St. Louis, 'King of France'—a saint for that petition.

There are two massive high gold crowns with gems for St. Anne and the little Virgin. These were made of the accumulated ornaments given by worshippers. Evidently at about the time that these were finished Pope Leo supplied the need. Votive offerings of jewelry crowd the shelves, singly and in piles, some fresh and shining, some much worn. There are necklaces, watches, earrings, sets in cases, hundreds of breast pins (noticed one large diamond cluster), a Young Men's Christian association badge and nearly two yards of rings strung together on rods.

The place teems with associations, with historic names. Its founders were of the makers of America. There is a large silver cross given by Ibberville who first traversed the Mississippi and acquired vast 'Louisiana' for France, and there is a fine picture given by the daughter of Portneuf.

By petition and by purchase fragments of the bones of St. Anne have been secured for cathedrals Louis XIII, indeed ordered that one be given to his wife. For the one that Laval de Montmorenci bought and gave to St. Anne de Beaupre there are elaborate legal deeds.

Here and there in the corridors of the cathedral there were tablets presented by individuals from Kentucky, Maine, etc., and from Europe.

This immense building is new. The beauty of modern architecture mingles at Beaupre with the remains of a hoary past.

There are large monasteries and several chapels or shrines. Rich flower gardens are all about, except in front of one very conspicuous entrance; here and there is a vegetable garden, shut in by a curving fence of wooden palings, locked; the most beautifully kept garden that one could conceive; bed after bed in long ribbon strips of one homely vegetable after another. I saw, I think, all kinds with which we are familiar, and some which I did not recognize.

The little ancient church which was crumbling down has been made into a little 'restored' church. The old stones and rubble are in the wall, the

steeple and bell and pews and altar and images—everything—are in place; poor and plain to the last degree; and the walls are covered full with old pictures, mostly large—votive offerings; Lord Tracy's fine De Brun side by side with the monstrosities given by rescued sailors more grateful than wealthy.

There is, in addition to the Redemptorist's monastery and the Franciscan nunnery, one other building, the 'Scala Santa.' There is nothing like this in America. A wide central stairway, occupying nearly this whole edifice, leads to the altar. 'Built in imitation of the steps up which our Savior mounted during His Sacred Passion,' which later were preserved at Rome, inlaid with relics from the Holy Land, this was covered with a throng of worshippers, climbing up, praying on their knees, kissing each step before mounting it. A girl coming away told us touchingly with tears, how she was trying by this means to get relief for her ill and suffering mother. One old, old man, poor and blind, with a quantity of trowsy gray hair and beard, was gently led around, after his ascent and a season of worship at the altar, by an elderly grand-daughter, to pray at the 'Stations,' those last scenes of Christ's life always looking down from the walls on Roman Catholic worship.

The interior is delicately painted in Palestine landscapes, the work, we are told, of one artist monk and lately finished. A little steep graveyard holds 3,721 dead; unmarked dead mostly, but there are a few stones and the slender, rusty iron crosses of this land.

The 'Holy Spring' ripples through grass and stones. In the commonest of household bottles, its water was caught by pilgrims. All the show and interest of this much visited shrine is set down in a shackling little wooden village, as huddled together as if land were worth many dollars a foot; whose fashions are almost as antique as its church.

**Answering Back.**

There are two sorts of 'answering back,' one of which is to be deprecated, while the other is to be encouraged. The last kind is that of one who has not learned what it is to obey without murmuring or question. The whole training of West Point or Annapolis is to the end that men may learn not so much to command others as to command themselves. The soldier is taught to obey as a matter of second nature and implanted instinct—to respond at once to the summons of his duty, however difficult or dangerous. No man-at-arms is worth his salt to the government that employs him if he has opinions of his own when the alarm of battle is heard. Debate and action must never be confused. The attempt to amalgamate them spells the ruin of the cause. 'Think?' says Kipling's sergeant to the private in the ranks. 'Ye are not paid to think!' It is the inferior sort of man who chafes and is restive under orders, who is a shuffling sloven instead of an alert-minded servant, and whose study is to discover how little he can do toward his whole duty and still escape reprimand, suspension or dismissal. It is inefficiency that always has a superior plan of its own, and is ready to 'answer back' with a better idea than that conceived in the brain of the commanding officer.

The worst habit a child can cultivate is that of gossying the wisdom and experience of father and mother. Parents are not infallible; frequently they are indiscreet; sometimes they are ungenerous, and occasionally they are inhuman. But generally they may be trusted to know what is for the good of their children. They have found out long before that fire burns and waters are wet and stone is hard. They have discovered that all that glitters is not gold, and that some substances are poisonous and noxious. It is better for the child to abide by the results of their learning, and not to risk the consequences of the infraction of the natural laws. If the children will only be guided by advice—they may avert in their own case some of the consequences of the sins of the parents. But the child—just because he is young and unaware—is headstrong and sure he knows better and he refuses to profit by the accumulated experience of the elders. He must taste and see and feel for himself. He is imperious and will not brook restraint. If the parents are weak and indulgent and dread 'a scene' they give in, not wishing to incur the filial displeasure. The father advises, the son remonstrates and takes his own course. The mother pleads, the daughter flings her irate and cutting answer, and goes as she pleases. The result is domestic anarchy. There is no peace beneath that roof tree because a loving respectfulness is altogether lacking. The child has lost all reverence for the authority which allows itself to be contradicted and defied with impunity.

The same thing is true of school discipline. It is fatal to the teacher's control of the schoolroom to permit what in pedagogical cant is termed 'back talk.' It is the besetting vice of many an educational institution. Insolence, or the milder manifestation of impertinence, is tolerated when it should be sternly quelled. The pupil naturally loses all respect for his spiritual pastors and masters. It sometimes all starts with the indulgence of what is thought to be witty and amusing. Reprehensible conduct is overlooked because it is considered funny. No teacher destitute of a sense of humor is destined to be supremely successful in the profession, but there is always a sharp line to be drawn between innocent mirth and the lax discipline that some schoolmasters see fit to tolerate as the regimen that gives the teacher the least trouble.

Yet there is a second kind of 'answering back' which is a real joy to all teachers—and not to teachers alone, but to all sentient human beings. It is the eager, enthusiastic response to stimulating questions, to beautiful ideas, to soul-stirring music, to fine ideas. No one has learned to live

aright whose nature remains sluggish and apathetic to these external influences. 'Chill as a dull face frowning on a song, says Meredith, when he wishes to express the very sublimity of stupid indifference. Every player of an instrument or painter of a picture, every writer of a poem or a book, knows how much better he can work when he has found some one to see and interpret, some one to hear and understand his message. And sometimes one has an imperfect, inchoate idea, and ventures, in stumbling words, to think aloud in the presence of a keenly intelligent auditor. The quick responsiveness of the hearer develops the halting and half-formed conception into a thought of real significance and beauty. It is like playing a game of tennis. A skilled opponent keeps sending the ball back to you and thrills your pulses with the perpetual excitement of his audacious challenge. It is no fun to play if the game is hopelessly one-sided and the ball—supposing it escapes the net—is allowed to fall to the earth unregarded with no vigorous countercharge that excites all your rapid footing and vibrant energy to maintain the pace.

Even so in dialogue, the conversation becomes insipid and listless unless there is incessant 'answering back.' Often one builds up an elaborate question, to have the living sense of it impaled upon a monosyllable. One makes a desperate effort to find some topic of engrossing mutual interest—and the attempt is a blank failure, a 'flat fizzle.' With a dull and fishy eye our vis-a-vis in the unhappy juxtaposition gazes upon us, no doubt (if he does not deprecate our loquacity) mourning in a pathetic, brutish way that there is not some obvious point of spiritual contact. But his grief is probably not so great as our own in finding that nothing is to be expected from this loutish intellect that will not 'answer back,' this benighted soul that can lend no ray of illumination for our own pathway. Yet it will never do for us to grow impatient with others because we find them unresponsive. We may seem just as stupid to others as anybody ever seems to us. Let us, therefore, bear with their mental torpor and expend our energies, not in futile protest because some people are slow witted, but in giving thanks for the person we meet who 'answers back.'

**What We Think of Ourselves.**

An essential factor in success is a thorough understanding of self. No one with common sense erects a building until he knows the character of the foundation. Whoever tries to go through life with the idea that he will drift into what he is best capable of doing, is certain to eddy into a place of little consequence and small profit. Lack of appreciation of this fact is responsible for the misunderstanding that exists concerning the real purpose of the manual training school. This is not so much to make mechanics the vocation of the students, as to develop what, if any, mechanical ability they possess, and in this way give the right impetus along the royal road to learning that finally leads to success.

No person succeeds unless he finds himself, knows his powers, and his limits. Sometimes people make mistakes in self-study. There are many instances of over-valuation. This is egotism, or vanity, or conceit. Sometimes we hear it said that a person has something to be conceited about. Occasionally, knowledge of his own ability makes the individual's manner unpleasant. Conceit, however, is empty pride, and the word ought not to be misused.

Over-valuation is also possible in self-esteem. We may easily esteem ourselves over-much, and again with fairness. Self-esteem in the latter case is the pleasant thought of acknowledged personal success. As a rule, we know when we have done well or ill. We realize what we ought to have accomplished, and know, if we are sincere in our self-criticism, what the verdict should be. In such cases, we esteem or value ourselves in accordance with what we believe to be a correct standard. Sometimes others, more learned, point out mistakes we have made. In such instances our opinion is wrong, and, to be honest with ourselves, we must change it in accordance with the facts we did not know.

Now and then we are unjustly criticized, but unless the matter is serious it is never worth arguing about. A man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still, and it is much better to let this criticism pass, leaving him to learn his new error. It is an excellent plan when one is criticized to investigate, quietly, even if such action seems unnecessary, to learn whether, after all, the critic may not be at least partly correct. Any one may be mistaken, and the time occupied in making certain of assertion or strength of position is never wasted.

No sincere person always agrees with others. If he did, he would lack individuality of thought, firm and honest opinion. Some persons seem to think acquiescence a short cut to popularity. Such a course rather inspires doubt, and makes an uninteresting companion. One may be tactful, and not obtrude his opinion where it would be of no use or might be unpleasantly received. Silence does not always give consent. Years are wasted in unnecessary argument. Too many persons resemble the man referred to in the verse which relates:

'Says I, How d' you know you're right?  
'How d' I know,' says he.  
'Well, now, I vum, I know, by gum,  
I'm right because I be.'

If you make a rule never to allow yourself to be angry when anyone else is angry, you will escape a great many disagreeable scenes. One at a time is enough; two angry people are too many by just half.

She—I spoke to that waiter in Italian, and he didn't seem to understand me.  
He—Of course he wouldn't. He is an Italian.

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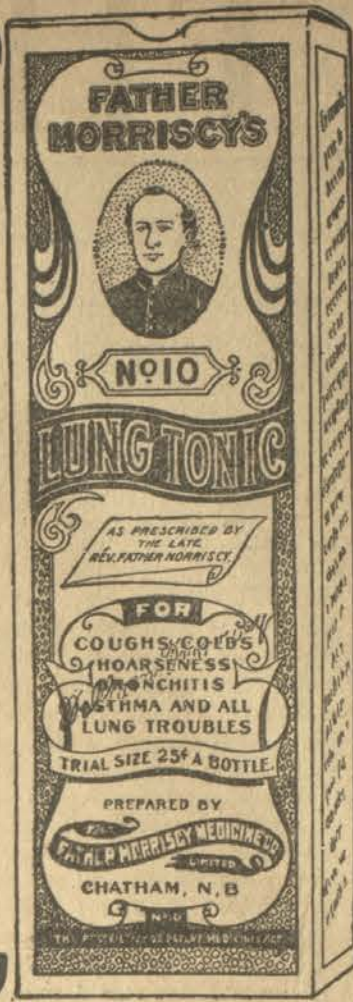
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P. H. MACPHIE,  
Agent of present owner.  
Antigonish, N. S., Nov. 30, 1910.



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**A Christmas Carol.**

(By Adelaide A. Proctor).

The moon that was so shining  
In skies so blue and bright,  
Shone ages since on shepherds  
Who watched their flocks by  
night.  
There was no sound upon the earth,  
The azure air was still,  
The sheep in quiet clusters lay  
Upon the grassy hill.  
When lo! a white-winged angel  
The watchers stood before,  
And told how Christ was born on  
earth.  
For mortals to adore;  
He made the trembling shepherds  
Listen, nor be afraid,  
And told how in a manger  
The glorious Child was laid.  
When suddenly in the Heavens  
Appeared an angel band,  
The while in reverent wonder  
The Syrian shepherds stand,  
And all the bright host chanted  
Words that shall never cease—  
"Glory to God in the highest,  
On earth good will and peace!"  
The vision in the heavens  
Faded, and all was still,  
And the wondering shepherds left  
their flocks,  
To feed upon the hill;  
Toward the blessed city  
Quickly their course they held,  
And in a lowly stable  
Virginia and Child beheld.  
Beside a humble manger  
Was the Maiden-mother mild;  
And in her arms her Son divine,  
A new-born Infant, smiled.  
No shade of future sorrow  
From Calvary then was cast;  
Only the love was revealed,  
The suffering was not passed.  
The eastern King before Him knelt,  
And nearest worshipped and adored  
The wonders God had wrought;  
They saw the crown for Israel's King,  
The future's glorious part—  
And all these things the Mother  
kept  
And pondered in her heart.  
Now that Maiden-mother  
The Queen of Heaven call,  
And the Child we call our Jesus,  
Saviour and Judge of all,  
But the star that shone in Bethlehem  
Shines still, and shall not cease,  
And we listen still to the tiding,  
Of glory and of Peace.

**THE DOCTOR'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.**

(By Elizabeth Jordan, in Sacred Heart Review.)

The "Chicago Limited" was pulling out of the Grand Central Station in New York as Dr. Henry Van Valkenberg submitted his ticket to the gate-man.  
He dashed through, pushing that indignant official to one side, and made a leap for the railing of the last car of the train. It was wet and slippery and maddeningly elusive, but he caught it, and clung to it valiantly, his legs actively seeking a resting place on the snow-covered steps of the platform. Even as he hung there, offering to his fellow-travelers this inspiring illustration of athletic prowess and the strenuous life, he was painfully conscious that the position was not a dignified one for a stout gentleman of sixty with an exalted position in the scientific world. He pictured to himself the happy smiles of those who were looking on, and he realized that his conception of their hearty enjoyment had not been exaggerated when he glanced back at them after a friendly brakeman had dragged him "on board." Dr. Van Valkenberg smiled a little ruefully as he thanked the man and rubbed the aching surface of his hand, which not even his thick kid glove had protected. Then he pulled himself together, picked up the books and newspapers he had dropped and which the bystanders had enthusiastically hurled after him, and sought his haven in the sleeping car. When he reached his section he scold for a moment, with his back to the passengers, to put some of his belongings in the rack above his head. As he was trying to arrange them properly he heard a voice behind him.  
"Oh! Were you hurt?" it said.  
"I was so afraid you were going to fall."  
Dr. Van Valkenberg, who was a tall man, turned and looked down from his great height. At his feet stood a baby; at least, she seemed a baby to him, although she was very dignified and wholly self-possessed and fully four years old. She was looking up at him with dark brown eyes, which wore an absurdly anxious expression. In that instant of quick observation he noticed that her wraps had been removed and that she wore a white dress and had yellow curls, among which, on one side of her head, a small black bow lay somberly.  
She was so delicious in her almost maternal solicitude that he smiled irresistibly, though he answered with the ceremoniousness she seemed to expect.  
"Why, no, thank you," he said. "I am not hurt. Didn't you see the kind man help me on to the car?"  
There was a subdued titter from the other passengers ever this touching admission of helplessness, but the human atom below drew a long, audible sigh of relief.  
"I'm very glad," she said, with dignity. "I was afraid he hurt you." She turned as he spoke, and toddled into his section opposite his, where a plain but kindly-faced elderly woman was sitting. She lifted her charge to the seat beside her, and the child rose to her knees, pressed her pink face against the window-pane and looked out at the snow that was falling heavily.  
Dr. Van Valkenberg settled back in his seat and tried to read his newspaper, but for some reason the slight incident in which he and the little girl had figured moved him strangely. It had been a long time since any one had looked at him like that! He was not a person who aroused sympathy. He conscientiously endeavored to follow the President's latest oracular utterances on the trust problem, but his eyes turned often to the curly

head at the opposite window. They were well-trained, observant eyes, and they read the woman as not the mother, but a paid attendant—a trained nurse, probably, with fifteen years of admirable, cold, scientific service behind her. Why was she with the child, he wondered. It was Christmas—not the time for a baby girl to be traveling. Then his glance fell again on the black bow among the yellow curls and on the white dress with its black shoulder-knots, and the explanation came to him. An orphan, of course, on her way West to a new home, in charge of the matter of fact nurse who was dozing comfortably in the corner of her seat. To whom was she going? Perhaps to grandparents, where she would be spoiled and willy-willy; or quite possibly to more distant relatives where she might find a grudging welcome. Dear little embryo woman with her sympathetic heart already attuned to the world's gamut of pain. She should have been dancing under a Christmas tree, or hanging up her tiny stockings in the warm chimney corner of some cosy nursery. The heart of the man swelled at the thought, and he recognized the sensation with a feeling of surprised annoyance. What was all this to him—to an old bachelor who knew nothing of children except their infantile ailments, and who had supposed that he cared for them as little as he understood them? Still, it was Christmas. His mind swung back to that. He himself had rebelled at the unwelcome prospect of Christmas Eve and Christmas Day in a sleeping car—he, without even nephews and nieces to lighten the gloom of his lonely house. The warm human sympathy of the man and the sweet traditions of his youth rose in protest against this spectacle of a lonely child, traveling through the night toward some distant home which she had never seen, and whose coldness, even neglect, might await her. Then he reminded himself that this was all imagination, and that he might be wholly wrong in his theory of the journey, and he called himself a fool. Still, the teasing interest and an elusive but equally teasing memory held his thoughts.  
Darkness was falling, but the porter had not begun to light the lamps, and heavy shadows were rising from the corners of the car. Dr. Van Valkenberg's little neighbour turned from the gloom without to the gloom within, and made an impulsive movement toward the drowsy woman opposite her. The nurse did not stir, and the little girl sat silent, her brown eyes shining in the half-light and her dimpled hands folded in her lap. The physician leaned across the aisle.  
"Won't you come over and visit me," he asked. "I am very lonely, and I have no one to take care of me."  
She slid off the seat at once, with great alacrity.  
"I'd like to," she said, but "but I must ask Nana. I must always ask Nana now," she added, with dutiful emphasis, "fore I do anything."  
She laid her hand on the gloved fingers of the nurse as she spoke and the women opened her eyes, shot a quick glance at the man, and nodded. She had not been asleep. Dr. Van Valkenberg rose and lifted his visitor to the seat beside him, where her short legs stuck out in uncompromising rigidity, and her tiny hands returned demurely to their former place in her lap. She took up the conversation where it had been interrupted.  
"I can take care of you," she said, brightly. "I took care of mamma a great deal, and I gave her her medicine."  
He replied by placing a cushion behind her back and forming a resting place for her feet by building an imposing pyramid, of which his dressing-case was the base. Then he turned to her.  
"Very well," he said, "if you really are going to take care of me I must know your name. You see," he explained, "I might need you in the night to get me a glass of water or something. Just think—how disappointing it would be if I should call you by the wrong name and some other little girl came!"  
She laughed.  
"You say funny things," she said contentedly. "But there isn't any other little girl in the car. I looked soon as I came in, 'cos I wanted one to play with. I like little girls. I like little boys, too," she added, with innocent expansiveness.  
"Then we'll play I'm a little boy. You'd never believe it, but I used to be. You haven't told me your name," he reminded her.  
"Hope," she said promptly. "Do you think it is a nice name?" She made the inquiry with an anxious interest which seemed to promise immediate change if the name displeased him. He reassured her.  
"I think Hope is the nicest name a little girl could have, except one," he said. "The nicest little girl I ever knew was named Katharine. She grew to be a nice big girl, too—and has little girls of her own now, no doubt," he added, half to himself.  
"Were you a little boy when she was a little girl?" asked his visitor, with flattering interest.  
"Oh, no; I was a big man, just as I am now. Her father was my friend, and she lived in a white house with an old garden where there were all kinds of flowers. She used to play there when she was a tiny baby, just big enough to crawl along the paths. Later she learned to walk there, and then the gardener had to follow her to see that she didn't pick all the flowers. I used to go so she could pull and hold her high up so she could pull the apples and pears off the trees. When she grew larger I gave her a horse and taught her to ride. She seemed like my very own little girl. But by and by she grew up and became a young lady, and—well, she went away from me, and I never had another little girl."  
He had begun the story to interest the child. He found, as he went on, that it still interested him.  
"Did she go to heaven?" asked the little girl, softly.  
"Oh, dear, no," answered the doctor, with brisk cheerfulness.  
"Then, why didn't she keep on being your little girl always?" was the next leading question.

The doctor hesitated a moment. Her was making the discovery that after many years old wounds can reopen and throb. No one had ever been brave enough to broach to him the subject of this single love affair, which he was now discussing, he told himself, like a gawdulous old woman. He was anxious to direct the conversation into other channels, but there was a certain compelling demand in the brown eyes upturned to his.  
"Well, you see," he explained, "other boys liked her too. And when she became a young lady other men liked her. So finally—one of them took her away from me."  
He uttered the last words wearily, and the sensitive atom at his side seemed to understand why. Her little hand slipped into his.  
"Why didn't you ask her to please stay with you?" she persisted pityingly.  
"I did," he told her. "But you see, she liked the other man better."  
"Oh-h-h." The word came out long-drawn and breathless.  
"I don't see how she possibly could." There was such sorrow for the victim and scorn for the offender in the tone that, combined with the none too subtle compliment, it was too much for Dr. Van Valkenberg's self-control. He threw back his gray head, and burst into an almost boyish shout of laughter, which effectually cleared the atmosphere of sentimental memories. He suddenly realized, too, that he had not been giving the child the cheerful holiday evening he had intended.  
(Conclusion next week.)

**"What are Some of the Signs of a Religious Vocation?"**

A firm and constant will to serve God and abiding aspirations after the higher and holier state of life in persons who have the necessary physical and intellectual qualifications taken together, are signs of a religious vocation. Experienced directors of souls regard the firm and constant will of the individual to serve God in a particular state of life as the best mark of a divine vocation, because the firmness and constancy in pursuit of a supernatural purpose is the product of God's grace and, therefore, evidence of a true vocation. This opinion accords with the words of Christ, "Without Me you can do nothing," and "You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you."  
St. Alphonsus Liguori explains the matter thus: "One mark of a true vocation is a pure and holy attraction to a particular state. It is not necessary that this attraction be always sensible. It suffices if it exists in the interior part; therefore, when a sensible attraction has existed, and now ceases to exist, one can not, on this account, pronounce the call untrue. If the will continue constant, and there remain some supernatural affection, no matter what wavering may be occasioned by coldness or repugnance, the vocation may safely be declared a true one." God calls persons in various ways, yet a firm will to enter religion is a safe mark of a vocation to the religious state, where there is no serious impediment and the motives are good, for it is a special grace of God.  
This accords with the words of St. Paul to the Philippians, "For God worketh in you to will and to accomplish, according to His good will." Moreover, a firm, constant will on the part of those who aspire to the religious state is the only condition mentioned by Our Lord: "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell," etc. If a person sincerely wishes to become religious and resolutely manifests his desire to do so, no one questions his vocation if there is no impediment.  
This firm will, sustained by the promptings of divine grace, is not the only mark of a religious vocation, but where it exists, whether it has been lingering in the heart since childhood or comes later or suddenly, if there is no impediment, it is safe to act upon it provided the Superior of the Order applied to is willing to receive the postulant.

**Christmas Quotations.**

Christ is wont to catch every man in the way of his own craft—Magian with a star, fishers with fish—St. Chrysostom.  
A good conscience is a continual Christmas.—Benjamin Franklin.  
I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year.—Charles Dickens.  
This day shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.—Shakespeare.  
I have always thought of Christmas-time as a good time; a kind, forgiving, generous, pleasant time; a time when men and women seem by one consent to open their hearts freely and to say "God bless Christmas."—Charles Dickens.  
The Christmas star has five points, love to God, love to man, thoughtfulness, self-denial, and joy.—Anon.  
The real Christmas-tree is the Tree of Life, its branches spread over all lands; and its leaves are for the healing of the nations.—Amos 12, Wells.

**Cranberry Sauce.**

The most common method of cooking the cranberry is to prepare a sauce that may be served with any kind of meat, but which is particularly delicious with turkey or chicken. One of the simplest recipes is as follows:  
Take one quart of berries to a pint of sugar and half a pint of water. Put them on to boil in a granite-ware or porcelain-lined saucepan. As soon as the berries are cooked thoroughly, set them aside to cool.  
If the cranberry sauce is to be strained, a good way to cook is to put the quart of berries on to cook in the half pint of water until done. Remove the berries, and put them through a sieve, or better yet, fruit strainer; then add sugar to taste. If the sugar is added before the fruit is strained it will take twice as much.  
Another excellent method of making cranberry sauce is to put two cupsful of sugar into one cupful of water, and let the two boil for eight minutes, or

until the sugar has formed a thin syrup. Add one quart of cranberries, and let them cook, without stirring, for about eight minutes longer.—*Sacred Heart Review.*

**The Christ-Child.**

(Written for THE CASKET.)  
The stars of Yule are shining out  
Triumphant, like angelic choirs;  
Encircling splendors wheel about  
And thrill the world with blessed fires.  
They sing of Him, the stainless One,  
The Prince of Peace o'erturning strife,  
Whose reign, while endless ages run,  
Is endless pardon, love and life.  
Oh, sing and shine, bright souls  
forgiven!  
Your King is come your Infant  
King:  
His purty your sin hath shriven,  
His baby fingers clasp and cling.  
O Heavenly Babe, our sorrows heal,  
Receive our penitential sighs!  
True Source of Light, Thyself reveal,  
Love-mirrored in our tearful eyes.  
Thy waxen touch can mould at will  
Our softened souls to love divine;  
We kneel and wait the rapturous  
thrill  
That draws our fluttering lives to  
Theine.  
Fair Bud of Bethlehem, unfold  
Thy blood-stained petals evermore!  
Thy hidden Heart, Thy Heart of gold,  
Bid men and angels all adore.  
—Caroline D. Swan.

Carol, brothers carol!  
Carol merrily!  
Carol the glad tidings!  
Carol cheerily!  
And pray a glad some Christmas  
For all your fellow-men.  
Carol, brothers, carol!  
Christmas day again.  
Two sorry thynges there be,  
Ay, three;  
A nest from which ye fledglings  
Have been taken,  
A lamb forsaken,  
A redde leaf from a wilde rose  
Rudely shaken.  
Of gladde thynges there be more,  
Ay, four;  
A lark above ye olde neste  
Blythely singing,  
A wild rose clinging  
In safety to a rock  
A shepherd bringing  
A lamb found in his arms,  
And Christmas bells a' ringing.  
Oh, fir-tree green! Oh, fir-tree  
green!  
Your leaves are constant ever;  
Not only in the summer-time,  
But through the winter's snow and  
rime  
You're fresh and green forever.  
Oh, fir-tree green! Oh, fir-tree  
green!  
I still shall love you dearly.  
How oft to me, on Christmas night,  
Your laden boughs have brought  
delight.  
Oh, fir-tree green! Oh, fir-tree  
green!  
I still shall love you dearly.  
—From The German.

**How to Roast the Turkey.**

Nothing can take the place of a turkey at Christmas, and no way is so satisfactory as to cook it in the style our grandmothers did. To do this, clean, singe and wash it well. Make a dressing of bread crumbs, with chopped onion, celery tops, the giblets boiled and chopped fine, two ounces of fat salt pork, a quart of oysters and their strained liquor, dry sage, a little thyme, sweet marjoram and a heaping teaspoonful of dry ginger with salt and pepper, rather more than usual, as the meat absorbs much of the seasoning. When the bread is soft with the oyster liquid or tepid water, add the other things and work them together, adding two beaten eggs. Fill the turkey with this and tie it well, fastening the legs and wings to the body. Then lay the bird in a deep pan, fill that with water and lay some slices of pork or waxed paper over the breast and wings that they may not burn. Have a moderate oven, so the inside will cook well. The water should be just at the top of the pan, and if it is deep enough to cover half the bird, so much the better. When one hour and a half for a ten or twelve-pound turkey have passed, turn him over and fill the pan again as full as possible. The steam cook him as well as the heat of the fire. By the end of another hour look at him, and if he needs a little basting, baste him. If not, let nature take her course, and at the end of the full three hours the turkey will be done all through and the water will have all absorbed or evaporated. Dredge a little flour on the upper surface of the bird and let it brown. Dish and with the residue in the pan, with some more water, make the gravy with a little flour stirred into it before the water is added. Then pour boiling water in slowly, stirring it all the time. This is the best as well as the easiest way to roast a turkey, as it requires absolutely no attention, save to watch the fire and look at it the last half hour once after it has been turned over. It is rich, juicy and ready to fall apart.—*Sacred Heart Review.*

**Dainty Silver**  
Possessing a charm equalled only by its fine wearing quality, silverware marked "1847 ROGERS BROS." is the ready choice of those who want the best in knives, forks, spoons, etc.  
Best tea sets, dishes, waiters, etc., are stamped MERIDEN BRITS CO. SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS "Silver Plate that Wears"

**ASEPTO SOAP POWDER**  
sweetens the home  
ASK YOUR GROCER

**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. No eded 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 Ross Arisaig owned by the undersigned is offered for sale. It consists of 30 acres of excellent land, on which there is abundance of hard and soft wood. For further particulars apply to MRS. EDWARD J. CODY, Kasko, B. C.

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

**TAX NOTICE.**  
Owing to the illness of Collector Chisholm, of Antigonish Harbor, Mr. John McGillivray, his near neighbor, has been furnished with a new Tax List. Payment of County and Poor Rates can be made to him by all persons in that section of Morristown district. F. H. MACPHIE, Municipal Treasurer. Antigonish, N. S., Dec. 13, 1910.

**Perfect COOK STOVE**  
This is one of the most popular wood-burning cook stoves on the market at a moderate price. It has a flat top with four 8 inch pot holes, and has a large square oven situated directly on top of stove, with two 8 inch pot holes on top of oven. It is very economical on fuel, and is guaranteed to be a good heater and baker. Price, cash with order, \$11.00, freight paid to your nearest railway station. For this month we will include with all orders for this stove one large cast iron pot, or enamel stew kettle, as requested. This offer will not appear again. Address: Bridgetown Foundry Co. Ltd. Lock Box 249, Bridgetown, N. S.

**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 BRAND YOU BUY BEARS TOWER'S MARK OF THE FISH BRAND

**Sufferers from Indigestion, read this**  
MONCTON, N. B., Sept. 21st, 1894.  
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 Grots 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 morning by one of our representatives and expressed himself as enjoying the best of health for the past 16 years. He still uses Gates' medicine and is recommending them to his friends.  
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers everywhere at only 50c. per bottle.  
C. Gates, Son & Co.'s, Middleton, N. S.

**F. H. RANDALL**  
Buyer and Shipper of RAW FURS AND SKINS OF ALL KINDS. (Highest Cash Prices paid. C.T.E.)  
Antigonish, October 25, 1910.

**WANTED**  
1000 Calf 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.

**SEALED TENDERS** addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Extension to Breakwater at Margaree Harbor, N. S.," will be received at this office until 4:00 P.M. on Wednesday, January 4, 1911, for the construction of a Breakwater at Margaree Harbor, Inverness County, N. S.  
Plans, specification and form of contract can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department, at the office of E. G. Millidge, Esq., District Engineer, Antigonish, N. S., and on application to the Postmaster at Margaree Harbor, N. S.  
Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures, stating their occupations and places of residence. In the case of firms, the actual signature, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the firm must be given.  
Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, for the sum of six hundred dollars, which will be forfeited if the person tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fail to comply with the work contracted for. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned.  
The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.  
By order,  
R. C. DESROCHERS, Secretary.  
Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, December 5, 1910.

**SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS**  
Any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.  
Duties—Six months' residence upon 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 along side 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 \$300.  
W. W. COBY, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior

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



ESTABLISHED, 1852

THE CASKET

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

M. DONOVAN, Manager.

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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 22.

CONSPIRACIES AGAINST RELIGION

(Continued from page 1)

candidate, is but another name for divine truth—the truth of God and of the soul—the nature and essence of both—which constitutes the chief design of Masonic teaching.

We quoted this passage in our article VII. It is of so much importance that we repeat it here. And we wish to ask Senator Ross the plain and specific question—What has he to say about the above passages?

Now, we waive for the moment, the vital question as to what right this Order has to assume to teach men upon this, the most important of all subjects, that is to say, to teach them concerning "God and the soul—the nature and essence of both,"—truth indeed, which is the very heart of all religion.

"To every Mason, whatever may be his peculiar religious creed, that revelation of the Deity which is recognized by his religion becomes his trestle-board. Thus the trestle-board of the Jewish Mason is the Old Testament; of the Christian, the Old and the New; of the Mohammedan, the Koran."

And this brings us to our difficulty, which we look to Senator Ross to remove for us. In our article IX, we asked: "Is this the best they can do for us? Is the Christian 'Book of the Law' placed only on an equality with the 'Books of the Law' of the Jew, the Musselman, the Brahmin, or the Parsee? If there comes a conflict which 'Book of the Law' shall prevail? In a lodge composed equally of Jews, Christians and others, which is, Masonically, as Dr. Mackey would say, the 'Book of the Law'?"

We ask Senator Ross to answer these questions. The matter is of the gravest importance because of the offer to teach men the "truth" upon subjects on which it is absolutely essential that men shall be taught no error. Since Masonry offers to teach, not only the Christian, but the Jew, the Mohammedan, and all others, this tremendous truth, it is, perforce, obliged to teach ten different kinds of truth, on subjects upon which it is most dangerous to err; or else, to it must prepare, and teach, a "truth" of its own which shall be independent of any other religious system.

Of course the General Election occupies men's minds still to the exclusion of all else, and the London midnight firmament is brilliant with innumerable transitory stars, varying in hue according to the Party victories they record. Vast crowds assemble in the city's open spaces to watch for the messages from the constituencies and alternately cheer and boo, and so close is the contest going that these expressions of joy or disgust follow each other with the regularity of a pendulum movement.

"But Masonry teaches, and has preserved in their purity the cardinal tenets of the old primitive faith, which underlie and are the foundations of all religions. All that ever existed have had a basis of truth, and all have overlaid that truth with errors. The primitive truths taught by the Redeemer were sooner corrupted and intermingled and alloyed with fictions than when taught to the first of our race."

Here is something which strikes at every religion in the world. Is the fact of the open Bible being on the Masonic altars a sufficient answer to this sweeping assertion? Is the Bible open to no better purpose than that a Sovereign Grand Commander, or some other great Masonic authority, may, at one and the same time, make a show of Christianity and sap the foundations of that Christianity by means of insidious and anti-Christian assertions and suggestions?

THE NEW SCIENCE BUILDING

St. Francis Xavier's College. The readers of The Casket will be pleased to learn that the magnificent New Science Building of St. Francis Xavier's College, which has been under construction since the first of

April last, is now about completed and will be open to students after the Christmas vacation. When one considers the high reputation of the architect and the builders it becomes unnecessary to say that the workmanship, layout and general equipment of the new building are all that can possibly be desired.

This building is 100 ft. long by 50 ft. wide, forming a regular parallelogram, with slightly projecting bay on front to accentuate the entrance doors. It is thoroughly substantial in construction, all the interior walls in the basement being brick or concrete. The exterior walls are of red hard brick with Nova Scotia sandstone trimming. The roof is flat and invisible from the ground. The conductors are taken down inside in heavy cast-iron pipe. The whole building, especially the exterior, is designed in steel, and requires no expensive outlay to keep in repair, being of brick or stone, except the window frames, sash, etc.

The main entrance has a moulded and splayed stone arch and jambs, and over this entrance on the second story is a carved cross and the name of the building. If one were to designate the Architectural style of the building, it might be said to be English-Gothic in feeling, and specially adapted to the use of brick. This style originated with the architect, after extensive professional experience in work for colleges and schools, as being suitable for educational institutions, which should be plain and simple with little ornamentation, and built of material easily obtained near the site of the building.

The entrance from the ground is by three broad concrete steps, which lead first to a vestibule designed to keep out the cold weather. From the vestibule one enters the hall upon seven steps to the main floor, or goes down to the basement by eleven. Besides a hallway the basement contains a carpenter shop, 38 by 25 ft., foundry, 15 by 20 ft., machine shop, 41 by 25 ft., locker room, a fire-proof vault, 16 by 7 ft., toilet and shower baths, boiler room and coal bunker. The building is heated throughout with hot water. The first floor contains, near the entrance stairway, professor's room, 10 by 12 ft., with toilet room and coat closet adjoining. Biological Laboratory, 24 by 30 ft., Lecture Room, 25 by 41 ft., Preparation Room, 15 by 20 ft., Physical Laboratory, 21 by 41 ft., Geological Laboratory, 30 by 24 ft., and a roomy stair hall. The second story contains, Draughting Room, 30 by 19 ft., Lecture Room, 24 by 41 ft., Preparation Room, 20 by 15 ft., with a closet for instruments, Chemical Laboratory, 41 by 24 ft., Laboratory for Qualitative Analysis, 30 by 24 ft., Scientific Reading Room, 11 by 12 ft., and a spacious stair hall.

The whole building is designed and fitted with the latest and most approved apparatus for carrying on scientific studies, and is so constructed that another story may be added. The architect, who drew the plans and designs for this most complete science building is J. A. Schweinfurth, 35 Congress St., Boston, Mass.; the general contractor, the well-known firm, MacNeil Bros., of Boston; the plumbing and heating are done by The A. O. Thompson Co., North Sydney, C. B.

Our London Letter.

LONDON, Dec. 7th.

Of course the General Election occupies men's minds still to the exclusion of all else, and the London midnight firmament is brilliant with innumerable transitory stars, varying in hue according to the Party victories they record. Vast crowds assemble in the city's open spaces to watch for the messages from the constituencies and alternately cheer and boo, and so close is the contest going that these expressions of joy or disgust follow each other with the regularity of a pendulum movement.

The slander case which Canon Cafferata of Croydon so gallantly fought, at great mental anguish to himself, has had very pleasing sequel, for it was not merely Catholics who gathered the other evening to present a substantial cheque—£150—and an illuminated address to the good priest; there was in the great gathering representatives of all denominations, including four Church of England clergymen and the Wesleyan and Baptist ministers. The Anglican Vicar took the chair and paid a warm

tribute to the worth of the parish priest of Wallington, emphasizing the service he had done to the community by his determined and successful efforts to put a stop to the terrible libels which were being put about some months ago in so mysterious a manner, and which, taking the priest for their centre spared none. Canon Cafferata was visibly moved in rising to respond and while he thanked the friends who had reimbursed him the heavy expenses of the case, expenses which he had been determined to meet even if they took his last book in covering the demands of justice, he could never think them for the sympathy which had been such a consolation to him in one of the most trying and painful episodes of his life.

While we are still on the burning question of the election and its various aspects, we may mention that Scotland has set an example which others would do well to follow. The Catholic Union of Glasgow has supplied its twenty-nine Parish committees with copies of the new official register of voters, with the object of compiling therefrom a full list of all Catholic voters in each Parish. This is indeed a valuable work, for at any moment there may come a crisis in our religious life which will need the united efforts of every Catholic if the interests of our Holy Faith are not to go under, and the Parish Priest, and the members of the various committees of Catholic Societies will find it of immense advantage to be able to put their hand instantly on the Catholic voters.

For a long time we have heard much of leakage which goes on yearly in England and Wales, very little in Scotland and scarcely at all in Ireland, whereby, and despite the stream of converts, our numbers do not grow as quickly as they should. A London priest, Father Rawlinson, of the Order of St. Benedict, has set himself to pioneer an endeavour to cope this serious state of affairs. He has studied the question and finds that the leakage mainly occurs amongst children and young people, the offspring of the very poorest, who are inveigled into Sunday schools and meetings by the promise of soup and coal tickets, by warm garments and help in dire necessities. Rather is the blame on those fortunate ones who set such temptations before our poor starving people, but it also behoves us to do what we can to remedy such a state of affairs.

It is always pleasant to record the success of a Catholic worker, particularly if it has been preceded by early struggles. But Mr. Frank Brangwyn has come into his laurels early, and has left the dark days behind him long before the sun of youth has set. This well-known Catholic artist is not only exhibiting several of his works in London just now to an enthusiastic public but he already has his biographer in Mr. Shaw Sparrow. Like all the rising artists Mr. Brangwyn is a member of the Marlborough Club, and the man who is the idol of the New Gallery and the adored of art critics abroad, has known what it was in his earliest days to suffer true Behemianism, which means walking down the Embankment with one penny in your pocket on a cold winter's night and no knowledge where the next is coming from, so that it is only the deep faith of a Catholic that preserves the artist from thoughts of the dark stream which rolls so placidly below him.

Rabbits—Bring your rabbits to Bonner's.

tribute to the worth of the parish priest of Wallington, emphasizing the service he had done to the community by his determined and successful efforts to put a stop to the terrible libels which were being put about some months ago in so mysterious a manner, and which, taking the priest for their centre spared none. Canon Cafferata was visibly moved in rising to respond and while he thanked the friends who had reimbursed him the heavy expenses of the case, expenses which he had been determined to meet even if they took his last book in covering the demands of justice, he could never think them for the sympathy which had been such a consolation to him in one of the most trying and painful episodes of his life.

Nay, the work of the Church is acknowledged and claims respect not only in the social but in the scientific and learned sphere. The particulars given by Abbot Gasquet with regard to the progress of his great task, the Revision of the Vulgate, before he leaves England for Rome, have evoked profound interest in the best literary and historic circles. Here is a work of such immense magnitude that only she who is the Mother of all learning dare attempt to undertake it. But the Church of God who preserved is equal to the task of renovating the sacred word worn from the original text by innumerable translations.

For the second time within a month the Carmelite Church, Kensington, a little gem of rare beauty, has been the scene of a solemn gathering of the Corps Diplomatique attached to the Court of St. James for the solemn Requiem Mass of one of their number. On the last occasion it was the Chilean Minister, whose body lay afterwards in the chapel ardently atached to the Church; last Friday it was for the soul of Don Dominguez, the Argentine Minister, that the Mass was offered. The King was represented, and all the Ambassadors were present. The body was afterwards conveyed to the Catholic Cemetery at Kensal Green, where it lies in the catacombs until it is transferred to an Argentine battle-ship for transport home. The late Chilean Minister's wife, Mme. Gana, and her two daughters, have already sailed for home. Thus two well-known Catholic figures are removed from London Society.

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Save money by buying your Xmas Goods

A. KIRK & CO.'S

The gentlemen are beginning to worry about what they are to buy for Xmas presents for their Wives, Sisters or Sweethearts. Perhaps we can help them out by a few suggestions. Call and look over our stock of

CUT GLASS, COPPER GOODS, SILVERWARE, CHINA, BRASS GOODS, GLOVES, BELTS, COLLARS and MUFFLERS; WAISTS in LAWN, LINEN, SILK and NUTT in all the leading shades; FUR and FUR LINED COATS, STOLES, COLLARS, MUFFS, and TAILORED SUITS and COATS.

In our Dress Goods Department we have always been known to carry the most up-to-date line shown in Antigonish. Don't you think your Wife, Sister or Sweetheart would appreciate a Suit or Blouse length of fine English or French material for a Xmas present.

The same old Story Xmas Gifts

To many women this is the most puzzling problem that Christmas brings. It is so much harder to buy for a man than for a woman. Have you thought of any of the articles in the following list: Any of them will make an excellent gift for him.

- MEN'S DRESSING GOWNS \$7.50
SMOKING JACKETS 5.00
SUITS, \$6.00 to \$22.00
OVERCOATS, \$6.00 to \$20.00
COAT SWEATER, \$1.25 to \$5.00
FANCY KNIT VESTS, 25c. to \$5.00
FLANNEL SHIRTS, \$2.50 and \$3
KNIT MUFFLER, 45c.
SILK MUFFLER, 75c., \$1.00 and \$1.25
INITIALED SILK HDKFS 50c., 75c. and \$1
LINEN HDKFS, 6 to a box, \$2.25
SILK TIES, 25c., 35c. and 50c.
SILK TIES, one in a box, 60c., 75c., and \$1
FANCY ARM BANDS, 35c and 60c.
FUR-LINED GLOVES, \$2.50 and \$3
WOOL-LINED MOCHA GLOVES, 60c. to \$2
WOOL GLOVES, 50c. to 75c.

Please do your shopping early, as it will be better for you and better for us. We will give a

10 per cent. Cash Discount for the rest of this month.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Table with 2 columns: Item (Capital, Reserve Fund, Total Assets) and Amount (\$6,200,000, 6,900,000, 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

F. S. C. HARRIS, Manager; Antigonish Branch

THOMAS SOMERS GENERAL STORE

PROVISIONS AND GROCERIES Flour, Oats, Bran, Oil, Cake meal 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 "AMHERST" Shoes for men and women, boys and girls, we also carry a large assortment of other reliable makes, secured before the recent advance, which we still offer at old prices. Our stock of Boots and Shoes has never been as large or as well selected. Gum Sho, S. Overshoes and Larrikins arriving daily.
CUSTOM TAILORING. Just received, a large assortment of Suitings and Overcoatings, both fancy and staple. Place your orders early and secure first choice. Fit and workmanship guaranteed.
CLOTHING DEPARTMENT. Up to date Ready Made Suits, Overcoats, Ulster-Coats, Saskatchewan Coats, Reversible Leather Coats. Heaton Pants, Overalls and Jumpers, Winter Caps, Mitts and Gloves and a large stock of STAN-FIELD UNSHRINKABLE UNDERWEAR and Bed Clothing. In this department, particularly, we have close to the line, let the chip fall where it may.
SUNDRIES. Saskatchewan Buffalo Robes, light, driving and heavy Teams Harness, Cart Saddles, Pads and Britchens. Highest Market prices paid for all Country produce.

THOMAS SOMERS Antigonish N. S.



General News.

The high court has decided that Hon. George E. Foster must pay J. A. Macdonald costs in his libel suit amounting to \$2,000.

The Farmers' Bank of Canada, a Toronto institution suspended payment on Monday. Its total capital was \$1,000,000 and it had no reserve funds.

Winnipeg is having a street-car strike, which has all the violent features of the Chicago and New York outbreak of street-car men.

Hattie LeBlanc was acquitted of the murder of Clarence Glover. She passed through Antigonish Tuesday night, en route to her home at West Archaic.

Winter is intensifying the famine in the Yang-tse-Kiang district, China. The authorities are endeavoring to suppress the sale of children.

An explosion of illuminating gas in the Grand Central Station, New York, Monday morning caused terrible havoc. Nine persons were killed.

The revolution in Mexico which was supposed to have petered out, is evidently still alive, in places at least.

Hon. Mr. Fielding will probably be back in Ottawa this week to spend Christmas at home and to attend a number of cabinet meetings.

The British elections are over, and the Government is again sustained, its majority being 126, two more than it had in the last Parliament.

The House of Commons last week discussed the Intercolonial was discussed. Some members advocated selling it, but more argued in favor of retaining it as the property of the people.

The coming of winter was hailed with joy. But its stay was short. Its first liberal gift of snow, and the merry jingle of sleigh bells which gave the old place an air of liveliness and Christmas-like appearance.

The Feast of the Immaculate Conception was a red-letter day with the little children of St. Laurence parish, when some seventy-five of them approached the holy table to receive for the first time the Blessed Eucharist.

Three pounds of good candy or three dozen oranges for 25c. Haley's Market.

Tons and tons of confectionery thousands of oranges for the Xmas trade at the lowest price ever heard of at Haley's Market.

Some Christmas Thoughts.

(Contributed.)

Is there one among the great family of Christians who does not feel down in his heart the benign influence of Christmas? If there be, pity him; he is abnormal; let him alone.

Christmas, then, is for everyone; but it is, perhaps, first of all for the children. You, man of the world, busy with its cares, its trials and its worries.

It is not so. No one ever yet completely erased the memory of Santa Claus from his mind. Santa was then a concrete tho' most mysterious reality.

Disillusionment will go on with the years; but it should have its time as well as its limits, and must not be allowed to shake the children's faith in Santa Claus.

When science from creation's face enchantments will withdraw, What lovely visions yield their place to cold material laws.

And, after all, there is a Santa Claus. A real genuine Santa, and we have abundant proof of his existence.

For just as sure as there exist those new minds and hearts fresh from the Creator's hand; and, therefore, full of faith in the mystic and in the goodness and bounty of life; and so sure as there are men and women with love for little children, with a desire to see them happy, and to impress them with the belief that there exist generosity and love and good will, just so sure is there Santa Claus.

And, in participation of their gladness, we may the better feel the spirit of the season of glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will.

Odds and Ends from Mulgrave. The coming of winter was hailed with joy. But its stay was short. Its first liberal gift of snow, and the merry jingle of sleigh bells which gave the old place an air of liveliness and Christmas-like appearance.

The Feast of the Immaculate Conception was a red-letter day with the little children of St. Laurence parish, when some seventy-five of them approached the holy table to receive for the first time the Blessed Eucharist.

The permanent force consists of 210 officers and 2,080 men. In the militia there are 4,817 officers and 57,225 men and 12,110 horses.

Three pounds of good candy or three dozen oranges for 25c. Haley's Market.

Tons and tons of confectionery thousands of oranges for the Xmas trade at the lowest price ever heard of at Haley's Market.

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Three pounds of good candy or three dozen oranges for 25c. Haley's Market.

Xmas is not a good time to advertise larrigans, and horse rugs, gloves and mitts, etc., but you can't keep the feet and the hands and the horse warm without them, and they are at Bonner's.

If you want a pipe, a box of cigars, a pair of skates, a hockey stick or pads—a pair of gloves or mitts, toys fruit, confectionery, or fancy packages of chocolates, the place to go for best value is Haley's Market.

We thank our numerous old and new customers for their valued patronage during 1910.—We want to see you all this week to wish you a merry Xmas, all the joys of a happy and prosperous New Year, and present you with one of our nice calendars—Bonner's Big Grocery.

All the highest grade nice things to eat—Toy candy and mixtures for the kids, chocolates and elegant mixture for the eldest; grapes, oranges, nuts raisins, etc., for all. An elegant box of chocolates any price to send to your chum's sister. Toys and useful presents to suit the ordinary purse.

DIED

At Antigonish, on the 16th inst., WALLACE RONAS KAPLES, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace C. Kaples, age 15 years. Halifax, Lunenburg, Montreal and Boston papers please copy.

At Tracadie, on the 14th inst., of congestion of the brain, JOHN LEYDON, aged sixty eight years and three months. He was a cheerful, dispassionately known. He was a man of sterling character, a true friend, a good citizen and a devoted Catholic. May his soul rest in peace!

At Pomquet Cove, Ant., on the 10th inst., JAMES McDONALD, aged 75 years, with all the rites of Holy Church. The deceased was born at Arisaig, Invernesshire, Scotland, and was known as Shannan in Cove. Of a family of ten children, four remain to mourn the loss of an affectionate brother. His cheerful disposition endeared him to all who made his acquaintance. On Sunday evening his remains were laid to rest in Holy Cross Cemetery, Pomquet. R.I.F.

After an illness of five days, JOHN HENRY PUSHEE, of Marshy Hope, Pictou County, passed away to his eternal rest, on Thursday evening, 15th inst. Strong, healthy and active, he was suddenly seized with spinal paralysis, to which he succumbed. The deceased was a son of the late Joseph Pushee of that place. He was 57 years of age. By industry and hard labour to which he was never a stranger, he managed to carve out for himself an independent living. Although always a busy man, he was nevertheless tender-hearted, kind and charitable. The deceased leaves a widow and eleven children, the eldest three of whom live in Massachusetts, were summoned home by wire, but death claimed him the evening before their arrival. The family are left to mourn the loss of a kind and loving husband and an indulgent father. The funeral took place from his residence, Rev. Mr. Ross officiating, on Sunday afternoon. Cheerful and hopeful in life, he bade good bye with loved ones, with a bright hope of a glorious resurrection.

Acknowledgments.

- John J. Chisholm, Belle Brook 1 00
J. J. Haverill, East Boston 1 00
Mrs. T. Duggan, Antigonish 1 00
Dan Chisholm, Glasgow 2 00
John Forbes, Beach Hill 2 00
Alex. A. McDonald, Browns Mtn 2 00
Jessie B. McDonald, James River 1 00
Ronald McDonald, S. S. Harbor 1 00
Wm. Garvey, Pinedale 2 00
D. R. McDonald, Tracadie 2 00
John Brophy, Chapleau 1 00
Thos. Brophy, Brophy's P. O. 1 00
John P. McNeil, Lunenburg 1 00
Ronald H. McGillivray, Dunmaglass 1 00
Jas. A. McDonald, Mulgrave 3 00
H. Delorey, Brookline 1 50
Benjamin Bonnie, Masfield 3 00
Rev. P. W. Dixon, New Castle 1 00
Rev. E. P. Wallace, Campbellton 1 00
A. A. McGillivray, Edmonton 1 00
Rev. Fr. Underwood, Dartmouth 1 00
Stephen McDougall, Herbert 1 00
T. F. Hamilton, Halifax 2 00
J. Morrell, New Glasgow 1 00
Simon D. Gillis, Antigonish 1 00
Lauchlin McDonald, Clydesdale 1 00
Wm. Dunn, Zentlandia 2 00
Agustus O'ell, Frankville 2 00
Capt. J. S. Cooper, Wm. Harbor 1 00
H. A. Giovannette, M. D. Bay Mills 1 00
Alex. McDonald, Miles, W. Bay Road 3 00
Rev. M. P. Honaid, Fredericton 1 00
Thos. McNulty, Ladner 1 00
P. J. Kye, Sturgeon Saw Mill 1 00
Angus D. McFarlane, Porthend 1 00
Angus A. McDonald, Alexandria 2 00
Alex. McKenzie, Edmonton 2 00
Mrs. M. McLeod, Springhill 2 00
Duncan D. McDonald, Cambridge 1 50
Margaret B. Chisholm, Lexington 2 00
J. D. McNeil, Nelson 3 00
Judge M. B. Wallace, Halifax 1 50
E. F. Sillibrook, Philadelphia 1 50
Angus J. McDonald, Port Arden 2 00
Thos. B. Moxon, Shell Brook 3 00
Joseph McDonald, Beaver Cove 3 00
Neil McKinnon, 3 00
Allan Sule, Botsdale 3 00
Ven. Archdeacon Cassey, Linlithgow 2 00
John F. Kelly, Haifax 2 00
Sr. of Charity, Middle West Pubnico 1 00
Rev. D. H. Combs, Fort Beaufort 0 00
John McLaughlin, Church Point 1 00
(Many acknowledgments crowded out)

Xmas Gift Suggestions
Only Three 1 re days to do Your Christmas Shopping
Everything that could be done to make a store an easy, pleasing and satisfactory place for Christmas shopping, has been done at this store where the best gifts for ladies and gentlemen will be found here.
WOMEN'S SLIPPERS, 75c., 90c., \$1.75.
NECK MUFFLERS, 25c. and 50c.
HANDKERCHIEFS.
GAITERS, 65c., 75c., 90c. and \$1.00.
OVERSHOES, \$2.00 and \$2.65.
HOSE, 25c., 40c., 50c., 60c., 75c. and 90c.
SHOES, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$4.00.
KNIT SWEATER COATS, \$1.75, \$2.25 and \$2.50.
WINTER COATS, \$8.00, \$10.50, \$13.00, \$15.00, \$18.00 and up.
WINTER COSTUMES, \$10.50, \$12.50, \$15, and \$18.00.
SILK WAISTS, \$2.50, \$3.75, \$4.25 and \$5.75.
SEALETTE COATS, \$20.00, \$22.50 up to \$37.50.
RAIN COATS, \$7.75, \$10.50.
FINE FURS.
MINK STOLEES, \$7.75, \$10.50, \$13.75, \$18.50 and up.
MINK MARMOT STOLEES, \$2.00, \$3.50, \$4.00 and up.
MINK MUFFS, \$9.75, \$10.50, \$5.75 up.
MARMOT MUFFS, \$9.75, \$10.50, \$15.75 up.
MINK MARMOT MUFFS, \$6.75.
FANCY STATIONERY, 50c., 75c., 90c., \$1.25 and \$1.50.
PARSOLS, \$1.25, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.25.
JEWEL CASES, 25c. and 50c.
TOILET SETS, \$7.50.
GLOVE and HDKF BOXES, 50c. each.
MISSES' WINTER COATS, \$2.25, \$4.00, \$6.00, \$8.00 and up.
MISSES' OVERSHOES, \$1.75, \$1.90 and \$2.00.
GAITERS, 85c., \$1.00 and \$1.25.
SUIT CASES, \$2.50, \$2.95, \$3.50, \$6.50 and \$7.50.
OVERSHOES, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.65 and \$3.25.
MENS SHIRTS, \$1.10, \$1.25 and \$1.50.
FANCY KNIT VESTS, \$2.50, \$4.00 and \$5.00.
MEN'S NECKWEAR, 25 cents, 50 cents, 75 cents.
GLOVES, 90 cents, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50.
SUSPENDERS, 50 cents, 75 cents, \$1.00.
SLIPPERS, 75 cents, \$1.50, \$1.75, 1.90.
HOSE, 25 cents, 40 cents, 50 cents, 60 cents, 75 cents.
SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, 50 cents, 60 cents and 75 cents.
UMBRELLAS, 75 cents, \$1.25, \$1.75, \$2.50 to \$4.50.
COAT SWEATERS, \$1.75, \$1.90, to \$3.50.
HOCKEY BOOTS, \$3.00 and \$3.50.
SHOES, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$4.50 and \$5.00.
SMOKING SETS, \$2.50 and \$3.00.
MILITARY BRUSHES, \$1.50, \$1.90 and \$5.00.
SHAVING MIRRORS, \$1.25.
FOUNTAIN PENS, \$3.75.
COMBINATION TRAVELLING SETS, \$4.50.
BOYS HOCKEY BOOTS, \$2.95 and \$2.50.
BOOTS, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.50 up to \$3.00.
OVERCOATS, \$5.50, \$6.50 up to \$10.50.
GLOVES, 25 cents to \$1.25.
SWEATER COATS, 80 cents, 90 cents, \$1.00 and \$1.2.

Chisholm, Sweet & Co.
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Where you can readily inspect the goods and make your selections however busy we may be
Bob-Sleds for Sale.
Four sets of Bob-Sleds, single and double, for sale. Apply to DOUGLAD McEACHRAN, Church Street, Antigonish.
High Grade SLEIGHS HARNESS ROBES LAP ROBES BELLSETC. For Xmas. D. McISAAC, Antigonish, N.S.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO ESTABLISHED 1867
B. E. WALKER, President Paid-up Capital, \$10,000,000
ALEXANDER LAIRD, General Manager Reserve Fund, - 6,000,000
Branches throughout Canada, and in the United States and England
BANK MONEY ORDERS
ISSUED AT THE FOLLOWING RATES:
\$5 and under ..... 3 cents
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" \$30 " " " 15 cents
These Orders are payable at par at every office of a Chartered Bank in Canada (except in the Yukon) and at the principal banking points in the United States. They are negotiable at \$4.90 to the £ sterling in Great Britain and Ireland.
They form an excellent method of remitting small sums of money with safety and at small cost, and may be obtained without delay.
ANTIGONISH BRANCH
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The D. G. Kirk Woodworking & Cont. Co.
DOORS, WINDOWS, MOULDINGS, and FINISH OF ALL KINDS, BIRCH and SPUCE FLOORING, SHINGLES, BRICK, LIME, LATHS, PLASTER, etc. BUILDING MATERIAL OF ALL KINDS FURNISHED AT SHORT NOTICE. PLANS AND SKETCHES PREPARED AT MODERATE PRICES
New Grocery Store.
The subscriber will open on THURSDAY, DEC 15, a store at the corner of Main and Hawthorne streets, West End, with a full line of GROCERIES, CROCKERYWARE, ETC.
All are New Goods, just opened. These Goods were bought at spot cash, and will be sold at a small advance on cost. DANIEL CHISHOLM. Antigonish, Dec. 13, 1910.
FARM FOR SALE.
The farm situated at Rear Arisaig, owned by the undersigned is offered for sale. It consists of 20 acres of excellent land, on which there is abundance of hard and soft wood. For further particulars apply to MRS. EDWARD J. CODY, Antigonish, N. S.

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 1830, it today enjoys the distinction of being the world's leading piano for the lowest price.
The advantages of buying direct from the factory are many. You pay one profit and only one. The instrument is guaranteed by the maker—direct. The output of the second largest factory in America to select from. In connection with the Hallet & Davis, I am direct factory representative for eight other makes of pianos, each being the best obtainable in its class. Prices on these instruments from \$250 upwards. Each instrument bears a tag on which is marked in plain figures, the selling price. THIS PRICE IS FINAL. NO CUTTING. Catalogs and information free on request. Write for them to-day. Easy terms of payment to responsible persons.
H. H. MacDONALD
140 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.
Christmas Excursions to Boston
VIA DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY.
\$10.40 from Truro, \$10 from Windsor Junction
For Excursion Tickets to Boston via Varmouth and return, good going 21st, 24th and 28th December and returning from Boston Friday, January 6th, 1911.
For further particulars call at nearest Station Ticket Office or communicate with C. M. HENRY, ANTIGONISH, N. S., P. GIPKINS, General Manager, Kentville, N. S.



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Affiliated with Dalhousie University and Halifax Medical College.  
Session opens  
August 30th, 1910.  
For information and calendar address  
DR. FRANK WOODBURY, Dean  
192 Pleasant St., Halifax, N. S.

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### DIRECT ROUTE

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And All Points in United States.  
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In effect Nov. 9th, 1910.  
HALIFAX to BOSTON, Wednesdays at midnight.  
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Through tickets for sale, and baggage checked by Railway agents.  
For all information apply to Plant Line Agents at Halifax.  
H. L. CHIPMAN, Manager.

### Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing

The undersigned is now prepared to do the highest grade of work on all watches, clocks and jewelry entrusted to him. We will send promptly attended to, at a moderate charge, if you leave them with  
**Pratt The Jeweler,**  
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### When You Want Society Supplies

Such as Badges, Pins, Buttons,  
for League of the Cross and Auxiliaries' Holy Name Society, St. Aloysia Sodality, or any Society you belong to, or  
Souvenir Spoons  
as prizes for K of C, O. B. A., L. O. G., or P. W. A. send to us. We will send samples and prices upon request.

**T. P. TANSEY**  
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### West End Livery Stable

The subscribers have opened a FIRST CLASS LIVERY. Carriages, Harness, almost all new. Good Driving Horses, Double or Single Rigs can be supplied at short notice.  
In connection with our Stables, Horses always on hand for sale.  
**C. B. WHIDDEN & SON,**  
Head of Main Street : : Antigonish  
Telephone 20.

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INVERNESS, CAPE BRETON  
Miners and shippers of the celebrated  
Inverness Imperial Coal  
SCREENED RUN OF MINE SLACK  
First-Class for both domestic and steam purposes  
**COAL! COAL!**  
Shipping facilities of the most modern type at Port Hastings, C. B., for prompt loading of all classes and sizes of steamers and sailing vessels. Apply to  
**INVERNESS RAILWAY & COAL CO**  
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J. McGillivray, Superintendent, Inverness, N. S.  
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### MISSIONS!

### POINTERS

I have full stocks of up-to-date, first quality Mission Goods, and Missions can be supplied promptly on short notice.  
There are several grades of goods—I deal only in the best.  
**IMPORTANT**  
Every article is marked with its retail price, so that a child could conduct the sale. All goods unsold may be returned to me, at my expense. See my Mission circular as to amount of profit guaranteed. Remember the address

**J. J. M. LANDY**  
Importer and Manufacturer.  
416 Queen St., West, Toronto  
Phone Call 395.

### The Feast-Day of the Family.

HOW FATHERS AND MOTHERS, YOUNG AND OLD, UNITE IN ONE GREAT FAMILY ON THIS GREATEST DAY IN THE YEAR.  
All over the world, North, South, East, West, the approach of Christmas is the signal for religious and festive preparation. It is the great day of days when, for the sake of the divine Child, Christians over the whole world become children—in heart at least.  
We Americans have little in the matter of customs that does not come to us from the old world—our Christmas tree from home-loving Germany; our Santa Claus from Holland; our Christmas stockings from Belgium or France; while our "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year" was the old English salutation hundreds of years before America was discovered. We have made all these our own, however, as our children's delight in them testifies. It is preeminently the feast day of the family, in which the little child takes foremost part. With but few exceptions the crib holds prominent place in all our churches, while no matter how poor, the hardworking father and mother strive to bring joy into the lives of their little ones—and although they, themselves, may be weighed down with the cares of life, they try to keep these cares away from their children—on Christmas day at least. There is always a toy or two at home, and afterward the Sunday-school tree. Candy and fruit and dolls and other simple toys are distributed by teacher and pastor, to be proudly displayed later on.  
Our American children, credited with penetration and "smartness" though they may be, are still overwhelmingly eager to believe in "Santa Claus." To these young wayfarers in life's fairland the story of St. Nicholas is told in many ways—and at least they are satisfied that he really existed. There was much comfort in that thought, in our younger days—in fact, the only thing that made up for the taking away of the splendid, white-bearded, jolly old gift-bringer, driving over the housetops in his magical sleigh and reindeer, was that at one time St. Nicholas was a benevolent reality.  
The Dutch brought Santa Claus to America—this good saint who portioned off dowdless girls and did so many acts of charity. Even during his lifetime he was the children's special earthly providence, and when he walked abroad they ran from all sides to greet him. The day came, however, when he crossed into the great world beyond, which he had earned by his goodness here. He no longer abides with the children—but they still hear from him. He has a simple, rustic home in heaven, with the Holy Innocents for his companions, but when Christmas comes he feels his old love of children drawing him back to earth, first to Bethlehem, and then to all parts of the world where children may be found. Filling his arms with the glittering playthings of Toyland, he starts on his happy way. At first, coming from Bethlehem, he used to ride a donkey, but the countries he must visit are now so cold—he goes even to Iceland—that he has been forced to change his donkey for a reindeer.  
In the little Moravian village of Emmaus, Pennsylvania, the children think St. Nicholas—who comes late at night, when all are fast asleep—is preceded by the good *Bellsnickel*. As one sits within the family circle, there comes a tap-tapping at the porch without, the window is opened, and into the center of the room tumbles this village personage.  
*"Bellsnickel! Bellsnickel!"* cry the little ones, gathering around him. The bad boys and the naughty girls will get a rap or two from the bunch of twigs he carries, but in the end all get some pretty toy and sweets, and away goes *Bellsnickel* to the next home on the list.  
Our little brothers and sisters in England make great preparations for the feast. For weeks beforehand they go off to the woods every day in order to gather greens and holly and mistletoe. And on Christmas morning, the "waits," composed often of young boys and girls from the village, sing Christmas carols under the windows. Awakening the children run to wish their Merry Christmas. The carolers are made welcome and given a few pence, while the youngsters—just like our own—hurry down to examine the contents of their stockings. After breakfast comes church. The rest of the day is spent much as our American boys and girls spend it. In the evening is the great dinner, with the boar's head brought in on a tray of holly, a roast apple in his mouth. All sorts of games and dancing fill up the hours, interrupted only by the "nummers," who perform some legendary play, while the historic yule-log is left to burn itself out on the hearth.  
Two weeks before Christmas, in the large and small towns of Germany, begins the "Christmarkt," a relic of the Middle Ages. There are little booths, with the oddest, simplest things laid out for sale—small toys, queer ginger cakes, peppermint cakes, and other old-fashioned Christmas objects—beautiful in the forest of pine trees which has been planted in the thick snow. At home the room in which the tree stands, and the tree itself, are decked for the coming festivities, the tree hung with gilded cakes, strings of hazel nuts, fruit and candies. The presents are arranged about the room, while at the foot of the tree is a representation of the stable at Bethlehem. On returning from church, the doors are thrown open to the waiting youngsters. The servants are called, and every one joins in the merriment. In Southern Germany, the people still keep up a quaint custom on Christmas eve—taking holly leaves and small fir-trees, they go to the churchyard and decorate the graves of the children, planting a tree in the center of each mound, and lighting the candles.  
After the midnight Mass in the land of the fleur-de-lys, the young folk and old folk feast together, until it is time for the younger ones to go to bed. After carefully placing their shoes at the open fireplace, they rest secure in the belief that the Christ-Child, already born, will visit them shortly, carrying

the gifts which mean, to them, so much enjoyment. In Paris the tree has become an institution, but in the smaller towns the highly polished shoes are still placed to be filled by the *Petit Jesus*, escorted by a convoy of angels. In Alsace, the children, after receiving gifts of nuts and sweetmeats, await the coming of the Christ-Child—generally a young girl dressed in white, with lamb's wool hanging down her shoulders, her face whitened with flour, and her head crowned with a gilt paper crown, set round with burning tapers. In one hand she carries a silver bell, and in the other a basket. Closely following her is "Hans Trapp," as the children call him, who roughly demands what child has been naughty or disobedient through the year. However, the Christ-Child intercedes for even the naughtiest, and distributes the contents of the basket to all alike.  
The farmers of Provence have a saying that "If Christmas falls on a Friday you may sow in ashes"—meaning that the harvest of the ensuing year will be so abundant that seed sown anywhere will grow. They also say that the twelve days preceding Christmas foretell the weather of the twelve months to come. In gay Provence the Christmas festivities end only with the Day of the Kings, January 6th. The Provencal children believe that the Kings come at sunset in great pomp and splendor, surrounded by a stately retinue of pages and attendants, all anxious to render homage to the Christ-Child. And if only the children could discover the road by which they travel! But they never do. They start off together, little maids and little men, carrying sweets for the Kings themselves, figs for the pages, and hay for the camels. The fagot-gatherer and the shepherd and the farmer and the miller's daughter, will show them which way the Kings are journeying, and tell them in what direction their trumpets have just sounded, and how the music has been borne on the breeze. By-and-by the sun goes down—so quickly, all too quickly!—and the tired little feet turn homeward.  
*"What!"* say the mothers, *"and you didn't meet the Kings?"*  
*"No—we could not find them. They passed behind the mountains—"*  
*"Ah! You should have taken the eastern road. Did you not know that the Kings come from the East, always? But now we must wait. After supper we shall see the Kings. They are in the church, making homage to the Christ-Child."*  
*"In the early morning I met a train Of three great Kings who were going on a journey!"*  
This is the noel they sing later, gazing with awestruck eyes at the altar where the great Kings kneel before the manger, with their pages and camels, bearing their gifts—Melchior and Gaspar and Balthazar the Moor, whom the children had sought that day.  
The Santa Claus of Holland is the *Samtklaus* of Switzerland. In the Tyrol he is called the Holy Man, and shares the patronage of his office with St. Lucy, who distributes gifts among the girls as he does among the boys. In many parts of Switzerland, Germany, and the Netherlands, St. Nicholas still bestows his bounty on St. Nicholas Eve—December 5th. In the Netherlands, the boys and girls hold up their aprons, and, singing, ask the good bishop to let fall some pretty gift from the chimney top. In Belgium, on the eve of his visit, they polish their shoes and fill them with hay, oats or carrots for the saint's white horse, putting them on a table or near the fireplace. The door is then carefully locked. Next morning it is opened in the presence of the entire household, when the little ones are amazed to find everything in the room turned topsy-turvy, while the shoes are found filled with toys and candies for those who are good and a rod for those who are naughty.  
The "Bambino" is the Santa Claus of Italy, but it is not unusual for the children to accompany their parents on their "shopping" trips during the week preceding Christmas, selecting their own presents. The streets are transformed into fairs, and every public square is a bazaar. After the midnight Mass the "Bambino" is devoutly kissed by old and young. In Spain the children keep Christmas much as they do in Italy, while in Russia, though they have the Christmas tree, and St. Nicholas is a great favorite, all special celebrations are reserved for the Epiphany.  
In Scandinavian countries, the Yule-time is the most joyous of the year. The children go stoging to and from the bountiful table, which is spread and left standing, and all who visit must partake of something, or he will take the Yule-joy away with him. Prisons are opened, courts closed, family feuds forgotten and old quarrels adjusted on Christmas eve, while in every household the entire family, great and small, put their shoes in a close row in the fire-place, believing that this will bring peace and harmony to the house for the ensuing year. In Sweden and Denmark the *Juleklopp*, or Christmas box, enclosed in innumerable wrappings, is thrown into the room by some mysterious messenger, labeled with the name of the one for whom it is intended, while other gifts are delivered in the most unexpected and curious ways. A candle is placed in the window to guide the bountiful *Kristine* on his road.  
Very nearly every Mexican family, of whatever standing, gives a series of *posadas* at the Christmas season, and to these functions numerous guests are invited—men, women, and children. The series continues for nine nights, only ending on Christmas eve, and the guests who accept must be present at each and every gathering. Everywhere, in the booths, shops, and markets, are hanging all sorts, shapes, sizes, colors, and conditions of that popular Mexican toy—the pinata, a big earthen pot decorated with gilt and gay tissue flowers and leaves, and filled with sweets. The Indians display wonderful skill in the making of pottery toys, as well as woolly lambs, flocks of chickens, turkeys, etc., all made with the natural plumage. Al-

though the *posada* is held for the grown-ups, no festivity is complete in Mexico without the children.  
Perhaps the most peculiar custom is that which takes place at the last of the nine *posadas*. This is entirely different from the gay and frolicsome nights that have preceded it. The entire family with all the guests, enact the scene at Bethlehem in which Mary sought shelter and found none. Carrying, on a small litter, figures to represent the Holy Family, each room in the entire house is visited. A hymn is chanted, the burden of which is the petition of the holy ones for admittance. All refuses, until just as the hour of midnight sounds, the procession emerges on the flat roof, where a manger has been prepared for the reception of the Christ-Child, Our Lady and St. Joseph. Standing in a circle about it, family and guests join in the *Gloria in Excelsis*, after which the little ones are hurried off to bed.  
In Porto Rico, the children place their shoes and a small pasteboard box filled with fresh grass on the window-sill or on the veranda. The grass is intended for the hungry mules on which the three Wise Kings are riding to visit the Infant Saviour. In the morning the children usually find a note at the bottom of the box, written in red ink, and signed, supposedly, by one of the Wise men. The note declares that as the child has been rather naughty during the preceding year, he does not deserve a better present than the one given. It also states that next year's gift will surprise him by its beauty if he behaves.  
The last attraction of Christmas week in the Philippines is a mystery play. Adoration before the manger is a theme developed in a series of ballets danced by the children, to the clicking of castanets and the tinkle of tambourine. At the conclusion of the play the little actors in their starry costumes, St. Joseph and Our Lady carrying the Christ-Child (represented by a doll), the Kings, the musicians and the throng of admiring followers file out into the moonlight, disappearing in a grove of palms.—*Benziger's Magazine.*

### Justin McCarthy at Home.

The popular author of "The History of Our Own Times," and the quondam Irish leader, is passing the evening of life in a pleasant villa at Folkestone. I arrived at the house just as Mr. McCarthy was returning from his morning bath-chair ride along the glorious seaford of the Leas. On November 22 he will be eighty years of age, but his face is fresh and ruddy, and though his movements are slow and measured he carries that fine, noble head of his well thrown back as of yore, and his figure is smart and upright. His light tweed suit was enlivened by a necktie of true Irish green. The shaded spectacles denoted the weak eyesight from which Mr. McCarthy has suffered so much in recent years, but, though prevented from doing much writing or reading, he is still able to enjoy the beauties of nature in his walks and drives.  
As we entered his study, a cosy room upholstered in green, to the left of the hall door he took me to the window to see the view. "That," said he, in his clear, measured tones, softened with the musical Irish brogue, and pointing to the near horizon, "is Caesar's camp."  
"Amongst those green hills?" I queried.  
"Mountains," corrected Mr. McCarthy with emphasis. It was clear that there must be a good sounding word to associate with his hero's camp.  
At luncheon we were joined by Miss Charlotte McCarthy, who is her father's housekeeper and most devoted companion. The conversation turned on the Irish situation, for, though it is fourteen years since Mr. McCarthy retired from the leadership of the Irish parliamentary party, he keenly follows events.  
He firmly believes in the policy of Mr. Redmond. When I ventured to ask whether he really thought that Ireland would settle down under home rule, Mr. McCarthy's face kindled with conviction, and the blue eyes behind the spectacles suddenly flashed, as if their owner scented the battle from afar.  
"I believe," he continued, after a momentary pause, "that home rule would bring about a similar settlement in Ireland to that which took place in Canada. There were continual feuds between the French and British settlers, you will remember. They were divided by religious differences just as are the people of Ireland. The situation was saved by the wisdom of Lord Durham, when Governor-General. He saw that the real cause of rebellion in Canada was the need of home government. Lord Durham persuaded the Ministry of his day to give Canada a Parliament of her own. We know the result: instead of weakening the tie with the mother country, as so many people feared, this wise concession strengthened it, and to-day Canada is one of the most prosperous and loyal parts of the Empire."  
Miss McCarthy clinched the argument in homely but effective simile. "Another woman might manage my home better than I do," she said, "but I feel that I have the right to do it myself. It is so with the Irish people."  
In turning to the less controversial topic of literature, I was struck by the facility with which Mr. McCarthy found the apt quotation. One could scarcely mention a poet or classic author without his repeating some favorite lines. His memory is marvellous. Then, growing merry, he recalled the difficulties of combining his work as a novelist with his Parliamentary duties. "When I managed to snatch an hour for writing in the library of the House of Commons," he said, "the division bell was sure to ring when my heroine was in a thrilling situation, and against I returned to my writing I had almost forgotten the color of her eyes, and, having previously having described them as 'soft hazel,' probably tell into raptures about their 'heavenly blue.'" However though Parliamentary life was bad for fiction, Mr. McCarthy found it an inspiring atmosphere for his historical works.  
He had completed the "History of Our Own Times" up to date, when he first entered Parliament, in 1879, as the member for county Longford. On his introduction into the House the speaker congratulated him on the work and on the fact that it had reached its sixth edition, an unusual mark of courtesy.  
Mr. McCarthy recalled an amusing little episode with Mr. Gladstone, when he presented that great statesman with a copy of the history. Mr. Gladstone was pleased and complimentary, but he found something lacking—it had no marginal notes. Now, it happened that this was a matter upon which the author specially prided himself. He had been at great pains to include everything in the text so as to save his readers the trouble of referring to "notes." Mr. Gladstone was not convinced—he would have liked "notes."  
After luncheon and a brief siesta in his study chair, Mr. McCarthy took his usual walk in the beautiful public gardens opposite his house, and entertained me with recollections of his youth. He was born and brought up in Cork, and there began life as a journalist. "When only nineteen," he said, "I was sent to Ballinagarry in county Tipperary to report the trial of Smith O'Brien, and the elder Dillon and Thomas Francis Meagher, the great young Ireland orator. They were sentenced to death, but reprieved, and transported to Van Dieman's Land. I reported the trial for the Cork Examiner, and it fired a deep impression on me and fired me with enthusiasm for the Nationalist cause, with which my people had been connected for generations."  
The young journalist left Cork to take a position on a Liverpool newspaper. There he married, and his son, Justin Huntly McCarthy, the novelist and dramatist, and his daughter Charlotte were born. He removed to London later, and began to combine the work of a journalist with that of a novelist. His first successful stories were "Waterdale Neighbors" and "My Enemy's Daughter." He was a Gallery reporter and was on the staff of "The Morning Star." He resigned his position and was in 1878, when John Bright ceased his connection with the paper, and, with his wife and family, sailed for a prolonged tour in the United States, and there developed his talent as a public lecturer. Mr. McCarthy made many friends in the States and in Canada, with some of whom he still keeps up a correspondence. He corresponded with Professor Goldwin Smith until his recent death.  
When he returned from America to London, Mr. McCarthy had an idea of writing a history of the Radical party and it ultimately expanded into "The History of Our Own Times." "My aim," he told me, "was to give lifelike portraits of the men of the day—the matters of the history of our time—many of whom I had seen and heard scores of times, both in this country and in America.  
This work was already in its sixth edition when Mr. McCarthy entered Parliament, in 1879, and joined the little band of patriots who were doing battle for Ireland. For seventeen years he led a strenuous life as historian, novelist, and politician and from 1890 to 1896 led the Irish Parliamentary party with great moderation and tact. Ill-health and threatened loss of eyesight obliged him to retire from political life. His services to literature were acknowledged subsequently by a pension from the Civil List.  
Mr. McCarthy has continued his literary work while in retirement, bringing his famous history up to date, writing Lives of Sir Robert Peel, Pope Leo XIII, and Mr. Gladstone, and publishing some entertaining volumes of reminiscences. Even at eighty, the veteran historian has not laid down the pen. When I left his hospitable home in the late afternoon he had settled down for an evening's work with his secretary. My last glimpse of him was at his writing table in a cosy study with shaded lamps and dancing firelight, and he had actually permitted the curtains to be drawn and shut out the view. Oh, shades of Julius Caesar!—*Toronto Globe.*

### The Gospel of Kindness.

"We must give up this habit of back-biting."  
"We must speak no unkind thing of any man, woman or child in the world. If you want to exercise yourself in back-biting, talk about yourself and let your neighbor alone. It matters not how much you speak of yourself, say no evil of your neighbor. Under no circumstances, under no provocation, permit yourself the use of an unkind word. That tongue, oh, give it a rest. That tongue was given you to praise God. That tongue was given you to thank your neighbor. Oh, do not make it an instrument of torture; do not make it a poisoned fang to gash and wound and kill your neighbor. Do not make of that tongue a source of poison that kills and chills the hearts and the hopes of all that know you. Above all, have a kind heart. Think kindly of everybody. People are not as bad as they look; people are not as bad as they are described; there is good in everybody. God loves everybody, and God loves only what is good. And if God can love people, why cannot we? If you find a man or a woman or a child in the world whom God does not love, then you can speak evil of that person; but first be sure God does not love him. And if God's love embraces everybody, why should we dare speak evil of anybody?"

### One of the Qualifications.

Mrs. Haughtly—Well, professor, and how is my daughter getting on with her music? Do you think she will ever become a famous singer?  
Professor—"Ach, madam, that is a very hard thing to say."  
Mrs. H.—"But surely she possesses some of the necessary qualifications?"  
Professor—"Oh, yes, madam. She has a mouth."



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The "Outlook" and the Vatican.

The Outlook of November 20, 1910, has a tumultuous and tempestuous editorial article entitled "The Vatican and the Roman Catholic Church."

The writer clears the way for the fight by informing us that the word "Vatican" means the political activity and public policy which now control the Church, and to which the large number of Roman Catholics who are loyal to the Church are in sharp opposition.

To this statement we, of course, demur, and sweeping aside the a literary ponderosity of "political activity and public policy" which are presumably pseudonyms for the Pope, whom the writer seems afraid to name—we have to assure him that "the large number of Roman Catholics who are loyal to the Church are" not "in opposition," and by no means "in sharp opposition" to the Sovereign Pontiff, whether he be Pius IX. or Leo XIII., or even Pius X. with the Spanish influence with which the writer discovers the last named Pope to be overwhelmed.

Had he been in New York when at a few hours' notice, some 30,000 men, on that stormy Sunday night of January 27, 1907, hurried to the Hippodrome to proclaim their loyalty to the Pope, whom France had insulted, and had he felt the throes for even he might have felt it—which made every heart in that vast assembly quiver with emotion each time the bearded and venerable name of the Pope was mentioned; and had he heard the spontaneous and prolonged and enthusiastic cheers that leaped from the throats of the thousands who packed every inch of the immense amphitheatre, echoing and re-echoing again, till they reached the other thousands who were standing, for hours, outside in the snow and rain, he would have dismissed from his mind the delusion that "the large number of loyal Roman Catholics are in sharp opposition to the Vatican."

With regard to "the political activity of the Vatican," at least, we Americans are not harassed by it; nor does the Prime Minister of England or the King give it much thought; nor the Kaiser, nor the Czar, nor the Emperor of Austria; nor has the Vatican any overbearing regard paid to it by Italy, Portugal and Spain at the present moment. The Outlook has conjured up a ghost, and the ghost has a Spanish scowl upon his face.

Instead of meddling in the political affairs of the nations, the trouble has always been from the beginning, to keep the nations from meddling in the affairs of the Church. The Church's fight has been an incessant one for liberty, and there is not the shadow of a doubt, that if the "Vatican" would accept a degrading slavery like that of the English or Russian Church, there would be peace in the world tomorrow. But the Church of God is Catholic and not national, and it refuses absolutely to be shackled by any earthly ruler in its quest of human souls.

Fear from being swayed by "the political activity of the Vatican," Catholics are the very first to resent the slightest suspicion or semblance of such action. It is sufficient to recall the Sepoite in Germany, not to mention other instances which will occur to any one familiar with current events, to understand how absolutely free Catholics consider themselves in political matters. They do their own thinking, and provided the laws of ethics are not violated they are subjected to no compulsion. Nor is it true as the Outlook informs us, that "the political activity of the Vatican has been the bane of the Church for centuries, has taken it into fields where it does not belong, and has lowered its moral standards by the use of methods and pursuit of ends which had no right to do with religion."

On the contrary, whenever it did interfere, it has been in the interest of religion and morality, as with the unspcakable Henry VIII. of England, or to free the people from the thraldom of tyrants like Frederick II. and Henry IV. of Germany; not to speak of modern struggles against oppression and immorality.

Doubtless there is some discontent at present in France, due to the Papal prohibition of the cultural associations, and possibly that is the trouble which is perceived by "those who frequently visit Europe." But it is absurd to describe that feeling as "sharp opposition to the part of loyal Roman Catholics." A son may dislike what his father tells him to do but if he is "loyal" there can be no "sharp opposition." Indeed, right-minded men in France, even unfriendly statesmen, are already perceiving the wisdom of that prohibition, and are putting an end, let us hope forever, to that spineless and hopeless inactivity which is so alien to the French character and to the best national traditions. The Church took the measure of the foes she had to meet, for she had the experience of nearly two thousand years behind her, in dealing with the devices of all sorts of political manipulators. She was fully aware of what she was doing, as well as of the difficulties she would have to face, when she refused to compound a national felony and to destroy the faith of millions of souls. She had been despoiled of her patrimony and if she had accepted the offer of the Government to make sections and beades of her bishops, there would not be a vestige of Catholicity in France to-day. Criticism indeed, there was, and that was expected, but the result has been that Catholic France is on her feet again determined to vindicate her rights to her ancient title of Eldest Daughter of the Church. If that is "political activity," let the Outlook make the best of it, or the worst of it.

We Catholics are grateful for being told that "the Church is particularly adapted to administer to races of

Latin descent and of the Latin temper." She is, but she has never despised those of Teutonic descent and when they were savages in the fens of Holland and the forests of Germany, and did not desist when they became Anglo-Saxons in England, persisting in her task till she forced upon them the only civilization they ever possessed. She has had to do with all sorts of races, but has never for a moment been guilty of the folly of thinking that any of them could claim the monopoly of virtue, or look with contempt on the rest.

Nor has she any need of being warned not to stand in the way of "sincere scholarship, conscientious thought, and devout pursuit of truth." Without the Church there would be no scholarship, no sincerity, no conscientiousness, no pursuit of truth in the world to-day. Had it not been for her "activity" and "policy," both Europe and America would to-day be a howling wilderness inhabited by barbarians and savage beasts.

She is not terrified or even surprised because some of her doctrines are questioned by certain individuals whose temerariousness is only equalled by their lack of information. She stands above mankind, with the Light of Divine Truth in her hands, and its splendors no more interfere with intellectual liberty, than the light of the sun prevents the traveler from pursuing his journey. It is only darkness that puts fetters on our feet and fear in our hearts. The truth which she illumines the world, is from God; and in it there can be no error. It reveals to man his origin, his duties, and his destiny; and it alone leads to salvation. It is not an opinion, nor a fancy; nor is it subject to the views or reviews of great or little theologians or even contributors to magazines. St. Paul would not let even an angel from heaven modify or change it. In the Providence of God we are free to receive it, and free to reject it, but whether men are lost or nations apostatize, her Light must shine on forever.—America.

Famous Christmas Days.

In reviewing historic happiness upon the greatest of feasts, one is struck with the variety of things which have occurred to mark its recurrence through the ages. War and peace, birth and death, the crowning of kings and the fall of dynasties, all have taken place upon the anniversary of the day when the Prince of peace was born to rule the world in love.

The celebration of Christmas as the day of Christ's birth dates from the early days of the Church, although authorities differ as to the actual day to be observed. Some early authorities claimed January 6th, others January 1st, and still others March 29th. While the Eastern Church observes January 6th, the Western Church adheres to December 25th as the correct date, and this was fixed by Pope Julius I., in 345 A. D. St. Chrysostom said that in primitive times Christmas and Epiphany were celebrated at the same time, but these two feasts were separated by the Council of Nice in 325.

In the year 98 Christmas was first observed as a festival, and from that time the feast of the Nativity has been in all lands touched by the finger of the Gospel, a season of joy. Among the early happenings history chronicles on Christmas day was the death of the Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius Carus, killed by lightning in 283, while driving his chariot beyond the Tigris, which the early Christians were wont to regard as a judgment of God, since he was inimical to the Church. Later, in the year 400, Gainas the Goth met a bloody death upon that same feast, that Gainas who was so full of valor that Arcadius made him a general. He had ravaged Thrace, making the fertile province a wilderness because he was refused a church for the Arian sect, and shortly after this his fate came upon him.

Chronologically the next great Christmas day was in 496, when Clovis, first Christian king of France, was crowned at Rheims. This was a day of great rejoicing for all the Franks, especially those who were Christians. Never before had the feast been celebrated with such pomp and splendor! Clovis was a mighty warrior, a mightier pagan. He had gone his victorious way conquering and to conquer, burning churches when in his road, quite to the despair of his Christian wife, Clotilda. She remonstrated and wept and prayed to no avail. Then, being sensible as well as Christian, she decided to smile rather than weep, to hold her tongue rather than remonstrate, and to continue praying, but in secret.

Clovis, being distinctly masculine, felt her influence, since it was pleasantly exerted, and since her personality was agreeable and charming. He conceived the idea that there might be something, after all, in what was said by so fair and beautiful a consort. In the midst of a great battle, when all was going against him and the day seemed lost, he suddenly cried out, "God of Clotilda, send me victory and I will embrace her faith!" Instantly the tide of battle turned. The day was won!

Clovis was a man of his word. He was immediately christened, with three thousand of his men. His worthy Bishop who baptized him, mindful of the exigencies of the case, saw to it that he was fully instructed and likely to make, if a muscular Christian, at least a sincere one.

Sternly he said, "Burn that which thou hast worshiped and that which thou hast burned," and Clovis obeyed. His pagan shrines and idols were swept from their place. Christian churches took their place. Thereafter only good fortune attended Clovis. So far as the Loire the northmen, cities opened wide their gates to his victorious army. Crowned at Rheims on Christmas day, he was the first Christian king of France and from that day until the Revolution, Rheims was the coronation city of all French kings, as well as the repository of the vial of holy oil from which he was anointed by legend to have been sent from heaven to be used at Clovis' coronation) and which was

ever after used to anoint a new-made king.

History tells us that it was not long before the new crowned Christian king was ruling over a wide territory, which his descendants held for two hundred and fifty years. "It grieves me," said Clovis, "to see unbelieving Visigoths in possession of the fairest province of Gaul. Forward!" And the Franks joyously crossed the Loire and rapidly pursued their conquests to the source of the Garonne. On his return, Clovis received from Anastasia the Emperor of the East, a purple robe and a golden crown, emblems of a consul. This recognition of his authority greatly increased his influence among his Gallo-Roman subjects. In him the Roman Empire lived again. He was no longer a chief of a tribe of barbarians, but a prince and consul of Rome. Before he died he had united under Frankish rule the entire country between the Rhine and the Rhone, the ocean and the Pyrenees, and had established his capital at Paris. Clovis, however, was not the only great Franchman who was crowned on Christmas day, for Charlemagne, greatest of warrior-kings, was crowned Emperor of the West in St. Peter's on Christmas day, A. D. 800.

Son of Pepin the Short, the sturdy Carolingian who had replaced the Merovingian degenerates, Charlemagne reigned long, and his reign was an almost constant warfare. Life at that period in France was not what one would call sedentary, and the kingly throne not a bed of roses. In the forty-six years of his turbulent reign, he undertook fifty-three important military expeditions, nearly all of which were successful. In the end his rule extended from the German Ocean to the Adriatic, from the English Channel to the Danube. The coup d'etat which strengthened his hands for the task came when he was kneeling before the high altar at St. Peter's in Rome on Christmas day, 800. To the surprise of every one the Holy Father turned to the worshiping Frank and placed upon his head the imperial crown, hailing him as "Emperor of Rome." Thereafter Charlemagne was regarded as the successor of the Caesars. He was a magnificent patron of the Church, and all his victories were beneath the Cross. He loved learning, founded libraries and schools and spared no pains to gather about his court at Aix-la-Chapelle men of learning and science, among whom was the great Alcuin. Nearly three hundred years later London was the scene of a Christmas coronation, for William the Conqueror was crowned amid such tumult as the city by the Thames had seldom seen. William, son of Duke Robert of Normandy, had turbulent blood in his veins. With him might made right. His will was law. For the most part it was a good will. He was a man of ability, religious, blameless in his private life, a strict ruler and in the main just, though tolerating not the slightest deviation from his own ideas of what should be done. Promised the English crown by Edward the Confessor he meant to have it, and obtaining the sanction of Pope Gregory VII, he determined to conquer England. The Saxons thought differently, and upheld their views with true Saxon tenacity. They argued with lance and battle-ax and arrows, until at fatal Hastings there were few left to argue, and William took his burning, plundering way to London. There the sacred walls of Westminster saw him crowned in anything but a holy calm, for the citizens raised such a turmoil that the new king granted them a charter, which no ruler had ever done before.

English history seems full of untoward events occurring upon Christmas day. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth it was a favorite day for executing "Popish priests," and in 1658 Oliver Cromwell actually dispersed several congregations met to celebrate the birth of Our Lord. On December 25, 1715, James Stuart, the "Old Pretender," landed at Peterhead to make the desperate attempt to regain his kingdom which so nearly cost him his life. The Jacobites rose to a man. In Scotland the Earl of Mar led the revolt, in England the Royalist forces were under Lord Derwentwater, Catholics rallied about the standard, but though the venture had been begun on such an auspicious day, it came to naught. English might prevailed and James fled to France, and thence to Rome, where he quietly spent the remainder of his life.

Sir Isaac Newton, the great scientist, was born on Christmas and John Newton, chaplain to Charles II., died on the same feast. In 1790 Kosciusko, the great Polish patriot, was liberated from prison and, with a party of friends and adherents, started for America on Christmas day.

In view of the present conditions in France, rather an interesting thing to note is that on Christmas day, 1851, instructions were issued by prefects of departments throughout the country, to the effect that every political inscription without exception, and in particular the words "Liberty," "Fraternity," and "Equality" should be immediately removed from all public buildings, monuments, etc., and from the exterior of all private dwellings.

In our own land there are historic Christmas days quite as interesting as in any other. De Soto discovered the Father of Waters and had Mass said Christmas day, and December 25, 1776, is noted as the historic day when Washington crossed the Delaware at the head of three thousand men, so weary and worn that they could with difficulty endure the cold of that terrible winter weather.

Vermont became a State on Christmas in 1777, after having been for fifty years a portion of New Hampshire. On the same day and year, Captain Cook discovered the islands of the Pacific called the Christian Islands, and on Christmas day, 1786, began Shay's rebellion in Massachusetts, an ill-fated affair quickly crushed by the authorities.

One of the most interesting episodes of Christmas day was in connection with the life of Wolfgang Mozart. At five years of age he played minuets at his own composition very prettily upon the piano, and at six he and his sister were taken by their father (a famous music master) to play in the capital. The King and queen heard of the talented little pair, and sent them to play at court on Christmas day. A tragic happening for the holy feast occurred in the voyage of Columbus. After having set foot upon the island of San Salvador and discovered Cuba, convinced that this was a portion of that Cathay which he had sailed westward to discover, the great Genoes started upon his return voyage to Spain. On Christmas day, however, as he was in the act of crossing to the island of Espanola (Haiti) the ship Santa Maria was wrecked close to the harbor, named by the Admiral, in commemoration "La Navidad." Here he disembarked, and built a fort, leaving it garrisoned and provisioned ere he departed for Spain. One of the daintiest tales told of the anniversaries of Our Lord's Nativity clusters about the budding of the Glastonbury Thorn, which to this very day occurs at the time of the Christmas feast. The ruins of Glastonbury Abbey are among the most picturesque in the British Isles, and to those who love the Arthurian legends, replete with human interest, for it is at Glastonbury that Arthur held his court with the Knights of the Round Table a spot hallowed by the legend that there rested the San Grael, the Holy Cup from which Our Lord drank at the Last Supper. The story of the Sacred Thorn is related by a quaint old chronicle in the seventeenth century. The legend runs that Joseph of Arimathea journeyed from Palestine with the Holy Cup until he reached this beautiful spot, and there he rested on Christmas day, the first Christmas after Our Lord's Ascension. He stuck in the ground his staff, a seasoned haw-leaves and blossoms. Then he knew thorn stick, and lo! it put forth that he was to tarry there, for so it had come him in a dream. He remained at Glastonbury, where every Christmas the tree bloomed, and Catholics made the spot a place of pilgrimage. The thorn still blossoms there on Christmas day.—Benziger's Magazine.

Christmas.

O little town of Bethlehem! How still we see thee lie; Above thy deep and dreamless sleep The silent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shineth The everlasting light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary, And gathered all above, While mortals sleep, the angels keep Their watch of wondering love. O morning stars, together Proclaim the holy birth! And praises sing to God, the King, And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently, The wondrous gift is given! So God imparts to human hearts The blessings of His heaven. No ear may hear His coming, But in this world of sin, Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ enters in.

O holy child of Bethlehem! Descend to us, we pray; Cast out our sins, and enter in, Be born in us today. We hear the Christmas angels The great glad tidings tell; O come to us, abide with us, Our Lord Emmanuel!

Love came down at Christmas, Love all lovely, love divine; Love was born on Christmas, Star and angels gave the sign. Love shall be our token; Love be yours and love be mine; Love to God and all men, Love the universal sign.

Love came down at Christmas, Love all lovely, love divine; Love was born on Christmas, Star and angels gave the sign. Love shall be our token; Love be yours and love be mine; Love to God and all men, Love the universal sign.

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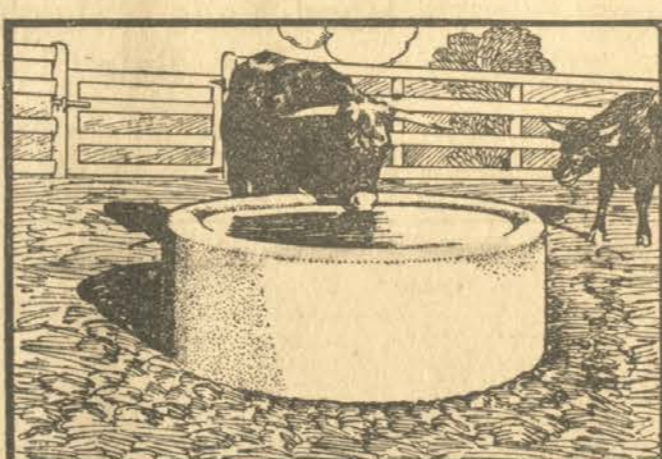
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MOIR'S CHOCOLATES. Suggest a Tete-a-Tete. The young man, who desires a quiet tete-a-tete with a particularly charming person of the opposite sex, should accept this gentle hint and take along a box of Moir's chocolates when he calls. We will wager his lady friend will readily discover a secluded corner wherein they can exchange confidences and enjoy the incomparable deliciousness of these pure, wholesome bonbons. The only regret that accompanies a box of Moir's Chocolates occurs when the last one has vanished. Every ingredient the purest and best. Every bonbon the highest quality. Every box spiced with the charm of wide variety. MOIR, Limited, Halifax, N.S.

BRAIN WORKERS who get little exercise, feel better all round for an occasional dose of "NA-DRU-CO" Laxatives. They tone up the liver, move the bowels gently but freely, cleanse the system and clear the brain. A new, pleasant and reliable laxative, prepared by a reliable firm, and worthy of the NA-DRU-CO Trade Mark. 25c. a box. If your druggist has not yet stocked them, send 25c. and we will mail them. NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, MONTREAL, 21

Amherst Made. INSIDE SHOEMAKING MAKES AMHERST SHOES STAND THE TEST. 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.



Which is Your Choice? Sloppy, leaky wooden troughs, or clean, durable Concrete? Wooden drinking troughs are about as reliable as the weather. They are short-lived and require replacing every few years—not to mention continual patching to keep them in repair. The best of wood cannot withstand, for long, constant dampness and soaking. Its tendency to rapid decay soon shows itself in leaks and stagnant pools of water around trough. Contrast with this the durability, cleanliness and well-ordered appearance of Concrete.

The dampness which destroys lumber only intensifies the strength and hardness of Concrete. You can impair a wooden trough with comparatively little use; but it takes a powerful explosive to put a Concrete water tank out of business.

Which is your choice—expense-producing Wood, or money-saving Concrete? We'd be glad to send a copy of our book, "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete."—Free—if you'll ask for it. It tells the many uses of Concrete in plain, simple language—tells how to make

Canada Cement Co. Limited. 51-60 National Bank Building, Montreal





NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Notice—R. H. McDonald, page 8  
Timber Wanted—Joseph McDonald, page 8  
Town Lot for Sale—Mrs. D. McKenzie, page 8  
New Groceries—D. R. Graham, page 8  
Unpaid Taxes—D. C. Chisholm, page 8

LOCAL ITEMS

THE TREASURER of St. Vincent de Paul Society gratefully acknowledges a donation of \$25.00 from a friend.

MONDAY following Christmas Day and Monday following New Year's day will be public holidays in Antigonish.

ALL MEMBERS of St. Ninian's Branch, L. O. C., are requested to attend the meeting on Tuesday evening next, as officers for the ensuing quarter are to be elected.

CORRECTION.—We are requested to say that Hattie LeBlanc, Mrs. Lillian Glover and others mentioned in the Glover murder trial, are not former parishioners of Arichat proper but of the neighboring parish—West Arichat.

THE ST. F. X. HOCKEY Team will play their first game at the College rink to-night, New Glasgow being their opponents. As the College team is made up almost entirely of new players, the outcome of the game is very much in doubt. Mike Murphy will referee. The game begins at eight o'clock and the usual admission will be charged. Skating after game.

AT THE CATHEDRAL, Christmas Night, the celebrant of the Midnight Mass will be the Rev. Administrator of the Diocese, the Rev. Dr. H. P. MacPherson. The Deacon of the Mass will be the Rev. M. Gillis, and the Sub-deacon, Rev. M. A. MacAdam. The Midnight Mass—a Solemn High, will be followed by two low Masses. There will also be Mass at 8 o'clock Christmas morning.

ORDINATIONS.—At the Holy Heart Seminary, Halifax, on Saturday, Dec. 17, His Grace Archbishop McCarthy ordained Mr. Charles Curran, Halifax, Deacon; Mr. Louis Graham, Halifax, Deacon; Mr. M. Lantuyne, Chatham, Deacon; Mr. A. Briand, Antigonish, Sub-Deacon; Mr. V. Dudemaine, Temiscouing, P. Q., Minor Orders; Mr. M. LeBlanc, Antigonish, N. S., Tonsure; Mr. A. Moren, Eudist Order, Tonsure.

AT ST. PAUL'S RECTORY, Edgewater, R. I., on November 23, the Rev. Fr. Canning united in matrimony Miss Katherine A. Macdonald and Mr. Philip Rowland. The bride was attended by her sister Margaret, and the groom by Mr. J. O'Brien. After the ceremony, the bridal party repaired to the groom's home at River Point, where a pleasant evening was spent. Their many friends wish Mr. and Mrs. Rowland a long and happy wedded life. The bride is a daughter of the late Donald McDonald of Big Marsh, Ant.

ON LAST SUNDAY night the Rev. Fr. Naish, S. J., closed a most successful mission to the people of Stella Maris parish, Pictou. Fr. Naish is a forceful preacher, and his beautiful instructions brought large crowds to hear him, despite the very cold weather. Congregational singing, which the Rev. Father knows so well how to teach, favoured a devotional and attractive feature of the mission. Fr. Naish will be free after New Year's to accept other missions.

THE SYLVAN VALLEY MILLS, Antigonish, suffered by fire on last Thursday afternoon. The kiln which is in a building separate from the Mill, was consumed together with some 900 bushels of oats, which were being prepared for grinding. The latter was the property of various farmers, each of whom had from twenty to one hundred bushels in the building. The total loss will be over \$700. The kiln will not be re-built until spring, when Mr. Vinten, the proprietor, will endeavour to have an improved kiln. The fire presumably originated from a defective oven.

CHANGEABLE WEATHER.—Last week and until Monday of this week we had fine winter weather with plenty of snow and excellent sleighing. On Monday morning thermometers about Town indicated various degrees of zero weather, one as low as thirteen below while others hovered about seven below. During Saturday night we also had the temperature as low as zero with high winds which made the severe weather feel really uncomfortable. On Monday came a change, the weather becoming quiet mild with heavy rains, so that by Tuesday morning the beautiful sleighing had given way to bad wheeling, the roads being mostly bare, only here and there some snow and ice remained. Wednesday was soft and mild.

THE SHORT COURSES in Agriculture at the Truro College are announced to begin on Tuesday, February 3rd, 1911, and will end on January 3. They include lectures and demonstrations in Live Stock, Judging and Management, Horticulture, Dairying, Fertilizers and Manures, Seed Judging, Poultry and Veterinary Science. There are also courses in Horticulture, Dairying, Domestic Science and Poultry Raising, especially adapted for ladies. The Truro College staff will be assisted by representatives from Ottawa and the departments of Agriculture of New Brunswick and P. E. Island. The average revenue from the Nova Scotia farm could be trebled and still be only about equal to what it is in some of the other Provinces. Here is a chance for some of our young farmers to acquire some new ideas that will help them make their occupation more profitable.

THE DISAPPEARANCE of Mr. Thomas Keating of Mulgrave still continues a mystery. About two months ago, he left the home of his brother, Mr. M. J. Keating, Collector of Customs, to bring home the cattle, and has not been seen since. The pasture where the cattle were grazing is very extensive, and opens into the woods which stretch for many miles beyond Mulgrave to the next division of cleared land. Mr. Keating knew the place thoroughly for miles around; but the general impression is that he got bewildered and wandered on through the depths of the forest, where he suc-

cumbed to over exertion. He was known to have been troubled with heart weakness. Every available effort was made to find him, but so far without success. Mr. Keating was a man of excellent habits and of a retiring disposition. He was highly thought of, and his removal from the community under such sad circumstances has cast a gloom over the place.

THE CHRISTMAS Number of the Total Abstinence is a handsome publication of 44 pages, with many illustrations, chiefly of those active in temperance work in the diocese and of contributors to this number. There are also photo-engravings of the deceased Bishops of the Diocese. The articles this month are all original and are interesting and thought-provoking compositions. Following are the titles of the articles and the names of the authors: "The League of the Cross Pin," Rev. J. W. McIsaac, P. P., Little Bras d'Or; "A Few Thoughts on the Use of Alcohol," Dr. George H. Murphy, Dominion, C. B.; "Christmas," Very Rev. Dr. Thompson, V. G. Glace Bay; "Buaidh air an Uisge-Bheatha," Rev. D. M. MacAdam, P. P., Sydney; Article from Rev. D. M. Gillies, Glace Bay; "Juvenile Branches," Rev. Michael Gillis, C. C., Antigonish; "The Value of Ladies' Auxiliaries," Rev. R. MacEwen, C. C., Port Hood; "The Evil and Its Remedies," Rev. G. H. Nicholson, P. P., New Waterford. There are also several unsigned articles. The various Branches of the L. O. C. should order at once all the copies they can conveniently circulate. The Grand President of the Order, John A. Macdougall, Glace Bay, is the publisher.

PERSONALS

Dr. Agnew's office will be closed from Dec. 23 to Jan. 4.

Mr. W. Chisholm, M. P., of Antigonish arrived home on Saturday, to spend the holidays.

Mr. A. E. Wall, M. P. P., recently elected to represent Digby County, was in Town last week.

Mrs. Sarah Campbell of Hawthorne street, Antigonish, started for North Cambridge on Monday, where she is called by the serious illness of her daughter, Mrs. Coakley.

Mrs. W. J. Colgan, of Boston is spending a few days in Antigonish, the guest of her brother, C. A. Harrington. She leaves on Thursday to spend Xmas with her daughter, in Ipswich, Mass.

Messrs. A. Macdonald of Copper Lake, Ant., D. Macdonald, Antigonish, and C. Chisholm of Tracadie, arrived home Saturday evening, having closed for the winter their railroad construction work in New Brunswick.

AMONG THE ADVERTISERS.

Toys for the million at Bonner's. All kinds of Christmas goods and toys at C. J. Macdonald's.

We run the big toy emporium in this Town—Bonner's. Toys, 5c. and 25 cents. That will make any child happy, at Haley's Market.

Three pounds of good candy or three dozen oranges for 25c. at Haley's Market.

Found, a sum of money on lower Main Street. Owner will apply to Miss Evelyn Wilkie, Main Street.

Strayed from the premises of S. Thompson, West River, 1 yearling bull, color red, no mark.

Girl wanted for general housework, one accustomed to children. Apply to Mrs. A. W. Girroir.

Read Haley's ads, buy at Haley's Market, and make money by saving it.

You got to eat fish most of this week—fresh cod, halibut and haddies, dry cod, herring, etc., at Bonner's.

Strayed from my premises a sheep with notch under right ear and the top off left ear. T. Somers.

Overstocked on boys' and girls' overshoes. Rare bargains offered. T. Somers.

Produce of all kinds at the highest trade prices is equal to cash for all supplies at the lowest possible cash price at Haley's Market.

Wishing my many customers a Merry Xmas, and a Happy and prosperous New Year. Ed. Haley, Haley's Market.

Don't forget the little ones. They can have all the candy fruit and toys they want for a mere trifle, if you buy at Haley's Market.

The sleighing has gone, but it'll be back again, and you'll want that new sleigh. We kept it for you. Nice pungs and cutters, best workmanship, at Bonner's.

Please don't blame us for being crowded and pushed when you come in our store. We can't keep the people out. They are all welcome at Bonner's.

CARDS OF THANKS.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace C. Rafuse desire to convey to their many friends, their appreciation of the kindness shown them during the illness and death of their only son, also for the many beautiful floral offerings.

Mrs. John Henry Pushee and family, of Marshy Hope, desire to convey their sincere thanks to all who have remembered them by their help, kindness and sympathy during their recent sore bereavement.

TOWN LOT FOR SALE.

The undersigned will receive tenders in writing up to

DEC. 31ST INST., for the purchase of that very desirable business stand, on Main Street, Town of Antigonish. The lot is about 32 x 80, with the privilege of an 11-foot right-of-way, extending the depth of the lot. The building is about 30 x 52 feet. The right to reject the highest or any tender is reserved.

MRS. D. MCKENZIE, Main St. Antigonish, N. S., Dec. 21st, 1910.

FINAL NOTICE

Unpaid Taxes and Water Rates WARRANTS

will be issued against all persons whose taxes are unpaid after the 30th inst. Besides, ratepayers who do not wish to have the "thin red line" drawn through their names on the voters' list

must see to it that their taxes and water rates are paid at once

Any person who neglects to pay his taxes and water rates after this notice and finds his

name struck off the list of voters,

for non-payment of same, can blame only himself for it.

D. C. CHISHOLM, Town Treasurer. Town Office, Antigonish, Dec. 21, 1910.

NOTICE.

The attention of the members of the Scotia Snow Shoe Club is drawn to the following extracts from the Club by laws. The entrance fee shall be one dollar for gentlemen and fifty cents for ladies, payable on or before Dec. 31st, and if not paid on or before Jan. 15th, they cease to be members of the club.

R. H. McDONALD, Sec.

BIRCH TIMBER WANTED

Wanted, by the subscriber, 400 Tons Birch Timber, must be well made with two sides straight, free from rents, rind shakes, rotten knots, bark all removed and delivered alongside railway by May, 1911.

JOSEPH McDONALD, James River, Dec. 15th, 1910.

HAND-MADE SLEIGHS FOR SALE.

The undersigned has a few FIRST-CLASS Hand-Made Sleighs for sale at reasonable prices. R. CHISHOLM, St. Ninian St., Antigonish.

ST. NINIAN STREET SCHOOL.

Table with columns: Grade X, Geom., Chm., Arith., F. IX, F. X, Lin Hist. Rows include Clara Cunningham, Edna Cunningham, Elmer Cunningham, Lina Cunningham, Jennie Kirk, Annie Porter, Leah Whidden, Mabel White, Archie Wilkie, Lillian Giffin, Colin Kirk, Margaret McNaughton, Alexander Stewart, Elmore Stewart, Mabel Turnbull, Etta White.

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 Stand 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 Kingunter 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.

Remember the day to make Somebody Happier.

A Man's Christmas. To help you solve the problem of What to Get for Him

1910 Christmas Greeting

Let your Gifts be not a sacrifice, but a Pleasure.

WE SUGGEST THE FOLLOWING:

- Things that Men like, any of which make a fine Gift. GRAVATS, 25c. to \$1.25. MUFFLERS, 25c. to \$3.00. SUSPENDERS, 25c. to \$1.50. FANCY SOCKS, 15c. to 50c. KID GLOVES, 75c. to \$2.50. LINEN HDKFS, 15c. to 50c. SILK HDKFS, 25c. to \$1.00. GENTAL HDKFS, 15c. to 50c. CUFF BUTTONS, 25c. to \$1.50. STICK PINS, 25c. to \$2.00. UMBRELLAS, 75c. to \$5.00.

- The Best Xmas Gift is Something to Wear, Because it is the Most Highly appreciated. So during the holiday season we will allow from 10 to 25 Per Cent. off our Reg. Price on all Men's Youths' and Boys' Suits, Overcoats, Reefers, Pants, etc. etc. 25 to 50 Per Cent. off on odd lots.

- Gifts Worth Giving. MEN'S SUITS, \$6.00 to \$20.00. MEN'S OVERCOATS, \$5.00 to \$18.00. RAIN COATS, \$2.50 to \$15.00. HOUSE COATS, \$3.50 to \$8.00. BATH ROBES, \$3.00 to \$10.00. SWEATER COATS, \$1.00 to \$4.50. FANCY VESTS, \$1.50 to \$5.00. TRUNKS, \$2.00 to \$15.00. SUIT CASES, \$1.25 to \$12.00. TRAVELING BAGS, \$2.00 to \$15.00. NIGHT ROBES, \$1.00 to \$3.00. UNDERWEAR, 49c. to \$3.00 per suit.

Shoes, Overshoes, Slippers, Rubbers, Larrigans, etc., etc.

For months we have been working, planning, searching, buying, preparing to assemble this, the finest, we believe, assortment of holiday goods for men that notorites have ever viewed. Every effort has been put forth to get the very newest and best in Gentlemen's correct apparel, and you can rest assured that any XMAS GIFTS purchased here are sure to be highly appreciated. The reliable store for all men, and home of good goods.

Don't Forget the Clothing and Shoe Discount. The Event of the Year

Palace Clothing Comp'ny Antigonish, N. S.

Important

It is important to get the best quality at the lowest reasonable price, and you will always be sure of that if you trade at Graham's Grocery.

New Seasonable Goods. My stock is large and well assorted. We have everything to be found in a first-class grocery store.

Tea and Coffee a Specialty. All kinds of country produce wanted in exchange at highest market price. Wishing all my friends and Customers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

D. R. Graham 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.

TAX NOTICE.

Owing to the illness of Collector Chisholm, of Antigonish Harbor, Mr. John McGillivray, his near neighbor, has been furnished with a new Tax List. Payment of County and Poor Rates can be made to him by all persons in that section of Morristown district. F. H. MACPHIE, Municipal Treasurer. Antigonish, N. S., Dec. 13, 1910.

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.

We own and Offer \$25,000 Canadian Cereal & Milling Company Ltd 6 per cent First Mortgage Sinking F 1st June, 1910. These Bonds are attractive both from the principal and in interest, and from the excellent yield. Denominations \$1,000, \$500, \$100. Yield 6 Per Cent. J. C. MACKINTOSH & CO. Established 1873. Members Montreal Stock Exchange. Halifax, N. S. St. John, N. B.

D. G. K... Coal and V Stoves, Stoves and Double Saws, Genuine mac and A Sticks and Driving Har Spring and Robes, Coat Ladies' Ast Cloth Coat Men's Heavy Mitts, which manufacture stock of Co purchasing. D. G. K... FOR S... fine residence... good farms